THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

D. LUCE, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

FOR A WARNING.

I can tell just how it happened, though it's
fifty years ago.
And I sometimes think it's curious that I can
remember so;
For though things that lately happened slip
my mind, and fade away,
I am sure that I shall never lose the memory
of that day.

Job was coming to Thanksgiving—so he wrote
us in the Fall;
He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his favorite
of them all.
We'd been keeping house since April, but I
couldn't always tell
When my pie-crust would be flaky, or the poultry
stuffed well;
So I felt a little worried—if the truth must be
confessed—
At the thought of Ezra's brother coming as our
household guest.

Just a week before Thanksgiving Ezra rode
one day to town,
As I needed things for cooking—flour and
sugar, white and brown;
And I worked like any beaver, all the time he
was away,
Making mince and stewing apples for the coming
holiday.
I was hot, and tired, and nervous, when he galloped
home at last—
All that day my work had plagued me, nothing
seemed to go just right.

"Here's the flour, Lucindy," said he; "it's the
best there is in town;
I forgot the other sugar, but I've brought
enough of brown."
"You're a fool!" I cried in fury, and the tears
began to fall;
"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget it
after all!"

I was cross and clean discouraged, as I thought
he ought to know;
But he turned as white as marble when he
heard me speaking so.
Not a word he said in answer, but he started
for the door,
And in less than half a minute galloped down
the road once more.

Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with
grief and fear and shame;
He was good and kind and patient; I was all
the one to blame.
And the hours wore on till midnight, and my
heart seemed turned to stone,
As I listened for his coming while I sat there
all alone.

With the daylight came a neighbor; "Ezra has
been hurt," he said;
"Found a beside the road unconscious; taken
up at first for dead."
Just behind him came four others, with a burden
slowly brought;
As I stood and dumbly watched them you can
guess of all I thought!

Oh, the days and nights that followed! Ezra
lived, but that was all;
And with fearless eyes I waited for the worst
that might befall.
Wandering in a wild delirium, broken phrases
now and then
Dropped from fevered lips, and told me what
his painful thoughts had been.

So Thanksgiving dawned upon us. Job came
early, shocked to meet
Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride he
hoped to greet.
Not a word we spoke together in that hushed
and shadowed room,
Where we waited for the twilight darkening
down to deeper gloom;
For the doctor said that morning: "There is
nothing more to do;
If he lives till after sunset, I, perhaps, can pull
him through."

Just as five o'clock was striking, Ezra woke
and, feebly stirred;
"Did you get the sugar, darling?" were the
words I faintly heard.
How I cried! You can't imagine how I felt to
hear him speak,
Or to see his look of wonder as I bent to kiss
his cheek.

Well, I've told a long, long story—Ezra's coming
up the walk—
But, I've had a purpose in it; 'twasn't just for
idle talk.
Don't you think, my dear, you'd better make
your quarrel up with Gray?
It may save a world of trouble, and it's near
Thanksgiving Day.—*Christian Union.*

A STRANGER AT THE BOARD.

A Thanksgiving Story.

It snowed the night before Thanksgiving that year. Through the evening there was a half-defined mist in the gray air that seemed like the all pervading chilliness taking form, and everybody who was going away, or who was to have company (and that took in nearly all of New England), went to bed with a dim foreboding of disappointment on the morrow.

"There is four inches of snow, at least," said Farmer Draper on Thanksgiving morning, as he came in from the big barn, stamping his feet vigorously upon the stone floor of the back porch. "Four inches, at least, and that isn't the worst of it, it is covered with a crust as thin and sharp, almost, as window glass. I declare here is a hole in one of my rubber boots a ready."

"I don't know what to do about cooking the turkey," said Mother Draper, setting a large platter of steaming stewed chicken upon the breakfast-table. "I don't see how Aunt Catherine and the girls are to get down here to-day; or Frank and his wife, or the boys, either, for that matter."

"It is a bad morning for horses to travel, to be sure," said William, coming in from the barn just then, "but Thanksgiving is never postponed on account of the weather, so I will tell you what I propose to do: I will tackle up the steers, all four yoke, and hitch them to the long wood-sled and go for the company. It will be great fun, besides showing my good disposition by breaking a track for my neighbors. You can go, too, sis, if you have a mind to; we will start right away after breakfast."

