

Household Hints.

QUINCE JELLY.—Quinces for jelly should not be quite ripe, they should be a fine yellow; rub off the down from them, core them and cut them small, put them in a preserving kettle with a teacup of water for each pound, let them stew gently until soft, without mashing, put them in a thin muslin bag with the liquor, press them very slightly; to each pint of the liquor put a pound of sugar; stir it until it is all dissolved, then set it over the fire and let it boil gently, until by cooling some on a plate, you find it a good jelly, then turn it into pots or tumblers, and when cold secure as directed for jellies.

QUINCE AND APPLE JELLY.—Cut small and core an equal weight of tall apples and quinces, put the quinces into a preserving kettle, with water to cover them, cover and set it over the fire until it is soft, then add the apples, let them boil until they are almost a pulp (there should be enough water to cover them), put them into a jelly bag and strain without pressing it; to each pint of the liquor put a pound of white sugar, put it over the fire and let it boil gently, until by trying some on a flat plate you find it a fine jelly; when cool, put it in pots or tumblers, the next day cover as directed. After making the best jelly, squeeze the juice from the pulp, put a teacup of clean brown sugar to a pint of it, boil it, taking off the scum as it rises; when it is a nice jelly put it in pots.

TO PRESERVE APPLES.—Pare and core and cut them in halves or quarters, take as many pounds of the best brown sugar, put a teacup of water to each pound; when it is dissolved set it over the fire, and when boiling hot, put in the fruit, and let it boil gently until it is clear, and the syrup thick; take the fruit with a skimmer on to flat dishes, spread it to cool, then put it in pots or jars, and pour the jelly over. Lemons boiled tender in water and sliced thin, may be boiled with the apples.

APPLE JELLY.—Pare and core tart juicy apples, and cut them small, put them in a little water, and boil them in a covered vessel, until they are soft, and the liquor plentiful, then strain them without squeezing, put one pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; flavor with lemon extract, and boil until by cooling some in a saucer; you find it a fine jelly, strain it through this muslin into molds. Put sugar and grated nutmeg to the apples, from the jelly bag, and steam them to a thick marmalade.

PEACH MARMALADE.—Peel ripe peaches, stone them, and cut them small; weigh three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of cut fruit, and a teacup of water for each pound of sugar; set it over the fire; when it boils skim it clear, then put in the peaches, let them boil quite fast; mash them fine and let them boil until the whole is a jellied mass, and thicken, then put it in small jars or tumblers; when cold, secure it as directed for jellies. Half a pound of sugar for a pound of fruit will make nice marmalade.

TO DRY PEACHES.—Take ripe, but soft peaches, pare them, and take out the stones, and cut them in halves or quarters, or smaller; spread them on flat dishes or boards, and set them where the sun will shine all day upon them; take them in at dusk or sunset; they should not be put out when the weather is damp or cloudy. Peaches dry nicely in an oven after the baking is done. Turn peaches whilst they are drying, that they may dry quickly and perfectly, else they will become musty. Keep them in bags tied closely, and hung up.

De Chegnin on Headaches.

De Chegnin, in a paper upon ordinary headaches, takes the ground that they result from a nervous affection of the arteries, and that their starting point is in the grand sympathetic nerve, and their precise seat is in the nervous filaments which accompany the arteries; their material phenomena consisting in the dilatation of these vessels, and the compression which they produce upon the brain and other organs, since in a genuine attack of intense headache the patient suffers everywhere; the hands are swollen, the muscles are sore, and every movement is painful. From his studies on the subject, M. de Chegnin concludes that any treatment for headache should be directed against the affections of the nervous system, especially of the sympathetic nerve, and against the arterial dilatation which results, and constitutes the essential feature of the malady, and that in these there are three points to be considered—the intermittence, the pain and the arterial dilatation. His special treatment, founded upon the consideration of these circumstances, consists in the administration of pills, composed of sulphate of quinine, .05 of a gramme; tannin, .05 of a gramme; acetic acid, .001 of a gramme. He prescribes one of these pills in a day, although he states that by a continuation of this treatment, those who have become accustomed to it may use three or four pills per day, with marked success. The tannin appears to have a special action, illustrated by the relief experienced from the continued use of certain substances, such as paulinia (guarana) in large quantity. Such a treatment, however, according to the author, is incomplete, as it has no reference either to the intermittence or to the pain, which are to be antagonized by the other substances recommended.

