THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

AFTER THE CYCLONE.

Is this the spot? they tell me so,
Where my home stood a week ago,
One little week ago, ah me!
My weary gaze can only see
An orchard of uprooted trees,
A garden swept away, and these
Great heaps of logs and clay that press
The earth with their unsightliness.
They made the cottage low, where we,
Myself and John and baby, three,
At least, of all earth's children were
Most glad of life, most free from care.

The morning, oh, it was so bright!
And clover blossoms red and white
Made the air heavy with perfume,
And early roses were in bloom;
The climbing peas in bud, and beets
In red-lined leaves telling their sweets,
The beans grew fast, the cabbage, too,
Its sea-green leaves empearled with dew,
Stood sturdily; and from my door
I saw it all and wondered more
And more—my baby on my knee—
Why God had been so good to me.

Then John came whistling from the field—
John was my life, my sun, my shield—
And as he came, my heart, so blest
With olden memories tender-rest,
Seemed overburdened just to see
Him come, and see the baby's glee.
He talked with me a little while,
Drank from the well, then with a smile
Lifted the baby up, and said:
Good-bye;" and laid upon my head
His hand with tender touch, and then
Said: "We will not come back again,
My work is done, and now, you see,
The baby goes along with me."

I laughed aloud, with scarcely less
Than my own baby's carelessness.
Under the trees, and through the gate
Went man and child with joy elate;
The father with such fond, fond pride
To give the little one a ride
On horseback there; I looked that way
And waved my hands as glad as they;
And this, and this; who tells me so,
That it was but a week ago.

Then I was young, now I am old,
As though my threescore years were told;
My memory tries in vain to go
Through what befel, but this I know:
An awful sound from everywhere
And sudden horror filled the air.
Swaying and sweeping overhead
A spectral cloud so dark and dread
Came through the sky, and Heaven fell,
And earth sank down, and up rose Hell,
And I was lost, and called on John
To bring our child, but died alone.

I died, for it was death to me,
And that one hour eternity.
And now, God pity me, I stand
Upon this desolated land;
Home, garden, flower and tree are gone,
I have no hope, no child, no John.
The neighbors tell me God knows best,
To comfort me; they are at rest,
They say, and buried tenderly
When I was all too ill to see.
It must be so, it must be so,
But was it but a week ago?

Would I could know how long it seems
To John and baby in their dreams,
For well I know they dream of me,
Who loved them, oh, so utterly!
Ah! they have much to tell, how they
Cried out for me in death that day,
John standing on the Happy Shore
Without my welcome at the door,
He cannot be at home, and he
Will grieve because he said to me
They would not come again, then make
More of the baby for my sake.

Oh, there be secrets dread and deep
The dead must know, the dead must keep;
And there be sorrows all too dread
To tell the living; but the dead
We long to tell; they heed us not.
Oh, John and baby, unforgot
I stand an effigy of woe
Where our home stood a week ago.
—*Louise V. Boyd, in Indianapolis Journal.*

A CONJURER'S FEAT.

The signor was giving a series of highly-successful performances in the city of Mobile; where (as he tells us in his auto-biography) people came to consult him privately about love affairs, matters of business and future events, thinking that one who could do such wonders must be able to unravel all the mysteries of life.

It was a rather primitive, simple-minded community in those days. In vain he disclaimed the fortune-telling powers ascribed to him. It was still believed that he could give the required information if he would.

He was one day in the hall, preparing for the evening's performance, when an elderly gentleman called upon him, and with profound respect asked the honor of taking him by the hand.

"I saw your doings here last night," said the visitor, "and let me tell ye, 'twas the most wonderfulest thing I ever did see! I never laughed so in all my born days!"

"I am glad you were pleased," replied the signor, politely.

"How you could take so many eggs out of a bag that had been thrashed on the stage and trampled on, upset all my calculations! And how *could* you know that a stranger in the middle of the hall had a chicken under his coat? I couldn't see a feather of it till you called him up and pulled the squawkin' critter out?"

The signor silently listened to a good deal more talk of this sort, until the speaker came to the object of his visit.

"They do say, signor, that there's nothing you don't know, or can't find out if you try. And I've come to consult you"—the old gentleman looked cautiously about the hall, and lowered his voice—"on a question that I'd willingly give one of my fingers to unpuzzle."

"That's probably a question I couldn't *unpuzzle* if all my fingers depended on it," replied the signor. "I've no such powers, outside of my own business, as many people suppose."

"Make this your business, and I'll reward you well for it," said the visitor. "My name is Oatman. I live on my plantation in summer, and bring my family to town in winter. We bring only two servants with us; and they are old family servants, that I can't think would steal from us."

