THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For like *unto* *some* martial music,
Whose measured beat and time
Like *the* *march* of solemn clocks,
Would *but* *drive* away my rhyme.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As *naturally* as *the* sighs of *summer*,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like *the* benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem thy choice may be,
Through which, like *the* beautiful river,
Shall flow the river of thee.

And now, dear one, good-night,
The lights are out in the street,
The rain beats against the windows,
And I hear the sound of feet

That bear me on to slumber
And visions that shall be,
Till thou comest to me as *the* morning,
And I awaken to see.

Longfellow.

COLOR-BLIND.

"But, Rene dear, you don't mean to say you really intend to make your marry the Professor, whether you wish to or not?"

The speaker was an indignant look on Tom Nelson's strong, sun-burned face, and an unusual ring in his deep voice.

"Yes," answered Rene, "that's just what it amounts to. I don't mean to make me marry the Professor, as I'm not mad enough to do it willingly.

"But you don't mean to do it?" said Tom, eagerly.

"No, Tom, I will never marry him," said the girl, impetuously. "Why, Tom, haven't I been promised to you since we were babies?"

"Yes, Rene, and your parents seemed pleased enough with me until he came," said Tom, bitterly.

"Never mind, dear old Tom," answered Rene, as she put up her hand and caressed his cheek. "I am pleased with you and always shall be. Isn't that enough?"

"Quite enough, little one," said Tom, brightening. "I think I could get along if everybody else disliked me, if you were pleased with me."

Just then a voice in the direction of the house, Rene and Tom were in the garden, called:

"Rene, Rene!"

"Yes, mother."

"You must come right in," said Mrs. Alexander. "The dew is falling and you will take the stiffness out of your throat. And your father says Prof. Appleton is coming to-night. I want you to be ready to receive him."

Rene gave an impatient stamp of her little foot, and Tom groaned.

"Confound the Professor!"

A moment later he had kissed Rene and been kissed by her, and was striding across wide fields turned and walked with reluctant feet to his home.

"A good night's rest and honest sleep to the living," was the lonely prayer he sometimes gave Tom Nelson. If Tom Nelson had lived in Tom's day and generation he would not have been considered to have done for an honest man. As Rene had said, she had been promised to Tom since both were babies. Words of love for each other were among their first utterances, and while Tom wore roundabouts and Rene very short sleeved aprons, they registered a vow to marry each other. Unlike most engagements entered into in childhood, the compact remained unbroken. Tom had brains and nerve enough to become almost anything he might have desired, but he loved every foot of the fine old farm that was one day to be his, and every room of the comfortable, homelike house where he was born, and he chose to till the soil. Before the appearance in Linwell of Prof. Appleton, Rene's parents had smiled on Tom and encouraged his marked attention to their daughter. They doubtless thought that a young man who was to become sole owner of a ten thousand dollar farm, well stocked, would not be a bad son-in-law for a not over-successful doctor. But about a year before my story opens, Prof. Appleton had come to teach Greek and Latin in S— College. Rene met the Professor—a tall, gaunt, raw-boned, bald-headed man of forty, who was always scrupulously dressed in the finest of broadcloth and most immaculate of linen—at the house of a mutual friend in the village, and the learned gentleman proceeded at once to fall in love with her. He managed to become acquainted with Dr. Alexander, and received an invitation which he was not slow to accept, to visit at his house. Since the day when that visit was made, Rene had been really persecuted by Prof. Appleton's attentions. She did not like the man. He bored her exceedingly with his dry talk about things she did not understand, or sentimental speeches about things she did. She constantly refused to ride or walk with him, and talked or listened to him as little as was compatible with the simplest politeness.

"She's a prudent girl," said the Professor to himself. "She does not care to leave much to say to a gentleman to whom she is not engaged. I will speak to her father."

He spoke to her father, and gained the Doctor's full and hearty consent. Tom Nelson, seeing how well pleased Rene's parents had been with him, had never thought it necessary to ask formally for her hand. Doctor Alexander informed his daughter that Prof. Appleton had asked permission of him to address her, and then and there Rene vehemently declared she would never receive the Professor as a lover, and surely never become his wife.

