THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

### ALL THINGS ARE NEW.

"There's nothing new within the world."
So the old things are fresh and new,
But, truth is, there is nothing old
Under the thoughtful soul and true.

The world is new. Its every morn
Fresh sunlight glands on field and stream,
Fresh voices hush athwart the dawn,
New beauties on the hillside gleam.

And life is new. Who has not known
The dawn of powers unfelt before,
And soul and sinews stand alone,
Herself—man newly opened door,

With trembling heart, still half afraid
To trust the truth that now unveiled?
O fold in star-worn eyes open laid!
O sacred visions to us revealed!

And love is new born each day and hour—
No weight of years can make it old—
Unless its light time hath to power
Darkness to dim and dull its gold.

It makes the earth as glad as when
Our parents roamed in Eden through,
And all darkest treasons then
Turn sweet love-ministrants to us.

—*Lucy E. Rossiter, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

### TREASURE.

It was a lonely little country cross-road, with only two or three houses along its way, as little traveled that the older and bluff-berry bushes grew down to the wagon track, and the sun-bonneted women, who of summer mornings might be seen gathering the ripened fruit, would start in surprise at the sound of wheels. But while these homes seemed isolated enough, their aspect was cheerful, contrasting in contrast with one that crowned a low hill across the fields. A dark, weather-stained house with its face turned obliquely away from the road, and hidden in a veil of cedar pines, as though seeking to hide itself from the memory of some shame or the stain of some old sorrow. Even the line, that wanted thread of communication between retirement and the world, was wanting, and thus increased its air of forlorn solitude. Aloof, remote apart, it stood dreaming, it would seem, but for the plume of smoke that crested it and the evening lights that shone from its windows.

The mystery, however, of its isolation, like many another apparent mystery, is easily solved. It had been built to front a road, now changed or abandoned so long that all trace of its existence had faded from the hills, and the occupants, never having been able to acquire by purchase the strip of land that intervened between them and the highway, had contented themselves with a right of way through the field, whose slender trace was hardly observable along the edges of the stubble. Neither was the remote "home-feeling" so slender as it appeared at a distance. Nowhere meadows waved greener than those around it, or pastures rippled deeper, than in the wide-orbing orchard or cornplane fingered later and more golden than on the little west and slopes, just which seemed that God once been the proud's cherished and tended "front yard," and that forasmuch neglected, and doomed to decay, showed numerous traces of its former state. The tall lilac bushes still lifted on each side the stately gate, whose posts had grown rents with long chase. Dahlias, roses, Williams, larkspurs, and columbines, pushing stalks through the gravel, showed where tom-boys had edged the walks long ed-tread by lush grasses and clumps of day lilies flanked the seldom trodden steps, and filled the still air with faint, sweet odor. Not that the spot was always deserted. Often, as on one sunny August afternoon, it held two occupants, a girl sitting on the lower step leaning on a long white-sex king, and a tall young fellow of eighteen, a well-built, hand some boy, lounging on the grass near by. A yellow haze brooded over the wooded hills, not a breath of air was stirring in the pines, only the faint coo of a distant dove-bell and the humming of a bee among the flowers stirred the perfect quiet. "How still it is!" said the girl, her eyes going over the pleasant view, while her hands mechanically busied themselves with their task. "Still!" echoed her companion, with an accent of scorn. "I should think it was; one might as well be dead and buried. You don't know, Treasure," his tone growing more impetuous, "how I loathe it all, how sick the thought makes me of being shut up here among these stifling little hills all my life, never seeing or knowing anything more of the world than as if I were a cabbage." "Yes, I know," said she, with a wistful look in her eyes, pale gray eyes they were, in a sallow, irregular face, but clear and steady, while her voice was, that "excellent thing in woman," soft and low. "Yes, you do," he asserted bitterly, "and you are all the one who knows or cares. Father thinks I ought to be contented to drudge my life away, as he has, but I can't or won't. Every man has a right to a chance for life and why shouldn't I? Treasure, there is such a fever burning here," laying his hand with a dramatic gesture on his breast, "urging me on and on, something within that tells me I was born for something higher and finer than this treadmill around, and that if I could only measure myself with other men, I could make a place for myself." "Of course you would," and Treasure smiled down into his eager, uplifted face. At that instant a loud call came sounding around the house, "Israel! Israel! two o'clock; time to go after the cows."

