## ALIVE OR DEAD!

**The Last Stubborn Fight and Death of the Terror of the Indian Territory.**

A correspondent writing from Eufaula, Indian Territory, says: "Killed while resisting arrest," is the return to be made by Sun-thlar-pee, of Utechee town, captain of the Creek light horse, in the chase of Bill Posey, one of the most notorious and reckless of the gang of Texas, Indian Territory and Kansas desperadoes, horse and cattle thieves, that have infested this country for years. Tens of thousands of dollars' worth of stock have been stolen from Texas, driven north through the Territory, always under charge of some outlaw along the route, and driven by hidden and unused trails through a country so sparsely settled that often days elapsed without a human being in sight to identify either the stock or the thieves. Picking up cattle feeding on the range belonging to Indians, their droves were always increasing, until the loss to the citizens of the Creek nation became unbearable.

Among this band Bill Posey, an escaped convict from the Texas penitentiary, was a skilled, daring and influential leader. A Spanish Mexican, with a claim to Indian blood in his veins, Posey made his headquarters on Cane creek, Polecat and Arkansas rivers, drifting back and forth as occasion required, always armed to the teeth. With a long Spanish knife and three six-shooting revolvers in his belt, and a double-barreled Henry rifle loaded with buckshot, he was the terror of the road. For several years he had been a member of the gang in Texas. No less than twenty-nine criminal indictments had been found against him in various counties in Texas. He had wealthy and influential relatives in Limestone and other counties, who had managed to screen him until about four years ago, when he was arrested, tried and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. He had served out twenty months of his sentence, but so turbulent had he been that he had inspired a feeling of terror even among the prison officials. Bucking, gagging, flogging or showering failed to subdue him, and he was put in the chain gang and set to work on the streets under charge of guards. While working one day with a twelve-pound ball attached to his leg he struck down one of the guards with a stone, snatched his gun, and "stood off" four of the guard. He called on the prison authorities, with oaths, to come out and rearrest him, and he would kill them all. Holding all the officials at bay, he slowly retreated toward some horses feeding near. Getting the horse between himself and the guard, he coolly picked up the ball, slung it over the horse, mounted, and rode over to his father's house, where he secured his own gun, revolver and a good horse, and crossed the line into the Indian Territory.

While at his temporary home on Cane creek, two deputy United States marshals attempted his arrest. He assented, and asked them into the house to dinner before starting for Fort Smith. With their revolvers pointing at his head, he coolly walked into the house with them, placed chairs, and ordered dinner quick for three, and went about making preparations for the start. Suddenly he reached under his low couch, brought out his six-shooter, sent one ball through the thigh of one deputy and another through the eye of the other, and drove them from the house. He ordered them to throw up their hands and down their arms, and then coolly asked for the writ. This he destroyed. Then he compelled the officers to go in and partake of the meal prepared for them, and let them go back to report their failure.

Between Muscokee and Okmulkee he built a block-house, surrounded himself with a set of desperadoes, and bade defiance to all the marshals of Texas or the Territory. Here for fifteen months he had been on the scout. During the day he never for a moment laid down his arms. He slept always with his belt of arms on the bed before him and the sixteen-shooting Henry rifle in his hands. A fresh horse was always saddled near the door, and no man was ever permitted to approach him unless he was covered with the inevitable rifle. His reckless bravado led him to mingle with crowds of men, visiting stores, whenever supplies were needed, or taking a seat in church among the worshipers, armed, and taking care to keep the saints always to the front.

Recently the governor of Texas made a requisition on the chief of the Creek nation for Bill Posey's arrest and return to the Texas officials. Chief Ward Coachman placed the necessary papers at once in the hands of Captain Sun-thlar-pee of Utechee town, with orders to bring in "Bill Posey, alive or dead." The captain learned that Posey had visited Okmulkee and had a wounded finger amputated, and had gone toward the Arkansas river. All that night with a posse of two picked men the captain followed on his trail, and on the next evening they came up with him near Concharte town, on Polecat creek, driving some stray horses. He was well mounted as usual, and disdained to run from three Indians. The captain ordered him to surrender and throw up his hands.