"Girl, you are mad," said the doctor angrily. "Prof. Appleton is worth—I have taken pains to learn—fifty thousand dollars, and the honor of having a Professor in the family is a good deal, I assure you. In short, I command you to receive Prof. Appleton as your future husband."

"And remember it is also my desire that you look upon the Professor with favor," added Mrs. Alexander. "Half the girls in the village are crazy after him."

Rene's lips opened to say that any of them might have him for all of her, but she had never been disrespectful to her parents. She turned and walked out of the room without a word, but with hot rebellion in her heart. It was in the evening of the same day that Rene met Tom in the garden and the conversation we have recorded took place.

Rene went to the house, five minutes after being called by her mother, determined to be so disagreeable to the Professor that he would never ask her to be his wife. But instead of the Professor came a boy with a note from that learned gentleman, saying he had taken a severe cold which would debar him from realizing the pleasure he had anticipated for that evening, and that he hoped he should be able to call in a few days. About this time Mrs. Alexander determined to give a party. At fifty she loved gayety better than did Rene at twenty-two. A week from that evening she decided she would gather her friends together for a social time, a few games and a little supper. The list of people who were to be invited was forthwith made out, the invitations were written, and Rene's ten-year-old brother Fred was sent out to distribute them.

The Professor received his invitation as he sat in his room with watery eyes and nose made very red by constant application of his handkerchief. He knew he should probably be the lion of the evening and resolved to order a new suit of clothes for the occasion. He drew his desk close to the fire, and wrote a telegram to his tailor in ——, a city distant ten miles, telling him to send by express samples of the most fashionable cloth for gentlemen's evening wear. A boy was dispatched with the message. By the five o'clock train the samples arrived, and the lad who was at the express office waiting for them, took them at once to the Professor. He examined them very carefully, indeed, before making a choice. He had heard Mrs. Alexander say that nothing disgusted her more than to see a person dressed out of taste, and he was wise enough to understand that to please the mother of the girl he hoped to win was no small thing, especially as he must depend on that mother to help him win the daughter. After long deliberation, he made a choice.

"Pearl gray is always genteel," he said. "That is a color, or rather shade, that must, I think, please every one."

He sent the sample he had selected to his tailor, directing that knight of the shears and goose to make him a suit of the same cloth, having it cut in the way that would be the most becoming to one of his figure and position. The tailor had his measure.

"H'm!" said the tailor when he received the sample. "I wonder how this got in among the pieces I sent Appleton? I believe a piece was taken off the sleeve when I put up the samples. Guess young Darlington sent it in when he ordered that mosquito suit. Wonder why the Professor sends that back?"

He had held the Professor's note in his hand unread while he looked at the sample. Now he turned his attention to the letter, and gave a long, low whistle.

"The Professor must be getting boyish," he said. "Of course he must be going to be masquerade to order a suit like that. I don't see why he has it made in the latest style. But since orders is orders (unless orders is money, Jones), and he sent an extra dollar minute directions about the suit."

Tom Nelson went about his work with rather a heavy heart in those days. Rene's parents did not fail to show him that they no longer looked upon his attentions to their daughter with favor. He did not believe Rene would give him up, but doubts would creep into his mind and fears harass him in spite of himself. All girls loved wealth and position. Rene might be persuaded in time, and what would life be worth without her?

These thoughts made him uncomfortable in the extreme. He did not see Rene as often as he used to. He disliked going to her home, for he met with but a chilly reception from the Doctor and his wife. But Rene understood who his visits were so rare, and loved him in those days more than ever.

The evening of the party was bright and clear, and nearly every one who had been bidden to the entertainment was present. Several strangers from the Professor's native town, the friends of the Doctor's cause from the city, and all the notables of the village graced the occasion by their presence. When it was growing rather late for arrivals, and all on thorns in fear of the expected guests had come, the servant opened the parlor door and announced in a loud voice, "Professor Appleton."