"You have been robbed?" suggested the signor.

"Now how did you ever find that out?" cried the planter, astonished.

"You just told me," laughed the signor.

"Not I!" chuckled the other, with a sagacious shake of the head. "I hadn't come to that part of my story. But I see you read my thoughts before I can out with them. I *have* been robbed; in the strangest way."

As every well-to-do planter carried his watch and dangling fob-chain, and as Mr. Oatman's person showed none, the signor, who was fond of a joke, could not help answering in fortune-telling fashion:

"Your watch has been taken!"

"Now how could you know *that?*" the simple-minded man exclaimed, in delighted surprise. "It was the first thing I missed. Then we made search, and found that my wife's diamond ring was gone, and that over two hundred dollars had been filched from my till."

"The thief must have been acquainted with the premises," suggested the signor.

"There you hit it again," said the planter, with lively satisfaction. "You score one every time. He *must* know the premises, whoever he is; and that's the strange part of it. Servants faithful—Good Lord, they wouldn't know what to do with the money and things if they had them! Only our son and daughter living with us. A few intimate friends come in, that I trust as far as I'd trust myself. *Now, who could have robbed us?*"

The worthy Oatman aimed this question point-blank at the signor, who answered seriously that he could not tell.

"You *can* tell! I'm sure you can tell!" the planter insisted, stoutly. "I haven't come here without consulting my family. My wife and daughter both advised me to come. Only my son tried to dissuade me. He said you couldn't know anything about such matters, and I would only be making a bad matter worse. But then, he hasn't seen your wonderful performances."

A quick suspicion shot through the signor's intuitive mind.

"Your son was right; he gave you good advice. I dare say he was quite anxious that you should keep away from me?"

"Indeed, he was!" said the planter. "He was so worked up about it, I had to partly promise I wouldn't come, before he would let me leave the house. He said I would make a fool of myself, and I said: 'Well, well, George, I won't!' He thought I meant I wouldn't consult you. But what I really meant was"——

"That you wouldn't make a fool of yourself," the signor interrupted. "And here you're doing it, I'm afraid, after all!"

"No! no!" cried the planter, confidently. "You just come around to the house with me, examine the premises, and talk with the folks, and I'm positive you can guess the riddle, if you haven't guessed it already. Ah!" he laughed, gleefully, "I see by your eye you have guessed it!"

Indeed, the suspicion which had entered the signor's mind had become almost a certainty; and it was not without hope of being able to solve the mystery, to his own satisfaction if not to the planter's, that he finally consented to visit the house.

He was introduced to the planter's wife and daughter; saw the servants—a simple old negro and his wife; and was shown the room from which the valuables had been purloined.

While he was thus engaged, a fine-looking young fellow, but with a rather careworn face for one hardly yet out of his teens, came and stood in the doorway.

"Ah! Signor, here is my son," said Mr. Oatman, slightly embarrassed. "You see, George, I—I—thought best to—you won't mind, my boy; for asking him in can't do any hurt, if it don't do any good.

"All right!" said George, carelessly. But the signor, who exchanged glances with him, saw that his lip twitched nervously, and that there was an anxious look in his eye.

"Your father has an extravagant notion of my poor abilities," the signor remarked, in a friendly tone. "*You* haven't witnessed my performances?"

"I haven't had that pleasure," the youth replied, drily.

"No doubt you have been more pleasantly employed. The city offers a good many attractions to a spirited young man; and I see by your looks," the signor added, with a meaning smile, "that you are not one of those dullards who go to bed at dusk."

George smiled in a glassy sort of way, and seemed trying to bring out some careless reply, when his mother remarked, complainingly:

"George keeps very late hours this winter. I'm so sorry! for any one can see it isn't good for him."

"He used to make calls with me, evenings," said the sister. "But he never does, now-days. I can't think what he finds to amuse him so late, every night."

"I can think," said the signor. "I know the city, and I know young men. I'm sorry, George!" He looked the young man keenly in the eye, as he continued:

"If *you* had been in the habit of remaining at home nights, this theft *never would have taken place!*"

By the look, and the words, and still more by the tone in which the words were spoken, poor George must have perceived that his secret was in the signor's possession. Still the trusted parents and affectionate sister remained free from the slightest suspicion of his guilt.

"I reckon that's true, signor!" said the father. "George is known to be a capital shot, and no burglars would venture in the house when he was at home. Do you discover anything more?"

"Being a stranger her," the signor replied, "I can't make up my mind at once. If your son should set about it, I've no doubt *he* could clear up the mystery very quickly; but I shall have to study over it awhile."