Posey reached for his ever-present rifle, but his lost finger was in the way, and before he could bring it to bear a load of buckshot went through his right arm, breaking it above the elbow. As it dropped limp at his side he dropped the rifle, drew his revolver with the left, and emptied two of the chambers, and then another mass of buckshot broke his left arm. Spurring his well-trained horse, he charged full speed at the captain, knocking him and his horse over the bluff to the creek below. Posey then wheeled upon the posse, who stood their ground, firing at him with their revolvers. The orders to take him dead or alive must be obeyed. The fight was now at close quarters. Riddled with bullets and shot, the flesh torn from his hips, both arms broken, he continued the fight, trying to ride down the officers. Captain Sun-thlar-pee had again joined his posse, this time on foot. A well-aimed shot from his revolver tore off Posey's nose. It seemed impossible to kill him. Still he refused to surrender. Then the last bullet from the captain's revolver struck him in the chin, breaking his jaw, and went crashing up through his brains. He fell dead from his horse.

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So admirably hath God disposed of the ways of man that even the sight of vice in others is like a warning arrow shot for us to take heed. We should correct our own faults by seeing how uncomely they appear in others. Who will not abhor a choleric passion, and a saucy pride in himself, that sees how ridiculous and contemptible they render those who are infested with them.

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Man is nothing but insincerity, falsehood and hypocrisy, both in regard to himself and in regard to others. He does not wish that he shall be told the truth, he chooses saying it to others; and all these moods, so inconsistent with justice and reason, have their roots in his heart.

## A PLUCKY WOMAN'S FEAT.

**After Two Men Jumped She Stops a Runaway Team.**

On the stage route between Ellenville and Summitville, N. Y., is a long, steep hill known as Budd's Hill. As the stage containing Mrs. Jane Hollingsworth and two small children, William Bram and James Low, the driver, had just begun the descent of the hill one day recently, the pole slipped through the neck-yoke and the stage ran heavily against the horses' heels. They at once started at a furious rate down the hill. The driver dropped the reins and jumped from the stage to the roadside. Bram, who occupied the seat with Low, sprang out at the same time. Mrs. Hollingsworth and her two children occupied the rear seat in the stage, and there was no possible way for her to escape from it, if she had thought it wise to do so. Seeing herself and children left to their fate by the men, she determined to make a desperate effort to save their lives, if possible; although, with the team plunging madly down the steep declivity, without restraint or guidance of a driver, and the coach swaying from side to side threatening momentarily to be capsized down the high bank on the lawn side, the chances for escape from death seemed slim indeed. Mrs. Hollingsworth clambered over the three high-backed seats between her and the driver's box, first quieting her children, who were screaming in terror, with the assurance that she would save them. Reaching the driver's seat she was compelled to climb over the dash-board to the tongue of the coach, between the two frantic horses, to gain possession of the reins, which had apparently been flung over the horses' backs by the terror-stricken driver. Mr. H. Tallman, of Middletown, who was driving up the hill, saw the stage team dashing over toward him, just as Mrs. Hollingsworth had secured the lines and was climbing back to the driver's seat. Tallman says she was as pale as death, but clutched the lines firmly as the stage dashed by his wagon. He says he expected to see the coach hurled over the bank at the turn in the road below, but the courageous woman by most miraculous strength succeeded in pulling the horses close along the base of the hill on the upper side and rounded the curve in safety. Tallman and others who had witnessed the thrilling scene, hurried after the flying stage. They came in sight of it, and saw the horses pulled skillfully against the hill by Mrs. Hollingsworth, until the fury of their career was broken, and then were adroitly turned off at a level place in the road and brought up against a fence, where, after several ineffectual plunges to free themselves from the obstacle, they came to a standstill. When the men came up the brave woman was still holding the lines, but was unconscious. Where the lines had been wrapped about her hands they had almost buried themselves beneath the flesh, and blood streamed from the ugly gashes they made. The children were still crouching in terror in one corner of the coach, locked in each others arms. There was not a scratch on the horses, not a break in the harness, nor the slightest injury done to the coach. Mrs. Hollingsworth was at once taken to the nearest house and given the best of care. She soon recovered, and in an hour or so had the strength and nerve to proceed on her journey in the same coach and behind the same horses with which she had had so terrible an experience. She says she never expected to see her children again when she left them to attempt the control of the team. Her bravery and prowess made her a heroine, and the crowd that had been drawn to the scene gave her three hearty cheers when the stage finally drove on with her and her children. Mrs. Hollingsworth is about thirty years old, and of a slight frame.