Doctor Alexander, proud that his daughter had a chance to marry so brilliant a match, had informed nearly all friends of the Professor's wish to address Rene, and all the village knew how deeply smitten was the man of Greek and Latin with the Doctor's daughter. It was therefore with no small interest that every one in the room turned to look at the Professor as he entered. And every one continued for some seconds to look at him. An expression of supreme astonishment was upon all their countenances, and when they turned their eyes away from him to the faces of their friends, the expression of astonishment was changed to one of merriment. Even a corner where some young people were gathered came a half-suppressed but unmistakable laugh. Before them all stood the Professor, who, in some way, all understood was to be the hero of the evening, dressed in a suit of bright scarlet! For a moment consternation held host and hostess rooted to the spot where they stood. Then they moved forward, and greeted their late guest, but in such an awkward and constrained a manner that the poor man began to think he must have done something to offend them, and tried in vain all the rest of the evening to think of anything he had said or done which could have displeased them. The hours before one o'clock were got through with somehow. The Alexanders and every one present tried to act as well-bred people should, but with the Professor in his bright hued garments moving among them rather listlessly, he felt that some unfortunate circumstance had turned the Alexanders against him.

It was not easy to keep down tears and talk on the subjects usually discussed at dignified and proclitious parties. The time when the guests could say good-night and go away, was welcomed both by them and by their entertainers.

The next morning, Doctor Alexander, looking as fierce as a lioness, for the little man was as fiery as a red pepper when his temper was aroused—called on Prof. Appleton at his room.

"What do you mean, sir," he cried, without any greeting or preliminary speech, "by coming to my house when we have company in such an outrageous looking suit as you wore last night, and disgracing us? I insist upon an immediate explanation."

"An immediate explanation? I do not understand you at all," said the Professor, politely. "I ordered the suit I wore last night expressly for your party. A thought pearl-gray was always fitting for a gentleman's evening costume."

"You don't mean to say," cried the doctor, somewhat mollified, "that you thought the suit you wore last night was pearl-gray?"

"Indeed, sir, I did," said the Professor, beginning to grow pale.

"Well, sir, then you are very much mistaken," said the Doctor, evidently not finishing the sentence as he had at first intended. "That suit is fire-red, fire-red, sir, I assure you."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Professor, sinking into a chair. "Doctor, I must be color-blind," he added after a moment's pause, "for I surely thought the suit was pearl-gray."

Within a week, the Professor had his eyes examined and he was declared to be totally color-blind. I think Doctor Alexander would still willingly have given him his daughter, but Mrs. Alexander would not hear of it.

"No knowing what absurd things he might do," she said. "I declare, I would not be as shocked and disgusted again as I was that night for a hundred dollars, and Rene might expect such things at any time, if he should become my son-in-law."

Tom Nelson became again a welcome visitor at the Doctor's home, and at Christmas he and Rene were married. But Mrs. Alexander did not give her consent to the match until she had brought out a basket of worsted and made sure that Rene's affianced could tell colors as well as herself.—*Woman's Journal.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Spare-ribs are good broiled, though few people know it. Crack the bones and broil over a good bed of coals, serve with apple sauce.

—A. D. Capen, of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, says cabbage plants may be headed every day during the season with advantage to the crop.

—Some one makes the novel suggestion that a pug raised by a sheep, which will soon own it, will, when a dog pitches the flock against other dogs, or against thieves.—*Boston Herald.*

—Butter Scotch—the children's favorite—is made of one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, and one cup of molasses. Boil until it hardens in cold water, then spread it thinly in pans, and mark it in squares or diamonds.

—Tapioca Pudding: Soak two-thirds of a cupful of tapioca over night in one quart of milk; then add three beaten eggs, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, butter the size of an egg, one whole lemon, grated; bake three quarters of an hour; serve with milk or cream.

—Waldo F. Brown, Oxford, O., says that he is planting corn fifteen inches each year on land too poor to raise a profitable crop of grain, on stone hill-sides and other unproductive places. He estimates that the timber on such land will be worth, in twenty years, from $40 to $60 per acre, and that after it is cut over, a second crop will grow in twelve years.