Declining to say anything more definite, but promising that the family should hear from him if he succeeded in finding the lost treasures, he presently took leave, giving George a very significant look at parting.

He had not been long at the hall, pondering over the painful problem he had been set to solve—haunted by the pale face of the guilty son—when the face itself appeared before him.

"Ah, George!" said the signor, kindly; "I am glad to see you."

The youth came forward slowly, too much agitated to speak. Then, apparently touched by the signor's sympathetic manner, he broke forth imploringly:

"For mercy's sake, sir, don't expose me!"

"My dear George!" replied the signor, taking his outstretched hands, "I shall not expose you if I can help it. But let's understand each other. Tell me all about it."

"You know it all!" exclaimed the wretched youth, beginning to tremble and sob violently.

"I know something. You have fallen in with bad companions. But how could you—how could you deceive and wrong your own parents?"

"Because I am an idiot! because I am the most miserable, ungrateful, wicked son that ever had good parents to wrong!" said George, in a convulsion of remorse and despair. "But I didn't mean to rob them."

"I know," said the signor. "You meant to return what you took. That's what every well-brought-up young man means when he takes the first step in crimes of this sort."

"Truly I meant it!" George protested. "I took the money first, hoping to win back with it what I had lost at play. Then when I had lost that, I took the ring. Then, desperate fool as I was, I took the watch and pledged it. That led to the discovery. If it hadn't been for that, all would have been well."

"How so?" the signor inquired.

"Last night the luck turned," said George, "and I won back a good part of what I have lost; enough to recover the watch and ring and all the money I took from the till."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the signor, astonished.

"I have it all here," said George, touching his coat. "It was in my pocket when you came to the house; didn't you know it?"

The signor was obliged to confess that he had not seen so far as that.

"I was in distress, trying to invent some way of returning the things without being found out—trying to keep my father quiet—when he brought you in and spoiled all! Unless," said George, with looks of entreaty—"unless you will be merciful and help me!"

"I will help you on one condition," said the signor.

"Name it! I will do anything!" the youth eagerly promised.

"I only ask you *not* to do a certain thing," said the signor. "You know what it is—the greatest folly and sin a young man can be guilty of."

"I know what you mean," George replied. "Gambling. I have found out by experience what misery it leads to. And I had vowed that if I could only win back enough to save my honor, I would never—never—never play again! And I never will!"

"Then trust me to make everything right with your father," said the signor, again clasping the young man's hand. "Will you leave all to me?"

"I shall be so glad to, if you will take the trouble!" said George.

A few minutes later, relieved of his dreadful burden, with a lighter and more hopeful heart than he had carried in his breast for days, he departed, leaving the signor to work out the delicate question in his own way.

That afternoon the signor dispatched a note to Mr. Oatman, informing him that it was quite important he should be present at the evening's performance.

In due time, accordingly, the planter appeared with his whole family—wife and daughter and son—and took his place with them at the end of a seat, only a few steps in front of the performer.

There was a crowded audience, and everything went off charmingly. The egg trick was repeated by particular request, and afforded as much amusement as ever. The signor allowed himself to be shot at, and caught the bullet in his teeth. Ladies saw their handkerchiefs cut up and made into an omelette, and afterwards restored to them ironed and folded. A pair of doves were found in a lady's bonnet, and a rabbit in an old gentleman's hat.

So the signor went through with his stock performances—all a delightful novelty then and there, though so familiar to other audiences in later times! At length he had occasion to borrow another hat.

He stepped down to the seat occupied by the Oatman family, who were among his most interested spectators.

"Perhaps you will lend me yours," he remarked, "if I will promise to be careful of it."

The planter handed his large and somewhat seedy hat with a broad smile. George looked on with bright eyes and throbbing heart.

The signor stepped back to his table, when, looking into the hat, he gave a start of surpise, and with a frown of feigned displeasure turned to address the audience.

"I have particularly requested," he said, "that gentlemen should be careful to empty their hats before handing them to me. One hat came into my hands, you noticed, half full of turnips. And now remark the incredible carelessness of the owner of this one."

So saying, he put his hand into the hat and drew out a gold watch which he held by the chain.

"A hat seems a very unsafe place for carrying a watch; and why couldn't the gentleman have taken the trouble to remove something so valuable before lending it to me? But what is here?"

Having placed the watch on the table, the signor shook the hat and turned it towards the audience, showing it to be partly filled with loose bank-notes. These he began to remove by the handful, placing them on the table with the watch with many exclamations of surprise, amidst roars of laughter from the spectators.

Then he shook the hat again to see if it was empty at last; and hearing something rattle, fished out a ring.

