PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Nasby's Experiences a Set-Back—The Enunciation of President Cleveland's Policy Regarding Negro Office-Holders.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

CONFEDERIT X ROADS, (Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,) April 20, 1885.

This world is a holler sham, and I wood be satisfied ef a cataclysm ok-kurred this minit wich wood wipe it out completely. Ef it isn't one thing it is suthin else.

President Cleveland announst last week that wher niggers wuz in offis in the South he shood remove em if they hed bin dishonest, but he shood not appoint white men in their places, but rather give the posishens to sich niggers ez hed demonstrated ther honesty and fitnis by suoportin him.

Joe Bigler seed it afore I did, for I wuz out in the kentry when the paper come, and he immejitly went with it over to Bascom's and red it to George W. The feend remarkt to Issaker Gavitt and Deekin Pogram, wich wuz sittin ther, that this enunshiashun wooden affect them, ez the places they wuz after wuz filled with white men, and white men wood be appinted when they wuz removed, but he continyood:

"This cooks the Parson's goose. The post-offis here is filled by a nigger, Lubbock. Lubbock hez bin honest enuff, so fur ez we kin see, but he votid fur Blaine, which is *prima fashe* evidence that he isn't fit fur the posishen. He will be removed ez a matter uv course, but his place will be filled, accordin to the President, with a Dimocratic nigger. Ez ther ain't but one sich, Androo Jaxon Pogram, uv course he will be the man. Deekin, I congratoolate yoo. You may never hold a Fedrel offis yoorself, but one with yoor blood in his vanes will."

The feend hed jist got thro with this orashun when I entered, and steppin briskly up to the bar sed "ez yoosual, G. W."

Ther wuz a coldnis in the air uv that room wich wood hev friz Bascom's best whisky. They avertid ther heads from me ez tho I wuz a Gorgon.

"Not quite ez yoosual," wuz Bascom's chilin response. "Ther is a change takes place. Yoo will git yoor likker hereafter, commencin now, jist after yoo pay fur it."

"Pay fur it! Wat do yoo meen? When His Eggslency, the President, makes his appintments, and I step into Jim Lubbock's shoes, yoo will be paid."

Bascom never chaged a muscle, but handed me the paper. I red the words, and overcome, fur wunst, fell faintin to the floor. * * * * *

When I cum to, which they all permitted me to do without renderin me any assistance, wat met my eyes? Joe Bigler hed gone out and found Androo Jaxon Pogram and organized him into a perceshn! He hed got a banner paintid fur him onto wich wuz inscribed:

THE KULERED DEMOCRATIC PARTY UV THE CORNERS!—PRES. CLEVELAND RECOGNIZES THE RITES UV THE KULERED MAN—EF ONE KUSERED MAN GOES OUT ANOTHER CUMS IN.—CIVIL SERVIS REFORM.

And he hed filled this disgustin nigger up with noo whisky, and he hed given him a bass drum, wich he pounded with one hand, firin off saloots with a revolver in the other. And in this absurd shape he paraded the streets uv the Corners, and finelly pulled up in Bascom's.

When the iron entered my sole, Bascom, Deekin Pogram and Issaker Gavitt helped him to git off the drum, and they sot him down, and Bascom asked him to fake suthin, and remarkt to him that when he wantid anything to call fer it, and that it cood stand till he got his appintment, and in the meentime to make hisself at home; and the nigger *did* make himself at home, fur he called fur drinks fur hisself and fur the Deekin and Issaker, and they clinked the glasses, and then the Deekin called fur a round and then Issaker.

Ef that nigger had bin Empror uv Rooshy he cooldest hev bin treetid with more considerashun by these inconsistent men. Jist becoz a stoop'd President is goin to give him a post-offis, they alliyate with him, forgettin his blood and the degradashun uv his race. Bascom that he may corrall his salery, and the other two becoz he will hev the meens to pay fur ther likker.

I wouldn't demean my-self by drinkin with a nigger. And ez I wuz, I restrained myself. I wuzn't asked.