"It will be pretty cold," said her mother.

"And that ain't the worst of it," put in her father, "I expect she will be needed here about the chicken fixens."

"Mother will get along until Aunt Catherine gets here; she is a whole team and a horse to let. So put on your water-proof, old maid, and come down and help me tackle. You need not be afraid of your beau getting here before you return, for certainly, if he has to walk, he can't make great headway this morning."

Jennie, a bright, handsome, trim little body, being the oldest of the Draper children, was always teasingly called "the old maid" by her four brothers, who delighted in joking her about an expected lover who never came. "Jennie's beau" was a sort of mythical scape-goat in the family to whom all imaginable, absurd blunders and mishaps were attributed.

So now she made some laughing response, and when her brother marshaled his team, consisting of alternate yokes of red and white steers, two yokes of each, she took her place upon a bundle of straw in the center of the huge sled.

"There, sis," said William, taking his seat upon the neap of the sled and brandishing his long whip, "you look like the genius of Thanksgiving going round on a tour of inspection among the brick ovens, and your team is almost as fanciful as the reindeers of St. Nicholas."

It grew more and more fanciful momentarily, for it soon began to rain, and as the fine pelting drops froze as they fell, the whole turn-out was transformed into an exhibition of ice newly frozen for the occasion from the Arctic region. After having been round the square and picked up all the Draper blood in the township they retraced their steps, stopping at nearly every house for a merry interchange of greetings, "Just to break the gloom that the storm had cast over every thing," William said. But at every house it was noticeable that he threw out a few suggestive words to the boys that set them thinking there was no fun quite so desirable for Thanksgiving day as breaking steers.

The merriment of the morning was kept up through the day by the young people, while Mother Draper and Aunt Catherine moved mysteriously about and compared notes over dripping-pans, sauce-pans and pipkins in the kitchen.

Dinner was to be early, so that the two Draper boys who were employed upon the railroad that cut in twain the broad acres of their father's farm could be back at the station at train time in the afternoon.

Aunt Catherine's lovely daughters helped their pretty cousin Jenny to set the table, of course, and they managed slyly to have one plate and one chair too many, and by a great deal of maneuvring in seating the company, this plate and chair were left beside Jennie for the longe pected beau.

"He hasn't come yet, and that isn't the worst of it—I hope he never will," said Farmer Draper, looking affectionately across the table at his daughter as he bowed his head to ask the blessing.

"I believe he is coming now, uncle; I really do," exclaimed Louise the moment the good farmer had re-opened his eyes, and sure enough, as they looked out the window they saw a stoutly-built young man bravely breasting the storm, yet showing a certain weariness as he walked along the slippery way.

The weather had changed again by this time, and the air was full of great feathery flakes, as if all the feathers of all the fowls that graced that day's dinner in New England had been cast to the four winds.

"He is coming in!" "No, he is going by!" "Yes, he has decided to call!" as the young man, who was evidently a stranger, looked again at the polished windows that even on the outside gave a hint of warmth and good cheer within.

"Bow-wow-wow!" barked Pinchers, the house-dog, in a decidedly equivocal welcome, especially when taking into consideration his huge proportions and savage air, and the stranger was turning away as the piazza door opened and John had called out:—

"Down, Pinchers, down! Come in, come in, sir, out of the storm!"

"I tanks yer, said the stranger, giving his hat and coat a shake, thus divesting them of their burden of snow, and following John directly into the dining-room, and, with a graceful bow to the company, seating himself by the fire.

"We were expecting you," said John. We have the table set for you, as you may see. Sit right up."

"Yes, yes" assented Farmer Draper; "sit right up, you are cold and tired, of course, but that isn't the worst of it, you must be hungry, too. You can get warm and rested and filled at the table."

Louise, to carry on the joke, and to treat Jennie's long-expected beau with due cordiality, pushed back the vacant chair, and Jennie, not to be out-done, glanced up and seeing a comely, neatly-dressed young man at her elbow, gave him one of her sweet smiles, motioned him to the seat beside her and passed his plate to her father to be helped.