"A gold ring!" he exclaimed, holding it up before the audience. "A diamond ring!" letting it sparkle in the light. "Now what a temptation this is to place before an honest conjurer! I'll have nothing more to do with this hat and its contents."

With these words he produced the climax of astonishment by handing the hat back to the owner with the bank-notes crowded into it, and giving him the watch and ring.

The most pleased and wonder-struck person present was probably the planter himself, as he showed the treasures to his wife and children, and they recognized the genuineness of the articles. Perhaps George was not so surprised as the rest, but he had reason to feel a keener joy than anybody else.

Meanwhile the signor stepped back to the platform and said, with a bow:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the evening's performance is ended."

Mr. Oatman called on the conjurer again the next day, and urged him to accept a reward for the recovery of his property, and also to explain the way the thing was done.

The signor declined to do either, saying that if he should explain his tricks to everybody who asked about them, he would soon have no surprises left for the public. The planter thanked him most heartily, and they parted the best of friends.

The youth he had helped to rescue from ruin also called, and begged to know how he could show his gratitude to the friendly conjurer.

"There is only one way," said the signor; taking him by the hand and looking earnestly into his eyes. "Be kind and true to your good parents and dear sister, and keep your promise, *never, never* to fall into the odious vice of gambling again."

The youth renewed his vows, which the conjurer had the satisfaction, long afterward, of knowing half been faithfully kept.

As for the planter's family, we may be sure that they never ceased to think with gratitude of the wonderful Signor Blitz.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Pocket Burroughs" in the British Parliament.

"Pocket burroughs" derive their quaint appellation from the fact that the individual commanding their votes carries them, as it were, in his pocket. Not all the pocket burroughs, however, are under patrician control; the purse of Plutus holding influence over a goodly number of them. It is a well-known fact that there are scores of them purchasable as any other commodity of the market can be bought up, lock, stock and barrel, and are so bought. The late commission of inquiry into contested elections gave ample evidence of this, having brought to light the astounding revelation that the voters of several such burroughs—not small ones either—were bribed, almost to a man! Many of them even boasted of the large sums they had received, after stipulating for, and chaffering over them, without thought of shame or qualm of conscience.

One would naturally expect that a candidate for Parliamentary honors would be required to give some proof of his fitness for Parliamentary duties. But in boroughs like these no such qualification is needed. With them, political capacity and knowledge of statesmanship—or, indeed, other knowledge of any useful kind—are the least and last things thought of. Money will make them take the wall; and well the man of money knows it—feels as certain of entering Parliament, if he only pays the price, as he would of an opera box by purchasing a ticket. It is simply a question of how much he is disposed to pay; and that he arranges with the electioneering agent, who in turn makes it square with the electors. There are always constituencies open to representatives of this kind, and who care for no other, and would not have any other. Nor does the candidate need to be resident among them or even have previous acquaintance with them. He may be a total stranger of unknown antecedents, brought from some distant part of the country—London or elsewhere—his first introduction to his constituency that is to be, given him by the local lawyer who acts as his electioneering agent, often only a few days before the election. But the lawyer himself has been previously made acquainted with his legislative capabilities by having heard the jingle of his gold. This communicated to the corporate constituency has a marvelous, almost magical, effect, and presto! the unknown Mr. Nobody, may be the veriest adventurer, becomes one of the Sanctorial guardians of the great British Empire, on which the sun never sets!—*Orphan Mayne Reid, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—Echoes from the [illegible] All storms move east [illegible] nor south, nor south, [illegible] weather in this country is made in the northwestern part of the Rocky Mountains. [illegible] tion have shown [illegible] tem [illegible]

What Shall Farmers Eat?

The home departments of the agricultural papers have of late been criticising the farmers on their manner of living, and giving them much advice in regard to what they shall eat, the largest portion being a diatribe against fat pork, till the reader, not acquainted with farmers, would suppose that this was their principal living. We do not propose to enter into any hygienic arguments as to the relative values of various foods for producing strength and health, but the writer hereof knowing something of the habits of farmers and their families, is moved to say that on their tables will be found, on an average, food as wholesome and as well prepared as on those of any class of people we have; and there is no occasion for wasting any sympathy on them, for they are the healthiest, strongest, and, statistics show, the longest lived of any class or occupation considering their numbers.

The voluntary advisers say that the farmer's diet of pork and potatoes and beans brings dyspepsia and its evils; which would be very correct if it were true; fortunately it is not, and from a large acquaintance with farmers we can say that this is not what ails them.