This thing is goin on to this minit. Androo Jaxon Pogram is a settin in my cheer, drinkin my whisky, or rather the whisky that would hev bin mine, and gittin all the credit he wants, on the strength uv the appintment he is goin to git, and the rest uv the Dimocrisy is cottonin to him. Joe Bigler comes and condoles with me, remarkin that no matter, that I hev the conshusnis uv hevin done my dooty.

I am livin on sich chance drinks ez I kin rope out uv strangers, and life with me hez becum a nitemare. The end uv it will be I shel be found one uv these fine mornings in Seceshn Crik. Water, not whisky, will be my death. Androo Jaxon Pogram, a nigger, postmaster at the Corners and a Dimocrat in the Presidenshl chare! Chaos is come agin. Why wuzn't Hendrix made President and Cleveland Vice-President? That is a question many thousands uv Dimocrats is askin themselves.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Discouraged).

A CLEAR CASE OF FUDGE.

The Pearson Case Not Indicative of Devotion to Civil-Service Reform.

The mugwumps who take to themselves the name of the Massachusetts Reform Club held a meeting recently and resolved to this effect:

Resolved, That we regard the reappointment of Mr. Pearson with especial satisfaction, because it affords strong encouragement to believe that the President is determined to apply the principles of civil-service reform in cases not within the letter of existing law, so disconnected with the policy of the Administration that the political opinions of those who hold them are unimportant.

Looking at this matter without prejudice and with a disposition to do exact justice to the President, it must be said that the appointment of Pearson does not indicate that Mr. Cleveland "is determined to apply the principles of civil-service reform in cases not within the letter of existing law" for the reason that his case stands solitary and alone, while opposed to it are arrayed a number of removals of officials who are the peers of Mr. Pearson in every element of experience, qualification, faithful service, and whose offices, equally with that held by Pearson, were "so disconnected with the policy of an Administration that the political opinions of those who hold them are unimportant."

It is all fudge for the mugwumps to attempt to make out that the Pearson case had any moral significance whatever. Mr. Cleveland felt that he was indebted to that element. He knew very well that from the beginning the people had been watching with intent curiosity to see in what manner he would pay his debt to them. All of his appointments had been of Democrats of the straightest sort. It pleased the mugwumps all at once to make a point in favor of the retention of Pearson. With singular unanimity they joined from all over the country in making it plain to him that the New York post-office given to Pearson for another term would square obligations between them, and at the same time be accepted by them as a signal proof of his adherence to their favorite hobby. Cleveland saw his opportunity and paid his debt. There is no doubt whatever that he took that view of the matter. If he had not felt under obligations to the mugwumps, and had every reason to believe that the course he adopted would discharge them, Mr. Pearson would not have been reappointed. It is well known that other considerations reenforced the mugwumps' demand; but by themselves they would not have been weighty enough to prevent the office from going into control of a good Democrat.

Mr. Cleveland is in no great hurry, but his course so far shows that, proceeding with deliberation, he will remove all Republican office-holders above the graded service and fill their places with Democrats. If this is not so does any one suppose that such men as Clarke, Crowell, Chesley, and many others whose heads have fallen, would have been supplanted by men who can not possibly fill their places with equal efficiency until years spent in office shall have made them equally acquainted with the duties incident to their positions? Efficiency, honesty and fidelity in the discharge of official duties are qualities that Mr. Cleveland no doubt appreciates, but no act of his indicate that they will operate to prevent the removal of Republicans to make way for Democrats, unless, as in Pearson's case, there is a point to be made growing out of political obligations incurred in the past. Furthermore, we have proof from his alleged admissions, as published in the *Sunday Herald*, that the motive that governed him in his course with regard to Schurz, Curtis, Jones and Bennett was to repay them with political preferment as a direct reward for the exercise of their political influence toward electing him President.—*National Republican.*

THE MAN WHO WAS HONORED.

A Significant Act by the Democratic Secretary of the Interior.

Colonel L. C. Q. Lamar, of the late C. S. A., and present Secretary of the Interior of the United States, ordered the flag of the Interior Department to be displayed at half-mast, and the department and its bureaus, which includes the Bureau of Pensions, to be closed recently, because of the death of Jacob Thompson, once his predecessor in the same office. This is the same Jacob Thompson under whose rule, as Secretary of the Interior, several millions of the Indian trust fund bonds were stolen.