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### The Feeling When Under Fire.

An English writer says: As a contribution toward explaining how one feels in going under fire for the first time, I may here record a personal experience at Kars, which, though I believe common enough under similar circumstances, is perhaps not familiar to non-combatant readers. This was my first exposure to either musketry or cannon shot, and "I am free to confess" that, although in excellent health and well mounted and armed, as the moment of actual conflict approached I felt a growing sense of fear as much beyond the power of my will as the involuntary muscles, and which, as it culminated just before the first shot was fired, became positively physical in its intensity. A complex counter-feeling of half shame, half pride, kept me, however, from attempting escape, even if this had been practicable, through the serried battalions behind. But hardly a half dozen shots had been exchanged before this emotion of terror abated as involuntarily as it had arisen, and in less than a quarter of an hour it was replaced by an exhilaration and sense of positive enjoyment which more than once during the day carried me through the thick of the *melee* with absolutely unruffled nerve. Afterward, before Sebastopol, a friend who still carries glorious scars of Alma and Inkermann, told me that at Sobraon, where he had received his own baptism of fire, he had passed through much the same process of sensation, and that he knew it to be, as I have said, common enough in the experience of others. Mere animal courage, therefore, after all, would seem to have less to do with the *moral* of those who feel it than is generally supposed.

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### Remembered Kindness.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *News* tells the following gratifying story: In one of the hotly-contested fights in Virginia, during the war, a Federal officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded and crying piteously for water, a Confederate soldier (James Moore, of Burke county, N. C.) declared his intention of supplying him with drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends endeavored to dissuade him from such a hazardous enterprise. Despite remonstrance and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastwork, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy, and gave him drink. The Federal, under a sense of gratitude for the timely service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who had braved such danger to succor him; the name was given, and Moore returned unhurt to his position behind the embankment. They saw nothing more of each other. Moore was subsequently wounded and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home in Burke county. A few days ago he received a communication from the Federal soldier to whom he had given the "cup of cold water" on the occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him the sum of $10,000, to be paid in four equal annual installments of $2,500 each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception in the matter.

## FROM CARD TABLE TO PULPIT.

**The Reformed Gambler and the Desperate Life He Led--How He Was Converted.**

The interest in the Sea Cliff (Long Island) revival meetings was greatly increased by the arrival on the grounds of Mr. C. P. Buffington, who, although still a young man, was for years one of the most notorious gamblers in the West. One year ago this month he was converted by Mrs. Van Cott, in Davenport, Iowa, and since that time he has been a most earnest worker in the cause of Christianity. The story of his life, could it be published in full, would be a thrilling romance. He is about thirty years of age, and was born in Bradford, Pa. When eight years old he was sent to boarding school at Owego. Here he was inducted by his schoolmates into the mysteries of small games of chance. One of his first experiences in these was to lose his jack-knife. Determined to make good his loss, he persevered in his petty gambling until he was the possessor of twelve jack-knives. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Waverley, N. J., to school, and here he conducted his gambling operations on a larger scale. He soon made the acquaintance of professional gamblers, and was by one of them taken to Pittsburgh, and there was introduced to the fraternity, and initiated into all of their secrets. Joining himself to one of the most skillful of these, he traveled West with him, and, being young and apparently innocent, acted most successfully as stool-pigeon for his companion. They sought the far West, and became noted in Omaha, Julesburg, Cheyenne, and the various termini of the Union Pacific railroad, then in process of construction. In these places Mr. Buffington traveled under the *aliases* of Butler, Morton, Schuyler and Elwell, by some of which names he is still well remembered by many of his victims.