"There it is," exclaimed the lad, impatiently; "it's forever 'Israel' do something, plowing, or hoeing, or mowing, or milking, continually, and I'd let right my book on and meant to try and study a little. "Never mind," and Treasure rolled up her knitting as she spoke, "my work is all done, I will go after the cows and help your father milk to-night. You can stay here," and amply repaid by his "Treasure you are a treasure," she ran lightly down the pasture lane, while Israel, left alone, after reading a few pages, dropped his book and drifted away into a most glorious day-dream of fame and honors, from which he only aroused when Treasure, after bringing in the foaming pails of milk, called him to supper. That afternoon's incident was a fair illustration of the two young lives blossoming in the lonely farm-house—Israel Carle, the only child and son of their old age, and Treasure Reid, the orphan niece of Ezekiel Carle and his wife Elizabeth. Eight years before Treasure had come to them a sorrowful, heart-sick child, in those years it had become a home, indeed, to her. Of a tenacious, affectionate nature, she was attached to the gray old house and every foot of the land around it. She was fond of her uncle and aunt, plain, kindly folk, of simple habits and homely ideas, but the tenderness of her heart, the full wealth of her love was lavished on her cousin Israel. Herself energetic, contented, cheerful, his moody, lounging and impatient unrest, by contrast made the deeper impression. Frequent as his complaining confidences were, she never heard them without an admiring awe for what seemed to her the lettier heights of his nature. To her his words had the ring of genuine genius; his talents she never doubted, and the most dazzling pictures he drew seemed to her no more than he could easily achieve. Beside this great and brilliant mind, she felt how meager and insignificant was her own, and what a happiness it was that in any way she was enabled to be a comfort and help to him. So, as in this instance, she often took up the burden of his duties in addition to her own, and made possible to him many an hour of that indolent dreaming from which he only returned with more discontent to the environment of daily life. Israel, on his part, had many visions in which Treasure bore no part. He often felt a secret wish that her complexion had been less muddy, her form more graceful, and her temperament more romantic. But at the same time he was not without some perception of her trusting devotion. It flattered his repinings and longings to pour them into a sympathetic ear. It gave him a renewed assurance to look at himself through her eyes, and behold the heroic figure there reflected. In short, it is not too much to say that unconsciously, Treasure became one of the necessities of life, so much so, that the question of the strength or degree of his affection for her never occurred to himself. But at last the opportunity so frequently desired came, and Israel Carle made his escape from the wearisome fetters of farm routine to the neighboring city that had long been the goal of all his hopes. The opening was the humble one of a subordinate clerkship, but as he told Treasure, it was the entering wedge, gave him that and he would win the rest. Indeed, he believed he was glad that he had to grapple the world by the throat, as it were, and master it for himself. Ezekiel Carle did not forbid his going, though he shook his head in silent disapproval, while Jed Beers, the nearest neighbor, whistled a strain of "Old Dan Tucker" when he heard the news, before he made his comment "Going to the city, is he? Well, maybe he'll succeed, I dunno, but there's one thing I've noticed about Israel Carle, he never sees the end hill of a row of corn in hoeing time. Maybe he'll find the end of the row some day. I wouldn't want to swear to it though." But it was on Treasure's heart, the one that had no doubt or fear for his success, that the burden of his departure weighed heaviest, and when the parting moment came, Israel touched to unwonted tenderness by her pale face and tear-filled eyes, and realizing in the pang of separation all that she had been to him, whispered, as he kissed her good-bye, "Keep up courage, Treasure, I will have a home some day, and then I will come for you." Then he was gone, and Treasure, as she went about her work, or sat alone in the forsaken "elbow yard" that had been from childhood their favorite haunt, realized as never before the extent of the dumb hills and waiting woods. A solitude, solaced, however, by the memory of his parting words and his frequent letters. Though there was little that was glad-some in Israel's letters, they were a repetition of the old monologue, only on a slightly different key, but "while was still dark," existence was a cage he was beating his wings against; he was one alone; no one understood or appreciated him, the world was cold and heartless, and Treasure read it all with a heart full of pity, and dropped furtive tears on the fine embroidery she stitched for him, and stinted herself of girlish pleasures that she might add a mite to his scanty salary. The clerkship, however, was hardly less irksome than the farm, and it was not long till he returned glowing with a new enthusiasm, he had discovered the line for which his ambition and abilities best fitted him, the path that opened a glorious vista of light into the midnight darkness in which he had been groping, and the gates to this Eldorado region bore the inscription "Order" and "Blackstone." Ezekiel Carle had a few hundred dollars, the result of long saving, toward the purchase of the strip of land betwixt him and the road. But Israel pleaded so urgently and drew such bright pictures of the grand investment it would be, that at last his father consentantly yielded it to