FARM AND HOME.

Potato Rot.—

WESTERN POTATOES.—The Early Ohio is said to be better adapted for Indiana than the Early Rose. It is earlier, and does not run to small tubers.

ASH-LEVINGS.—Flower beds and lawns may be protected from sparrows by a dressing of salt now and a heavy application of lime in the early spring.

KEEPING GRAPES.—Bunches of grapes were kept three months by an Australian grower by dipping the ends of the stems in wax and packing in kiln-dried ground bark.

VERMIN.—Vermin, says an authority, thrive best where places are kept dry, and washing or sprinkling pigeon-cotes daily is an infallible means of destroying all parasites.

RESEDA.—Axle-grease and lard, well mixed in equal proportions, and rubbed on young trees, will protect them from rabbits. Very little need be used, as only the scent is necessary.

CONSTANZA.—Mr. George Conner, of Burlington, Iowa, considers a ton of cornstalks worth more than a ton of hay for cows. He feeds to each milch cow one bushel of finely-cut stalks, two quarts of bran and two quarts of cob-meal mixed and wet with water, both morning and evening.

WARM FOOD FOR HENS.—The value of a warm meal for hens cannot be overestimated. The cost need be little or nothing. Vegetable parings and kitchen refuse of all kinds, boiled soft and thickened with bran, is all that is necessary. Do not give more at a time than they will eat clean. Try it, and see if you do not get more eggs.

PACKING FOR BUTTER.—Can we not, asks the *Live Stock Journal*, invent a simple and easily-constructed package for butter, which may be sealed air-tight and easily opened? Glass is, probably, the best material before us to make it, as it is light and strong, permits no soakage and imbibes no taints. Such a package can be incased in wood to protect it. There must surely be some easy way of making a self-sealing glass package for butter, when they are so extensively used for fruit. Three-fourths of the bad butter in market is spoiled after packing.

SORGHUM.—Last year a farmer plowed forty acres in the fall and in the spring started to plow it again, when an old neighbor remarked that he was having his labor for nothing, as spring wheat did just as well on fall plowing without plowing again. As he had plowed deep and well he thought he would try it, and, after harrowing the whole, he sowed his grain. The result was that it was the first to show the grain, and on it throughout the wheat was a deeper color, thicker and taller, and the dividing line perceptible. Our informant has no doubt that the twice-plowed land yielded five bushels more to the acre than the once plowed. This was ample remuneration for the extra plowing. Henceforth our farmer will be an advocate of thorough cultivation. Oft-stirred ground absorbs and retains more moisture, besides offering less obstruction to the penetration of the roots to great depth, on a great condition of contained growth through the drought.—*New York Herald.*

CALVES.—A writer of much experience in rearing calves says: We try to have our calves fed on skimmed milk only, after they are 6 weeks old, but sometimes the change from fresh milk at this early age leads to scouring, and the time has to be extended. After that time we give them only skimmed milk until they can be gradually brought to a full hay diet. If a calf needs extra feeding to bring it to a thrifty condition we give it about a pint of new milk from previously soaked in water. The soaked bran with calves for fear of loosening their bowels too much, and we avoid corn meal for fear of inducing a tendency to bind. In the extreme, we even avoid giving the most nutritious hay, and this for two reasons; first, to prevent fattening, and, second, in order that the calf, by satisfying his appetite, shall consume a large bulk of food and so develop the capacity of his digestive apparatus and create a permanent desire for large feeding that will continue when the richer feeding of maturity becomes necessary. As a rule, we find that the young *Jersey* should be "growthy," deep-flanked and loose-jointed, and should have generally the characteristics which farmers know as "rangy."

REMARKS OF QUICK SON.—A New Jersey farmer, writing to the *Country Gentleman*, tells as follows, how to use and how to get rid of quack grass: "*Triticum repens* is like a good servant but a bad master. It serves as excellent purpose as a pasture and as a mow grass. We have had some seeded with blue grass, red top and timothy bent, and I have a good sod, but a neighbor's lawn, which has naturally seeded itself to quack, is far better than mine, having a deeper green color and nearly like *poetry* better. Where the moles disturb my grass the sod dies and a bare brown streak is left until it is sown with white clover; but when a mole throws up the quack out it covers itself in a short time, and is as green as ever. For pasture it holds good for twenty years, and those much longer I do not yet know, and it furnished a bite all through the dry weather of last summer. When it gets in the garden and the plowed field it is a troublesome and mischievous weed. But when well managed it is no more trouble than any other grass, and not nearly so much as the annual jimson weed, or the annual scrubbed crab grass. To get rid of quack it must be burned and left to rest in peace. If the harrow tears up the sod and brings the roots to the surface, every implement will transplant and grow, not by what you reject, but by what you carefully accept and hoard. Your soil will improve, just in proportion as you deny it weeds. If your land is a Paradise, fresh it with suitable manures. If the land is of order, restore them to every Nature's fade Reform and Love Cure. The mind can be kept clear by care and the kitchen and garden can be made productive of health.

ANCESTRY.

When Ben Franklin, a grimy young printer, was carrying his forms through the street one day, he met a young fellow of his own age, the son of an aristocratic family, who was so poor as to want a meal.

Franklin offered to find work for him in a neighboring shop, but received the haughty rebuff:

"The G——s are not fallen so low as to become mechanics!"

When Franklin was Minister to France, this man died a pauper in the Philadelphia almshouse.

Family pride of another kind was shown by a sturdy farmer in Congress, who, when an attempt was made to buy his vote on a certain question, replied:

"Sir, every one of my kin in the old graveyard at home would rise if I should touch that money! I would not dare to do it."

In countries where social rank, estate and title, all solid realities, descend in an unbroken line, there is some apology for family pride, and even in America it is natural for a man to take a keen interest in those whose blood and character he inherits. As long as the knowledge that his ancestors have been truthful, honest, manly men, helpers in God's world, makes him more anxious to be himself honest, independent and useful, family pride is a help in his life.