During his wild life he met with the most desperate adventures, and was at one time shot in the head in a Julesburg dance house, and abandoned for dead. His partner was killed in a drunken brawl, and he, having amassed a considerable amount of money, decided to go East. He returned to his mother's home in Susquehanna, Pa., and began the study of law. Being terribly dissipated, and engaging in every kind of wickedness, he soon found himself compelled to quit town, which he did at night, going to Cleveland. Here he spent a night in a saloon in which he was drugged and robbed. Finding himself in a lumber yard, next morning, he swore never to to touch another drop of liquor, an oath which he has kept. To recover his lost fortunes he again put into practice his old gambling tricks. To carry these out the more successfully he became a traveling agent for a sewing machine company. He operated extensively in Iowa, and was well known in '71 in Des Moines as Harry Dunlap, the son of a Baltimore banker. Sunday, the third of June, last year, he spent with a companion in a German beer garden across the river, and on their return in the evening they intended to visit the German theater, but instead of so doing strolled, out of curiosity, into the Methodist church, where Mrs. Van Cott was conducting a revival meeting. While listening to her Mr. Buffington, or Knapp, as he was then known, suddenly realized the horrible wickedness of the life he was leading, and, moved by an impulse, stepped to the front, confessed his crimes, and declared that from that time forth he would devote his life to God. He has for the past year been successfully conducting revival meetings in the West. He thinks that he will ultimately join the ministry. He is a thorough gentleman, well educated, and of prepossessing appearance.

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### Fashion Notes.

There is a revival of pipings.

The Croisette is the newest comb.

Close coiffures are *de rigeuer* in Paris.

Dark tints prevail in out door costumes.

The Richelieu is the shoe of the moment.

Canvas tissue is a favorite fabric for scarfs.

Coat bodices and polonaises are all the rage.

Spinach green is a new shade of this popular color.

Red peonies, large as life, are seen among the artificial flowers.

Natural oat fringes on chenille strings are seen on grenadine dresses.

Watteau, Amazon and Directoire trains are now worn with clinging skirts.

The small flat rings of hair worn on the forehead this season are called *frisons*.

The present style of coiffure demands that the neck, forehead and ears be exposed.

Roses instead of buttons fasten the fronts of many elegant white evening dresses.

Vivid and conspicuous colors take the lead over pale and faded tints this season.

Colored embroidery and colored laces are preferred, at the moment, for lingerie.

Artificial flowers are made this season, each flower exhaling its own natural perfume.

Steinkerk cravats, which first became fashionable in Europe in 1692, are revived in Paris this year.

Organdy muslin over white silk and trimmed with Mechlin lace is the bridesmaid's summer wedding dress.

The Directoire train trimmed with a wreath of Mechlin, Valenciennes or Torchon lace is the style in Paris.

Forget-me-nots and thistles are worn together for corsage bouquets, sometimes fastened with one deep red rose.

Bathing suits of white Turkish toweling, braided and bound with red, blue or black, are the novelties this season.

The handsomest bathing suits are made of mixed wool and cotton white flannel, trimmed with red, blue or black braid.

The favorite flowers for the hour are thistles and forget-me-nots, gardenias, mignonette, heliotrope, and asters of various colors.

Full dress requires the train to be very long and pointed, and worn, when walking, over the arm, displaying its wealth of laces.

English and French fashion journals show cuts of elaborate coiffures made with quantities of false hair added to the natural chevelure.

Bathing cloaks, to be put on when coming out of the water, are made of white Turkish toweling, or of serge, and trimmed with red or blue braid.

Bronze and turquoise blue, spinach green and rose, violet and buttercup yellow, dark brown and gold, are favorite combinations of color at present.

Natural flowers instead of artificial are preferred by Parisian women for bonnet, corsage and parasol garnitures. They must be renewed three times each day.

## AMERICAN APPLES.

**How and in what Quantities they go Abroad.**

The farmers and fruit-raisers of the United States ought this season to take better care than usual of their apple orchards, as there is a reasonable probability that hereafter the European demand for this fruit will generally obviate the danger of a surplus in this country. It appears from a circular recently issued by a large Liverpool house that in England the preference for American apples is fully established, and that every season, whether the English crop is large or small, moderate supplies of well-selected Baldwins, Greenings, Russets and other descriptions of soft apples, will find there a good market, and during a season of scarcity like that of last year the market can easily take 12,000 to 15,000 barrels.

For a quarter of a century or more past, American apples have found their way to different parts of Europe, but in small quantities, and in many cases merely as presents from friends in this country. These apples were mostly Newtown Pippins, which possess the quality of long keeping with a retention of their high flavor to the last, and which have been always considerably sought after in England as a dessert apple. About 1866-67, some shipments of Baldwins, Spitzenbergs and Greenings were made, and arrived in good order, and each winter thereafter, up to 1873, shipments of these varieties were made, though to a limited extent and with varying success, financially speaking.

