THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE WAY-SIDE WELL.

He stopped at the way-side well.
Where the water was cool and deep;
There were feathery ferns twixt the mossy stones,
And gray was the old well-sweep.

He left his carriage alone:
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in his ride that day
To drink at the way-side well.

He swayed with his gloved hands
The well-sweep creaking and slow,
While from scam and scar in the bucket's side,
The water plashed back below.

He lifted it to the curb,
And bent down to the bucket's brim;
No furrows of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.

He saw but a farmer's boy
As he stooped over the brim to drink,
And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met his over the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While, from under the brim of the old straw hat,
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh—
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in his ride that day
To drink at the way-side well.

—*Walter Learned, in Good Company.*

SLAVE-MAKING ANTS.

We frequently read of wonderful feats and marvelous doings of ants in foreign countries, little thinking that the ants of our own country perform quite as remarkable exploits. We have in the Northern States two species of slave-making, two leaf-cutting and several carpenter ants, with very interesting habits, and also harvesting ants, that collect and store seeds. The slave-making ants (*Formica sanguinea*) not only make war upon neighboring tribes and capture the young, which they rear as slaves, but they do many other things quite as wonderful, which seem to indicate that they have a language and a system of government or laws regulating the community.

My observations were made on the slave making ants in a grove which surrounds the house, where a large colony have had their formicary for several years past. After living in one place for a number of years, they concluded to change their home—not swarming like bees, leaving a part of the colony in the old quarters, but the whole community moving and taking with them their entire effects. Notwithstanding the immense number of slaves and workers engaged in the enterprise, the building of the new home proved to be a slow and laborious proceeding. On the 4th of June I observed a line of ants coming from the home of the slave-makers, which I followed twenty feet to a spot where the new home was already in progress. The place chosen was a little hillock about four feet in diameter, but the surrounding ground was lower than the old home.

From all appearances, they had not been at work more than a day or two, as comparatively little earth was thrown out. The black captives (*Formica fusca*) were excavating at eleven different points, and the red masters were walking slowly from one group of slaves to another, as if inspecting their work; and now several returned home and disappeared, but soon emerged with new recruits of blacks, which fell into line and marched with them to the new quarters, where they joined their fellows in the work of excavation. The slaves did not return home, but kept steadily at work, while the masters were constantly going back and forth. The colony had also another species of slave—the brown ant (*Formica sanguinea*), which still remained at home, bringing in food for the community and nursing the young. Not one of these slaves, as far as I could see, was engaged at the new home.

On the 12th of June, eight days after I first observed the move, the building had progressed sufficiently to admit the young into the newly-constructed chambers. The busy porters formed an unbroken line from the old to the new home, each carrying a large chrysalis, which contained a winged individual. Where chrysalids were larger and heavier than the porters who bore them, they contained the future queens and males, which in due time would swarm and leave the colony. The masters as well as the slaves were engaged in the transportation. A large force of blacks was also still engaged in mining.

On the following day very few chrysalids were carried, but the mining seemed to be going on with redoubled force. Some of the masters had now taken hold, and were working as vigorously as the slaves. The work continued with unabated ardor for four or five days, up to the 17th, when the porters again formed in line—both masters and slaves—and brought the heavy burdens, which they left in the new home and returned for more. A large force of slaves was still mining, but several of the entrances where they had been forming galleries were now closed, only five being open. A large number of blacks were still bringing earth from four of the openings, while the fifth was wholly occupied by the porters with their burdens. Besides the chrysalids and larvæ, many of the slaves brought bits of wood, and pebbles, and wild-cherry pits, which they had previously piled about the old home. The most difficult things to move seemed to have the most value. Bits of coal and pebbles, which had cost them a great effort to get in place at the old home, must now be carried twenty feet, through grass to the new home. Sometimes it required five or six slaves to carry the valued article, and when they arrived with it they laid it near one of the entrances, or piled it on to the material closing one of the former openings.

The construction of the new home and the moving continued up to the 21st, taking seventeen days to accomplish the great undertaking. The old home was now entirely deserted. All interests were centered in the new. The blacks still continued the mining at three of the openings, the other two having been closed. Some observers are inclined to believe that the black captives do not conform to the habits of their masters, but do precisely as they would in a colony by themselves. The most casual observer cannot fail to perceive the great difference in the outward appearance of the two formicaries. A formicary of free blacks is spread over a large surface of ground and has many openings, while that of the slave-maker, to all outward appearance, is compact and has but one main entrance. The slaves are compelled by their masters to close the entrance as soon as the galleries and chambers are finished. In a colony of blacks left to themselves the numerous galleries are all open. A careful observer will see many other things to convince him that the slaves are under subjection.