him. Ezekiel and his wife were growing old. They had hoped to have kept their son always with them, but they and Treasure versed him through loving eyes, and thought him at each return more handsome and noble. In the time Israel was absent to the bar, but the dream on the home resources did not cease. "It was impossible for him," he wrote with a fine scorn, "to stoop to the petty and gentile cases with which so many lawyers contented themselves. If little appropriations were a fault, he must be blamed, but he would rather wait in obscurity than accept a case unworthy him." Grand sentiments these sounded to the simple home group, the grander that they hardly understood them, but they seemed like his slightly exaggerated manner, the impress of the great world of which they dreamed so much and knew so little. Time passed on, the ideal client was slow in coming. But a summons was heard in the farm house, to higher than earthly court, and Elizabeth Carle, laying down the burdens she had borne so long, hastened to answer it. It was on the sorrow-stunned hearts that remained that there fell at the same time Israel's startling announcement that he had abandoned the law. "Yes," he said, in answer to Treasure's exclamation of surprise, "it has been a mistake from the beginning, I see now that I never was fitted for a lawyer. It's a dull, cramped life, full of miserable, sordid details. But a man often has to learn through his failures, and I've found out that not law, but journalism is my true vocation. Quick, intense work is what I want, something to appeal to the emotions and higher faculties. It's a grand field, Treasure, and when once I have fairly entered on it, neither you nor father will regret the change," and taking his cigar from his mouth he smiled down at her, with an air of superior confidence, that silenced all remonstrance on the part of the adoring woman by his side. But alas, even this new path was not thornless, as he wrote. "Everything brilliant in his writings was cut out by jealous editors. He wished he had been created to cringe and forget his manhood for the paltry dollar, but as he had not, he must suffer accordingly." In these years Treasure Reid had grown from a girl to woman, not pretty, but with a homely sweetness and cheery heartsomeness that carried its own charm, and brought more than one of the neighboring young farmers across the fields to the old house. Israel could not have told why, but these things stung him with angry irritation. He had often pitied himself for being bound to a woman of so little beauty and style, and felt that to appear with her, say at the opera, would cause his pride to twinge. There were even times when her love had seemed in the nature of a bondage, but none the less he could not bear that she should have even a passing interest apart from him, and finally, on one of his visits home, fired by some careless gossip, he blazed out on Treasure with a passion of reproach. "After all," he concluded bitterly, "I don't blame you, if you do marry Ed Hunt; indeed, it's the best thing you can do. He can make a home for you, and God knows that's more than there's any prospect of my ever doing for any woman. It will be lonely enough here without you, but, to be frank, there's not much use of your ever expecting anything of me. I can hardly support myself." "I am not expecting anything of you," she said, gently, "nor shall I marry." There was a look on her face that filled him with remorseful shame, though at the same time he drew a furtive breath of relief. Treasure would stay at the old home, and make it cheerful, but at the same time she would make no claim on him. He could buy choice wines and cigars hereafter, and indulge in dubious pleasures, without the half guilty feeling that had hitherto hampered him. So life on the quiet hillside kept its quiet round, for as Treasure had bitterly said to herself, if she was not necessary to Israel, there was one to whom she was, for Ezekiel Carle was growing an old man, and more and more the burden of his care and feebleness he rested on her strong young shoulders. As the years went by "was kind as an own child" he was wont to say of her, and when at last he was laid down by the side of his wife it was found that he had left tangible proof of his sense of her devotion, and some whispered of disappointment in his son. "To his beloved and faithful niece Treasure Reid," ran his will, was bequeathed the use of the old farm during her lifetime, and the sole reversal of it should she survive Israel. Some thought they detected a shade of chagrin on Israel's face, but none could be sure. The farm was remote, of small market value. He professed to be perfectly satisfied. "Just as I would have wished it," he assured Treasure when she spoke to him half tremulously on the subject. "It would have seemed a sacrilege to have yielded the dear old home to strangers, but you are a part of it, and it will be such a comfort when life is cold and dreary to turn to its shelter for refuge, and to always think of you as here, keeping alive the memories of the years I have been so dear to us both." As Treasure heard him a hope that half unconsciously she had cherished all the long years went out, and with a stifled sigh she turned the dream and turned to her solitary, life, solitary, but not idle. Where, if had been taken or denied, the healthful solace of a busy life remained, and Treasure Reid was, as the phrase runs, a "capable" woman. Her housekeeping was a marvel of neatness, her bread was the whitest, her pillows the cleanest, and her butter the sweetest in the region around, as the neighbors had reason to know, for many a dainty went out across the fields to the sick and suffering, while her hospitality was as generous as it was cordial. In farm matters she was equally efficient. As her