—Codfish hash is good for breakfast, with the accompaniment of good coffee and light muffins. It is a good plan if you wish for an early breakfast to put the codfish in cold water the night before. This will take out the salt, and, of course, save the trouble of freshening it in the morning. Then, when you are ready to cook it, put it in a frying-pan with a little butter, and when it is hot add the codfish and potatoes. Season it with pepper, a little cream and butter. Cook it slowly, and stir at least half an hour.—*N. Y. Tribune Farmer.*

—Treatment of cucumbers: Fill a pot with garden soil, mixing with it a little gravel and a few bits of mortar, to within an inch of the top; fill the remaining space with sand, and shield stones; insect the cucumbers deep enough to make it stand upright, set it in a sunny spot on pavement and water sparingly. If each little cucumber is picked off as soon as it appears the main plant will be larger, and more apt to blossom.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—If a boiled turkey is not well managed it will be quite tasteless. Choose a hen turkey. It must be well trussed and tied. Cut the legs at the first joint and draw them into the body. Loosen the small ends of the wings under the back, and tie them securely with strong twine. Sprinkle over plenty of salt and pepper and lemon juice, and put it into boiling water. Boil it slowly two hours or until quite tender. It is often served in a bed of rice with oysters; sometimes with caper sauce, celery sauce and Hollandaise sauce. Pour part of the sauce over the turkey. Reserve the gravy for gravy soup. It can be stuffed for not, the same as for roasting.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Restoring Exhausted Fertility.

Not unfrequently the least productive land is not fertile enough, but out of condition from poor tillage or stagnant water near the surface. We may be quite sure that land that plows up in large lumps is never really poor. Those lumps are the ameliorating in which lie all the fertility we seek to save it from waste under improvident management and poor culture. I have often seen fields in which a few underdrains to remove surplus water, and let in air and heat, have worked wonders. The choked soil was fertile enough, but exposure until better culture made the fertility available as plant food. On land not much too wet, good tillage will in part do this without underdraining, though it supplies water is not removed the good effects of tillage will not last longer than the first year.

In going to work to improve land, it makes a great difference whether the soil be sand or clay, light or heavy, dry or wet. As a rule, dry lands show forth all they are worth, while soils saturated with moisture are often better than they look. The best soils are dark colored, but abundance of manures of vegetable matter is not a sure sign of fertility. There is probably the same difference in muck that there is in the manure from decomposition of various kinds of vegetables. The rotting of cotton seed or of clover hay makes vastly better manure than the decomposition of wheat or rye straw. The question as to the value of muck for farm uses is being much discussed now, and it is a very idle one. There is muck and muck—some very valuable, much more less so, and some almost entirely valueless. Which of these classes a farmer's muck-bed belongs to he can best determine by experiment.

But the farmer who would restore fertility to partly worn-out lands can hardly go amiss in applying vegetable matter in some form. Decaying vegetable matter lightens heavy soils, and solidifies sandy soils. It gives the dark color to the soil which makes it warm for the young germ in early spring time. On heavy soils it has more than a mechanical effect in making them porous. It disintegrates them, so as to make latent fertility available. It is sometimes objected to the use of concentrated fertilizers that they help the crop to exhaust the soil by taking more from it than the fertilizer directly adds. There is, perhaps, no kind of manure to which this objection will not apply. Yet we know that under good management and with a liberal use of fertilizers soils will continue to grow better while being constantly cropped. The conclusion is unavoidable that all manures help the soil otherwise than by the fertility they contain. In other words, manures help the soil to help itself. This is one of the most important facts in connection with improved farming. Good land can and should yearly grow better. Poor land, unless managed with the greatest care, is likely to grow worse.