The Power of Truth.

In a history of Persia is related this beautiful and impressive story: Abdoel Kader, of Ghilan, had, when a child, a vision which impressed him with the feeling that he must devote himself to God. So he went to his mother in the morning and told her about it. "She wept," he says, "when I informed her what I had seen. Then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me that I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance. She made no promise, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and then bade me farewell, exclaiming: 'Go, my son; I trust thee to God; we shall not meet again until the day of judgment.'"

"Tom."

Plain Tom. It might have been more than Tom once, when he was a babe, and had a father and mother, some one to care for him, even if they had but little love for him. After they died—after he was turned out on the wide world to fight his own way; to hunger for food, to yearn for sympathy and kind words, his name was "Tom." It was name enough for a wail—a ragged, hungry boy who received more kicks than pennies, and who used to sit on the post office steps and try to remember when any one had spoken a kind word to him.

The boy sometimes wondered and pondered over the words "sympathy," "mercy" and "charity." He heard people use them—the same people who cuffed him about and were content to see him in rags. He thought the words must mean something very off—something he could not grasp then, but might approach when he had grown to man's estate. If Tom's voice had sadness and sorrow in it as he cried "shine!" or if it had exultation as he shouted "morning papers!" no one in the busy throng seemed to notice or care. He realized that he was standing up single-handed to battle against a great world, and sometimes when the world struck him down the boy crept away into an alley to sorrow and grieve that he had ever been born.

They found a bundle of rags in a public hallway yesterday morning. The old janitor pushed at the bundle with his broom, and growled and muttered over its being left there by some vagrant. The bundle of rags was Tom. The janitor bent over him and pushed at him again, and called to him to rise up and go about his business, but the bundle did not move. Tom was dead. One arm was thrown around his boot box, that it might not be stolen while he slumbered—the other rested on his breast, fingers tightly clenched, as if death had come while the boy was resolving to carry on the unequal battle between poverty and a cold world to the bitter end.

There should have been sadness in the hearts of those who lifted up the bundle and sent it away to be buried in Potter's field, but there was not. They were men, to be sure, but they could not understand how it made any difference to the world whether it had one wail more or less. They couldn't feel the heartaches which Tom had felt—his desperation—his grim despair—his bitter, crushing, every day sorrows. They should have at least uncovered their heads as the body was lifted up and said to each other: "He was brave to fight such a battle." But they did not. There would have been no word, no eulogy, had not another wail passed the door by chance. He saw the body, recognized it, and as he let his box fall to the flags that he might brush a tear from his eye, he whispered:

A Chinese Wedding.

The Portland (Oregon) Bulletin has the following account of a wedding among the Chinese in that city: For a few days past the Chinese quarters on Oak street, opposite the city jail, have been the scene of the most riotous festivities consequent upon the marriage of Mr. Gun Look, of the firm of Tong Duk Chang & Co., in this city, with Miss Hop Joy, a daughter of some sixteen summers. The contract was made by outside parties, and the parties to the contract never saw the light of each other's countenance until the nuptial cake was tied. Tables laden with all the Chinese delicacies were set for the friends of the couple, and at every turn they were greeted by the dulcet tones of the Chinese fiddle and the tom-tom. The festivities, happily for those residing in the neighborhood, came to an end, when the married couple prepared to take a wedding tour. The blushing bride was placed in a carriage, the blinds of which had been closed, and her liege lord and his nearest and best friends took seats in two carriages behind that occupied by the bride, and in this order they proceeded to the Oregon Steam Navigation Company's wharf, intending to take passage for Puget sound. Arriving at the wharf the Johns alighted and commenced circling around the carriage occupied by the bride, and when they had made the required number of circuits the blinds of the carriage were rolled up and there sat the blushing Hop Joy, vainly attempting to hide her mooned features behind a fan of enormous size. She was assisted to alight, and the Johns, with mirth lurking in the corner of their eyes, each attempted to drink in the beauty of the countenance by gently pushing aside the fan behind which it was concealed. The operation seemed to highly amuse those who stood by, and they laughed right heartily at the blushing diffidence of the bride, strongly suspecting that the color upon her cheeks was that of carmine, and not that delicate tint which mantles the countenance of a blushing Spanish girl.