But when, as is more often the case, we see a family dawdle weakly through life, unwilling to engage in trade or honest work, justifying their right to be alive by their far-off kinship to some titled or rich dead man, pride of birth is only a hindrance, and is a vulgar and absurd pretense.

Blood and time from an ordinary cur,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

A Year Hence.

In a very full report recently published in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, reference is made to the case of Mr. George I. Grigham, a prominent politician and active journalist, (connected with the Philadelphia *Sunday Mirror*), who, by using the great German remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, was cured of a troublesome attack of Rheumatism, contracted during the war. He closes his statement with—"to those who are afflicted with that complaint, it is worth its weight in gold."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

OPERA CRITICISM.

People have often wondered, when some opera comes along out West that is made, and has not a decent performer, how it is that the Eastern papers have not told what kind of lot of rot it is, instead of giving the opera a splendid notice. The opera-house manager tells how the manager of the opera prevails upon the critics to go easy, as follows:

"My tear poy!" he cries, with tears in his eyes, and a husky tremor in his voice. "My tear poy! Thish is a pad gombany! I know it! So do you! It ish a very pad gombany intees! My prima donna is odd! My deaner sab got no voice! My passo is blayed out! My costumes are rakhed and tishgraseful! My orchestra ish invamous! I know dot, vhilest you tell me! But my tear poy! Ish not dis a good chob? Ish not dis? I vouldn'd do! There ish no longer any arrests! You know dot I bay der peel prices! I run der all Europe to find me dese singers! Vot shall I do? Ha? I am a your money! If you go pack on me, you ruin an old friend! For no vanit of mine, you ruin von of ter oldest and best friendts you ever had! Go down! Tell der truth! Pitch into my gombany! Gife my orchestra vits! Ruin me! You can! Therefore, you will—"

After that a critic that would tell the truth about the opera would be a confounded liar.—*Peck's Sun.*

A COMPROMISE conclusion is that which leads us always to choose the best. Mr. Andrew Ulmer, Bluffton, Ind., says: "I have thoroughly tested St. Jacobs Oil, and find for rheumatism and neuralgia it has no equal.—*Evansville Daily Courier*

CARLYLEN LOFTY CONCEIT.

Carlyle, in his reminiscences, says Thackeray inspired him with admiration: "What a lion, or such as he?" Charles Lamb's talk he describes as "contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness. . . . screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believe of wit. De Quincey was "a pretty little creature, full of overdrawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride, a mere, a bright, ready and melodious talker, but in the end conclusive and long-winded. His fate, owing to opium, etc., was hard and were, poor, little strung, weak creature, blown to and fro, and finally carried off ambition and mother of dead dogs."

Washington Irving's books he "somewhat esteemed." Jeffrey "was by no means the supreme in criticism or in anything else." Shelley was "a kind of ghastly object, colorless, pallid, without health or warmth or vigor; the sound of him shrieky, frosty, as if a ghost were trying to sing." Keats "was worth was "a rather dull, hard-tempered, unproductive and almost wearisome kind of man." Mr. Carlyle, in the same street, was the only man in the world, and all literary greatness most die with him; but the world will find that longer he had ceased to live. Thackeray, Sir Isaac, Dickens, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, Irving and the rest still survived the shafts of his cruel irony.

A MISSISSIPPI planter wanted to turn his land into a stock farm. His neighbors, who stuck to cotton, applied to a court for an injunction to restrain him from growing grass seed, on the ground that the grass would spread over adjoining plantations and muff the ground for cotton. The injunction was granted.

Lost! Not Lost!

Not so fast you friend foe of you would see the strong healthy, blooming complexion and children that have been caused from debility, suffering and ailment death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Truthful Scripture tells, but "Truthfulness, in another

MULTIPLICATION BY MACHINERY.

Nothing seems more paradoxical than to perform the arithmetical operations, which appear so lonely and exclusively to the mind, by a combination of metallic pieces. Pope Sylvester II., to whom the world is indebted for the system of Arabic figures, tried to make a calculating machine. Pascal and Leibnitz spent years in vain attempts to solve the problem of mechanical mathematical calculation, and others worked at the same task until Thom. de Colmar, the French mathematician, discovered a method in 1822. Elaborations of the principles contained in his machine have been numerous, but all results have only succeeded in perfecting a way to add and subtract. This made multiplication possible by adding one factor to itself as many times as there were units in the other factor, but the process was long and tedious.

Mr. Ramon Veres, a Spanish resident of New York, has been devoting his leisure hours for several years in devising a machine that will multiply and divide, and has finally succeeded. It will produce a product having fifteen figures and the factors may be of nine or less than nine and six or less than six figures. A turn of a small crank once for each figure in the multiplier displays the product on a disk. The work is almost instantaneous and the accuracy of it unimpeachable. The machine consists of ten circular plates placed vertically, and on the edge of each are figures from 1 to 9 inclusive and zero. On the sides of these plates are points which form in substance a multiplication table. Suppose 9 is to be multiplied by 6. The first plate is turned so that nine shows on top; the other factor is then shown on a wheel belonging to a similar set as those on which nine is shown. When the crank is turned the multiplicand plate turns under a set of pointers and a point on the fourth concentric circle of points on the side of the plate is presented on one side and a point on the fifth concentric circle—on the other. These two points meet each a small tongue which operates upon the product box, where the result is directly shown. The mechanism by which the product is recorded is too complicated to admit of a description except at great length. There are a series of wheels worked upon, each of them graduated, as to size and shape with the concentric circles on the plates. It might be said that in the multiplication the additions necessary are made simultaneously with the multiplication. For example, multiplying 56 by 7 the process is 7 times 6 are 42, 7 times 5 are 35 and 4 are 39—product, 392. With the machine the work is instantaneous. When the wheel is turned in this case, and a 7 is the multiplier, the 35. The figure in the last place of 35, that is the 5, is at once added to the figure in the place of the tens of the other number, and the entire product "falls up serenely" as the crank completes the revolution. If the multiplier were a double number, say 56 by 27, another turn of the crank would make the multiplication and addition complete. To prove the operation pressing a button throws into gear a new set of wheels,

FIGHTING AGAINST GRASSHOPPERS.