One writer says: Farmers eat too much fat meat and too little green food to sustain the system in a proper condition. Give a Frenchman or a German a head of lettuce, a couple of hard boiled eggs, with vinegar, salt and pepper, and a loaf of bread, with a cup of coffee, and he will fare more sumptuously than an American upon roast meat of any kind." Now we know what ails these Frenchmen. Such a combination of oil, salt, pepper and vinegar is enough to kill them. Ask any hard-working farmer how much wheat a man could rake and bind on such a dinner. Another of these hygienic writers says. "Lettuce and onions mixed together, with only salt, vinegar, pepper and a little sugar, can be served at any time, with good effect upon the health of the family." If raw onions with salt, vinegar and pepper will not produce dyspepsia, there is no need to call in fat pork or any other food found on farmers' tables. People should remember that there is much of truth in the adage: "What is one man's meat may be another's poison." The farmer, strong, active, hard-working and always in the open air, eats meat and needs it, even fat meat. His digestive organs are strong also, and he knows nothing of dyspepsia. Long days and hard work, even in summer, exhaust the muscular system, and good substantial food is required to supply the waste. This light green fodder is good as an appetizer, but as the main article of food will not answer, but eaten extensively will weaken rather than strengthen the hard worker, while the condiments are to be used as little as possible.

When we see recomendations to farmers to eat only light vegetable food, we are reminded of a story we once read of a farmer who kept his hired man on short rations, and going out one day to the hay field saw him mowing languidly and singing this refrain:

"Buttermilk and whey; faint all day."

The farmer concluded he would change his rations and gave him a substantial breakfast the next day. On going out to the field he saw him swinging his scythe with great energy, and this time singing to fast time.

"Ham and eggs; take care of yur legs."

And this represents pretty fairly to the worker the difference in the two classes of diet.

The horseman who demands the longest drives and the heaviest work from his teams feeds them on cured hay and old oats. The groom never feeds the racer or trotter on new oats, no matter how fine they are, till they have been threshed for weeks and be come well dried and hard.

But the question may be fairly asked: What shall the farmer eat? We will answer this for ourselves, practically, not, perhaps, scientifically, or with any theory as to the probable effect of this or that on the system.

The farmer does his hardest work in the summer months. In the very heat of dog days he works hardest, and for that very reason needs good substantial food. He cannot afford to waste any strength in digesting a large quantity to get a little nutriment; nor is it conducive to health. Most hard-working people need meat; well fattened, nicely cooked fat pork in moderate quantities will not be hurtful. Mutton should be used more extensively by the farmer. With the ice box which many now have, a carcass can be easily kept till it can be consumed, or neighbors can exchange with each other and divide into smaller portions. Well cured ham—boiled is the best—with eggs makes a good foundation for a day in haying. A moderate quantity of fresh vegetables in variety and also ripe fruits in their season—green, never—cooked or uncooked. Green corn and that class of food daily if desired in its season, but always in moderation.

Although many farmers are open to criticism in lack of product in the vegetable and fruit garden, both for summer and winter use, it is asking too much to require them to make these their sole diet.

The farmer who gives his laborers good substantial food, not trying to confine them to mush and milk for breakfast and green salad for dinner, will get the best day's work from them.

The farmer who eats roast beef and mutton and fat pork, who takes a daily bath in the summer, and does not over work in the hot days, may not expect to reach above threescore and ten, but the years will be full of labor, and he will leave behind him a farm well tilled.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

A Queer Story About Garibaldi.

The writer of an editorial article published in a recent issue of an Italian newspaper called the *Scatinelle du Midi*, asserts that Garibaldi was slain at Aspromonte, and has, ever since that fatal day, been impersonated by a Livornese, whose resemblance to him was a matter of public notoriety for some years before the General's death. It is further alleged that the late King Victor Emanuel must be held responsible for the substitution in question, an expedient of his own suggestion for averting a downright breach between the Garibaldian faction and the dynasty. Several of the real Garibaldi's fellow campaigners in Uruguay have at different times testified publicly to the hoax thus practiced upon the Italian nation, but to no purpose, although their allegations have been uniformly supported by indisputable physical evidence.

They point, for instance, to the facts that Garibaldi's hands and feet were small and finely formed, while those of his impersonator were large and ill-shaped—that the former could scarcely write his own name, while the latter was a skilled and fluent penman. "This imposture," observes the writer, "accounts for the unconcealed antipathy entertained by Menotti and Ricciotti Garibaldi toward their dead father's impersonator, whom Menotti could never meet without breaking out into abusive language, while Ricciotti, although residing upon the island of Caprera, manifestly facilitated its exposure by the imposter's threatened [illegible] Ricciotti is worthy of mention that the *Stafette*, an organ of the Italian Government, denounces the above [illegible] as in good round terms, [illegible] it to be merely surmounted, by a [illegible] —*Exchange.*

—The [illegible]

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—*Johnnycake:* Beat two eggs, add one pint sour milk, cream, salt, sugar, soda, and one pint of corn meal.—*The Household.*

—Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water in which flowers are immersed, and it will preserve them for a fortnight. Common saltpetre is also a very good preservative.