Probably nothing so marks the difference between good and poor soils as the absence or presence of vegetable matter. This is why a crop of clover, or even of buckwheat plowed under, has often so remarkable a renovating effect. The decaying mass in the soil works chemical and other changes in its particles, which add vastly to its productiveness than chemical analysis would warrant us in believing. Vegetable matter while decomposing gives off plant food which the soil retains. It also probably enables the tilled soil, under some conditions, to gather fertility from the air, rains and melting snows. It would seem that lands abounding in vegetable matter would be unaffected by the addition of more, but I have known a crop of clover to be plowed under on a black, mucky soil with decidedly beneficial results. Probably in this case the fermentation gave needed warmth, and without doubt the decaying clover gave off a larger proportion of nitrogen to the soil than the other vegetable matter could do. Usually, however, on black soils fertility can be restored more cheaply than by the use of clover or other vegetable matter. Potash and phosphate of lime or bone-earth are usually most needed in black soils, and with these and good drainage such lands may often be profitably cropped for a long series of years.

Experiment is needed to ascertain what mineral elements are most needed. Oftentimes he and Rene were married. But Mrs. Alexander did not give her consent to the match until she had brought out a basket of worsted and made sure that Rene's affianced could tell colors as well as herself.—*Cor. N. Y. Examiner.*

The Arctic Whaling Fleet.

The twenty or more whale-ships which came down from the Arctic last autumn have mostly started again for the white desolation. They usually will not arrive in the Arctic before some time in May. They fish by the way, making long stretches out of a direct course, sometimes getting well over toward Japan, and sometimes nearer about the Okhotsk Sea, for any chance to strike a few whales in this latitude. Besides the fleet of sailing ships, there will be three steamers in the Arctic this season—viz.: The Belvedere and Nautilus, of New Bedford, and the new steamer now on the stocks of this port, which will be completed inside of the next two months. The sailing ships are all old-fashioned, stout, roomy ships, which have done good service in other business before they were sent around to the Arctic. Some of them were packets fifty years ago. They are old, strong, weatherly ships, and seem to be independent of all decay. The cold weather of the Arctic and the saturation of oil have a tendency to preserve ships. Unless those old vessels get nipped in the ice, they may be good for at least a quarter of a century more of good service. By that time there will probably be no use for anything but the screw steamships or whaling. Even now another use of steam in whaling has been introduced—the steam tender, or small boat with steam, strong enough to tow a dead whale a long distance and tow the whale-boats to the fishing-grounds. Steam can not be used in following whales, on account of the noise. But it can be used as an auxiliary in the ways suggested, and, it is said, with substantial advantage. A great many whales are struck and lost. But a steam tender to hitch on and tow thirty or forty miles is the latest improvement in whaling. The old sailing vessels will wear out in the business. They do not represent a great deal of capital. Now and then an old ship worth five or six thousand dollars, and taking that sum in the matter of outfit, will come into port with a thousand barrels of oil, and no much more as can be stored away. The interest on capital is small. The profits are large. That is why those old bluff-bowed ships soaked with whale-oil are so dear to the hearts of their owners. The steam whalers, without exception, anywhere from $40,000 to $100,000, according to size. These must come into port with large fares, or the venture would be a losing business.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

A Reminiscence of Guiteau.

A gentleman now residing in Chicago yesterday gave to a News reporter the following reminiscence of Guiteau, the assassin: "I was in Minneapolis last summer, soon after the assassination, and called on a Mrs. Mary Santmis, a widow residing on First street, who had been a member of the Guiteau family in Sackett's Harbor, a small town in New York State, on Lake Ontario. Mary and Guiteau were about of an age, and both attended the same school. She told me all about the boy's home-life, his passionate nature, and the fear in which he was held by the school children. He was constantly writing religious essays and preaching, and time and again declared he could walk on the water as Christ did. At last Guiteau appointed a time, after school hours, when he would demonstrate his faith on the waters of Ontario. All the school children and many of the grown people of the town assembled on the shore, and Guiteau speedily put in an appearance. He passed through the crowd without a word, and stood in the water on a small dock. After waving his hands about several times and mumbling an unintelligible prayer he stepped off the dock into the water, and, of course, went down. The crowd hooted and yelled, and made merry over the fiasco. It was only by the greatest exertions the boy—then aged about eighteen years—was saved from drowning. The next day he explained his failure by saying that among the crowd were a number of unbelievers, and he could do nothing in their presence. This incident was but one of many similar sensations Guiteau created in Sackett's Harbor, and no attention was paid to it until he earned world-wide notoriety by shooting President Garfield."—*Chicago News.*

A Novel "Swear."