The success in some parts of Kansas and Nebraska, says an Eastern contemporary, have several times lost their crops by immense swarms of grasshoppers, which ate every green thing in field or orchard.

Some of the farmers abandoned their farms in despair. It would be a reproach to American character, and a stigma on the boasted superiority of man over the lower orders of animal life, if settlers should submit to be beaten by grasshoppers. The human brain, if it is worth anything, ought to devise some remedy, and find some way of destroying the troublesome insects.

The Russians have been equally troubled, and have taken the matter in hand resolutely, determined to destroy the pest. For three years, they have been waging war against the destructive enemy with more diligence and energy than they fought against Napoleon, and they now cherish hopes of a complete victory. The insects are gradually diminishing in number, and the harvest increasing, and it looks as if human energy would triumph over insect fecundity. The Kansas farmers should take courage, and carry on a similar warfare.

Over the genuine axle grease has the name of Frazer on every package, and wears longer than any other.

Pace observing the effects of petroleum upon the heads of cattle, at the wells on Oil Creek, great discovery Gamgee, a veterinary surgeon of petroleum, the one article that will produce new hair on bald heads. It never fails.

INDIGESTION, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking Brown's Iron Bitters. Try it. Don't stop preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It is a combination of iron, force-generating and life-sustaining properties. Sold by druggists. Physicians prescribe it. Ask your druggist for it. Take no other. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

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If you are young and feel the effects of a long spell of sickness, or are growing down hill, rely on Hop Bitters.

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If you are a mother, married or single, and your health is failing, use Hop Bitters.

If you are a young man or young lady and are pining under any indiscretion or disease, use Hop Bitters.

Kidney and Urinary Complaints, Nervous Diseases, Blood Disorders, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Ague, Malaria, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Bilious Colic, Intermittent Fever, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Mental Depression, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back, Joints and Limbs, Sudden Rushes of Blood to the Head, Flushing Heat, Dry Cough, Night Sweats, Wakefulness, Mental Anxiety, Loss of Memory, Premature Decay, Wasting Away, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Trembling, Sallow Complexion, Pimples on the Face, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Tettering Humors, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Sores, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Mercurial Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Diabetes, Dark Urine, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, Irregularities, Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus, Uterine Tumors, Inflammation, Ulceration, Fever, Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Pain in the Side, Pain in the Back, Pain in the Joints, Pain in the Limbs, Pain in the Stomach, Pain in the Bowels, Pain in the Head, Pain in the Ear, Pain in the Face, Pain in the Nerves, Pain in the Flesh, Pain in the Bones, Pain in the Teeth, Pain in the Gums, Pain in the Tongue, Pain in the Throat, Pain in the Chest, Pain in the Lungs, Pain in the Heart, Pain in the Kidneys, Pain in the Bladder, Pain in the Bowels, Pain in the Feet, Pain in the Hands, Pain in the Ears, Pain in the Eyes, Pain in the Nose, Pain in the Mouth, Pain in the Tongue

Manchester Enterprise.

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Entered at the Postoffice, in Manchester, as Second-class Matter.

We solicit communications and news items from all the surrounding towns.

Every communication must contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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If you have any business at the Probate Office, make the request that your notice be published in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE. Such a request always be granted.

☞ All articles for publication should be addressed to THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

Under the new school law, which will take effect July 1st, no one will be a qualified voter at the school meeting unless he or she has some immediate interest in the school, either by being a tax-payer in the district or by being the parent or legal guardian of one or more children included in the school census of the district.

The Michigan ex-prisoners of war association will hold a re-union at Detroit, June 21st, 22d and 23d, 1881, and a cordial invitation is extended to all veterans. The programme includes a parade, and speeches, boat ride, and a grand banquet. Visitors will pay full fare on all railroads one way, and be returned for one-third fare on presentation of a certificate issued by the secretary. Reduced rates at the hotels—$1 to $2 per day. President Garfield, Secretary of war Lincoln, generals Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, and other distinguished comrades have been invited; some of them will surely attend. All militia companies of the state of Michigan have been invited to participate in the grand parade, together with the United States regulars of Detroit.

That Foo-demed Town Hall.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE:—I see in the last number of the ENTERPRISE an official statement signed by two of the Bridgewater township board that the assertion made by your correspondent in regard to the official condemnation of Bridgewater town hall "is not true!" As the writer is not a lawyer, and has only a limited knowledge of English grammar, the following copy of a notice, which has been on the hall door a long time, will perhaps, show why the statement was made that the Bridgewater town hall was officially condemned:

"NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the public that this town hall has been condemned as unsafe for holding public meetings, and all persons are hereby warned not to enter this building for any purpose whatever, unless by authority of one of the town board. All persons so doing will lay themselves liable to the penalty of housebreaking.

BY ORDER OF SUPERVISOR.
JAMES HAYES, Town Clerk."

Boards are nailed across the shutters, and we are informed that the township board have met elsewhere to execute road warrants and transact town business.

A TOWNSMAN.

Another Insect Pest.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE:—Upon recovering from a recent illness, and going into my neglected strawberry patch, I found it overrun with the strawberry false-worm, specimens, with description of which, I send you. A large portion of the plants are utterly destroyed, the tender leaves of the Wilson suffering the most; the rank foliage of Green's Prolific, and monstrous leaves of the Sharpless, suffering least. As no application of Hellebore, Paris green, etc., was safe, the most effective remedy I found was to rake along the row early in the morning and jar the worms off in an old pan. I got hundreds of them. They are at that time curled up under the leaves, and fall off at the least jar. I presume it is bad to be "fed with pitchy black color, with two rows of large transverse dull-whitish spots upon the abdomen." The eggs are deposited in the stems of the plant, which are to be found in July, and hatch in two weeks, from the middle of May to the beginning of June, according to temperature. Color of the worms a deep yellow, and gray green. When not feeding they rest curled up under the leaves. They change their skins four times, and when full grown are about three-fourths of an inch in length. They then descend into the ground and produce the second brood of flies by the end of June, and beginning of July. The second brood descend into the ground the fore part of August, and remain till the middle of April following.