Sugar Pie: Line a plate with crust, laying a strip around the edge, fill the plate with dry maple sugar, pour on this two-thirds cup of sweet cream, put on a few pieces of butter, grate on nutmeg, and finish the top by laying on strips of crust as you like it.—*The Household.*

—Prof. Beal, of the Iowa Agricultural College, makes the astounding calculation that tree sparrows in that State alone destroy 1,720,000 lbs. of noxious weed seeds every year, and it is to be remembered that this is only one of the dozen or more kinds of birds that eat such seeds.

—A Wisconsin lady says that half a pint of salt and one ounce of copperas dissolved in a gallon of water is all that is needed for a cut-worm preparation. She dips the plants in this solution before setting them. Says she has used it for years, and never knew of a plant being cut off after taking this precaution.

—Small bits of wooden toys may be readily and securely mended with gum arabic, by inserting a little paper (of the kind newspapers are printed on) between the parts. Gum both sides of the paper, and also both parts of the wood to be joined. Tie together tightly and set aside to dry. This will be found very convenient when a glue-pot is not at hand.

—A plain pincushion of silk, satin or silesia can be kept fresh by having two extra covers to pin over it; for from twelve to twenty-five cents very pretty lace mats can be bought, and they may be put on diagonally, so that the covers of the cushion will show (if of silk or satin), or be put on the usual way. The holes made by the pins in a handsome cushion, and which, after a little while, spoil its good looks, are hidden by these lace covers. When one cover is soiled put the other on.—*N. Y. Post.*

Chicken Triangles.

Perhaps nothing is more important to success in raising chickens and eggs than the method of inclosing and sheltering them during spring, summer and autumn. They need fresh range, and yet the welfare of the garden demands their being fenced in, to prevent damage from their scratching and picking where scratching and picking are not, like a motion to adjourn, "always in order." Three sixteen-foot panels of movable fence for a triangular yard can be made as follows: Six wooden strips an inch and a half thick and three inches wide form the main frame. Two hundred lath added to this constitute the chief material required. A panel is made by taking two of the strips and nailing lath across them about three inches apart. The nailing should be done so that the edge of one of the strips will rest on the ground. The other, or upper strip, may be placed so that the upper ends of the lath will project a foot above it. Three stakes, each five feet long, should be driven in the ground at the corners, and the panels fastened to them either by stout screw hooks and eyes or by short bits of rope.

A tent for roosting, shelter and nests may be made by putting good stout roofing paper on two light frames each five feet wide and seven feet long, and painting it with mineral or with zinc paint. The ends of the tent can be closed by triangular frames also covered with painted roofing paper. The edges of the tent resting on the ground can be secured in place by little stakes driven at the corners. After the tent is up the peak may be made weather-proof by a long, narrow triangular cap of roofing paper inverted over it and lightly tacked down with carpet tacks.

Here is a tent and an inclosure for a dozen fowls, which can be moved once a month or oftener, to fresh, clean ground, in a half hour before breakfast.

A little system in moving will insure thorough and even fertilization of ground occupied. The movability also makes it possible to have the fowls far enough away from the house to prevent unpleasant odors in warm weather.

Sir Chanticleer and the ladies of his Court seem to consider it something really quite "high toned" for them to luxuriate in a summer establishment. For salad they take kindly to a half-bushel of weeds fresh pulled. They don't like wilted vegetables any better than other people. For recreation they seem to enjoy gymnastics under, over and among the branches and twigs of an oak brush-heap, if one is provided for them in one corner of the triangular "park-ette." The ground under the bushes is their favorite place in which to scratch and fill their feathers with dust.

It is well while they are on a triangle of ground to deeply spade a square yard at a time. They like the loose ground best for scratching and picking, and spading it helps to expose the bugs and worms they want for food, and which their owner wants destroyed. Scattering and very lightly raking a few handfuls of small grain over the spaded ground seems to add to their interest in scratching and picking.

Unhooking an end of a panel provides a gateway or door of entrance to the "Chicken-Triangle."—*Christian Union.*

Overfed Pigs.