This is the same Jacob Thompson who left his place as Secretary of the Interior to enter the service of the Southern Confederacy.

This is the same Jacob Thompson who acted as the agent of the rebellious States in trying to organize a force in Canada to liberate the confederate prisoners at Johnson's Island.

This is the same Jacob Thompson who tried to organize a party of rebels and assassins in Canada to liberate the prisoners of war at Camp Morton, and then to assassinate Governor Morton, and seize upon the United States Armory and supplies in the city of Indianapolis, and burn the city.

This is the same Jacob Thompson who was part and parcel of the conspiracy to spread small-pox in the cities of the North.

This is the same Jacob Thompson who was part and parcel of the conspiracy to distribute yellow-fever-infected rags into the hospitals and armies of the Union.

And yet, within twenty days after a Democratic President enters into the White House, a man of such infamous character is honored by having the one Department of the Government having in especial charge the care of the Union soldiers disabled by war, and their widows and orphans, closed in deference to his memory.

If the Confederates can, within twenty days from the inauguration of their first President after the close of the war, so honor such a man as Jacob Thompson, what may be done in a few short years of their rule.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

GENERAL GRANT IN 1861.

The Opinions Grant Entertained of the Rebellion Before the Actual Conflict.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* recently printed the following letter written by General Grant to his father-in-law in this city, prefaced with the editorial assertion that this letter has never before been made public. It is a document of rare value, owing to the views expressed on the rebellion, and of especial interest just now that all eyes are turned toward the dying chieftain:

GALENA, April 13, 1861.—*Mr. F. Dent*—Dear Sir: I have but very little time to write; but as in these exciting times we are very anxious to hear from you, and know of no other way but by writing first to you, I must make time. We get but little news by telegraph from St. Louis, but from all other points of the country we are hearing all the time. The times are indeed startling, but now is the time, particularly in the border Slave States, for men to prove their love of country. I know it is hard for men to apparently work with the Republican party, but now all parts distinctions should be lost sight of, and every true patriot be for maintaining the integrity of the glorious old stars and stripes, the Constitution and the Union. The North is responding to the President's call in such a manner that the rebels may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The Government can call into the field not only 75,000 troops, but ten to twenty times 75,000 if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them, too. It is all a mistake about the Northern pocket being so sensitive. In times like the present no people are more ready to give their own time or of their money to sustain their Government. No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact that in all these troubles the Southerners have been the aggressors, and the Admin stration has stood purely on the defensive—more on the defensive than she would dared to have done but for her consciousness of strength and the certainty of right prevailing in the end. The news to-day is that Virginia has gone out of the Union. But for the influence she will have on the other border slave States this is not much to be regretted. Her position, or rather that of Eastern Virginia, has been more reprehensible from the beginning than that of South Carolina, and she should be made to bear a heavy portion of the burden of the war for her guilt. In all this I can but see the doom of slavery. The North does not want, nor will they want to interfere with the institution, but they will refuse for all time to give it protection unless the South shall return soon to their allegiance; and then, too, this disturbance will give such an impetus to the production of their staple, cotton, in other parts of the world that they can never recover the control of the market again for that commodity. This will reduce the value of the negroes so, much that they will never will be worth fighting for ever again. I have just received a letter from Fred (Frederick Dent, Jr.). He breathes forth the most patriotic sentiments. He is for the old flag as long as there is a Union of two States fighting under its banner, and when they dissolve he will go it alone. This is not his language, but it is the idea, not so well expressed as he expresses it. Julia and the children are all well, and join me in love to you all. I forgot to mention that Fred has another baby, with some novel name that I have forgotten.

Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Raspberries and blackberries are hardier if planted on light sandy loam, but if large berries are desired a mulch should be used in July. On moist land mulching is not necessary, but the canes are more liable to be winter killed.—*Troy Times.*

—The indiscriminate use of tincture of arnica for petty sprains and bruises of horses is scientifically condemned. It has been demonstrated that if kept long in contact with affected surfaces arnica produces heating and blistering, thus aggravating the complaint sought to be cured.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Porcelain fruit-knives are among the novelties. The blades are white and semi-transparent, and the handles are in different colors. These knives are really a revival of an old style. They are beautiful, and possess at least one advantage over silver, inasmuch as they may be kept clean without so much trouble. But it is not advisable to drop them upon the floor.—*Louisville Courier.*

—To stew chicken with peas, cut up a young chicken and lay the pieces in a saucepan. Add to it a little pepper, salt, and a very small onion, a small piece of butter, a bunch of parsley and a half pint of gravy; cover the pan closely and set it where it will simmer slowly. When nearly done, add to the chicken a can of French pease, and let them stew together until done. When quite done, thicken the gravy with butter and flour rubbed together. Serve the pease around the chicken on the platter.—*The Caterer.*

—Everybody has a cure for sore throat, but simple remedies seem to be most effectual. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little honey and alum dissolved in sage tea is better. An application of cloths wrung out of hot water and applied to the neck, changing as often as they begin to cool, has the most potency for removing inflammation of anything we ever tried. It should be kept up for a number of hours; during the evening is usually the most convenient time for applying this remedy.—*Boston Globe.*

POTATOES.

Reasons Which Induce the Belief that Single-Eye Planting is the Better Way.

During recent years much has been written about the culture of the potato. All the various phases of the subject have been treated, from the breaking of the ground to the disposal of the crop in market.

We have learned much as to the mechanical preparation of the soil, of manures and fertilizers, as well as the general treatment of the crop during growth. Single eye, two eyes, half and whole potato planting, was discussed and advocated by different writers. The arguments for single-eye cultivation are: More large tubers, closer planting, and consequently a more profitable crop.

My investigations into the so-called "eye" of the potato convince me that single-eye planting is in most plants in accordance with the natural laws of growth. We all have seen how a vigorous shoot on some tree or shrub has absorbed the sap so that smaller shoots below very slowly developed or eventually died off. The so-called law of "Survival of the Fittest," would seem to be well illustrated in the growth of our high forest trees, by the vigorous growth of the topmost branches and death of the lower ones.

Since the potato tuber is nothing else than an underground branch, what we call an eye is analogous to a leaf or flower-bud on branches above ground, many of these buds producing a number of leaflets or flowers, as in the case of the cherry or apple. The same number of shoots are produced by the eye of the potato; thus, in examining them under a microscope, we find from one to six germs in an eye. In the Early Rose I seldom met with more than three, while Burbank, Beauty of Hebron and Snowflake have as high as six germs or buds. Now, in all I have examined, I invariably found the central germ to be from two to four times the size of any of the others; some which had sprouted to the length of nearly an inch were examined, and in a few instances only showed any of the minor germs which had doubtless been absorbed by the central one. Again the few that were left did not increase in size, showing that the more vigorous growth of the central germ prevents the development of the minor ones.

The presence of the minor germs (or buds) is a wise provision of nature. In case of an accident to the main germ, minor ones will, more or less develop, and in this way they serve to preserve the species. Letting potatoes sprout before planting, and then rubbing them off, must necessarily be injurious to the eyes, as it requires the development of the minor germs, which will be weaker, unless an abundant supply of plant food is at hand, and the weather is favorable at the time of planting. If this central or main germ is allowed to develop, we get one vigorous plant, and may expect large tubers; while, on the other hand, if the eye is forced to develop its minor germs, they will all have an equal chance, and the result will be probably from two to five stalks, none of which will be strong enough to produce large tubers.

Here it seems to me an advantage is to be gained by using a stimulating fertilizer in the hill or drill, since that will aid the vigorous growth of the main germ in such a way as that the minor germs will, perhaps, not develop, and one strong plant will be the result.

Many writers have found differences in the yield of "stem end" and "seed end" eyes as well as "middle" eyes. I notice that both stem and seed end eyes have smaller buds than middle eyes. The seed and eye are more crowded, and since they are situated at the growing end of the tubers, the eyes are not so fully developed. The stem end eyes, however, have plenty of room, and yet the buds are smaller than the middle ones. The claim that they produce later tubers is no doubt true, since they lack the start that the middle eyes have.

Owing to the presence of considerable protoplasm, which was not consumed in the previous season's growth, the seed end eyes may mature somewhat earlier than the central ones.