In order to have a view of the nursery, I had a frame made of window-sash, twelve by sixteen inches. The pieces were obtained at a sash-factory and joined together by the obliging artisan, and a pane of glass fitted in the sash, leaving it about two inches in depth. I laid this frame over the formicary, about six inches distant from the entrance. I covered the glass with a thick black cloth to exclude the light, and fitted a board snugly over it to hold it in place. While I was arranging the frame, both masters and slaves came out in large numbers and walked over and around this strange contrivance for their comfort. They touched each other's antennæ and rushed about in an excited manner for a few moments. Satisfied that no enemy was near, they soon became quiet, and the blacks began to pile all sorts of material around the outer edge of the frame, where the little inequalities of the ground admitted a ray of light.

After a few hours had elapsed, I raised the cover and looked in upon the busy workers. The sudden flood of light caused great consternation among them: they hastily disappeared to the rooms below through two wide entrances which they had opened since the frame was placed. They had divided the large space into two rooms, with a slight partition between and a door leading into each room. The ground had been leveled and smoothed and slightly scooped out. Many of the workers came to the doors, put their heads out and hastened back as if afraid. I had disarranged none of their work, having simply raised the cover, but they seemed to be unable to comprehend the unusual light, and were frightened at the strangeness of the sudden exposure. Two of the blacks, more courageous than their comrades, resumed work. They scraped the earth with their feet and rolled it in a lump, then took it in their mandibles and carried it to the edge of the frame and dropped it.

I carefully excluded the light and left them in peace until the next day, when I again raised the cover and found the inside of the frame nearly filled with chrysalids. A great consternation seized the inhabitants; they rushed from the galleries, seized the chrysalids and carried them below. I soon excluded the light, but every day looked in upon them. A large number of masters and slaves were now constantly outside of the frame, walking over and around it as if on guard, so that I was obliged to raise the cover very quickly to avoid being attacked by the furious creatures. As I laid the cloths back they rushed upon it and bit it, as if chastising the author of the mischief.

On the 29th of June the chrysalids had disappeared and the interior of the frame was swarming with winged individuals. The workers were still excited: when I raised the cover, they laid hold of the young queens and males by the antennæ or leg and hurried them below. The entrances were soon blocked by the panic-stricken inhabitants, and the wildest confusion prevailed.

Both masters and slaves exercised great care over the winged gentry. If the young queens or males wandered outside of the frame, they were immediately conducted back by the vigilant guard. This state of affairs continued until the 6th of July, when I found that a great change had been wrought in the appearance of the interior; not a winged individual was to be seen. The rooms had been swept and garnished, and all the debris was piled in one corner. About a handful of larvæ and pupæ of future workers occupied a portion of one of the rooms. The debris consisted mostly of empty cocoons and the wings of the recent occupants. The slave-makers are not nocturnal in their habits, and yet the winged members took their flight a little after sundown, between seven and eight o'clock. From the amount of wings piled among the debris there was evidently a large number of queens concealed within the formicary.

The queens, after taking flight, did not return to the nest of their own accord; but the workers were on the watch, and conducted back a large number. Their wings were now removed, and henceforth they remained within the formicary, taking no part in the wars or work of the colony, but were fed and tended by the slaves. The males flew with the queens, but after their flight the workers paid no attention to these helpless, homeless wanderers, passing them with the utmost indifference, but eagerly seizing a queen and hurrying her back to the formicary.

On the morning of the 7th of July—the winged members of the colony being disposed of—a new movement was evidently on foot. The masters were forming in line and marching to battle. No blacks were to be seen in this line. The chivalrous slave-owners did not allow their captives to participate in the wars and invasions upon other tribes, although but a few days previous, when the move was made, the blacks had kept in the line and made as good porters as their masters. The war-path was about six inches in width, and extended seventy feet to a colony of blacks, where the vast army halted and was soon engaged in conflict. Their wars with other tribes I will not dwell upon, as they have been fully discussed elsewhere. Observers are divided in opinion with regard to the primary object which the slave-makers have in capturing so many blacks. Some incline to the belief that the ants are captured for food, and that those not eaten are reared as slaves.

The invaders, after a successful battle, returned home with the spoils and remained closely housed for two or three days; it was easy to imagine that a great feast was going on in the underground rooms. While the ants were thus housed the slaves did not move any of the larvæ or pupæ which their masters had been bringing in to the nursery above; but as soon as the warriors again formed in line and marched to battle, the slaves became very active. Some carried out the debris that was piled in the corner of the nursery and deposited it at the foot of the hill. Others brought up pupæ and larvæ and placed them in the warm nursery; but the number brought up bore no comparison to the great amount that had been carried below. If all the pupæ and larvæ were reared that were carried home during the five or six weeks that these wars continued, there ought to have been ten or a dozen blacks to one red master, whereas there seemed to be fully as many masters as slaves.