In the fall of 1873 it was found that the apple crop of Great Britain was almost a total failure, and, as it happened, the American crop was unusually large, and prices low. The dealers who ventured on shipments were well paid, and the quantity shipped that season was greater than the combined shipments of the ten years previous. From that time up to last fall shipments were light, as the English crop yielded fairly. Last season, however, it again failed, and as at the same time the crop in the United States was enormous, an opportunity was afforded to estimate the extreme quantity of apples which the English market could take from America under the most favorable circumstances.

The shipments commenced about the end of October, with a weekly average of 8,000 barrels, which increased to over 17,000 barrels in the latter part of November. The demand throughout was such that increased arrivals at Liverpool caused no decline, but on the contrary, with improved condition and quality, prices showed a decided advance, being $3.25 to $3.37½ per barrel for Baldwins in October, and $3.50 to $3.75 at periods in November. In December arrivals increased enormously, being 27,525 barrels in one week, and 28,273 the next, or 53,797 barrels in fourteen days, and for the whole month the sales in Liverpool alone were over 90,000 barrels. The lowest price during this period was $2.37½ for Baldwins, but this was for small lots of inferior quality; and as the bulk of sales on the same days were $2.62½ to $3 per barrel, the latter figures more fairly represent quotations.

In January receipts varied from 3,000 to 6,000 barrels weekly, and in consequence of the irregular condition of the fruit, prices fluctuated from $2.75 to $4.25 per barrel. Greenings for some time had arrived in miserable order, and it became evident that good apples of this variety had been exhausted, so that all shipments afterward consisted of Baldwins and Russets. The last arrivals were entirely of the latter, and were in fairly good order, proving these varieties to be the best for holding and shipment. In February and March receipts were larger than were expected, being occasionally over 11,000 barrels, and never less than 6,500 weekly, and the demand was so well maintained that sound Baldwins and Russets always realized $3.50, and at times, when quality and condition were satisfactory, $4.25 to $4.50 per barrel was readily paid. In April the shipments were from 3,000 to 5,000 barrels weekly, but with inferior condition prices at one time declined to $3.25 to $3.50. Toward the close of the season the condition improved, and the quantity being at the smallest point, sales were made at $6 to $6.50 per barrel.

The bulk of shipments were made to Liverpool, though London and Glasgow received considerable fruit direct. From these cities it went into almost every town in Great Britian, and "American apples" became literally as familiar as "household words." The total receipts during the season were as follows:

| | BARRELS. |
|---|---|
| Liverpool | 276,529 |
| London | 25,065 |
| Glasgow | 83,703 |
| Total | 385,297 |

The fruit was all sold at auction on the wharves upon arrival, such being the invariable British custom, buyers having a strong prejudice against any fruit stored. The prices, therefore, are governed by the receipts to an extent which would surprise Americans who were unfamiliar with this method of doing business, and accustomed to consider future supply in figuring the price of an article. Exactly how large will be the English demand for American apples the coming season can not of course yet be determined, but thus far the weather has been very unfavorable for the English crop.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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### Queer Discipline.

It is with reason that the Turkish officers are often reproached with not being at the head of their ranks, etc., says a war correspondent, for one often meets officers who can neither read nor write. This would be a very serious inconvenience in any other army; in Turkey these defects are less thought of, for a very wide latitude is allowed a soldier who fights, and here the warrior imitates the hunting dog. This initiative is specially remarkable in the outpost service, where there are only small squads. Thus I saw at Rakovitza a post of some ninety men commanded by two sergeants who absolutely did nothing; each went his own way, taking advice of none save the sun, which told them the time of day. That which strikes the stranger most is the absence of respect which soldiers show and the cool and pleasant manner in which they salute their superiors. The soldier borrows his tobacco of the officer and the officer will take from the soldier without the slightest scruple. If by chance a soldier meets a drunken officer in the street, which sometimes happens, he leads him to his quarters, managing the matter so adroitly that no one knows anything about it. When campaigning officers and men live the same life. At Rakovitza the military governor lives side by side with his orderlies, smokes the same tobacco, dines from the same cuisine, with this difference, however, that the officer eats with a fork, while the men dip their fingers into every dish. If by chance the morsel of mutton he brings up is not sufficiently appetizing he puts it back again into the dish.