The stranger evidently understood very little of all the merry talk going on around the board, but he sat down in the proffered chair, bowed his head for a moment as if invoking a silent blessing, and then proceeded with his meal.

"You haf large family," he said presently to the farmer, carefully studying his words, "and you haf much meat," looking around with evident astonishment at the groaning table, for Mother Draper and Aunt Catherine held to the old fashion that everything belonging to the Thanksgiving dinner must be on the table before the family were seated.

"We don't live like this right along," explained the farmer, "and that isn't the worst of it—we don't want to. This is 'Thanksgiving.'"

All this to the disgust of William, who was expostulating: "Oh, goodness, father, why must you tell him that! Why don't you make him believe that this is only a picked-up dinner?"

The young people all joined in a laugh at this, but the stranger repeated:

"Thanksgiving? Thank you! Thank God? I see! I know. I hear about it. I not knew it to-day. Every door I call I find good smells, like Christmas at home. No one say 'come in.' Here dog say 'Walk in.' You say 'Welcome,'" and the young man looked gratefully at John's smiling face, and then went on with his dinner with a hearty relish.

"Gracious! See him lay in for supplies," said John, passing the onions. "Don't inflict such a stow-away upon us, Jennie. I verily believe it is the 'Robin to bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,' that we used to read about in the Mother Goose book."

"Goose! Goose!" cried the stranger, nodding toward the skeleton of the turkey, "I understand, I think, this be Yankee Christmas."

"Something of that sort," said the farmer, "but that isn't the worst of it—Christmas is yet to come."

"Where are you going?" asked one of the boys, and after the question had been framed in various ways, he said:

"To Canada. There haf I friends. A mistake I made. I come to the wrong town you call it? I write letters. I spend all my moneys. I go walking now tr Canada and find my friends, my brother. Now how many miles?"

"Too many for a fellow to walk this slippery traveling," said John.

"I say, Dick, old boy," to his brother, "what do you say to putting him in the caboose and giving him a lift?"

"All right," said the good-natured young freight conductor. It would be a good deed for Thanksgiving Day. I will transfer him at the Essex Junction to-morrow morning, if I don't go through, and he will be in the 'Dominion' before he knows it."

"Put him up a lunch, mother, enough to last him out of the country, and save your tears, Jen, he will undoubtedly return when he gets a better use of our language. It would be love-making under difficulties at present."

Jennie looked indignant, but the intelligent young stranger, although observant and alert was entirely oblivious of all personal allusions.

Mother Draper packed a strong, good-sized paper bag with lunch, saying, with tears: "There was never such good-hearted boys as my boys," and Aunt Catherine, who had a boy of her own somewhere in the far West, gave the stranger a dollar as she bade him good-bye.

The steer team was taken in the midst of another snow flurry and as the merry company went back through the pretty sheltered neighborhood they found an escort in the way of a steer team waiting in every door-yard, so that by the time they reached the little village about the railway station the Draper turn-out headed a decidedly unique procession.

The stranger asked a great many not very coherent questions. The boys amused themselves by assuring him it was a demonstration in his honor, it being a custom of the town to thus entertain foreigners. The girls entered into particulars and explained the real occasion of the display of young bovines, and it would have been hard to find a more bewildered individual than was bowed into the freight caboose by the smiling John, while all the boys, who were dancing around, managing the half-broken steers, united in a hearty hurrah, and all the girls on all the sleds waved their pocket handkerchiefs in adieu.

"What you do with me?" the stranger asked, looking around the snug, well-warmed little car.

"Cunadar," replied Dick, imitating the traveler's pronunciation.

"No moneys!" and the young man proceeded to turn his pockets inside out, whereupon Dick explained to the amusement of himself and his comrades and the increased bewilderment of the stranger, that he had a lien on the railroad and all the stock until his next month's wages were paid.

"He was sound asleep on one of the bunks in the caboose when we reached Essex," said Dick, "and I turned him over to Ben Leet and told him to shove him through into the Dominion and not let the custom-house officers at St. Armand collect duty on the fragments of mother's turkey and mince pie."

Thanksgivings came and went, and every year at the Draper homestead they talked over that snowy Thanksgiving when "Jennie's beau" sat down to the feast, and wondered who he was and what became of him and what kind of an impression of a New England Thanksgiving he carried away.

