

Cooley's Dog.

Cooley has got a new dog, and I am sorry to say that he is exceedingly vicious; so vicious, indeed, that very few of the neighbors have courage enough to enter Cooley's yard. Judge Pitman, however, had to go in there the other day for the purpose of collecting a bill, and he told me that he was a particular afraid because he possessed the power of holding a man by the neck with his eyes. When he looked straight into the eyes of a dog the brute quailed before his glance, and slunk away. He said it proved the superiority of a human being with a soul and a resolute will to the mere brute creation. So he opened the gate and went in. Cooley's dog heard him coming, and immediately flew to meet him. The judge fixed his eyes on the animal for the purpose of holding it, but the dog didn't seem to notice the circumstance. But still the judge looked, and still the dog came on. Then it seemed to occur to the judge that perhaps he might have an opportunity to hold this kind of a dog, and he suddenly moved toward the apple-tree, with the dog close behind him. He became panic-stricken, and made a furious effort to climb up the trunk. He had just reached the limb of the tree when the dog's teeth caught in the lower part of the judge's trousers, and as it is a bill-dog, he held on, while the judge lay across the limb of the tree, gasping for breath, frightened and uncertain what to do. If he dropped, the dog would certainly eat him; if he climbed further up, he would have to take the dog with him. He had just made up his mind to stay where he was while his strength lasted, when he thought he heard the limb cracking, and then he tried to jump, but his feet slipped, and after making the judge promise to take 20 per cent. discount from the bill, he pried open the dog's jaws with the kitchen poker, and dragged him into the stable. The dog was as hot, breathless and mad; and he has said to me since, privately, that the next time he wants to hold a dog with his bill he will impale him on a hay-fork. There is a safe way, anyhow.—*Danbury News.*

Horrors of the South African Gold Diggings.

An English emigrant, writing from Britzane, gives a picture of the sufferings of those who went out to the Palmer gold diggings. "Since the 17th of March," he says, "I have been very ill, but now, I am thankful to say, I am perfectly recovered. Since I last wrote I have had something fearful to undergo, and I am one of the lucky ones to escape as I have. Hundreds of poor fellows have lost their lives, and what fearful deaths some of them have had! Some have starved to death, some were drowned, others were killed by dysentery. Even grass and rotten household goods were eaten. There were three others who started with me. One died, and the other two are now in hospital, and it is doubtful whether they will ever recover. We were nearly shipwrecked, and to save the vessel we had to throw overboard six horses among which were three of mine, worth £75. Anyhow, I managed to reach the gold field, and in one day I got £4 10s worth of gold and the fever scarcely stood for about ten days. I started to walk back to the seaport—200 miles. All the provisions I had to carry me down were six pounds of flour and four ounces of tea, and I had nearly nothing else. I counted twenty-three fresh graves on the road, all of which had been made since I went up about a fortnight before. Some had traveled alone, and had starved and died; and there the bodies lay till the next traveler came along, and if they were not too much decomposed, they were buried; if too far gone, a few branches were thrown overboard to bury them, and they were left. My expedition cost me £140, and I got £4 10s in return."

Mushroom Cities.

We suppose no country but ours can do the following, from the *Baltimore Gazette*, he said: "To a resident of an Eastern city, who has visited the States, a most singular sensation to come in America, upon one of those deserted mushroom cities which spring up in a night and disappear in a morning. Through the country these cities stand there many of them—generally mining villages, after the mines have run out. Perched often on the top of a high mountain, the gunner or the curiosity-hunter comes suddenly upon them out of the densest woods, and there stand the houses in a clearing, filled with wild raspberries and vines and small shrubs—black, bare and desolate, with hinglee doors and pane windows, and small shrubs growing up around the doors, and the gnawings of wild animals visible wherever the floor or walls were formerly grass-stained. On the line of the Western railroad, at these towns appear and disappear, and in the regions probably more strikingly and pretentiously, the fall being more disastrous than elsewhere. Such was Pittsburg City, Pa., according to the *Philadelphia Record*, a month from the completion of the first house, this city had a telegraph office and a hotel, costing the owners \$80,000. In one month the telegraph office was dismantled and in the next a year in another month another theater, and then an academy of music. In six months there were seventy-four hotels and boarding-houses; in the seventh month the city had reached its highest prosperity. It had then about 15,000 inhabitants, elaborate water-works, a city hall, and an expensive city government.—Its fall was quite as rapid. Only fifteen inhabitants now remain."

The Killing of a Correspondent in New Orleans.