On the other hand, I have seen some things which make it doubtful if the helpless young are eaten. The first colony of blacks that were attacked this season had their upper nursery arranged beneath a board, which I could raise and thus have a good view of their young. A large cavity was filled with cocoons, from which winged ants would eventually emerge. These cocoons are easily recognized, as they are considerably larger than those containing workers. After a fierce struggle, the victorious slave-makers drove the blacks from home and sacked the nurseries of all the larvæ and pupæ that would make workers, but the large cocoons, holding winged ants, were left. These would be of no use as slaves. Another fact: I have never found the remains of the pupæ or larvæ among the debris where the refuse of insects and the dead bodies of the blacks are piled. Notwithstanding these puzzling facts, I think the weight of evidence goes to prove that a large majority of immature blacks are consumed as food.

That the slave-makers consider themselves superior to their captives is in no way more clearly evinced than in their treatment of the dead. After a battle a great many wounded and dead soldiers are brought home by their comrades. The dead are soon carried out, sometimes by the warriors and sometimes by the slaves, and left a long distance off, usually concealed under leaves, though I have occasionally seen one carried over fifty feet and left on the bare carriage-drive. The dead blacks, so far as I have observed, are never carried far away, but left among the rubbish or debris.

One of the most remarkable instances that I ever observed of the cunning and sagacity of the slave-makers happened in the early part of August. For three days they had been engaged in battle with a large colony of blacks over a hundred feet from home. On the afternoon of the third day the spoils were all taken, and of the soldiers were returning home empty-handed. When about [illegible] away, a large detachment branched off, crossed the carriage-drive, and marched directly to another large colony, situated beneath an oak on the highest ground in the grove. The formicary extended over several square feet, and had many entrances. The panic-stricken blacks, instead of facing the enemy, fled in all directions, many of them carrying youngants, and others pupæ. But the army of the invaders came thick and fast, and soon spread over the entire formicary. Some were stationed at the openings, while others passed within, and now each black that attempted to escape with a pupa or young ant was immediately seized and the young wrested from it. The invaders, instead of returning home with the booty, carried it back into the formicary. This unusual proceeding continued for about an hour. The adult blacks were driven out. The invaders had resolved to retain this eligible situation and make it their future home. A large number of them returned to the old home, and each seized a slave and carried it to the captured home of the blacks. They seemed to be in too much haste to spend time in making the slaves comprehend this new move. The slaves crouched before their masters and rolled themselves in a ball, ready to be carried. In this position they were transported as easily as a pupa or larva. The transported slaves began at once to close the numerous entrances leading to the chambers of their vanquished relatives.

As darkness approached all labor ceased. The divided inhabitants took their repose in both formicaries. The following morning by eight o'clock they were out in full force. The line extended from one formicary to the other—an unbroken column sixty feet in length and from six to eight inches in width. All the invaders that were going toward the captured home were laden with burdens. Some were carrying young slaves, others pupæ and cocoons, and a large number of queens were being transported, which by this time had become willing members of the community, and no longer had to be dragged by the antennæ or legs, but were rolled in balls and carried in the strong mandibles of the porters. Some of the slaves were still carried, but most of them seemed by this time to understand what was going on, and were in the line carrying burdens. But I saw very few on the return line; apparently the command had been given for the slaves to remain at the captured home and close the numerous doors and make the necessary changes in the interior to suit their masters. The move was completed in less than three days, as in this case they had little or no mining to retard them.

The poor, homeless blacks that had been driven out mostly congregated about twenty feet distant under a tree, and had secreted their young beneath fallen leaves. It was pitiful to see a small detachment start out to reconnoiter their late home. They approached with great caution, and, having discovered the state of affairs, hastened back. If one was caught by the outside guard he was almost sure to be killed.

Usually, when the blacks have been driven from home, they return as soon as the invaders cease the attack. So this colony remained huddled together for several days, as if waiting for the enemy to leave. At last, becoming satisfied that they did not intend to leave, the blacks moved about thirty feet farther and commenced mining into one of their old deserted formicaries.

After the invaders were well settled in their conquered home, I noticed some singular-looking ants which had been left in the old formicary. Bringing my lens to aid me, I found that these ants—both masters and slaves—were covered with parasites. A single specimen looked like a mere speck, scarcely visible to the unassisted eye, but so numerous were they on many of the ants that it gave them the appearance of being covered with white fungus. I supplied them with sugar and honey, of which the slaves partook freely and with which they fed the infested masters. The war spirit was not yet quenched in these red marauders. They walked about with extended mandibles, ready to fight whatever might come in their way. They attacked the flies and bees that were attracted to the honey as fiercely as ever.