Last year at a convention where there were assembled in Christian fellowship people from all parts of the world, a French gentleman said to a lady with whom he was conversing:

"I have never been in the States but once before, and then I had a curious experience. I landed in New York from a French ship with only a mere smattering of English. I wanted to go to my friends in Bedford, Canada, but through carelessness of officials I was sent to Bedford, Mass. I found my mistake there and was started for my proper destination, but my money gave out, and being young and strong and resolute I determined not to be discouraged but to make my way on foot. It was late in the fall. I had no trouble in obtaining food and shelter at night and pushed on bravely until a snow storm overtook me. Oh, what a day that was! I called at many doors but was not invited to enter. At last, when almost wearied out, I reached a house that was to me like an entrance into Heaven. I pinched myself to see if I was still in the body. There was warmth and a feast and laughter and jest and song and little children and ladies in bright dresses. I was welcome and a plate waited for me. After the feast I was taken with all the guests on a huge sled drawn by oxen to the station. Other similar teams joined ours in the long, wide country street. They escorted me to the station and into the cars and I was sent to my friends free of charge.

"When I recovered from my fatigue and wanted to write and thank my friends, I knew not the town, the State nor the names even of my entertainers and preservers, as I may call them. I knew nothing of it at all no more than a baby, and now I will ask you as I have asked others: do you know aught of such a country festival, where long strings of oxen are driven about the streets carrying guests from house to house, and where it is the custom to so bountifully provide for any stranger that happens to come in on that day? I wish I could know, for I never have seen such a picture of happiness content and plenty as the Lord led me to look upon that afternoon. All these years I have carried those people near my heart and prayers that the Lord would lead me again in their midst."

"I was one of the girls at that notable feast," said the lady, and she entered into the necessary explanation to the surprise and delight of the now well-to-do, intelligent, demonstrative French gentleman.

Farmer Draper said the other day as he met this niece in a railway train, "Yes, Louise, that young tramp, as we called him, you know, turned out to be our own little old maid's beau after all. Things do happen strangely sometimes. You mustn't fail to come to the wedding Thanksgiving. He has furnished satisfactory credentials, and Dick has taken a run up to Montreal where he is in business, and there seems to be no reason why they shouldn't be married. But Jennie don't know a word of his tarnal lingo and I tell her that isn't the worst of it—I shouldn't want to, for now he can do all his scolding in French and she can take it all for love sall es."—*Mrs. Annie A. Preston, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Idaho Jurisprudence.

Justice O'Sniffin, up at Blackfoot, tried his first case last week. He has some crude notions about even-handed justice, and claims to be thoroughly up on parliamentary etiquette.

The case was one in which Don Quixote Centipede was charged with the larceny of one sorrel mule, the property of Claude Melnotte Rooney, valued at $75, at the county and Territory aforesaid, and on the 10th day of October, 1882, and that on said day the said Don Quixote Centipede did take, steal and ride away and drive away the mule aforesaid, contrary to the statutes in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the Territory of Idaho.

The case was tried, and defendant having been found guilty, the Justice was about to sentence him to the penitentiary for life, when the counsel called the attention of the Court to the fact that, as an examining magistrate, he only had authority to bind Mr. Centipede over for his appearance at the next term of the District Court. Judge O'Sniffin therefore modified his judgment to the requirement of a bond for $500 for defendant's appearance as aforesaid. Defendant's counsel then rose and stated that owing to certain irregularities and peculiarities developed in the case, he would make a motion for a new trial.

"Gentlemen," said Judge O'Sniffin to the bystanders, "you have a motion, do I hear a second?"

An eccentric horse-thief on the back seat seconded the motion.

"Gentlemen," resumed his Honor, "you have heard the motion. Are you ready for the question?"

"Question!"

"The motion has been made and seconded that the defendant Centipede be given a new trial. All those in favor will say 'aye.'"

Big chorus of ayes.

"Those opposed will say 'no.'"

"It's a vote. The prisoner will be granted a new trial."

The West is full of self-made men who are not very familiar with Estee's Pleading and High on Injunction, but if you think they are not familiar with parliamentary usages, you do not know them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hunger.