And here let me tell you that the correspondent of the *Chicago Times* died on Monday. After the Metropolitans had been driven back, he saw a negro policeman fleeing from the light as fast as his wretched legs could carry him. The correspondent, called to him, "Drop that gun, you—," and fired his revolver. The negro was struck by the bullet and fell, West running to him, and the gun was raised in desperation, and, seizing the bayonet, plunged it into West's heart, and they died together. A friend of the *Times* correspondent witnessed the scene, and helped to take the body away. From his lips I learned these facts.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The Manager of a Country Theater.

The manager of a country theater, peeping through the curtain between the acts, was surprised by a glimpse of the empty benches. Why, good gracious! said he, turning to the prompter, "where is the audience?" "He just stepped out to get a glass of beer," was the brief reply.

Better Times Ahead.

The union as to the condition of the harvests all over the world is very good. There is every reason to anticipate a year of cheap food, and, as the general revival of business depends in the long run on cheap food, it is not unreasonable to believe that we have seen the worst of the dull times, which certainly could not well be duller than they have been during the past few months. A comparison of prices in 1873 and 1874, made by the *Economist*, shows a considerable fall in leading commodities since last fall, and prices being now favorable to consumers, we may fairly infer that the improved tone in the iron and steel market, and the advance in this class beyond the poets and artists. To the "square tops" belong scientific people; sensible, self-contained characters, professional men. The spiders—those who are in the habit of catching fresh on each side the nails—are materialists, commercial, practical, with a high appreciation of all that tends to bodily ease and comfort. Each finger. After making the matter of the palm—one joint—that which is nearest the palm—representing the body; another, the middle, the mind; and the top, the soul. Each of these divisions corresponds with one of the types above.

Our Surplus of Wheat for Export.

The *Milwaukee Journal of Commerce* has published a statistical table of the wheat crop. It estimates the total crop at 300,000,000 bushels. Our estimated present population of 46,000,000 will consume at 44 bushels per capita, 2,024,000,000 bushels. This leaves an estimated surplus for export of 47,482,333 bushels. Last year the same paper estimated the surplus for export at 52,907,190 bushels. The actual export, reducing flour to wheat at 5 bushels per barrel, were 52,574,111 bushels. The tables for 1874 having been prepared with the greatest care, they are as accurate as reliable. The calculations proved themselves to be.

Notes on Advertising.

To cure dull times—apply an advertisement to the afflicted part. A sign-board can't tell everything. It can't do what a newspaper can. All who advertise do not get rich, but precious few get rich without it. The world is full of advertising, yet every one wants to see what is new. The world's memory is short. It will forget you if you do not jog it frequently. Early to bed and early to rise will all be in vain if you don't advertise. The world's memory is short. It will forget you if you do not jog it frequently. Early to bed and early to rise will all be in vain if you don't advertise.

The Ruling Passion of Charles James Fox.

Before he was 14 his father took him to the Continent to show him life. At Paris and Baden they of course visited the gambling houses, and the boy, scarcely entered upon his teens, alarmed even his father by the eagerness with which he entered into the play. At this early age he commenced the habit which became almost the ruling passion of his life; in spite of the large estates left him by his father, and the great emoluments of his various offices, made him a poor man, haunted by balls, and restless days. The sums which he lost were enormous. At one time he is said to have played for twenty-two successive hours, losing £300 an hour. At another time, after he had lost fearfully, a friend called upon him to offer his condolences. He found Fox quietly reading "Herodotus," and upon expressing some surprise at his philosophy, was asked: "What would you have me do, when I have just lost my last shilling?" At one time he found himself the winner of £8,000. One of his creditors, hearing of his good luck, presented his bill, and asked, "I must pay my debts of honor." "Well, then," said the creditor, throwing the note into the fire, "now mine is a debt of honor."

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THE MARKETS.

CORN	1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
WHEAT	8 1/2 @ 9
RYE	50 @ 55
BARLEY	3 1/2 @ 4
OATS	2 1/2 @ 3
POULTRY	15 @ 20
EGGS	10 @ 12
BEANS	4 @ 5
PEAS	3 @ 4
SHRUBS	10 @ 20

POPULAR FALLACY AND DECEPTION.

It is an infirmity of man to cling to the teachings of a past generation, and to stubbornly resist the light of reform and progress. Health reform and temperance are the two great reforms of our age, and they are the only ones that will save us over by the poison bitters compounds. One great prevailing deception of the present age is the impression that every human biped of either sex must be afflicted with the poison bitters. This is a fallacy, and it is the duty of the physician to palliate their use and prolong the epidemic. One of the most zealous workers to cure this malady, Dr. J. C. WALKER, invents and manufactures the famous CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, believes in making bitters the sick man to swallow a draught that will wash out the leprosy of the system. In this faith he is steadfast, and his VINEGAR BITTERS, though a contradiction to the general character of all other bitters, are, as a great success in curing *Liver Bitters*, evidence of a popular fallacy and corrected.