How an American Lady Entered.

A Washington newspaper says: Our fashionable readers will remember the beautiful Mrs. Hicks, whose wealth and attractions caused so much gossip at the national capital one winter. Well, this lady is to-day a distinguished figure in the fashionable world of London, and is followed, flattered, sought and sneed in a way to startle one, for it is seldom an American lady, however accomplished, rich and beautiful, wins such success.

Cons Shaved.

Kassim Pasha, when minister of war for Egypt, was very particular in regard to the personal appearance of his officers, and issued stringent orders that they should never appear unshaven in public. One day he met upon the streets a lieutenant who had heaved the pants and disregarded his order. "To what regiment do you belong?" demanded the indignant minister. "To the 13th regiment, at Assabeh," responded the frightened lieutenant. "Get into my carriage at once, so that I can carry you to the campment, and have you publicly punished," was the stern command which followed. The young man obeyed, and the wain rode along gloomily enough for some time, when the pasha stopped his carriage and entered a shop for a few moments to make some trifling purchase. Seizing the opportunity, the culprit sprang from the vehicle, darted into a neighboring barber's stall, and regained his post before the return of his jailer, minus his beard. For the remainder of the route the officer buried his face in his hands, and seemed the picture of apprehension. Assabeh was reached at last, and all the officers were assembled to witness the degradation of their comrade, who all the while kept well in the rear of his chief. "Come forward, you son of a dog!" cried out the irate pasha, when theretop before him an officer with a face as clean as a baby's, and a look of the most supreme innocence. His excellency gave one long look of blank astonishment, and then, with an appreciative smile breaking over his war-worn features, turned to the assembled officers and said: "Here, gentlemen, your old minister is a fool, and your young lieutenant is a captain." Check, you see, is a trump card the world over.

Heat generates motion. Illustration.

A small boy sitting down on a hot coal.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The Carlist forces set to relieve Seo de Urgel were attacked by the Alfontists and retreated to the mountains. The Sioux and Utah Indians are on the war path and seriously threaten the settlers. The harvesting of the crop in Europe has been delayed by unsettled weather. The steamer High Martin burst her boiler on the Tennessee river and five persons were killed. Army worms are doing much damage in New Brunswick. Over forty thousand persons were present at the inauguration of the statue of Hermann at Detmold, Germany. Charles G. Finney, for many years president of the Oberlin (Ohio) College, died suddenly of heart disease at his residence in Oberlin. He was in the enjoyment of his usual health up to the time of his death. Vigilance committees are forming in southern Illinois to look after thieves. August this year is remarkable for the rainfall in various parts of the country, which exceed by far the usual average for the whole month. Serious damage has been done by the floods.

The inhabitants of the Ropian province Savé Fisha in invasion along the whole length of the River Sava. Telegraph wires have been cut, thirty towns massacred and all official buildings burned. A confidence man who had been playing some tricks in Knoxville was tarred and feathered by a mob.

Returns from 102 towns of the amount received under the new license law in Massachusetts show the total to be \$463,456.75. The amount received from Boston is \$52,643.75. James Clark committed suicide at Francfort, N. H., the Democrat of the Fourth Congressional District of Maine nominated the Hon. J. C. Madigan, of Montreal, to fill the unexpired term of Hersey, deceased. The Diario officially denies the rumor that Captain-General Valmaceda intends to leave the island. He will await the promised reinforcements of 10,000 men and prosecute an active water campaign. A wealthy man in Philadelphia named Kates is under arrest charged with the horrible crime of pouring kerosene over the person of his wife, intending to burn her to death. Neighbors interfered before he could accomplish the work. The wife of Capt. Phillip Bessinger, accompanied by her three children, two girls and a boy, aged respectively, nine, six and three years, left her home in Reading, Pa., and walked up the length of the Union canal, and when near (Frank's) Mill, deliberately walked into the canal and drowned herself and children. The bodies were recovered. The body of N. R. Grimwood, who succeeded with Donaldson in his ill-fated balloon at Chicago, was found on the beach of Lake Michigan, near Stony creek, by Mr. A. Beckwith. The body was fully dressed, with the exception of boots or shoes. Letters belonging to Mr. Grimwood, and notes of his balloon trip, were found on the body, fully establishing its identity.