hired man was wont to boast, "there wasn't a man in town could equal her in kalculation," and of the result and profits Israel received a carefully divided half, beside the welcome that always awaited him whenever necessity or inclination induced a return. A fitfully restless man, drifted hither and thither by the currents of excitement or circumstance, years and habits were leaving their impress on him, his wit had hardened into a mocking criticism, his high spirits warped into boastful egotism. Treasure was not wholly blind to the change, she saw, too, the averted looks of old friends and half suppressed whispers of disapproval. But the only quickened her old loyalty, and led her to throw the mantle of affectionate charity over his faults. Did she not know how hard life had been to him, the rebuffs he had suffered, the sharp threats his sensitive nature had received? Where others only saw the success, would be strider and man of letters, the dangerous of politics, the apostle of erratic and fitful movements, she beheld her early hero, her life-long idol. There came a day, however, when Israel Carle, a wasted, broken man, crept back to the old gray house for the last time. To a whatever of disappointment or doubts had turned intent in Treasure's heart disappeared wholly, and forever. With more than her old time tenderness she watched and tended him, as slowly through pain and weariness life ebbed away. And under that shadow of death Treasure Reid spent some of the happiest weeks of her life, time seemed to have folded back its pages to the sunny one, when she and her cousin were boy and girl together. Old forgotten memories seemed to start up in Israel's heart, an affection for the old familiar ways and scenes. To Treasure he clung with childish tenacity, arm in arm with her he revisited many of their once familiar haunts, and when he had grown too weak for that, he would lie for hours in the warm summer days, under the great pines, looking off, as with a sense of strange restfulness, at the quiet fields sometimes he made querulous complaints of his broken hopes, and the plans he had purposed, but for the most part he was very patient and gentle and quiet. Only once did he refer to the past, and that was just at the close. He had been lying propped up with pillows, watching with the wistful look of one who knows it is for the last time the sunset colors fade from the sky and the twilight deepen along the wooded horizon. As his faithful watcher bent over him, she saw that his eyes were wet with tears. "Treasure," he whispered faintly, "O Treasure, if I could only live my life over again how different I would make it for you as well as myself." They were almost his last words, and before morning, supported in the arms that had always been his stay and shield, he went down into the valley and shadow of Death. It was an August day, still and golden as that so many years before when the sighing pines had murmured of a blissful native to Israel Carle, when they bore his coffin out under their sonsher shadows, the day lilies were again in blossom, filling all the air with their heavy fragrance, and a cluster of them lay on the dead man's breast over the still heart that had purposed so much and wrought so little. After Israel's death, Treasure Reid aged fast; little by little she gave up the cares and labors to the man and his wife who had long lived with her, less and less she went from home, save to church or to homes of suffering or mourning. There she was ever present; tireless, efficient, attending to the dreary details, lightening heavy burdens; a very tower of strength. More and more she grew to the habit of sitting by herself in the room where Israel had died, the room that looked out on the little pine-shaded yard and westward hills. Often she was found turning over his old papers, a strange medley of fragmentary poems, speeches, pleas; it is doubtful if she understood them. Perhaps, that she did not, made her regard them the more as tokens of his ability, and say as she was wont to, "His talents were great; it seemed sad that he could not have lived till they were recognized." Her grief invested her with a simple patheos, but she was not a poetic figure; a stranger would have passed unnoticed the plain, gray-haired woman of antiquated dress and stiff formed manner. Her life had been narrow, restricted, with few opportunities, little diversity of the culture and accomplishments of the world; beyond her contracted horizon she knew almost nothing. Two of life's greatest problems, however, she had mastered; in her heart's case they lay enshrined, a sweet acceptance of the life that is, and an unfaltering assurance of the life to come. For the rest, if her hands were toil-hardened, they had soothed many a sufferer's pillow, and if her words were homely they had sustained many a sinking soul. And when once more a funeral train wound down across the fields, this time brown and hardened with storm and frost, though formal mourners were absent, all were mourners, for the pure and saintly woman whose life had been a benison among them. "Poor Treasure," said one old friend, as they turned from the new-filled grave, "she deserved a happier life. I never could bear her sacrificing herself to that selfish, worthless Israel Carle, and then to hear her speak of him as one of whom the world was not worthy made one long to open her eyes to the truth." "Did you never think," said the old minister who had overheard the remark, "that it might be her eyes were finer than ours, that she saw something in him we could not, and, true or erring, what would earth be if all measured every fault and weakness and saw us exactly as we are? No! No! Human kindness would tear the veil from our eyes, but Divine mercy leaves them dimmed with love's illusions."—*Cleveland Herald.*

### HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—It is said that a piece of zinc, placed on the live coals, will effectually clean out a stove-pipe, the vapor thus produced carrying off the soot by chemical decomposition.

—White leaves and variegated white and green leaves indicate degeneracy in a plant. A branch with leaves entirely white is no longer capable of propagation; it is in the last stage of its existence.

—Within a radius of twenty miles of Hopper, Lincoln County, Ore., there are over 200,000 sheep. It is safe to assume that these will average at least six pounds of wool apiece, or 1,200,000 pounds, which at an average price of twenty cents per pound sends to Hoodsport some sum of $240,000 a year.

—The best season for transplanting evergreens is from April to June. Spring-set trees are less liable to transport, and if the roots are kept from the air and are protected from the sun and warm winds they can be moved without loss in spring.—N. Y. Times.

—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman advises planting potatoes in the spring. If he says, cut whole tubers fall, it gives the tubers a chance to get started before the larger pieces, which are given in spring, have sufficient moisture for their use as food. Small tubers are just as good as large ones for seed, and yield a crop on fewer eyes.

—Never feed meal to a Mule Pig. It will kill it. Feed it to a cow, if you have one, or to other stock, but not to a pig. If it is put into a pen with other stock it will be crowded out of the trough and trampled to death. It will not survive meal.—N. Y. Times.

—Salt salmon should be soaked in cold water at least twelve hours before being cooked, and then boiled or baked and served with a sauce of butter, lemon juice, and parsley. Wash dried codfish in cold water, then put it in a saucepan of boiling water, let it stand ten minutes, then drain off the water and serve with cream sauce. Dried codfish will gain in size and will come very nicely if soaked twelve hours.—*Boston Transcript.*

—When the skin is not well oiled and lubricated, or when the animal is not in perfect health, it will gather a coat of dirt. This change will gather in a few days. To remove it, rub the animal well with a good brush, and then wash it with warm water and soap, and lastly in the lukewarm water in which an ounce of sal soda has been added. Rub well with a coarse towel, and with a little oil or grease. Horses treated in this way will be found to be healthier, more active, and more easy to keep than those not so treated.—*Farmers' Review.*

—Wear Little Clothing.—I would say to the young, especially the young ladies, wear as little clothing as possible. Let the chest and lungs be free, and the feet and limbs well protected from the cold. Let the feet be bathed in warm water, and well rubbed with a hard dry towel at least once a week, and you will find they will improve.

—The damage done to pastures and meadows by the grub of the May bug or June bug is great, and the only effectual remedy for protection is to plow up the ground in the fall, so as to expose the grubs to the action of the frost. The grubs are very tender, and are killed by exposure to the air. The crow, however, has great skill in detecting the presence of the destructive grub, and if allowed to multiply, would soon exterminate the pests, or at least reduce their numbers so much that they would do no serious damage. A few hills of corn in spring-time is small loss compared to the entire crop of a whole farm destroyed by grubs.

#### Shopping.

In a rather sharp article in the new papers (*Our Circle*) Miss Kate Field takes occasion to criticise quite severely the "shopkids," or, as she prefers to call them, the "young ladies" who are in this business, the "young ladies" who stands behind the counter. There is nothing new about the details. The sleepy young lady made mistakes in her reckoning, was decorously part when questioned, probably looked over Miss Field's shoulder when spoken to and if she had been handed a three-wooded hair pattern it then and there would her customer waited. Miss Field apologizes for her on the questionable ground of want of breeding, and in some graphic and answers a few pertinent questions.