A Famous Medical Institution.

The name of Dr. R. V. Pierce has become so familiar to the people all over the country as household words, that his name, his medicines, his pamphlets and books, and his large medical experience, have gained him a prominent position and given him a solid reputation. The *Times*, in the present issue, presents a whole-page advertisement, and we are confident that our readers may gain from it some idea of the vast proportions of his business and the merits of his medicines. He has a mammoth establishment, appropriately named "The World's Dispensary," where patients are treated, and his medicines compounded. Here nearly a hundred persons are employed in the several departments, and a large number of assistants are constantly on hand to attend to the patients. He is ready to alleviate the sufferings of humanity by the most approved methods. These physicians are in frequent consultation with the London Co., Chicago, Ill., and learn how you can get the full and complete information.

Kuant, Kueer & Kurios.

Local Agents wanted to take orders for writing papers, printed for 100,000, Envelopes from Merchants, City and Country, Lawyers, 500,000, Families, and a full assortment of stationery, stamps and ad. H. KUSSELL, Phila., Boston.

THE NORTH-WESTERN HORSE-NAIL CO.

"Finished" Nail is the best in the world.

CHILL CURE!

Safe and Sure!—Dr. Willott's Tonic is curative and prophylactic. It will cure Chills and prevent their return. Its reputation is established. Its composition is simple and scientific. It contains no poisonous or drastic ingredients, and its effects are permanent. It is cheap, because it saves doctors' bills. It is harmless, especially in children, and it is the best of all remedies for all ailments of the system. It is the best of all remedies for all ailments of the system. It is the best of all remedies for all ailments of the system.

To Have Good Health the Liver must be kept in order.

Sanford's Liver Invigorator has become a household name. It is a pure vegetable—Cathartic and Tonic—for all derangements of the system. It is the best of all remedies for all ailments of the system. It is the best of all remedies for all ailments of the system. It is the best of all remedies for all ailments of the system.

On Everybody's Tongue.

Salutary of the great National Regenerator of Health, PLANTATION BITTERS, are on everybody's tongue. This gratuitous use of advertising is better than all paid advertisements. It is the best of all remedies for all ailments of the system. It is the best of all remedies for all ailments of the system. It is the best of all remedies for all ailments of the system.

WATKINS is cultivator of barley in Washoe Valley, and holds grasshoppers in great abhorrence.

The little army came across the hills toward Watkins' field. He heard the invaders approaching; he listened to the rushing of mandibles, the clashing of wing-sheaths, and the rasping of the serrated thighs. At this point the brave Watkins had a happy thought. He took down his Fire Extinguisher, gave it a churn or two, strapped it upon his back, and with a smile of decision upon his countenance, he marched toward the enemy. When he met the first ranks he turned the proper screw, and directed the whole extinguishing force upon the invaders. The leading hoppers and the little hoppers behind them, for a moment, the Extinguisher was too much for them. They turned; they fled; the cereals of Watkins were safe, and he slept that night the sleep of a happy husbandman in old Washoe Valley.

THE INVESTORS GUIDE

Send for the full and complete information.

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AGENTS WANTED

For all our publications.

Young Man!

Our catalogue for 1874 will be published.

AGENTS WANTED FOR PROF. FOWLER'S GREAT WORK

On the Human System.

PETERSON'S JOURNAL

POPULAR LITERATURE.

CORN-HUSKER

A leading Life Insurance Company.

NOVELTY PRINTING PRESSES

For Amateurs or Business Purposes.

SEWING MACHINES

For the Next Half Year.

GRAND POSTAL JUBILEE AND GIFT CONCERT

At Sioux City, Iowa.

ANOTHER CHANGE

Fifth and Last Gift Concert.

AGENTS

Wanted for all our publications.

TO AGENTS

For all our publications.

PERKINS' ANTHEM BOOK

Price, 25 Cents Per Doz.

THE SONG MONARCH

Price, 75 Cents Per Doz.

THE LEADER

Price, \$1.38 Per Doz.

AMERICAN SCHOOL MUSIC READERS

In 3 books. Price, 35 Cents Per Doz.

IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

For Amateurs or Business Purposes.

3 from 1 and nothing less

For Amateurs or Business Purposes.

THE BEST ORGAN FOR EASIEST PAYMENTS

For Amateurs or Business Purposes.

WINEGARS BITTERS

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a pure vegetable preparation.

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