While I was watching these ants and wondering at their sagacity, my attention was attracted to two ants approaching the old home: they were both slave-makers, and one was walking backward and leading the other by the tip of the antennæ, as if afraid of contamination. She led her up the little hillock and left her near the door. The ant thus left was infested with a few parasites, not visible without the aid of the lens. She made no attempt to return with her conductor, and soon disappeared within what had now become a lazaretto.

My attention was now wholly directed to the conductor, who had started toward home. She soon stopped to make her toilet—rubbing herself on the ground and then standing nearly upright and passing her forelegs over her body. After going on a few feet, she stopped and repeated the performance. After completing it to her satisfaction, she soon reached the outer boundaries of home, where she was stopped, first by one and then another of her comrades. In some instances they held their antennæ together for the space of a minute or two, as if conversing; others merely touched the antennæ and passed along. Having satisfied them that she was all right, she was soon mingling with the rest unchallenged.

I returned to the lazaretto and picked up a good many of the infested ants and dropped them in alcohol. On placing them under the microscope I found the parasite to be a species of mite. These mites, like aphides, increase with astonishing rapidity and are easily transmitted from ant to ant. I put one of the infested ants from the old nest in a glass jar with earth in the bottom three or four inches in depth. I then introduced twenty ants from the new nest, ten blacks and ten reds, entirely free from mites. In a little more than a week every ant was nearly covered with the parasites.

It will be seen from this how necessary it was for the community to rid itself of all the infested ants. But none the less marvellous does it appear that such insignificant creatures should manifest so much wisdom and forethought. All the ants at the new nest, so as I could see, were free from the pests; but I have not the least doubt that the one led up to the old nest by the antennæ was brought from the new home. The behavior of the conductor and the way in which her companions met her were proofs of this.—*Mary Treat, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

—At Winnipeg, Manitoba, the discovery of the supposed real heir to the Tichborne estate has been made. He is an invalid in the hospital, from injuries received on the Pacific Railway. His name is James Riches Coles, Riches being his mother's maiden name, and Tichborne the title of the estate. He says that he is fifty-two years of age, and admits that he is uneducated. His story is that he left England when between nineteen and twenty years of age, to follow the sea. He came from Australia, via England, to Canada.

—An advertiser in a Washington newspaper wants a position in any of the Government departments, and offers one-third of his salary for the place. Another says: "Will give any one $50 and ten per cent. for the first four months who will get me work in any of the departments at a salary of from $60 to $75 per month."

Religious Reading.

EVENING SONG.

Slowly all around us gather
Shadows of the eventide;
Home we come to Thee, O Father,
Let our hearts with Thee abide.
We are weak, and worn, and weary,
Chafed by toil, and care, and strife,
Then will give us we cannot weary
To Thy home of love and life.

Bright with dew-drops was the morning,
Good in late, the early hour,
Earth and sea and sky adoring
With its splendor pure and bright.
Birds their matin-songs were singing
In the fragrant leafy bowers,
Incense-breathing, worship-bringing
Were the glory-vested flowers.

We from night not were waking
At the gentle touch of day,
From the bonds of sleep not breaking,
Fleeing to our work away.
All day long those angles holy
Sent to hinder by their King,
Be we only—so we lowly—
Have our steps been following.

Lord of angels, Savior Jesus,
While Thy watchful hosts are near,
Death or danger cannot seize us,
Therefore will we know no fear.
Stronger than the strongest angel
Art Thou, even by our side;
So hath taught us Divine example,
In that blessed faith we bide.

Therefore, though the shadows darken,
Troubling wearily along,
Yet we know Thine ear will hearken
While we sing our evening song.
Light of life, departing never,
Light of earth, and light of Heaven,
Earthly sins may sell, but ever
Will Thy love make light at even!

—*Alexander R. Thompson, D.D., in S. S. Times.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 10—The Coming Deliverer	Exodus 2:5-15
July 17—The Call of Moses	Exodus 3:1-14
July 24—Moses and Aaron	Exod. 4:29-31; 5:1-4
July 31—Moses and the Magicians	Exod. 7:8-24
Aug. 7—The Passover	Exodus 12:1-14
Aug. 14—The Red Sea	Exodus 14:19-31
Aug. 21—The Manna	Exodus 16:1-8
Aug. 28—The Commandments	Exodus 20:1-11
Sept. 4—The Commandments	Exodus 20:12-21
Sept. 11—Idolatry Punished	Exodus 32:2-5
Sept. 18—Review of the Lessons	
Sept. 25—Temperance	1 Cor. 9:22-27

The Reality and Value of Religion.