A solution of cowhite acid soap is recommended, but is difficult to apply when the plants are fruiting. They are not on our new plant of Sharpless, Monarch, Crescent seedling, etc., which would indicate that they were not interested with these plants, but came "of their own accord will." Hoping to draw attention to these stealthy raiders, and bring our entomologists from the pens of more experienced pen-men, I submit the case."

P. M. B.

Jackson County Items.

Prof. D. E. Haskins, principal of the schools at Hanover, and formerly of the village of Brooklyn, will change his location next season, having engaged to take charge of the schools at Union City, at the opening of the next fall term.—Jackson Citizen.

A basket picnic of the Jackson county pioneer society will be held at the beautiful grounds on the bank of Clark's lake, in the town of Columbia, four miles west of the village of Brooklyn, on Wednesday, June 23, at 11 o'clock A. M. TheRon Rondo band will address the society.

NAPOLEON.

Miss Jennie Fenton, of Parma, is visiting in town, the guest of Miss Florence Fenton.

Decoration was observed here as usual. There was one of the largest crowds we ever saw in Napoleon. The oration was delivered by Rev. D. E. Hill, of Greenville, whom everybody seemed pleased with.

C. R. Palmer's horse ran away on Sunday evening last, with a couple of young girls in the buggy. The horse ran into another buggy, making that horse run away. The result was a couple of girls badly scared, and one buggy broke up some.

BROOKLYN.

The saw and sorghum mill at Jefferson was burned on Monday morning of this week. It is supposed to have taken fire by somebody carelessly throwing away a cigar stub. No insurance.

An attempt to break into some of the dwelling houses in this village was made on Sunday night, by some person or persons at present unknown. Somebody will get hurt at that kind of business, perhaps, unexpectedly.

The Miller family that used to live on the Calhoun place, in Bridgewater, had a reunion at Williams' here on Saturday, and a picnic at Sampler's lake Sunday. I should not dare to "thrash" any of them now as I did years ago at the old center school house.

I notice by the papers that Brooklyn is going to bore for an artesian well. As we are almost upon the "divide," geologists would be apt to say that we might as well bore for China. Would it not be a more successful scheme to dig a well on "Aristocracy hill;" build a water-tank with wind-mill attachment—such as are used on the railroads; have a few hydrants in the business portion of the town connected by one or two water mains with the aforesaid tank, and making every business house keep a few hundred feet of hose? This plan would, it seems to me, not be an uncertain one, and would afford almost entire protection against fire.

SPRINGVILLE.

On Monday we were favored with a fine shower of rain.

Farmers are busy washing their sheep. Unwashed wool brings 22 to 23 cents per pound, they say.

Your correspondent from Springville failed to notice in your last week's issue. It was perhaps for want of news and the extreme drought.

Mrs. M. T. Mason returned from Dundee last Wednesday, where she has been for over two weeks attending at the bedside of a sick sister.

We have a brick and tile machine now in successful operation, and hope to be able to supply the farmers with tile. Mr. John Hand is the proprietor.

Robert Hastings and wife, of Palmyra, and Charles Raynor and wife, of Adrian, have been the guests of T. H. Raynor, on Friday and Saturday last, spending part of the time in riding around midst hills and dales, and viewing our beautiful lakes.

Thos. H. Mosher has been absent since your news gatherer's last report to Detroit, making his spring purchases of general merchandise; also spent two days at the Mt. Clemens mineral springs, taking the benefit of a few baths. One year ago he spent forty days there from which he thinks he derived great benefit. The past week he has been receiving a fine assortment of staple goods, and consumers would find it for their interest to examine the same.

ALPHA.

CLINTON.

Miss Angie Hard is visiting her brother, George M. Hard.

The hard winter did not cripple the festive potato bug. The vagabond is abroad.

The Congregational people now have singing exercises on Sunday evenings instead of prayer-meetings.

A hole in the bottom of the boiler in D. Woodward's foundry required a little tinkering. It is running again.

L. B. Chubbuck, the jeweler, with his two dogs, has left us without previous notice. His creditors would like to see him.

Young America was so actuated with pure repellence that two street lamps near the bridge, south of town, had to be removed; the glare could not remain.

Clough, of the "News," has put up an awning of matched lumber in front of his office. He is preparing the building to rent when he vacates his business.

Our people could not raise the funds to employ a street sprinkler so we have been buried in dust for the past four weeks. On Wednesday morning we had a rain.

Our school is acquiring a great reputation for docility. Within the past three or four months three persons have tried to expel, or control the wild elements, and every one are as rampant as ever.

The gossip is now current on the street that two young men, who ought to go somewhere and have themselves to death, took a vow that they could handle particular, slippery lass, then lead him under a lamp and decapitate her.

One of our street lamps expired on Sunday night, about midnight. There is nothing out the post remaining. It stood near the residence of D. St. John. He was considerably frightened, as the blaze emanated from the post. He thought he had a wind powered in the light. Upon it would have fared on the fire of a worthy citizen, if he had been present.

On Monday evening an unregenerated scamp was seen by J. B. Wells and A. B. Vandemark prowling around the dwelling of J. B. Hause, and cautiously looking into the windows. As the situation of affairs looked rather crooked, Wells and Vandemark laid a plan to capture the gallant; that was to go around the house in opposite directions, and come on the tramp unexpectedly. Wells had a tedious gate to encounter, and did not reach the place in time. The gallant he could be familiar took to his heels, and W. and Van in hot pursuit, but in the darkness the eaves-dropper escaped.

Miscellaneous.

SPECIAL WATCH NOTICE.

E. CHUBBUCK

Having been appointed special agent for the

Rockford Watch,

in Manchester, and surrounding country, I shall hereafter keep a full line of both stem and key winders. This watch is so perfectly constructed that it can be regulated to one thousandth part of a second, and is warranted to keep time as well as any watch. Those desiring a first-class watch will do well to call and examine these watches. This will give our customers a rare opportunity to secure a watch in every particular.

F. R. STEBBINS,
Adrian, Michigan.

Furniture and Carpets.