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Even the high dome and the expensive interior of a cathedral have a sensible effect upon the manners. I have heard that stiff people loose some of their awkwardness under high ceilings.—*Emerson.*

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Among the passengers of the Cunard steamer *Ethiopia* was Miss Clara E. Stutsman, the gifted contralto of New York, who is to become the pupil of an eminent foreign master. She has hosts of friends who predict for her rare genius a career brilliant as it will be useful.

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Of course you are going to Long Branch during the hot season. Leland's Ocean Hotel is the best, and the prices reasonable.

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**"The Sure Witness."**

"The nineteenth century is the age of novels," remarks a literary historian—he might have added with equal truth, "and novel impositions. Studied politeness has been passed off on us for native refinement, the forms of devotion for its essence, and speculation for science, until we look askance at every new person or thing, and to an assertion of merit, invariably exclaim: "Prove it!" In brief, Satan has made himself so omnipresent, that we look for his cloven foot everywhere—even in a bottle of medicine. Imagine a lady, having a complexion so sallow that you would deny her claims to the Caucasian type if her features did not conform to it, purchasing her first bottle of the Golden Medical Discovery. The one dollar is paid in the very identical manner in which Mr. Taylor might be expected to purchase a lottery ticket after his experience with "No. 104,163," with this difference, his doubt would be the result of personal experience, while her's would be founded on what a certain practitioner (who has been a whole year trying to correct her refractory liver) has said concerning it. At home, she examines the bottle half suspiciously, tastes of its contents carefully, takes the prescribed dose more carefully, and then proceeds to watch the result with as much anxiety as a practitioner would count the pulse-beats of a dying man. She takes another dose and another, and shows the bottle to her friends, telling them she "feels better." Her skin loses its bilious tint, her eyes regain their luster, her accustomed energy returns, and the fact that she purchases another bottle is sure witness that she has found the Golden Medical Discovery to be a reliable remedy for the disease indicated. The lady wisely resolves that in future her estimate of any medicine will be based upon a personal knowledge of its effects, and not upon what some practitioner (who always makes long bills rhyme with pills) may say of it. Dr. Pierce is in receipt of letters from hundreds of the largest wholesale and retail druggists in the United States stating that at the present time there is a greater demand for the Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets than ever before. In affections of the liver and blood they are unsurpassed.

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**A Medicine of Many Uses.**

A medicine which remedies dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, debility, intermittent and remittent fevers, urinary and uterine troubles, depurates the blood, counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and gout, and relieves nervousness, may be truly said to have many uses. Such an article is Hostetter's Bitters, one of the most reliable alteratives of a disorderly to a well ordered state of the system ever prepared or sold. It has been over a quarter of a century before the public, is indorsed by many eminent professors of the healing art, and its merits have received repeated recognitions in the columns of leading American and foreign journals. It is highly esteemed in every part of this country, and is extensively used in South America, Mexico, the British possessions and the West Indies. If its increase in public favor in the past is to be regarded as a reliable criterion of its gain in popularity in coming years, it has indeed a splendid future.

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[From a well-known Dunkard Preacher.]

HARTLETON, Union Co., Pa., Dec. 24, 1874.

Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston:

*Gentlemen:*—Having received decided benefit from the use of Peruvian Syrup for dyspepsia and general debility of the system, I can recommend it heartily in all cases as being a very effective and pleasant preparation. It gives almost universal satisfaction.

Respectfully yours, ADAM BEAVER.

Sold by all druggists.

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Looking-glasses reflect more charming complexions now-a-days than they used to before the introduction of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. This standard and popular purifier removes every blemish of the skin arising from impurities in the superficial circulation, renders the cuticle becomingly fair and imparts to it the softness of velvet. Diseases and injuries of the skin are both promptly remedied by it.

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Physicians of high standing unhesitatingly give their indorsement to the use of the Graefenberg-Marshall's Catholicon for all female complaints. The weak and debilitated find wonderful relief from a constant use of this valuable remedy. Sold by all druggists. $1.50 per bottle. Send for almanacs, Graefenberg Co., New York.

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**Rheumatism Quickly Cured.**

"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great Internal Medicine, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, druggists, Washington, D. C.

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Information worth thousands to those out of health. Self-help for weak and nervous sufferers. Facts for those who have been dosed, drugged and quacked. The new Health Journal teaches all. Copies free. Address, Electric Quarterly, New York.

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**The Pond's Extract Company,**

98 Maiden Lane, N. Y., publish a small book free, telling what the people use Pond's Extract for, besides being good for pain.