The two narratives that follow contain a few of the many tributes that skeptics and men of the world have indirectly and, perhaps, almost unconsciously, given to the reality and value of the Christian religion; their practical admission and testimony against their own professed theories as well as their lives, and their virtual confession of the truth and excellence of Christianity. They are well worthy of permanent record, as the names and dates alluded to can be given for each.

Some thirty years ago a young man from Southern Pennsylvania was on his way to college, and entering the stage-coach he found as passengers several men, whose loose talk was chiefly in ridicule of religion and the Bible. He himself was not a Christian, but was of a Christian family, and he reverenced his father and mother and their faithful piety, which he felt were both the strength and beauty of his early home. Pained and provoked by the blasphemies of his fellow travelers, he was silent till he could bear it no longer, and then he contradicted their statements and denied and opposed their assertions. Amused at his unexpected boldness, and thinking to make short work of the youth, they became more reckless and impudent than before. He was not then the keen and practiced debater he afterward became, but by the Christian teaching of his home and church he had been well in armed, and with his spirit roused and speaking on the side of truth, he gave them blow for blow and facts for arguments, till soon they were silenced and gave up the discussion. At the end of the stage-route they all entered the steamboat which was in waiting, and had not been long on board when one who had been foremost in opposing and ridiculing religion came to the young man and asked: "Have you a state-room?"

"I have."

"Will you let me share it with you?"

"Why?"

"Because I have a large amount of money with me, and I am afraid to sleep with any one I do not know lest I should be murdered for my money. If you will let me have one of the two berths I shall esteem it a great favor."

His request was granted. But what a commentary on his previous words and his ridicule of the Bible and Christians!

Some fifty years ago a gentleman from one of the Southern States was obliged, on a journey, to pass through the then wild region now known as West Virginia. He was an avowed infidel, often saying that Christianity was false, and would ultimately lose its influence and die out. He had been advised to make a certain part of his journey by day, as at night the region spoken of was unsafe. But being delayed he was on his way through this very region when night overtook him. Approaching a small cabin and inquiring where he was, he found to his dismay that he was in the very neighborhood he had been warned to avoid; but thinking it as dangerous to go back as forward, he determined to stop where he was. So he entered the hut, in which there was only a woman, and among the rude furniture saw knives that to his eyes looked very large, and guns enough for many assailants. Before long the cottager himself came in, a rough mountaineer, and in a frank but uncouth manner welcomed the stranger, who quietly took a seat. When supper was ready they asked him to draw up and eat with them; but as his appetite was spoiled by anxiety and fear, he declined, saying he was not hungry. After supper and a long silence, as he expressed a desire to rest, the cottager replied: "You can lie down whenever you like on the floor there. I am sorry I haven't anything better to offer you. But we always, before we go to sleep, read a chapter in this book," taking down a Bible, "and ask God to take care of us through the night."

The stranger's relief from anxiety and fear was instantaneous. The book which he had often ridiculed and opposed he at once felt was the guarantee of his safety during the silent watches of the night, and he lay down as securely and quietly to his rest as if he had been in his own home, and with a lesson to his conscience and sober judgment that made him a wiser and a better man.

Similar facts and testimonies might be multiplied by the score, but these two are most striking tributes from the world to the reality and value of religion.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Helping Others.

• • • Noticing now how this reactionary influence upon ourselves of helping others takes place, observe its operation with respect to our individual trials. Heavy as these may be, a good half of their weight is more imaginary than real. Any one can be wretched to any degree by cultivating the habit of a pining, disconsolate brooding over losses, crosses, unpromising prospects, just as any one can have a dark-room at any time by dropping the curtains and closing the shutters and blinds. This is the state of some Christians. It is a habit often growing out of temperamental, dispositional morbidness—a wearisome, wasting captivity. It dries up the springs of comfort, paralyzes the sinews of activity, as it quenches from the eye its light and takes its smile from the cheek. A cruel tyrant is this melancholy discontent? How can it be thrown off?

You have been housed through a long spell of bad weather, until your nerves are enfeebled and irritated to the point of almost unendurable discomfort. What do they need to readjust their action, to relieve your physical and mental suffering? Ventilation, exercise in the free, outdoor air. Precisely so with these unstrung or overstrung feelings in the religious life. The view needs to be broadened, the sympathies distributed over a wider space, to be brought in contact with others who also have a tale of trouble to tell, in listening to which you might almost forget that you had much reason to complain. Troubles, like almost anything seen at short range, look very huge. Looking at little else, you become morose in an isolated grief. The cure for this is to come into correspondence with outside suffering, to open the eyes and the heart to surrounding privations and bereavements. A most valuable medicating virtue lies in this community of knowledge and fellow-feeling. It does good as much to those who extend it as to those who receive it. It cuts the fastenings of that miserable and ruinous moodiness which, like the coils of a serpent, will crush and stifle its victim if not thus resisted. There is no help for a person who gives up to despondency under few or many misfortunes. It is not right, and can, therefore, only breed more misery. "That way madness lies." Self-disenthralment comes from helping to liberate other captives.—*J. T. Tucker, in Church Union.*

What We Want.