Very Large Assortment. TWELVE WARE ROOMS FULL. All kinds of Curtain Goods, incl Cloths, Portieres and Fringes, &c. Fine assortment of Wool and Holiday Dress Goods. Low prices and first quality of goods, and no deception practiced to sell goods. Remember

☞ We are always well prepared to show visitors through our large establishment.

F. R. STEBBINS,
Maumee Street, Adrian.

Estate of William W. Bale, Deceased.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the fifth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty one.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of William W. Bale, deceased.

Charles M. Fellows, the administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is prepared to render his final account as such administrator.

Thereupon it is ordered that Saturday, the eighteenth day of June, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause why the account of said administrator should not be allowed. And it is further ordered that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
(A true copy.) Judge of Probate.
William G. Doty, Probate Register.

Estate of Walter Case, Deceased.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court, for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the twenty-third day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty one.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Walter Case, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Lucy A. Case, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that Spencer M. Case may be appointed executor thereof.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the twenty-first day of June next, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
(A true copy.) Judge of Probate.
William G. Doty, Probate Register.

MORTGAGE SALE.

On the 8th day of March, A. D. 1870, Christian Beaty mortgaged to secure the balance of the purchase money of the lands hereinafter described, to Joseph Rawson (now deceased) all those certain pieces of land, situate in the township of Bridgewater, county of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, described as follows, to-wit: "All that land lying and being on the north side of the Saline River, in the township and county of the state aforesaid, containing twenty-four acres, more or less, and being the same piece of land conveyed, by warranty deed, to said Christian Beaty, and also, all that parcel of land, situate, lying and being

FARM AND HOME.

Farm Eclogs.

TREES.—The man who plants one tree on the Western plains is wiser than the man who shoots a buffalo. Trees may need watering, but in time they bring showers. Where trees are on the plains there the rain falls, if it comes at all.

CABBAGE FOR THE TABLE.—The *Garden's Magazine* says all yellow and white-hearted cabbages, Savoys included, are not good for table use, "that the yellowish and very pale green sorts are comparatively worthless, while the dark green sorts are full of flavor and substance, the very perfection of what a cabbage should be that is to be cooked for a Christian to eat."

ROSES.—The *Rural Home* communicates an important fact in rose culture: "Every rose will not come from the slip. Of the three great divisions into which the rose family is separated, namely, the damask, the noisette and the tea—the last two may be propagated with more or less readiness from the slip or by budding; the first only by dividing the roots and planting the seedlings which latter method is resorted to, however, only when it is desired to obtain new varieties."

THE WEEVIL.—A correspondent writes: "I have observed of late numerous complaints of the difficulty of guarding peas and bean seed from the weevil. Your subscriber has found an effectual remedy, and gives it for the benefit of the seeking earth. After harvesting dry, thoroughly in the sun, and afterward place in jars, cans or barrels that have been thoroughly heated before the fire, placing in each vessel a bottle of turpentine, not cork or corking the bottle, but simply, a piece of cloth over its mouth. Cover the vessels as airtight as possible, and afterward expose to the sun occasionally. The fumes of the turpentine penetrate to every the least kill the egg of the weevil deposited in the seed where it is green. This is an effectual remedy, and should be known to all seed-growers North or South.—*New York Herald.*

FRENCH FOWLS.—The French fowls are not nearly so popular in America as they deserve to be. The Crevecœurs and Houdans are both prolific egg producers, grow rapidly, and have white, juicy flesh. The latter have plump breast, fine-flavored flesh, remarkable light bones and gray legs. If properly fed the hens will lay on without stopping to sit. They thrive well in confinement. The Crevecœurs are also nesters, and are not surpassed for whiteness of flesh by any variety. Their black legs are often objected to by cooks and dealers, but they have no effect upon the color, flavor or tenderness of the flesh. Young birds will fatten when three months old, and have been made to weigh four pounds at that age. At six months they will weigh seven pounds.

THE COTSWOLD SHEEP.—Mr. Joseph Harris has the following in praise of this breed: "If well fed and provided with dry quarters under foot, there are no sheep which will stand exposure to our severe weather better than the Cotswolds. The Cotswold ewes are good breeders and good nurses. They frequently have two strong lambs, and occasionally three at a birth. I have never had a pure-bred Cotswold ewe in the flock that would not mother her lamb, the ewes have their first lambs when 2 years old, and they frequently continue good breeders till 10 years old. The Cotswolds are the hardiest of all English breeds of sheep. Of all the well-established breeds the Cotswolds are the largest. The celebrated experiments of Lawes and Gilbert proved beyond all question that the Cotswolds produced more mutton and more wool than any other breed; and, not only this, they gained more in proportion to the food consumed than any other breed."

CONSOLIDATING THE SEX OF FOWLS.—Both English and American poultry fanciers have experimented considerably for the purpose of establishing some method by which to control the sex of their pets. In a late number of *Cassell's Magazine* a writer sums up the results of the experience of British breeders as follows: 1. A cockerel mated with not more than three hens will produce the most always a larger number of male than female chicks—especially will this be the case with the earlier broods. Later broods will be more uncertain. 2. Mating as adult, cock with not more than three pullets will be uncertain in its results, one sex as likely as the other to predominate. 3. Mating an adult cock with five or more pullets will give an excess of pullets, but, as in the first instance, there will be most male birds from the earlier eggs. 4. Young birds or adult birds mated together will give uncertain results, but the fewer the hens and the more vigorous the cock the greater will be the proportion of the males, and there will be the most numerous from the early eggs.