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**A Miserable Being**

Is one that is bilious. Get from your druggist a package of Quirk's Irish Tea. Price 25 cts.

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### The Markets.

NEW YORK.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beef Cattle—Native | 10¾@ | 11¼ |
| Texas and Cherokee | 07½@ | 11 |
| Milch Cows | 47 00 @ | 0 00 |
| Hogs—Live | 05½@ | 05¾ |
| Dressed | 06 @ | 06¾ |
| Sheep | 05 @ | 05½ |
| Lambs | 07¾@ | 08 |
| Cotton—Middling | 12¾@ | 12¾ |
| Flour—Western—Good to Choice | 7 05 @ | 9 00 |
| State—Good to Choice | 6 70 @ | 6 85 |
| Wheat—Red Western | 1 80 @ | 1 90 |
| No.—2 Milwaukee | 1 61 @ | 1 61 |
| Rye—State | 92 @ | 93 |
| Barley—State | 62 @ | 63 |
| Barley Malt | 1 25 @ | 1 25 |
| Oats—Mixed Western | 36 @ | 08 |
| Corn—Mixed Western | 56 @ | 58 |
| Hay, per cwt | 70 @ | 75 |
| Straw, per cwt | 65 @ | 75 |
| Hops | 76'a—'8 @15 | 75'a 00 @ 10 |
| Pork—Mess | 14 0 @ | 14 25 |
| Lard—City Steam | 11¼@ | 11¾ |
| Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new | 18 00 @ | 20 00 |
| " No. 2, new | 9 75 @ | 10 00 |
| Dry Cod, per cwt | 4 62½@ | 4 62½ |
| Herring, Scaled, per box | 16 @ | 18 |
| Petroleum—Crude | 06½@06¾ | Refined, 13½ |
| Wool—California Fleece | 23 @ | 28 |
| Texas " | 22 @ | 27 |
| Australian " | 43 @ | 45 |
| Butter—State | 20 @ | 22 |
| Western—Choice | 17 @ | 18 |
| Western—Good to Prime | 10 @ | 17 |
| Western—Firkins | 11 @ | 15 |
| Cheese—State Factory | 07¾@ | 09¾ |
| State Skimmed | 03 @ | 05 |
| Western | 08 @ | 09 |
| Eggs—State and Pennsylvania | 16 @ | 16½ |

BUFFALO.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Flour | 7 50 @ | 9 00 |
| Wheat—No. 1 Milwaukee | 1 60 @ | 1 70 |
| Corn—Mixed | 5 ½@ | 53 |
| Oats | 46½@ | 46½ |
| Rye | 95 @ | 18 |
| Barley | 82 @ | 83 |
| Barley Malt | 1 00 @ | 1 10 |

PHILADELPHIA.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beef Cattle—Extra | 06½@ | 06¾ |
| Sheep | 05 @ | 07 |
| Hogs—Dressed | 08½@ | 09¾ |
| Flour—Pennsylvania Extra | 9 00 @ | 9 00 |
| Wheat—Red Western | 1 80 @ | 1 80 |
| Rye | 90 @ | 90 |
| Corn—Yellow | 62 @ | 62 |
| Mixed | 60 @ | 60 |
| Oats—Mixed | 45 @ | 46 |
| Petroleum—Crude | 09 @09¾ | Refined, 13 |
| Wool—Colorado | 22 @ | 27 |
| Texas | 25 @ | 30 |
| California | 25 @ | 35 |

BOSTON.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beef Cattle | 05¾@ | 09½ |
| Sheep | 05¾@ | 06½ |
| Hogs | 06 @ | 07 |
| Flour—Wisconsin and Minnesota | 8 00 @ | 9 00 |
| Corn—Mixed | 63½@ | 66 |
| Oats— " | 58 @ | 59 |
| Wool—Ohio and Pennsylvania XX | 50 @ | 55¾ |
| California Fall | 16 @ | 21½ |

BRIGHTON, MASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beef Cattle | 06¾@ | 07¾ |
| Sheep | 05 @ | 0½ |
| Lambs | 07 @ | 10 |
| Hogs | 07¾@ | 08 |

WATERTOWN, MASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice | 6 75 @ | 9 50 |
| Sheep | 5 75 @ | 8 00 |
| Lambs | 00 @ | 10 00 |


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