"What we want is not so much, not half so much, light for the intellect, as dew upon the heart;" if Robertson had spoken but this one sentence he would have been the world's benefactor. Childhood is charming because it has not lost the dew, old age is beautiful when it recovers it. We wonder when men of intellect select for their friends, or choose for their wives, those greatly inferior in mind; but the reason is simple, they desire only "dew upon the heart."

Mark the anxious, care-worn faces in the street; they know not what they want; they think if they had a little more leisure, money or fame, they would be at rest; but what they want is "dew upon the heart." It makes one charitable to think of these dusty, toil-worn men and women, running hither and thither to no purpose and with so much pain.

How is this dew to be gained? First, by trying to give it to another. How can we do this? In many ways, in little as well as great. What power the human voice has to shed "dew upon the heart." Ask not for the voice of the singer, charming as is the gift; ask rather for what was once called by a humble, ignorant woman, "a kind voice." How it melts the heart! How convincingly it teaches that we are of one family on earth, and shall be one family in Heaven. How rudeness softens and coarseness refines before the power of a gentle, persuasive voice, so that the rude and coarse are reduced into silence as in the presence of death.

Sympathy, appreciation, placing ourselves in imagination in another's lot, will shed "dew upon the heart." We are too given to advice, rebuke, blame, criticism. The large-hearted, charitable, loving people are the true reformers of the race. I cannot believe that there is any one so fallen that he cannot be melted by a loving voice, and I believe that many an apparently cold, indifferent nature is pining for a word of sympathy.

We shall find this "dew upon the heart" in the writings of good men; they need not be great men. Have you never come across in some humble book, or in a newspaper, a sentence full of feeling and refreshment? Perhaps your heart was dry and burning, and those words, spoken by another heart, shed dew on yours.

I have a hymn which I read almost daily; there is nothing wonderful about it, yet the more I read it the more strength it gives me. It is more to me than a fortune; for it sheds "dew upon my heart."

But more than anything we can do for others, or any others can do for us, do we need to seek the dew of Heaven. As the flowers gladly drink the dew which not only refreshes, but retouches their faded colors, so should we open the petals of our hearts to receive those Heavenly influences, those kindling aspirations which our Heavenly Father is so much more ready to give than we to receive; for we forget, if we have ever learned, that "what we want is not so much, not half so much, light for the intellect, as dew upon the heart."—*Baptist Weekly.*

The Cockle Bur.

This is one of the worst weeds that infest the prairies. It is not as bad as the Canada thistle, but it is bad enough for all practical purposes. Although its seeds are not scattered far by the winds they have a variety of ways of getting over the ground. They attach themselves to the wool of sheep, the hair of cattle, horses and wild animals, and to the feathers of some kinds of birds. They are swept away from fields in floods and are carried long distances in streams and rivers. They will stand more abuse than a stray dog without receiving any permanent injury. They cause a large amount of work when they spring up in fields that are under cultivation. The presence of the weeds in a grain field causes a large reduction in the crop. The burs in wool detract largely from its value. It is now affirmed by many that the young plants are poisonous to stock. Mr. John Williams, of Logan, Iowa, in a local paper gives this testimony respecting them: "I came from Illinois ten years ago, but lived near the Illinois bottom, and one year in particular there came a wonderful flood of water and raised the river until the whole bottom was under water for five miles in width, and the cockle burs grew largely in the bottom and washed the seed to the shore, and when the water went down these burs came up first, and we farmers let our hogs and cattle run at large, and the first thing we knew they were dying all along the bottom at a terrible rate—hundreds died in a few days. When thorough investigation was made it was found that it was the young cockle bur that killed the stock. It is very poisonous. When very young it is sweet and tender, and being the first thing green in sight the cattle and hogs eat them greedily. Our cattle would come up at night, and in the morning there would be from three to twelve dead, and some sick. Our remedy, when in time, was heavy drenches of melted lard. On examining those that died their gall was generally large or bursted, and the farmers and stock-men took their stock off of the bottom for about two weeks, until vegetation got up in good shape, and there wasn't any more of the disease." The wise law makers of this State some years ago sought to exterminate cockle-burs by directing a statute against them. But for some reason the weeds have paid very little attention to it. They continue to grow and multiply, and when a large crop of burs is produced, they take the river route to the sea-board. They have invaded the sacred soil of several States where no unfriendly legislation exists concerning them. The cockle-bur will soon be to the United States what the thistle is to Scotland—a National weed. The chief difficulty in exterminating the pest lies in the fact that the seed will retain its vitality several years. The best way to eradicate it is to put the infested field in grass and not break the sod for several seasons. This cleaning process should be continued till all the farm has been "under treatment." A close lookout must then be kept for chance specimens that may appear.—*Chicago Times.*

—Unless a lady does some decorative art work now-a-days, she is behind the times.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Give the chickens fresh water every day, and see that they can always get shells when they want them.