TWO DOLLARS PER HEN PER YEAR.—A Massachusetts correspondent of the *Poultry Yard* gives the following statement: The following table will show at a glance the number of eggs that an ordinary hen will lay per month for each month in the year and the price that eggs have averaged at retail in the Boston market:

	Eggs.	Average.
January,	8	36c.
February,	12	30c.
March,	15	25c.
April,	18	20c.
May,	20	18c.
June,	18	18c.
July,	15	18c.
August,	12	20c.
September,	10	25c.
October,	8	30c.
November,	6	36c.
December,	5	40c.
In all,	137	

It will then be seen at a glance that a common, thoughtful fowl, if allowed to range one or two broods of chicks, will lay about nine and one-sixth dozen eggs, which, at the average of 33 cents per dozen, will amount to $2.90. The average amount of manure derived from each hen when allowed to roost at large I find to be about one bushel per year. This is readily sold at the door, in this vicinity at 45 cents per bushel, making the return from each hen to be about $2.75 per year. Deduct from this the keeping, which I find to average about $1.40 per year, and you have a net item of $1.35 per year from each hen. I can readily dispose of all the eggs at from 5 to 10 cents per dozen advance on the regular retail price, thus making my profits average about $2 per year from each hen, and this could be still further raised by saving the eggs raised in April, May and June until about Thanksgiving time and then putting them on the market."

Domestic Economy.

CHICAGO GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One pint of Graham flour, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, milk to make it soft as ginger-bread.

SPRINGFIELD SODA BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one pint of milk, piece of butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar sifted in flour, with salt.

MINNIE'S WHITE MUFFINS.—One-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of water, one and one-half cups of flour, the whites of three eggs, one table-spoonful of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; bake in muffin-pans.

SPRINGFIELD RUSKILL SNAPS.—Three-fourths cupful of lard, three-fourths cupful butter, one cupful of sugar, one pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one table-spoonful ginger, one table-spoonful spice, then enough flour to roll soft and very thin in rings.

EDINBURGH WINE.—Take four quarts of berries and let them stand in three quarts of water. Stir during the time. Then strain off the liquor and add four pounds sugar, after which boil ten minutes. Place in a jar, and when fermentation has ceased add one-half pint of brandy. Let it stand one year on the liquor. This should be left standing in a warm place until it is done fermenting, after which bottle it, and it is fit for use.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.—Take the meat of two lobsters and chop it; slice one small onion, and brown it in a tablespoonful of butter. When it is cooked and off the fire, incorporate into this two table-spoonfuls of flour, adding a little milk. To your chopped lobster add parsley, a little salt and a little red pepper. Bind the lobster together with the yolks of four eggs, and let it cool; then thoroughly with your butter in which the onion was cooked. Shape properly, and dip them in cracker-crumbs and the yolk of an egg. Fry in boiling lard.

WELSH RABBIT.—Boil half a pint of milk; have the cheese rich enough to melt; chop half a teacupful of it to every half pint of milk; the yolk of one egg is lightly beaten with a fork, and have it ready when the cheese is melted; turn the cheese into the boiling milk and stir till the former dissolves. Welsh rarebit cannot be made from skim-milk cheese. Parmesan cheese makes delightful dishes, but is expensive. Stir in the yolk of the egg adding salt and pepper, and serve on toast or alone. Cheese dishes require little seasoning, and the salt and pepper should be used with care.

CURRYKEL.—One cup and a-half of oatmeal for twelve persons; cover with a pint of cold water; stir around and drain off the black specks; then put in two quarts of cold water and boil in a kettle for from forty-five minutes to an hour, often stirring it; while boiling, add salt and sugar; eat it with milk, scalded milk or otherwise, according to your taste. Dr. Sam Johnson, who loved everything Scotch, never missed an opportunity to express his prejudice in his dictionary, this defined "Oats: "In England, food for horses; in Scotland, food for men." The excuse for his prejudice never was satisfactorily given in the above recipe.

WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

So intimately were Scott's dogs bound up with his life, says a writer in *Temple Bar*, that, when his last financial difficulties crowded upon him and it was for a time in his mind whether it would not be desirable to sell Abbotsford, the thought of parting from "these dumb creatures" moved him more than any other painful reflections; and he could only hope "there may yet be those who, loving me, will love my dog because it has been mine." Before he started as an invalid for Naples, one of his written instructions referred to the management of his dogs; and again and again, during his foreign sojourn, he gave strict, tender and minute injunctions to Laidlaw, his steward, to be "very careful of the poor people and the dogs." He was always thinking of them. It was during that last hopeless journey that he spoke to the large Danish hound which, stranger through his way, fawned upon him at the lake of Brancaster of his "fitness as an accompaniment to his thoughts;" but that he himself had "larger dogs at home, though, may be, not so good-natured to strangers." It was in Naples, too, where Sir William Gell's huge dog used to be fondled by Scott, and talked to, and informed of the "dogs he had at home," while he would confide to Sir William how he had "two very fine Newfoundland dogs, and all very fine large that I am always afraid they look too large and too lordly for my diminished income. And it was the dogs, too, in the last days drew many round his chair and legs; to fondle him and lick his hands, while their dying master smiled or sobbed over them.

THE HOSPITABLE BELGIANS.

The Belgians are the only hospitable people still remaining in Europe, and think nothing of asking a perfect stranger to join their family circle in a five minutes' acquaintance. If, therefore, a traveler stops in any place where a wedding or christening is going on, it generally depends on himself whether he will be one of the guests or not. Not long ago I had gone to bed at a Belgian inn, when I heard a resolute knocking at my chamber door, and some giggling as of some laughing girls outside. It was about 11.30 o'clock p. m., and I was much wondering what could be the matter. The landlord had sent his daughter and some of her young friends to ask if I would join a midnight pilgrimage they were about to make to the shrine of a neighboring saint in fulfillment of a promise they had made to a deceased relative. I got up, joined the party, and it was certainly the jolliest pilgrimage I ever saw or heard of. We walked along some country roads by starlight, singing songs which were not of a particularly saintly character, and when we had accomplished the object of our mission in a quaint old chapel where the saint worshiped, we wandered out to a picturesque village and ate hot rolls and fresh butter with some excellent coffee.

As we returned by rail in the early summer morning, the whole family seemed to have accepted me into their connection, and treated me entirely as one of themselves. The Duchy of Luxembourg is, if possible, still more patriarchal in the manner of its people, and a man I know was invited by some people he had never seen before to pass a month at their chateau. What is perhaps still stranger is that he went, was really well received, and that the promptness of acquaintance thus formed turned out to be mutually satisfactory. Belgium is now by far the cheapest place in Europe, except some of the remote parts of Italy; and in Belgium—in the Duchy of Luxembourg—living is everywhere excellent, while in Italy one may have to live on macaroni and tomatoes.—*London Times.*

Rubbing the Midnight Oil.