This is but another name for a telegram sent from all parts of the system, directly and indirectly, announcing the fact, more or less alarming, that the tissues are being worn out, and that supplies of food are needed to supply this waste, without which the body will soon suffer loss, or become diseased. This food-ometer differs widely from the usual appetite, which may be natural or artificial, wholly unreliable, as when one so far does injustice to nature as to relish tobacco, an article always at war with every function of the human body. Hunger, or a natural appetite, will naturally indicate the wants of the system, in the matter of food, the kinds, quantity and quality—if the system is in its normal state, a perfect guide. Perfection in this regard, as in morals, is rarely, if ever found, among fallen mortals. The brutes, still in the state in which the Creator made them, are guided by an unerring instinct, and they may safely follow their appetites. Man, however, has reason and conscience to guide, and I see no reason why these should not guide him in the selection of food, as certainly as in the control of his mental and moral being. Since we can learn to tolerate the use of the most disgusting article, the most virulent poisons—so far as a vitiated taste is concerned—an artificial appetite can never be trusted. If these principles are correct, it is worse than folly to force the appetite, to take food when there is no reason for it, no appetite to show that food-materials are needed to repair waste. Forced food cannot digest, but rots and contaminates the body, producing "blood poison."—*Golden Rule.*

—A vague but horrible rumor is being handed around with bleached lips that Oscar Wilde will marry and settle in America. Just a few more straws on the dromedary's back and the war with the mother country will be inevitable.—*Evansville Argus.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Do not put glass articles that have held milk into hot water, as this causes the mild to penetrate the glass, and it can never be removed.—*Chicago News.*

—When breaking up a surface keep a soil in health: for when it lies in a hard-bound condition enriching rains run off and the salubrious air cannot enter.

—Plain Rusks: One cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one egg, a little salt, a large spoonful of lard; mix together; let them rise twice and bake.—*Chicago Times.*

—When mildew appears on the lower side of grape leaves it should be checked at once by dusting with flower of sulphur, applied with a pair of bellows. This is said to be effective.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Soap your dirtiest clothes and soak them in warm water over night. Use hard soap to wash your clothes, and soft to wash your floors. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.

—The hardy varieties of geraniums make the most satisfactory flowers for winter-house gardening. They are constant and profuse bloomers, and will stand either cold or heat best of any flowering house plant.

—In cooking ham or corned beef, it should be put into boiling water when put on to cook, and when it is done it should remain in the pot until cold. This is the whole secret of having ham or corned beef juicy and full-flavored.—*The Household.*

—In feeding sweet milk to pigs, trials made at the Wisconsin Experiment Farm showed that on an average four pounds of corn-meal were equal to twenty pounds of sweet skim milk, or one pound of meal equal to five of milk, if fed separately.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Southern Corn Bread: To one pint of corn meal partly scalded, take half a pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, a dessert-spoonful of melted lard, add a little salt; if the batter is too stiff, add a little more milk; have oven hot; bake in shallow tin.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—A very small proportion of the quince trees planted ever arrive at a fruiting age, generally dying from neglect soon after planting. They require a deep, good soil, a comparatively moist, still and clayey one being best, provided it be well cultivated. For the first three or four years they demand careful attention, after which time that ordinarily given to other fruit trees will suffice. They should be pruned yearly, and all weak or dead wood removed, and top forward shoots headed back.—*Farmer's Garden.*

The Rake in the Garden.

The following brief but instructive paper was read at a meeting of the South Australian Gardeners' Society held at Adelaide, by Mr. A. McDonald. It contains suggestions valuable to gardeners everywhere. It also raises the question whether the harrow may not sometimes be employed to a disadvantage:

An old garden laborer said to me some years ago when I was busy raking a flower border, and trying to make as I thought then, a nice job: "Angus, you would soon impoverish ground." I don't think that I ever had a better lesson in gardening than that. It has been in my mind ever since, and I never use a rake myself, or see any one else using one, but I think of it. That raking does impoverish ground is plain enough to me now. In raking ground in gardens with the rakes generally used you draw together a lot of little clods, small stones, etc., which are generally picked up, put in a barrow, and wheeled away to a rubbish heap, which heap is very often carried away and put in the bed of some creek or river, and gets washed away to the sea, where it is not wanted. Now, this sort of thing going on must impoverish the ground, as these little clods as a rule contain a good deal of fertilizing matter. We know that in mixing soil for pot plants all gardeners like to have their soil lumpy and open, and by no means sifted; and I have noticed in repotting plants how inclined roots seem to cling to and run round little lumps of earth such as the rake takes off the ground. If it is good to have them in pots where you want to grow good plants with a little soil as possible, it must be good to leave them on the ground, and not waste time and do harm by raking them together and carrying them away. The small stones which the rake generally collects along with the clods would be much better left, as they, worked into the ground, do a great deal more good than harm. Now, I hold it is no part of a gardener's art to impoverish ground, and that is one reason why I would discourage the use of the rake in gardens. There is another reason.

Ground often raked over soon sets and gets a sort of crust on it, which is bad, as it prevents the air from getting down into the soil, which is highly beneficial. It also prevents the rain from passing into the ground so freely as it ought, and that is certainly bad, and especially so in a country like this, where the rainfall is so scant and where not a drop of that element should be lost if possible; it is of the utmost importance that that should be understood by all gardeners, agriculturists, and all who have to do with land. I have in my experience in this country seen a bare patch of ground washed smooth with the rain and baked with the sun till not anything grew on it summer or winter. I have seen that same patch trenched and left rough. Nothing more was done to it, and in two years the tegetation growing on it was quite luxuriant, which shows that the land itself, left as a smooth surface, and likes to be pulverized and left rough. It then takes in the elements of air and water and yields forth its fruits. Now, frequent raking of the ground has a tendency to bring the land back to a smooth surface, where nothing grows well, and on that ground the rake is objectionable.

Another use the rake is put to in gardens is in keeping gravel walks. The walks, when they get weedy, are scratched with the Dutch hoe and then harrowed with rakes, and left in just the best possible state to grow another crop of weeds, for the raking of gravel walks has quite a different effect from the raking of ordinary garden soil. The gravel does not set like the soil, so as to form a crust and throw the water off, which would be a desirable thing in the case of walks. You want the walks to be dry and smooth and the weeds not to grow, but hoeing and raking as usually done leaves them rough, damp and uncomfortable for walking, but I think walks can be kept easier and cheaper than in the ordinary way of hoeing and raking. There is no doubt a good deal can be said for the rake as a useful tool in the gardens for raking up leaves, and other stuff which falls from trees, shrubs, etc., at certain seasons, and for keeping up an appearance of tidiness both in the kitchen and flower garden. It is a tool that can not be dispensed with altogether, but in my experience I have mostly seen it overdone. Most people who employ gardeners like to see a smoothed-raked surface without looking further into the matter. I for my own part don't like to see it. I know it to be injurious. I like to see ground stirred with the digging-fork, which keeps the weeds from growing, moves the ground deep enough to let the air and moisture in, and leaves the surface in a most pleasing-looking condition. I would not do away with the rake altogether, but I would put a heavy tax on it, so as not to have it used so much.

The Girl Fishing for a Husband.

The season's husband fishery at the summer resorts is generally reported a failure. One reason why the fishery failed was that the bait was too gorgeous. While it compelled admiration, it dazzled those who admired it. Its glitter was beautiful, but a glance at it was enough to drive the poor fellows away with thankfulness for their escape. While plainer and less expensive girls meet their mates, the elegantly overdressed lady remains solitary. If the girl who is fishing for a husband makes any mistake it is that of thinking that the young man who is looking for a wife wants a costly piece of goods for show. Some young men want this, but there are few who can afford it, and even those who can are in many instances afraid to yoke themselves to it. They know that a too showy young woman, even if she have wealthy parents, is apt to be full of troublesome whims and of notions very difficult to satisfy. Even if they should be so sordid that they would like to marry for money these young men know enough to reflect that riches sometimes take wings and go out of sight. They stop and consider that if there be wealth and whims, when the wealth flies away and leaves nothing but the whims the residue is an exceedingly undesirable piece of finery. Every summer there is a complaint of the lack of young men at the watering places. This year the complaint is louder than ever. One of the reasons is that the extravagant display made by some of the girls frightens them away. They can not afford such expensive luxuries as these girls appear to be. They go fishing or boating or hunting by themselves, or take long pedestrian tours out of reach of the girls. The girls meanwhile sit on the fashionable hotel porticos with their papas and mammas, and lament and wonder. The girl who lets nature take its course; who avoids putting herself on exhibition as if for sale; who makes no more display than is consistent with gracefulness, beauty, and good common sense, is reasonably sure of one of two things: Either she will make a delightful wife for some sensible and worthy man; or else she will turn out a happy and lovely old maid. Better be a nice spinster than an unloved wife, married for money or show.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Humanity of an Anglo-Indian Judge.