—Never overload a team nor discourage it by a too heavy pull at first starting, nor start from a bad place if it is possible to avoid it.

—Raspberry Jam.—Three-fourths pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Put the fruit on alone, or with the addition of one pint currant juice to every four pounds raspberries. Boil half an hour, mashing and stirring well; add the sugar and cook twenty minutes more. Blackberry jam is very good made in the same way, only omitting the currant juice.

—When a horse eats with difficulty, drops his food instead of swallowing it, and slobbers freely, diseased teeth may be looked for. Perhaps some of the teeth may have sharp edges and hurt the cheeks. Examine the mouth; if any of the teeth are sharp and wound the cheeks or the tongue, have the edges rasped down and apply borax, in powder, to the injured parts of the mouth. If any of the teeth are decayed they should be pulled out.

—If a colt is never allowed to get an advantage, it will never know that it possesses a power that man cannot control, and if made familiar with strange objects, it will not be skittish and nervous. If a horse is made accustomed from his early days to have objects hit him on his heels, back or hip, he will pay no attention to the giving way of a harness, or a wagon running against him at an unexpected moment.

—Horseradish Sauce.—Two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, two tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar, one cup of cream, yelk of one egg, salt to taste, one ounce of butter. Cover the horseradish with water, and boil it, stirring it occasionally for half an hour. Strain off all the water, add the vinegar, butter and salt, stirring till mixed. Beat the egg and cream together, and add just before serving. It is very nice with raw oysters or any cold meat.

—School Pudding.—Swell a teacupful of rice in a pint of milk, sweetened and flavored to taste. When cold, mix with it a well-beaten egg. Have ready a pint basin well-buttered, and a break-at-capital of bread-crumbs with a teaspoonful of moist sugar well mixed with them. Lay the crumbs all round the basin thickly with a knife and the rice in the center. Lay more crumbs on the top and bake half an hour in a quick oven. Eat with jam.

—To Preserve Cherries.—Take the cherries when they are fully ripe, and stone them; weigh together the juice and fruit; to one pound of them put half-pound clear brown sugar. Boil the cherries in juice for one hour and a-half; then add the sugar, and boil for as much longer time; stir them occasionally, to prevent their burning. They are excellent for pies, and should be stirred for a day or two, to keep the syrup from settling at the bottom. It is best to put them in rather small jars, for the preserve will be one acid, if exposed to the air when the jar is opened, if not soon used.

—Many pretty good cultivators and all the poor ones seem to lack the necessary courage to thin crops as they should if they would secure the best results. Many a vineyard has been nearly ruined because its owner could not bear to pick off and destroy the surplus fruit. The same is true of pears and other fruit crops. Many vegetable crops need the same attention, and if they do receive it in time will be greatly improved. Mangels, sugar beets and other roots are among those that especially need attention. Corn melons, squashes and many other things will also need looking after in the same way. Do not neglect these important things if the best results are desired.

—Currant Cake.—Two pounds of flour, one pound butter, one pound sugar, two ounces candied peel, three-quarters of a pound each of currants and sultanas, three eggs, two tea-spoonfuls each of carbonate of soda and cream of tartar, sufficient milk to mix to a proper consistency. Rub the butter and flour well together, add the currants, sultanas and sugar, and the peel finely cut. Well beat the eggs, add the milk, and beat into the mixture. Mix the carbonate of soda and cream of tartar with a little milk, and while effervescing pour into the cake and beat the whole for about five minutes. Have ready a cake tin lined with greased paper, pour the mixture into it, and bake in a quick oven till done (about three hours).

—Noise may be deadened by a number of simple contrivances. Rubber cushions under the legs of a work-bench are an effective method of deadening noise, it being found, as stated, that in a certain factory the hammering of fifty coppersmiths was scarcely audible in the room below, their benches having under each leg a rubber cushion. Kegs of sand or sawdust, applied in the same way, afford similar immunity. A few inches of sand or sawdust being first poured into each keg, there is laid on it a board or block upon which the leg rests, and around the leg and block is poured fine, dry sand or sawdust. By this simple means it is said, not only all noise, but a vibration and shock are so completely prevented that an ordinary anvil thus mounted may be used even in a dwelling house, without annoying its occupants.