A suggestion to cultivators may not be out of place here; namely, that they make observations as to the number of stalks produced in single eye planting, to see how many of the minor germs will develop.

The yield of the potato varies so much in quantity that we ought to be interested in the causes of these differences, and ask ourselves how much of this can be ascribed to the mechanical preparation of the soil, how much to manures and fertilizers, how much to the conditions of the seasons, and last, but no least, how much to our mode of planting the tuber?—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

LINCOLN'S DEATH.

Recollections of the Sad Event Which Plunged a Nation in Mourning.

Saturday, April 15, on which Abraham Lincoln died at an early hour, was a dismal day, in harmony with the mournful occasion that shrouded all hearts in gloom, and robed the city and the country in weeds of woe. It was a day in as marked contrast with that which preceded it as the feelings which on the one animated and on the other depressed the public mind. From dawn till dark the weather was cheerless, cold, damp and drizzly. The heavens were hung with black. A faint tinge of roseate light flushed the western sky as the sun went down, and that was the only gleam of light that penetrated the universal gloom. If ever nature sympathized with man since the time when the sun was darkened and the dead walked the streets of Jerusalem and appeared to surviving friends, it certainly seemed to do so on the memorable day which ushered in the saddest news that ever fell upon the ears of the American people.

The hush of profound dejection hung over the city, and a weight of grief gnawed hungrily at men's hearts. Stores were opened, but no buyers went in, and none were wanted. The shock had fallen with stunning effect upon every honest bosom. The brutality of the deed was inconceivable, and the blow to the Nation overwhelming. The novelty of the crime in the republic made its deformity more hideous. It seemed as if we had turned over a new page in history, and become suddenly possessed of new natures and new destinies—the one baleful and ungovernable, and the other leading to shipwreck—just as we were sailing into port with every pennon fluttering and the sound of joyous cannon still beating in our ears.

The transition from a city decorated for victory to a city hung with mourning, had a tragic effect that made the reaction overpowering. The flags were furled in crape, and festoons of sable drapery, heavy as if with tears, crept from window to window. The bells which rang gaily the day before tolled slower than men's sinking pulses. Ere noon arrived the whole city was hung in black. The blinds of the palace were closed as if the corpse lay in the house, and bunches of crape were tied to the crazy shutters of the negro hovel, where the inmates, perhaps, robbed themselves of bread to purchase the sorrowful emblem. Shrouded portraits of the blunt, kindly face, side by side with Washington's, were placed in windows, and were looked on with eyes that grew moist and ran over. The grief was not noisy—it was profound, unspeakable.

President Lincoln had occupied the evening previous at Ford's Theater, two boxes which had been thrown into one. His party consisted of only four persons—himself and wife, Miss Harris and Major Rathbone; but one of the boxes was occupied. A man was observed by an officer standing in the adjoining box for a minute or two before the catastrophe. Mr. Lincoln and his party were in fine spirits, chatting and observing the play. At a moment when the eyes of all four were fixed on the stage a pistol-shot was heard, and the first impression of every one was that it was fired on the stage. So thought Major Rathbone, until, looking around, he saw smoke and a man with a drawn dagger in his hand. The truth instinctly flashed in his mind; he arose and seized the unknown man with both hands by the lappels of his coat. A mementary scuffle ensued, in which the assassin made a thrust at the Major, grazing his breast and piercing his left arm near the shoulder. Something seemed to give way about the man's coat collar; he got loose and disappeared. The smoke prevented the Major or Miss Harris from getting a fair view of the fellow, and Mrs. Lincoln did not see him until he leaped out of the box. Her first impression was that it was her husband who leaped out. This shows how quickly the whole affair passed.

Meantime, the assassin appeared on the edge of the box, crying: "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*," and flourishing a dagger, leaped to the stage. He crossed the stage rapidly, exclaiming: "Revenge!" and again flourishing his dagger, disappeared, saying: "I have done it!"

Miss Laura Keene appeared on the stage, and, with great self-possession, implored the audience to be silent.