"Why are shop mamsers in America the worst in the world?"

"Because the employes are generally of the humblest origin and are having neither the time nor the money to appreciate the virtue of manners."

This is a sweeping assertion, and it is in the main incorrect. Thirty years ago a shop-girl might have been looked on with contempt, because it was only the "woman who dared" who filled any respectable position in public life in this new country, but to-day it is the woman who makes the position respectable, not the position that subjects the woman to its denomination, and the best blood of the nation flows to day in the veins of shop-girls. In their ranks may be found the daughters of clergymen, of generals of the army, Senators, and the penniless heirs to a pedigree for which the members of the new dynasty would gladly exchange some of their superfluous wealth. And Miss Field is on the wrong side of the counter to judge of their politeness. She has lived abroad long enough to indulge in such speculative ideas as this. "The effect of Democracy upon vulgar men and women is to inflate them with the idea of equality—an equality which they attempt to assert by treating their superiors in station as no better than themselves." It would probably be an "assumption" if the shop-girl should rise up and tell the experience gained on the inside of the counter—of the women who want to buy and can never make up their minds what to get, who would tumble a dozen boxes of laces to select one yard of another kind, who question the shop-girl about the goods as if she were personally responsible for their manufacture, who cheapen and sharpen and deceive, and reveal their fine ladyhood in a thousand contemptible forms. How would one of these grand American women look in her gracious if the shop-girl should remark on the fineness of the day, or venture to assert herself as anything less than a machine? Strange as it may seem, it would be possible for even a shop-girl to have thoughts beyond the narrow range of boxes which comprise an endless masquerade of shoppers who keep her standing all day long—she may even "dare" to be impertinent and answer a question with a rising inflection of the voice, but she runs more risk of harm than can possibly befall the customers—the risk of losing her bread and butter—if she can afford any. The prosperous woman whose carriage waits, can surely afford to be patient and forgiving to a sister who has so little and works so hard for that.

There is another side to this question; the personal magnetism of sex. Let a man wait on ladies and vice versa. Unfortunately, though, men do not shop—happy beings! A man knows he is as much out of place in a dry-goods store, unless he is a dry-goods man, as a bull is in a china shop, and he keeps away, and lets his womankind wrestle with it.

And the majority of women love to shop. It is meat and drink to them. They sniff the battle from afar off and rush into it with an ardor that never abates until the last cent of allowance is gone, then they retrench and retreat without loss, only to hasten back to the fray with renewed vigor.—*Detroit Post.*

—Boston has ordered fire-escapes in every factory employing over five hands. Where only five are employed it is cheaper to let them burn with the building.

—A woman in Toronto begged in the streets with a rag baby in her arms to excite sympathy until the police gathered her in.

—A young attorney a day or two since having delivered himself of a speech in the superior Court, asked the clerk if he could smoke in the room. "Yes," was the reply. A pipe was brought out, and the gentleman was busily engaged in building smoke-columns in the air, when the Judge laid a hand upon him. "I thought you said I could smoke here?" in injured tone and indignantly of the clerk as soon as he got his breath. "I did," was the reply, as that busy officer proceeded with his manuscript. "didn't you smoke?"—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

Health and Strength.

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Wear Little Clothing.—I would say to the young, especially the young ladies, wear as little clothing as possible. Let the chest and lungs be free, and the feet and limbs well protected from the cold. Let the feet be bathed in warm water, and well rubbed with a hard dry towel at least once a week, and you will find they will improve."

The damage done to pastures and meadows by the grub of the May bug or June bug is great, and the only effectual remedy for protection for farmers against the depredations is through the Speaker of the deceased and lived on it. At least so thinks a correspondent of the Farmers' Review, who makes an earnest plea on behalf of these valuable denizens of the air. The crow, he says, has great skill in detecting the presence of the destructive grub, and if allowed to multiply, would soon exterminate the pests, or at least reduce their numbers so much that they would do no serious damage. A few hills of corn in spring-time is small loss compared to the entire crop of a whole farm destroyed by grubs.

[illegible]

To Consumptives.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]