There has never been a time when the question of overfeeding live stock of every character has received so much attention at the hands of breeders as is now the case. Pig breeders are at present considerably exercised on account of the fearful losses, sustained from cholera, and it has slowly dawned upon the minds of many of the gentlemen that perhaps the evil practice of overfattening has something to do with these continued losses. Science has as yet failed to prove the truth of this assumption, but practical feeders and breeders are coming to that conclusion, and in many localities are governing themselves accordingly by discontinuing the practice of crowding their stock. Of all domestic animals, the pig goes it upon his cheek, and at the ordinary fair, or fat stock show, his very fullness of cheek is too apt to govern the awards. Consumers, however, do not indorse these paunchy, round, overfed and stuffed porkers, knowing that good pork cannot generally be found where animals are seemingly fed for lard purposes and that alone. What is required and demanded both at home and abroad is the long-bodied hog, which affords a deep shoulder, lean ham, and sides upon which meat instead of fat is the rule. There has been a growing disposition to stop the practice of [illegible] ling hogs, and so general has [illegible] mand become for good lean [illegible] notwithstanding the [illegible] to feed to the utmost [illegible] are now changing their [illegible] hog to meet [illegible] good paying [illegible] remunerative [illegible] overburdened with [illegible] late fat and [illegible] as the [illegible] —*Exchange.*

Missionary Work in Northern Africa.

Missionary work has been extremeled with many restrictions for fear of arousing Mohammedan antagonism, and the North African races are slow to change, but once converted have oftentimes proved fervent in the faith to the very death. In 1849 a very young Arab boy was made prisoner and baptized as Geronimo. When about eight [illegible] was recovered by relatives, but subsequently he returned to the Christians. In 1569 he was taken prisoner and sent to Algiers. Refusing to abjure Christianity, he was sentenced to be thrown into a mold in which a block of concrete was about to be made, and the block containing his body was built into a fort then being constructed. The exact spot was indicated by a chronicler who expressed the hope "that God's grace may one day extricate Geronimo from this place and reunite his body with those of other martyrs whose blood has consecrated this country." On 27th December, 1853, the fort was dismantled, the bones were found as indicated, and liquid plaster being poured into the cavity, an exact cast was obtained not only of the martyrs' features, but of the texture of his clothes and the print of the cords that had bound him. This may be seen in the Museum of Algiers. Geronimo's bones lie now in a marble tomb in the Cathedral.

The Military Service Required of German Youth.

At eighteen years of age the German youth, rich or poor, must enter the service of his country. If his relatives or friends can afford to pay 3,000 marks (about $720) into the treasury the young man, if belonging to the infantry, can escape with only one year's actual service, but he must report for drill duty once every year. His relations or friends must also keep him in clothes and uniforms and pay all the expense the first year. If he belongs to the cavalry, the fee is from 5,000 to 6,000 marks, and the conditions the same. The term of service in times of peace is five years, but until he is forty years of age he is liable to be called on for active service in case of war. This is the case whether he is rich or poor. The great majority of conscripts serve the full five years, leaving the army when they are about twenty-three years of age. Their education is not neglected in the meantime, and they have little idle time on their hands, for they are drilled and subjected to long marches nearly every day, in all kinds of weather.—*Chemnitz Cor. Chicago News.*

—The region on the west side of the Mississippi, between Vicksburg and the Gulf, gives a good idea of the Egypt through which the British have to operate from Alexandria. It has the same feature of an annual rise of the river above all the country, which there begins in July, reaches its height in the latter part of August, and subsides through the autumn months. It has the same features of banks of the main river and of all the branching streams higher than the country, with the addition of canals, and of more complete banks, so as to flood the lands at will. All these may be made the means of obstruction and defense.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—At a recent Sabbath evening service in this city, the pastor, who was going to Europe for the summer, took a very affecting leave of his congregation, and at the close requested that all should join with him in repeating the Lord's Prayer, after which the choir would sing a hymn. As soon as the prayer was finished the basso struck up "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," and the organist favored the audience with a mock thunderstorm, with howling winds, etc., between the verses! And then the benediction.—*Chicago Cor. Musical and Dramatic Courier.*

—By thrusting the ends of green scrub wood—"mallee scrub"—in the fire, and catching the sap driven out at the other end in a bark trough, an Australian supplied himself with water and saved his life while crossing in a waterless region. He says that a dozen mallee sticks, four feet long and two or three inches in diameter, would give a pint of water in an hour, and suggests that the same device may possibly be found of vital importance to other bush-rangers and travelers in arid regions.

—An electric bolt struck a house at Bemus Point, Chautauqua Lake, the other evening, and did extensive damage. In the building were two young lady visitors to the lake, Misses Tina and Ella Hamilton, sisters, who were struck down. Lightning burned the hair off the head of Miss Tina, aged fourteen years, went down her back, and in making its escape tore one of her shoes into fragments. Her body was badly burned. Her sister was not seriously injured.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Word to Thinkers.