A Spanish vessel, which was shipping material of war at Barcelona, Spain, suddenly exploded and sank. Fifty persons were killed by the explosion or drowned. Mrs. Hald was struck dead by lightning near Frost Station, Tenn., the electricity bearing every shred of clothing from her body. A steam yacht, carrying the Queen and the royal family, while crossing from Osborne to Portsmouth, England, collided with and sank the schooner yacht Mistletoe. A party of Indians and camp followers were on board the Mistletoe, three of whom were drowned and one killed. None of the royal party were injured. Reports have been received of great floods in Burma. The Irrawaddy has overflowed its banks for miles in the district of Prome, doing immense damage to the rice fields and to property generally. A party of about forty men made a raid within three miles of Colon, Cuba, sacked and burned a store, killed nine volunteers, wounded about thirty and made their escape. The towns of Gluchov, Kizlar and Karzin, Russia, have been nearly totally burned. Numerous other destructive fires are reported in Lithuania and elsewhere in Russia.

In Springfield, Mass., John J. Kenesley, aged twenty-four years, was killed by falling about forty feet from a scaffolding. Graham Bescher & Co., wholesale grocers and commission merchants, Baltimore, Md., have suspended, with liabilities of \$89,000. D. M. Ker, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has been appointed by the governor to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Andrew Johnson.

Three hundred houses were burned at Byff, Russia. Milan, prince of Serbia, has addressed a circular note to the great powers asking their advice as to the Herzegovina insurrection. A suit has been begun under the civil rights law in Washington against the Pullman palace car company. Mrs. Clara R. Carter, who was taken to the insane asylum in Augusta, Me., committed suicide by strangling herself with a pair of elastic. George W. Pemberton, who was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Mrs. Bingham in east Boston, stabbed himself in the neck, breast and arm. The deed was committed with the handle of a tablespoon, which he had carried on the top of his head in a coal car the day before, killing one man and injuring another. While a large New York excursion party were at Iona Island, in the Hudson river, one woman was crushed to death between the boat and the wharf and two men were drowned by falling into the river. While a boy named Joseph Stahl, from Alton, was riding up the mountain in a coal car the top gave way and he was thrown to the ground. His body was cut into a hundred pieces. The family of Hon. Thurlow Weed was poisoned in New York by a servant girl using oxalic acid to clean the kitchen kettles. Fortunately all recovered. A man, his wife and three small children were found dying from starvation in a New York tenement house. Bear Admiral Collins of the United States Navy is dead. Three children named Lord, aged one, two and four years, living in the parish of Cashmere, Canada, were buried to death in their house, their mother having locked them in for safety while she was attending to some work outside.

The German Journalists have asked to be allowed to publish truthful reports of public proceedings of law courts.

The national council at Geneva has resolved to suppress convents and Sisters of Charity. The United States inspectors have been looking after the overcrowding of passenger boats, and on a recent Sunday fifteen hundred people were left on Rockaway beach near New York. Mrs. Lincoln has become so much better as to leave the asylum in which she was placed. In the great race at Utica, N. Y., between Goldsmith Maid, Latin and American Girl, the Maid won the heats, in 2:18 1/2, 2:17 1/2 and 2:16. Budd Doble, the Maid's driver, will advocate her withdrawal from the track. The American ride team were enthusiastically received on the return from Europe. A tramp after

being refused a night's lodgings in a house in Hillsport, Pa., occupied only by a widow, secreted himself behind a door, where he was detected by the lady, who got a revolver and started toward him, when he slipped her, and the shot him twice, killing him.