Weeds in the Highways.

Several of our Western contemporaries last winter suggested the discussion at Farmers' Clubs and otherwise of the question as to what action, legislative or otherwise, is necessary and practicable to keep the public highways free from weeds. To us, who have been among the foremost in laboring for good highways, the most practicable plan seems to be to induce abundant travel along them. When business prospers grass does not grow in the streets; and when a public highway is well-traveled there is no chance for anything to grow in it.

We were very much struck by the answer given to a Western farmer on the Centennial grounds in 1876 by an Eastern one who had grown quite wealthy. The question was how to hurry his Western farm quickly into a profitable market. He was told to "increase his taxes." This seemed no doubt absurd to the listener, as it will to most who read it; for if there is anything which more than another we all try to avoid, it is an increase of taxation. But there is a deep meaning in the expression. It means that if a property is to increase in value, one must do something himself to make it more valuable, even at the risk of higher taxation. We may carry this idea into all our worriments, and especially this one of weeds in the public highways. The more we beautify our properties, the more we attract travel by it; for people will go in preference where there is something nice to be seen. Improvements cost something. They are taxes. A man may beautify at a great cost when there is no one to appreciate his labors. Of course such work is thrown away. But no work is thrown away that attracts travel along the highways.

Our advice to our Western friends is to let "legislation" against weeds alone, and rather endeavor to encourage in every property-owner a love for improvement. Let them do all they can to encourage everybody to improve and beautify the line; and then by having good roads encourage people to travel over them, and they may take our word for it that the question of weeds in the highways will soon settle itself.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

[Barnesville (Ga.) News]

Miracles in It.

For the past twelve months I have been suffering with inflammatory rheumatism, often being confined to bed for several days. I tried several physicians, but they failed to relieve me. About seven weeks ago a friend who had suffered with the same disease, recommended me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I at once procured a half dozen bottles, which I have used, and find that I am improving all the time. It relieves me at once when I am suffering terrible pain, and prevents me from spending many sleepless nights. It is a great pleasure to recommend it to those who are suffering with rheumatism and similar complaints, as the best remedy that can be had. Nothing has done me so much good, and as it only costs fifty cents a bottle, all can try it.

J. D. ALEXANDER, Editor "News."

THE Norristown *Herald* defines a city beer garden as—Two trees, a 7x9 flower bed, seventeen benches and six waiters. In a majority of cases trees and flower beds are dispensed with.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters as it is not a whisky drink. It is more like the old fashioned home set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.—*Nevada News.*

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL picnic manager explained that he did not make the lemonade sour because the children had milk for breakfast, and he was afraid to make them sick.

KIDNEY-WORT is a remedy which removes foul humors from the blood, and creates healthy action in every organ. Torpid kidneys and liver lead to gravel, diabetes, constipation, piles and rheumatism. Kidney-Wort is the surest and safest remedy to use.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

Bed-bugs, Roaches.

Rats, cats, mice, ants, flies, insects, cleared out by "Rough on Rats" 15c. druggists.

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye Water, Druggists sell it. 25c.

DRAWING from nature—Pulling a tooth.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, "but," says Sullivan, "it imparts a pleasant warmth."

A CHICAGO widower selected his second wife for the size of her feet. She wore men's eights, and he rightly judged that she would be a great home-body.

THIRTY New York ladies start next month for a four months' tour in Europe. They will take a deal and dump man along as a protection—to the ocean.—*Chicago Tribune.*

LAST year the Pittsburgh glass factories made 24,000,000 worth of glassware. As I during that time we had, at different periods, three fired girls in our kitchen who broke just about that much worth of the entire product, and should have smashed more if our credit at the china stores hadn't given out just as we got down to the even millions.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THERE is a difference between the Upper and nying man and the upper a young lady, but sometimes it is a mighty small one.

A MAN's taste becomes rapidly depraved if he eats sweet olives. He loses his sense of the pure and the natural and the good, his ear is upon a descending plane of discord, and, falling from low to lower, finds all his higher sensibilities blunted, his moral nature benumbed, until at last he can even sit down in the face of mankind and eat a clerical pie without a shudder. Then he is lost.—*Rochester Democrat.*

THERE are no pickpockets in the Texas Penitentiary at Huntsville, notwithstanding that it is necessary to get proof in the case of a printer.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE new telephone has an information exchange with a registration of one thousand names. How it fills our ancestors thought of such things? Aland they lived in an age when alone were undreamed of. If they had met an office on Main street in broad daylight they never would have recognized it.—*Boston Post.*

A SOFT RACE.—Floor washers.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

Small these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humor there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is un