The perfection of a strengthening medicine consists in its leaving no unpleasant after effects. Whisky, ale, beer and other alcoholic beverages excite the brain and blood vessels to unnatural activity and while the whirlpool of excitement lasts, all feeling of languor and distress is banished, but when the reaction comes, "the last state of that man is worse than the first." Invalids should trust more to nature for their recovery and avoid the use of stimulants as altogether injurious. Be partial to a fruit and vegetable diet and choose such medicines as are strengthening to the whole general system. To this end no better remedies can be used than Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Buchu, Celery and Calisaya, each of which have separate and distinct virtue, but when blended in a single compound excel all other remedies in giving health, strength and vigor to every part of the body. Such a compound is Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla; its harmonious action on the blood, lungs, liver, kidneys and muscular system is astonishing.

THE *Atlantic* contains a long story about a man who could not tell a lie. It is probably the first time we have ever figured in magazine fiction.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MASSACHUSETTS woman read of a steel-gas explosion, and didn't believe the story until she tried the same thing herself. She now thinks it wonderful how near a newspaper can hit the truth. She will be out in the fall.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT is believed meat will not be much cheaper until after chestnuts have arrived.—*Danbury News.*

A PIECE of whalebone fifty inches long, ten inches wide and seven inches thick, has been dug up on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. It is supposed to have belonged to the corset of an antediluvian belle.—*Lowell Courier.*

THE *Buffalo Advertiser* knows of a man who tried to buy paregoric by the quart. That's right enough. What the family doesn't use can be given to the poor.—*Boston Post.*

"NO," SAID Mrs. Po[illegible] think my daughter will [illegible] haven't at all d[illegible] [illegible] for [illegible]

A PHYSICIAN says: "I know many who had long suffered from dyspepsia, weak lungs, asthma, consumptive symptoms, incipient consumption, etc., and who found great relief by using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, etc."

A YOUTH of Hibernian extraction, in chopping wood with a hatchet the other day, was so unfortunate as to graze the thumb of his left hand, with which he was supporting the piece of kindling he was splitting. On getting at the injured member, he exclaimed: "Begorra, it was a good thing I did not have hold of the handle with both hands, or I would have chopped it off sure."—*New York Graphic.*

Woman's Wisdom.

"She insists that it is more important that her family shall be kept in full health than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness, with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—*New Haven Palladium.*

THE man who "lodged a complaint" and "boarded a car" says he is going out of the hotel business.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

TAKE one quart of dried apples and a gallon of warm water if you want to be a jewel young man.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

BEING entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

"HAS there become body down street?" she inquired with a smile. And as the last word was uttered she went down "kerflop!"—*Louisville Southern.*

Favoritism

is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which such fear the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

THEY are afraid of a water famine in Alexandria. Come to Iowa; you can't get anything else.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

*** Facts speak plainer than words." Proof:—"The Doctor told me to take a tonic pill, but I didn't, for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggist told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am as well as ever."—A. F. Sanford. Sold in both dry and liquid form.

THE American Tonic Sol-Fa association met at Springfield recently. La, mi!—*Lowell Courier.*

Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10 cents, at all druggists.

EGGS six hundred years old have been found in a town in France. It is evident that Daniel Pratt has never lectured there.—*Rockford Courier.*

AS THE most effectual yet the most mild and harmless remedy for Diarrhea, Dysentery and all summer complaints we would recommend our friends to use WAKEFIELD'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM. It is a never failing remedy.

WATERMELON seeds are now utilized for a soup called puree of melon. No one has so yet gone crazy over it.—*N. Y. Mail.*

IF bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs and fear consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs), take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and it will cure you. By druggists.

THE hotel thief is not a spiritual medium, but he can trance some. A chrome given for the first correct solution.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

WHEN the funds are unsteady—When money is tight.—*The Judge.*

DON'T DIE in the house. "Rough on Rats." 15c. Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs.

WHEN a man's feelings are so great that he cannot express them, had he not better send them by freight?—*Derry News.*

STOPPING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

SOMEBODY has written a history of pies, but it is not a pious work.—*Hotel Mail.*

SAVE your wagons, your money and your patience by using Frazer Axle Grease.

STOVES are supposed to be a somewhat modern invention, but the Egyptians were warned by Alexander the grate B. C. 300.—*Boston Transcript.*

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

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters extinguishes dyspepsia with greater certainty and promptitude than any known remedy, and is a most genial invigorant, appetizer and aid to secretion. There are not empty assertions, in thousands of our country men and women who have experienced its effects are aware, but are looking up to approve of its use. The Bitters also give a healthful stimulus to the