The Fulfillment of Rome says the late Emperor Ferdinand of Austria bequeathed \$6,000,000 to the Pope, which amount has already been paid.

A Wealthy Bride's Dress.

Lucy Hooper describes some dresses that have been forwarded from Paris to a beautiful California bride. The wedding dress is of richest white satin, falling in an immensely long train behind, which train is bordered with a single narrow plisse flounce of satin. The front is drawn in transverse drapery, and is crossed with two garlands of orange blossoms, terminating in small bouquets at the left side. From below the upper garland falls a finger-wide ruffle of point lace of bewildering fineness, while the lowest garland heads a narrow plisse of white tulle over a plisse flounce of satin. The corsage is high in the neck, with sleeves of point lace and white net, terminating at the waist with a ruffle of lace. A jabot of lace and a fan-shaped arrangement of lace on the bosque behind form the only ornamentation of the dress. The veil is of white tulle; the wreath, of course, of orange blossoms. The traveling dress is of dark green silk and of black and white tulle-checked foulard. The waist is of green silk, with a sleeveless jacket of foulard, trimmed with gray and green fringe, attached on the breast with a bow of green ribbon. The underskirt is of green silk, bordered with three narrow plisse ruffles, the lowest and uppermost of silk and the middle one of foulard.

Over this is worn a tunic of foulard bordered with a rich gray and green fringe. This tunic is so long in front as nearly to touch the ground; it is looped up at the sides and is slightly draped behind, and is trimmed up the front with bows of green silk, their edges finished with heavy green fringe. With this toilet is to be worn a hat of black rice straw, turned up behind, with a rosette of green silk, and trimmed with green ostrich feathers, and a single small brown hair. Parasol of black and white foulard, with a bow of dark green ribbon. Boots of black and white silk check, tipped with patent leather and with four tiny straps across the instep, with a black button on each.

Experience Teacheth.

I am an old man, upwards of three score years, during two scores of which I have been a tiller of the soil. I cannot say that I am rich now, but I have been rich and do not owe a dollar; have given my children a good education, and when I am called away will leave them enough to keep the wolf away from the door. My experience has taught me that:

One acre of land, well prepared, manured and cultivated, will produce more than two acres which receive only the same amount of manure and labor expended on one.

One cow, horse, mule, sheep or hog, well fed, is more profitable than two kept on the amount of food necessary to keep one well.

One acre of clover or grass is worth more than two acres of cotton where no grass or clover is raised.

No farmer who buys out, wheat, corn, fodder and hay, as a rule, for ten years, can keep the sheriff from the door in the end.

The farmer who never reads an agricultural paper, and sneers at book farming and improvements, always has a leaky roof, poor stock, broken down fences, and complains of "bad seasons."

The farmer whose habitual beverage is cold water is healthier, wealthier and wiser than he who does not refuse a drink.

The Toothache.

A gentleman says, after suffering excruciating pain from toothache, and having tried in vain to obtain relief, Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlor, who said he would not detain me one minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathized with me, while I briefly told how sadly I was afflicted. "My dear friend," exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes."

"How?" inquired I; "do it in pity." "Instantly," said he, "Betty, have you any alum?" "Yes." "Bring it, and some common salt." They were produced; my friend pulverized them, mixed in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There," said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Gath, and published it in Askelon; the remedy is infallible."

It was so. I experienced a sensation of coldness on applying it, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothache.

A Goat's Progress.

A lad saw in a field what he took to be a hare, but as it did not run, he went up and kicked it, when it rose and sprang furiously toward him. He now thought it was a bear, and made good time for the fence, where he got a picket and returned to the attack. The boy was accompanied by a pet goat, and as he laid on the blows with the picket the goat butted and hooked the enemy, and they soon dispatched it. The creature proved to be a badger and weighed twenty-seven and a half pounds. The goat no doubt secured the successful issue of the battle, for when the boy would strike the badger it would spring at him, and then the goat would receive the charge, butting vigorously. The badger's claws were over an inch long, and the lad, who is only twelve years old, was fortunate in escaping a close tussle with it.