In the Philadelphia *Times* of recent date, we notice an item referring to the miraculously quick cure of a gentleman druggist of that city, Mr. J. M. Higgins, Germantown Road and Sixth street, who had an awful attack of rheumatism of the knee. He applied St. Jacobs Oil at night, and next morning was well and in his store as usual.—*Troy (N. Y.) Morning Telegram and Whig.*

DANGERS OF ATHLETIC TRAINING.

Absolute health is attained only by the symmetrical development of all parts of the body. The man with muscles of steel and a diseased heart cannot be said to be good health, and diseases of the stomach, heart and nervous system are often—it may even be said usually—produced by that system of development known as training. At a recent rowing match in Philadelphia, two plucky lads in training boats fainted as soon as the race was over. Their condition, which was apparently good, was actually abnormal, and their systems gave way because the strain which their muscles met was too great for their vital functions. A similar but more serious calamity occurred at Sag Harbor. A Brooklyn lad who had taken part in a pedestrian contest, when removed from the track, fell down dead. He had prepared himself for walking and running, and depleted his vital organs to build up his limbs. Death was hastened by the imprisoned and most important part gave way. The severe muscular exercise of college athletes has carried off many fine young men by congestion of the heart, disease of other disorders, directly traceable to the absurd overwork required of their bodies. There is a limit of human endurance. The limit is reached when the body is impaired in its capacity to benefit special organs. The severity of the test by which athlete prizes are won seems designed rather to award to him who is the least health-impaired, and unevenly developed, than to the really best man.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

A ADVICE is cheap,—dreadfully cheap. But we must be true to our instincts of brotherly love, tell our friends truly how to use St. Jacobs Oil, and surprise their rheumatism and themselves also at the result. D. L. Harvey, Esq., of Chicago, says: I would be correct to my duty to those afflicted, did I not raise my voice in its praise.

STARTING IN THE WORLD.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in this world, as it is called. Such has a young man afloat with money left by his relatives as like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will loss his bladders and go to the bottom. Let your boy learn to swim and he will never need bladders. Give your child a sound education and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his manners cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given him what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

New servant answers the bell, which has been rung by an elderly gentleman. "Is your mistress in?" "No, sir." "Ah! bad, bad!" he says, as he turns that first day from her door, "she will be out of the fashion." "Yes, sir. Then, as the old gentleman was about to withdraw, "Oh! won't you leave your name, sir?"

Weights.

That if *everything* worthless Hop Bitters freely there would be much less sickness and misery. There would be much more of the fruits of toil, which families keeping well at a trifling cost. Hop Bitters are fast driving out other worthless medicines. *D. & M. Rochester, N. Y.*

EDWIN BOOTH'S EARLIER AND LATER ACTING.

In the earlier part of his career Edwin Booth was accustomed to act Sir Giles Overreach, Sir Edward Mortimer, Pescara, and a number of other parts of the terrific order, which he has since discarded. He was great in every one of them. The first sound of his voice when, as Sir Edward Mortimer, he was heard speaking off the scene, was eloquent of deep suffering, concentrated will, and a strange, somber, formidable character. The sweet, exquisite, joyinferral joy with which, as Pescara, he told his rival that there should be "music," was almost comical in its effect of terror; it drove the listener, as it were, out of tragical tension, and made him hysterical with the grimness of a deadly humor. His swift defiance to Lord Lovell, as Sir Giles, and indeed the whole mighty and terrible action with which he carried that scene—from "What, are you pale?" down to the grisly and horrid viper pretense and reptile spasm of death—were simply tremendous. This was in the days when his acting still retained the exuberance of a youthful spirit, before "the philosophic mind" had checked the headlong currents of the heart, or curbed the imagination in its lawless flight. And those parts not only admitted of bold color and extravagant action, but demanded them. Even his Hamlet was touched with this elemental fire. Not alone in the great junctures of the tragedy—the encounters with the ghost the parting with Ophelia, the climax of the play scene, the slaughter of poor old Polonius in delirious mistake for the King, and the avouchment to Laertes in the grave-yard—was he brilliant and impetuous, but in almost everything this quality of temperament showed itself, and here, of course, it was in excess. He no longer hurls the pipe into the flies when saying, "Though you may fret me, you can not play upon me," and he would not to do so then, and the rest of the performance was of a piece with that part of it. He needed, in that period of his development, the more terrible passions to deal with. Pathos and spirituality and the mountain air of great thought were yet to grow. His Hamlet was only dazzling—the glorious possibility of what it has since become. But in his Sir Giles was a consummate work of genius—as good then as it ever afterward became, and better than any other that has been seen since, not excepting even that of Coquelin. Although the two kindred characters he showed himself a man of genius. His success was very great. The admiration that he inspired partook of zeal that almost amounted to oratorical. When he walked in the streets of Boston, in 1857, his shining face, his compact figure and his elastic step drew every eye, and people would pause and turn in groups to look at him.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Lady Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes without the services of France, or tanners of the world, while in your homes Nature provides all this free of cost. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI.—Flour—Fancy, $5.00@5.50; spring family, $5.50@5.75; patent, $6.00@6.25. Wheat—No. 2 red winter, $1.12½@1.14; barrel wheat, $1.00@1.10. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 48@48½c; No. 3 yellow, 49c; car corn, 49@50c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 32@32½c; No. 2 white, 34@34½c. Rye—Prime to choice, $1.00@1.02. Hay—Timothy, $18.00@19.00; prime, $17.00@18.00; Hemp—Rough Kentucky, $10.00@11.00; dressed—Kentucky, $18.00@19.00. Provisions—Mess Pork, $24.00@24.50; lard—Prime steam, $6.60@6.65; Cincinnati, $6.25 per bush; common mills, $6.50; Cincinnati Hogsheads, $6.50@6.75. Bacon—Clear rib sides, 6½@6¾c; clear sides, 6¾@7c; shoulders, 5½@5¾c. Butter—Choice to fancy, 25@30c; prime, 20@22c; common to good, 15@18c. Sugar—Clarified, 8@8½c; C. Coffee—Rio, 17@19c. Molasses—New Orleans, 50@65c. Whiskey—$1.06@1.08.