A singular incident lately occurred in a London witness-box during the hearing of a case in which a Parsee gentleman was called upon to give evidence. He objected to be sworn either on the old or new testament, and, not being a Mahomedan, he could not be sworn on the koran; but he produced from his breast a "sacred relic," and said that by making a declaration and holding the "charm" in his hand, and not concealing it, the act would be binding on his conscience. The commissioner thought that, under the peculiar circumstances, he would be justified in taking the witness' declaration, if at the same time he held the "charm" unconcealed in his hand, and declared that he would consider the act sufficiently binding upon him to bear true testimony in the matter at issue. It is said to be usual to swear Parsees holding the tail of a cow, which in India is regarded as a sacred animal.

A Musical Tournament.

At Milan, Italy, they have recently had a Musical Industrial Exhibition and Competition, under royal patronage, at which were collected and compared, during a period of several months, the largest number and greatest variety of musical instruments, old and new, ever brought together. America was honored in the award to the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company of the highest medal, and the only one in this department. Considering that 250 awards were given, altogether, this distinction was very marked. It is a continuation of the triumphs of those famous organ makers at every one of the World's Fairs for fourteen years; to which there has been no exception.—*The Manufacturer.*

—The New York firemen are kept too busy and the streets are too crowded for a proper training of the department horses. A school has been established at Manhattanville, outside the city. Here they are put through all the maneuvers necessary to accustom them to the noise and excitement caused by the alarm, the engines and other tumults. "Green" horses are in this way more quickly and economically turned into the knowing ones that intelligent fire horses become.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mr. and Mrs. Jake Brooks, of Argus, Ala., have returned home from a trip to Florida. They loaded their three children and baggage on two hand-carts, and traveled afoot, camping out on the way. The journey was undertaken, Jake says, for health and recreation, and resulted satisfactorily in both respects.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A bill has been introduced in Congress to "facilitate the transmission of money by mail." This is doubtless a good thing, but what the people of the boundless West want is some scheme to get hold of the money in the first place. The circulation of it is too sweetly easy.—*Denver World.*

—A scientist says that few people know that in bad seasons honey is apt to be poisonous; that is, when flowers are scarce, the bees are obliged to gather it from poisonous flowers.

—A Louisville wealthy leather dealer states that $1,000 spent in advertising brings him in more orders than a $4,000 a year agent has ever done.

A Stranger to Liberty.

That incorrigible and aged scamp, Charles Langhorne, who has spent about one-half of his fourscore years of existence behind prison bars, will shortly be released from the Eastern Penitentiary. The old man has attained a majority under the sobriquet of "Philadelphia Dutchman," the great juvenile leader employed his pen, in his American sketches, to inveigh against the solitary confinement system. Followed in the penitentiary, and selecting Langhorne, who was undergoing a four years' sentence when the reformer visited the jail, as a special case to illustrate the misery of the prisoners. Langhorne was first sentenced to the penitentiary on May 18, 1844, having been arrested for some thieving operations. He served his term out and was released, but was soon well back again. His history since that time has been a series of repetitions. A release from prison, a short freedom, and another long term of imprisonment made up his life. In March, 18—, he was caught in the act of stealing a silver watch and was sent back to his old quarters at Cherry Hill. Soon after his release in July he again went back to his old tricks, and for the theft of some money from the office of Messrs. Allen & Story, North and Girard avenue, was taken back to prison. It is the last term which he is now about completing, during his long confinement Langhorne has painted the walls of his cell quite beautifully, using colors extracted from the yarn with which he was assigned to work.

On being released from prison in 1877, the old man went to Michigan to work on a farm, but shortly after the inspectors of the penitentiary received a note stating that they send him some money to return and receive him in a friendly jail. No attention was paid to the letter, but shortly after Langhorne turned up in the city and found his way into the house of correction. After his release he commuted a cheap room and went back to his quarters at Cherry Hill.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The New York *Commercial* thinks that the interests of the American hog are being better cared for in Europe than those of the American citizen.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Colwell Dixon Alexander, editor of *Sunday News*, has been convicted of obtaining, by the use of the mails, money under false pretenses.