The President was seen to turn in his seat, and persons leaped upon the stage and clambered up to the box. His clothes were stripped from his shoulders, but no wound was at first found. He was entirely insensible. Further search revealed the fact that he had been shot in the head. Major Potter and Major Rathbone, assisted by others, carried the President from the theater, the blood from the death-wound falling upon the floor, stair-way and sidewalks, as he was borne to the nearest house opposite, which was that of Mr. Ulke. Mrs. Lincoln was assisted in crossing the street with the President in a frantic condition, at the same time uttering heart-rending shrieks. She was attended by Miss Laura Keene and others. At the house, an army surgeon being at hand, called for a small quantity of brandy, which was administered, and it was thereupon announced to the pressing and excited crowd that he was alive, and not dead, as Mrs. Lincoln, in her agony, insisted. It was then found that Major Rathbone had received a wound in the arm, which he had intentionally concealed to prevent excitement. He then fainted.—*Ben. Perley Poore.*

Good Education.

It has been remarked that a good education is by no means thrown away upon a farmer's boy, who will be apt to make a better farmer in proportion as his education has been better cared for. Here in America we have a college-bred farmer who excels in rearing pigs and making sausages; and in an English paper we read a notice to the effect that a cultured gentleman—a University man preferred—who is capable of milking goats can find employment, if his testimonials as to proficiency are satisfactory. If a thorough knowledge of milking lambs, as it is practiced by the cultured gentlemen of a well-known locality in the city of New York, had been desired, a good many persons competent to fill this position might have been found. It will be a new idea to farmers who have sometimes objected to a college education for their boys on account of the risk of unfitting them for the work of the farm that a higher education should be desirable for a milker of goats, and necessarily more so for a milker of cows, as cows are better than goats.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Water in the flooded Comstock mines ebbs and flows with the regularity of ocean tides, the Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle* says.

A SENSITIVE ENGINEER.

How His Nervous Sensibility Averted a Railroad Disaster.

"It beats all," remarked an old railroad man, "how sensitive the nerves of engineers are when they are on their runs. Their perceptions are wonderfully keen and delicate. The experienced engineer can tell by the very 'pull' of his engine if everything is right with the train behind him. And as for signals, why, no matter how peculiarly or under what disadvantages they are given, engineers learn to read the meaning of the signaler almost as if they were standing by his side. When they are out on the road, especially at night, engine men are alert. All their senses are on edge, as it were, ready to see, hear, feel or smell signs of danger. Did you ever hear of Jim Fielding, the fireman? No? Well, Jim is dead now; he never got an engine—he was a sharp one. Drink was his weakness. He was a slave to whisky. But when he was on a night run his perceptions were as keen as those of any man I ever heard of. If you never heard of Jim of course you never heard how he prevented a wreck one night in '78. That was the biggest thing Jim ever did, and so nicely illustrates my idea that I'll have to tell it. A bridge had been washed out, and as the track-walker who discovered it started to signal the approaching passenger train he fell down, broke his lantern and the wind blew the blaze out. The night was as dark as pitch, and he had no dry matches, nor no time to experiment, either, for the train, No. 8, was coming round the curve. Suddenly he remembered that Jim Fielding was firing No. 8 that night and a happy idea struck him. Pulling a bottle of whisky from his pocket he held it in his hand. Just as the engine of twenty reached him he jerked the cork out and threw some of the liquor in the air. Exactly as he thought, Jim smelled the liquor and told the engineer to stop. Jim always wanted to stop where there was liquor. He made the engineer believe he had seen a danger signal, and saved the train. That was one of the finest examples of keen perception that I have ever heard of. Wonderful, wasn't it?"—*Philadelphia Times.*

—There are one million five hundred thousand acres of swamps in North Carolina.

DR. PENINGTON, Baltimore Md says: Myself and family have used Red Star Cough Cure for coughs and colds. Prompt, satisfactory results.

A WELL-KNOWN contractor advertises: "You can get gas-pipes, in any quantity, through me at any time."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"BASE-BALL RETURNS" is a legend now found on the bulletin boards. Oh, dear! We know it would.—*North American.*

"FROZEN FACTS" is a purely American expression, and one, too, of recent origin. It has the merit of attracting attention, and also seems to bear conviction of truthfulness on its face. We make room in our issue of to-day, for a fact of this character. A correspondent, Henry Whiting, Esq., of Boston, Mass., says: "Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my son of a fever-sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude." We believe it to be a fact, whether "frozen" or otherwise, that America needs more men like Mr. Whiting; men who act, men who investigate truths, and seize opportunities.