The Western printers want to make a compact not to print a line of the new trial of the Beecher-Tilton suit.

Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and he is about the house, or perhaps going out again.

Strength does not come back in a moment, and the days when little things worry and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and execute, are the most trying to the sick one, and then comes the need for your tenderest care, your most unobtrusive watchfulness.

Say what you will against narrow skirts, it is easier for a lady and gentleman to walk under one umbrella than it is used to be.

When the farmer's wife has large washing to do, she can save half her time and labor by using Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Phila.) One pound of it is equal to three of any other. Try it.

If you have a sick friend to whom you wish to be of use, do not content yourself with sending her flowers and jelly, but lend her one of your pictures to hang in place of hers, or a bronze to replace the one at which she is so tired of staring.

Persons visiting New York or leaving by the Grand Central Depot, will save an extra expense of carrying bags and baggage express by stopping at Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Over 350 elegantly furnished rooms and bed up at a cost of \$900.00. European plan. Guests can live more luxuriously for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first-class house in New York. Rooms and sleeping parlors for all parts of the city. See that the door you enter is the Grand Union Hotel—Com.

Send for a free specimen copy of the splendid mammoth double-sheet San Francisco Wreath Ointment, an able, spry and fearless fighter of all ailments, colds, and fevers, and a valuable agricultural department specially prepared by an experienced doctor. Full of valuable information, of the best quality, it is only \$3.00 a year, and twenty cents additional for postage, in advance—Com.

A great many people have asked us of late, "How do you keep your hair looking so sleek and glossy?" We tell them it is the result of using the world's best hair dressing, *Wigwag Condition Powders* two or three times a week—Com.

"Time tries all things," and has proven that *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* is the remedy par excellence for the cure of coughs, colds, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthisis, sore throat, influenza, and, last, not least, consumption. Fifty cents and one dollar a bottle large bottles much the cheaper—Com.

A gentleman in the eastern part of the State, who was about having his leg amputated on account of its being broken in three places and all at the knee, heard of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. After using it a short time his leg became straight, and is now as serviceable as the other—Com.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND. A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.—When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. J. Lanza cured his only child with *Wigwag Condition Powders*. He now gives freely on receipt of two stamps to pay expense. There is not a single cure of Consumption, Nig's Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Spasms, Fits, Stomachic Disorders, Stomachic Inaction of the Bowels, and Watery of the Stomach. Address: CRANBROOK CO., 1022 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., giving name of this paper.

The Markets. NEW YORK. Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra Butchers 99 1/2 12 Common to Good Texas Steers 68 1/2 12 Mutton—Prime 45 00 60 00 Hops—Live 90 00 95 00 Dressing 85 00 90 00 Sheep—Prime 40 00 45 00 Medium 35 00 40 00 Low 30 00 35 00 Flour—Extra Western 85 00 90 00 State Extra 80 00 85 00 Wheat—Red Western 45 00 50 00 White 40 00 45 00 Rye—State 35 00 40 00 Barley—State 30 00 35 00 Corn—Yellow 25 00 30 00 Mixed 20 00 25 00 Oats—Mixed Western 15 00 20 00 Hay, per cwt. 10 00 15 00 Straw, per cwt. 5 00 10 00 Eggs—Fresh 15 00 20 00 Lard 10 00 15 00 Tallow 5 00 10 00 Fish—Mackerel No. 1, new 12 00 18 00 No. 2, new 10 00 15 00 Dry Cod, per cwt. 5 00 10 00 Herring, per box 2 00 5 00 Petroleum—Crude, per gal. 10 00 12 00 Wool—California fleece 30 00 40 00 Texas 20 00 30 00 Australian 25 00 35 00 Butter—State 20 00 25 00 Foreign 15 00 20 00 Western Yellow 18 00 23 00 Western Ordinary 16 00 21 00 Cheese—Swiss Fine 12 00 18 00 Cheddar 10 00 16 00 Eggs—State 20 00 25 00

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