Seven citizens of Lexington, Ky., have been arrested in connection with the recent lynching of Quinn Thomas, awaiting an order to go under bond.

Mr. W. S. Fogden, Greenfield, Mass., was elected to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, receiving 1,000 votes in Shutesbury.

Where people are not afraid to work. The number of persons employed in Lawrence, Mass., is greater than ever before.

Beautiful Women

are made pale and unattractive by diseases of the generative organs, which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will invariably cure. Thousands of testimonials. Sold by druggists.

A Boston doctor says hair-tonics should never be applied to the roots of the hair. They should be applied to the ends.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Among scientific men who have made hygiene a study, it is almost unanimously agreed that a fruit and vegetable diet is conducive to health and perfect health. And it is among the discoveries that we find the principal means of restoring health to the invalid, and strength to the weak. In cases of many years' standing, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proved a positive cure. Dr. Pierce's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, with the exception of one ingredient, and that is merely a vegetable compound, and is not injurious to the most delicate female. Its effect on the general system is most wonderful. It is a powerful tonic, acting on every part of the body, and its searching effect in quieting the blood in the most obscure parts is most remarkable. Its principal ingredients are Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Stillingia, Iron, Burdock, Cherry and Cascara Bark. Where the disease is of an exhaustive nature, it quickly checks all decay. In cases of Consumption it does not as a specific cathartic. Still it gives real strength to the digestive organs, and thus permanently cures that dreadful disease.

You may think it ridiculous to claim that the bull dog is entitled to the wages of the man who put it into the world, but it is all the same.

A little boy who wouldn't run to the store for his mother until he had had a drink of water, asked in astonishment, of his playmate every time she ordered him, "Didn't you wash it this day?"—*Texas Siftings.*

A Texan shot at a rabbit with a rifle. The ball passed through the animal, killed a dog, struck a stone, glanced off, rattle and finally lodged in a negro's leg. What's the use of Dr. Carver trying to shoot?

At St. Cloud a traveler asked at what times the Paris steamers left. "Every ten minutes, was the answer. Monsieur will not have to wait more than a quarter of an hour."—*Le Figaro.*

A traveler who had just read on the guide-post "Dublin two miles," thought to make game of a passing fisherman by asking, "If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Faith, answered Pat, "all of yours is as slow as yer walk ye'll get there about the judgment day, begad."

For some time Texas has been rejoicing in the possession of what was declared to be the oldest biscuit in the country, a biscuit which a soldier carried home from the war in his knapsack. The fifty years which elapsed ago for any article of food, but it is never safe to boast of an antiquity until Boston has been heard from. True to her fame Boston now steps confidently forward with two biscuits which were brought to this country in 1630 by Robert Peirce and Alice his wife in the good ship Mary and John. Both seem to be of the broad species of appears to be made from coarse oat-meal, and is as dry and hard as wood, so that there is no reason why a fellow who got hold of one of the biscuits in the dark, while looking for lunch, couldn't chew and bit it, and so ruin his reputation.—*Boston Post.*

PRESENTIMENTS.

An Investigation of the Causes of Those Dark Forebodings which Make Powerful Men Weak.

Most, nevertheless, are more or less influenced by the apparent knowledge that the commencement of the month of March will make the designation of the month that is to follow one of unusual interest. But while some are becoming so engrossed with the subject as to lose all interest in the affairs of every-day life, others are treating it with ridicule. Between these two extremes are those who are not willing to be laughed out of their presentiments, but who are not willing to make themselves conspicuous by their fears. Of the latter class was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was not superstitious, but he was a firm believer in presentiments. He was also a believer in dreams, and he was not ashamed to say so. He was not afraid to tell his friends that he had had a dream, and that he was going to act upon it. He was not afraid to tell his friends that he had had a presentiment, and that he was going to act upon it. He was not afraid to tell his friends that he had had a dream, and that he was going to act upon it. He was not afraid to tell his friends that he had had a presentiment, and that he was going to act upon it.

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A Case of Water Spout.

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