A cow is a strange creature. Although it may not always have enough to eat, it always cud eat if it chews.

"THAT man has no teeth." "A freak of nature. He was born without them."—*Washington Hatchet.*

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

MAY a lover of horses be called a sanguinary man because he delights in goer?—*The Hatchet.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, May 4.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 55	@	4 90
Native cows	3 45	@	4 00
Butchers' steers	4 00	@	4 45
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 10	@	4 20
Light	3 60	@	4 05
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80	@	80½
No. 3 red	70	@	73
Rejected	47	@	53
CORN—No. 2	41	@	41¼
OATS—No. 2	27½	@	28
RYE—No. 2	56	@	56½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 90	@	2 00
HAY—Large baled	9 00	@	9 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	24	@	25
CHEESE—Full cream	12	@	13
EGGS—Choice	9	@	10
PORK—Ham	9½	@	10
Shoulders	4	@	4½
Sides	6	@	7
LARD	7	@	7½
WOOL—Missouri unwashed	15	@	18
POTATOES—Neshannocks	50	@	55
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	4 50	@	4 85
Butchers' Steers	4 50	@	4 90
HOGS—Packing	4 00	@	4 40
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 75	@	3 75
FLOUR—Choice	4 35	@	4 45
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 06	@	1 06
CORN—No. 2	46½	@	48
OATS—No. 2	39	@	44
RYE—No. 2	62	@	65
BARLEY	50	@	70
BUTTER—Creamery	25	@	28
PORK	11 80	@	11 87½
COTTON—Middling	10	@	10⅛
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Good to choice	4 60	@	5 80
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 40	@	4 60
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50	@	4 85
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 50	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 01	@	1 02¼
No. 3	88½	@	89
No. 2 spring	90½	@	90¾
CORN—No. 2	48½	@	49
OATS—No. 2	27½	@	28
RYE	60	@	60
PORK	11 30	@	11 40
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	5 05	@	6 00
HOGS—Good to choice	4 25	@	5 00
SHEEP—Poor to prime	5 25	@	6 00
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 30	@	4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 04½	@	1 04¾
CORN—No. 2	50½	@	50
OATS—Western mixed	42	@	45
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SELF-PRESERVATION THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

In these degenerate days when ennui or a morbid craving for excitement alternately depresses or enlivens the animal pulse of unfortunate humanity, a word, a blow, a pistol shot, too often ends the chapter of life and darkens with gloom and sorrowing regret a murderer's future. Truly "self-preservation is the first law of nature," but this in its fullest and grandest sense should include a preservation of one's equanimity of temper, a preservation of a happy consciousness of living and doing rightly, a preservation of that disposition which shows a regard for the lives and feelings of others, all of which makes life endurable to our associates and enjoyable to ourselves. Again, a knowledge of that which promotes and that which impairs the harmonious action of natural bodily functions is essential to the best preservation of all there is in life worth living. To this end a judicious selection of remedial agents should unerringly be made when the wheels of perfect health begin to run slow, when the stomach grows weak, when the liver feels sore, when the kidneys give pain, when natural functions cause distress, and gloomy forebodings become constant companions. The wisest selection of a medicine for counteracting such evidences of ill health and restoring robust strength to all parts of the body is DR. GUYSOTT'S YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPARILLA. Remember this and do not let your druggists sell you in its place anything of a different name, for the writer, who was himself an invalid for years, knows this remedy to excel as a health restorative all other preparations.

A Man's Thanks.

A well-known business man of Wilmington, N. C., writes to express his thanks for the benefit which his wife has derived from the use of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. "It is with pleasure," he says, "that I write to express to you my gratitude for the relief and benefit your Vegetable Compound has been to my wife, who has been troubled with ulceration and a tumor weighing 2¼ lbs., so the doctor said. She has been under the treatment of the doctor for six years. Finally he said he could do nothing more for her, that she would die in 24 hours. Then I commenced