LIVE STOCK.—CATTLE—Common, $2.50@3.50; fair to good butchers', $3.75@4.25; choice, $4.50@5.00; extra, $5.00@5.25; common to fair cows, $2.25@3.00; good to choice, $3.25@3.75; calves, $3.00@5.00; fair to good packing steers, $3.50@4.00; common to fair, $3.00@3.25; fair to good packing and shipping, $4.00@4.25; choice, $4.50@4.75; extra, $5.00@5.25. Sheep—Common to fair, $2.00@3.00; fair to good, $3.50@4.00; choice, $4.50@5.00; Western—Common to fair, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $3.50@4.00; choice, $4.50@5.00 per 100 lbs. Lambs—Spring lambs sold at $7.00@8.00 per head. Hogs—Common to fair, $3.00@3.50; fair to good packing and shipping, $3.50@3.75; choice, $3.80@3.85; extra, $3.90@4.00; Western—Common to fair, $3.50@3.75; fair to good packing and shipping, $3.75@3.85; choice, $3.90@4.00 per 100 lbs.

BUFFALO.—CATTLE—Extra, $5.00@5.25; good to choice shipping steers, $4.50@4.75; common to fair do, $3.50@4.00; fair to good butchers', $3.50@3.75; common to fair do, $2.50@3.00; fair to good cows, $2.50@3.00; common to fair do, $2.00@2.25; fair to good bulls, $3.00@3.25; common to fair do, $2.50@2.75; fair to good stockers, $3.00@3.25; common to fair do, $2.50@2.75; fair to good feeders, $3.50@3.75; common to fair do, $3.00@3.25; milch cows, $35@45. Sheep—Common to fair, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $3.50@4.00; choice, $4.50@5.00; Western—Common to fair, $3.50@4.00; fair to good, $4.00@4.50; choice, $4.50@5.00 per 100 lbs. Lambs—Spring lambs sold at $7.50@8.50 per head. Hogs—Common to fair, $3.00@3.50; fair to good packing and shipping, $3.50@3.75; choice, $3.80@3.85; extra, $3.90@4.00; Western—Common to fair, $3.50@3.75; fair to good packing and shipping, $3.75@3.85; choice, $3.90@4.00 per 100 lbs.

BUFFALO.—Flour—Spring wheat, $5.00@5.50; winter, $4.50@5.00. Wheat—No. 1 hard, $1.21; No. 2 do, $1.19; No. 1 Northern, $1.18; No. 2 do, $1.16; No. 1 Western, $1.20; No. 2 do, $1.18. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 51½@52c; No. 2 yellow, 52½@53c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 35@35½c; No. 2 white, 37@37½c. Rye—No. 1, 98c. Barley—No. 2 Canada, $1.20@1.25. Pork—Mess, $24.00@24.50. Lard—Prime steam, 6½@6¾c. Hay—Timothy, $18.00@19.00; prime, $17.00@18.00. Hemp—Rough Kentucky, $10.00@11.00; dressed—Kentucky, $18.00@19.00. Provisions—Mess Pork, $24.00@24.50; lard—Prime steam, 6½@6¾c; Cincinnati, $6.25 per bush; common mills, $6.50; Cincinnati Hogsheads, $6.50@6.75. Bacon—Clear rib sides, 6½@6¾c; clear sides, 6¾@7c; shoulders, 5½@5¾c. Butter—Choice to fancy, 25@30c; prime, 20@22c; common to good, 15@18c. Sugar—Clarified, 8@8½c; C. Coffee—Rio, 17@19c. Molasses—New Orleans, 50@65c. Whiskey—$1.06@1.08.

BALTIMORE.—Flour—Western family, $5.00@5.50; patent, $6.00@6.25. Wheat—No. 2 red winter, $1.12½@1.14; barrel wheat, $1.00@1.10. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 48@48½c; No. 3 yellow, 49c; car corn, 49@50c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 32@32½c; No. 2 white, 34@34½c. Rye—Prime to choice, $1.00@1.02. Hay—Timothy, $18.00@19.00; prime, $17.00@18.00; Hemp—Rough Kentucky, $10.00@11.00; dressed—Kentucky, $18.00@19.00. Provisions—Mess Pork, $24.00@24.50; lard—Prime steam, 6½@6¾c; Cincinnati, $6.25 per bush; common mills, $6.50; Cincinnati Hogsheads, $6.50@6.75. Bacon—Clear rib sides, 6½@6¾c; clear sides, 6¾@7c; shoulders, 5½@5¾c. Butter—Choice to fancy, 25@30c; prime, 20@22c; common to good, 15@18c. Sugar—Clarified, 8@8½c; C. Coffee—Rio, 17@19c. Molasses—New Orleans, 50@65c. Whiskey—$1.06@1.08.

O'CONNELL OVERTHROWN.

It is not strange that no one sympathizes with a lawyer when he is overthrown by a witness whom he is cross-examining. So many have suffered from lawyers' sharp questions that they enjoy seeing one of their foes fall. Daniel O'Connell once received a witty reply that turned the laugh against him, from a witness whom he was cross-examining. It was a case of riot committed by a mob of beggars, and the witness for the prosecution had represented the affair as very serious:

"Pooh, pooh!" said O'Connell, "now just tell the court how many there were."

"Indeed, I never stopped to count them, your Honor, but there was a whole tribe of them."

"A whole tribe of them! Will you tell us to what tribe they belonged?"

"Indeed, your Honor, that's more than I can do at all; but I think it must have been the tribe of Judah."

"You may go down, sir," cried O'Connell, in a rage, while bench, bar and spectators laughed.

THE cost of the United States Senate is about $600,000 a year, nearly $400,000 going for salaries and mileage.

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