The other day Mr. Justice Norris, while going home from court, saw a Saheb recklessly driving and running over an old native woman. His lordship immediately got out of the carriage, ran after and stopped the Saheb, and asked him to take the woman to a hospital, at the same time telling him that he should not have driven so furiously. The Saheb, a genuine Anglo-Indian, replied that Sahebs in this country do not care to take people to the hospital. Mr. Justice Norris cried shame to the Saheb, observing that to him humanity did not seem to be different here from what it is at home. He then came back and took the woman up in his own carriage to the hospital, and since her there. We trust and hope long residence in India will not chill the fervor of this genuine spirit.—*Brahma Public Opinion.*

Perfectly Amazed.

In the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, we observe that Mr. Rosenthal, of the well-known printing firm, Rosenthal & Roesch, 538 California street, that city, said to one of their reporters: "We all know of St. Jacob's Oil, and are perfectly amazed at the suddenness of the relief it affords. If you know of any one who is suffering with rheumatism, bruise or sprain, tell them to use St. Jacobs Oil.

New method of making tooth-powder: Grind your teeth. Patent unapplied for.—*The Judge.*

CERTAINLY an elegant remedy for all aches and pains is St. Jacobs Oil, says Dr. J. Turner, of Sherrell's Ford, N. C., in the Ravenswood (W. Va.) *News.*

THE Rev. Penstock arose in his usual graceful manner and announced that he was in receipt of several private letters suggesting that the Lime-Kiln Club form itself into a military organization and be prepared to rush to the defense of its country in time of peril. The idea struck him as being just the thing that it would prevail. "But what kind of an organization have we de right man for a Kurnel?" asked the President. "I—I—that is—well, I spekes I know sumthin' 'bout de Kurnel business," stammered Penstock. "An' so do I!" added thirteen other members in chorus. "Am der any member in dis hall to-night who knows how to be a private soldier?" asked the President. The silence for the next thirty seconds could have been knocked down by a crowbar. "De subjeck am postponed," continued Brother Gardner. "Six or seven hundred Kurnels an' no rank an' file won'd'r be 'cordin' to either Harlee or Hoyle. In case de kentry am placed in peril we'll send substitutes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Anxiety and Care.

It may not be generally known that anxiety and care will break down even a strong constitution in a very short time, yet such is the fact. However, the pernicious effect of debility resulting from these causes can be easily counteracted by a timely use of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Its refreshing effect on mind and body is truly wonderful. It exhilarates without intoxicating.

LITTLE Billy George Washington rode in his own carriage, but in his earlier years he took a back at the cherry tree.—*Worcester Gazette.* The man who had the temerity to spring this relic of antiquity upon the public forgot to mention how George's father took a chaise after the young man, and was about ready to sleigh him, when George attempted to saddle the blame on some one else as the cutter.—*Lawrence American.*

Is it Possible

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.—*Post.*

THE Egyptian emblem of a snake with its tail in its mouth was the earliest sign of the "awfulow-tail."—*Detroit Post.*

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

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

"WELL, Huber, I hear you have been at the Nurnburg exhibition, too?" "Dat you visit the Germanic Museum, too?" "Oh, yes. I was there three hours." "Three hours! And what did you do all that time?" "I was trying to find the exit."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

THE starch companies have combined, and we shall look to see a stiffening of prices.

A DRUMMER for a shoe-house went to see his girl the other night, and was confronted by a bull-dog who rents a room on the premises. They looked into each other's eyes, and then a strange depression overcame the dog, and he turned and slunk away.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE inhabitants of the North Pole country will be sociable enough when once the ice is broken.

OLD Gaul, of Bitter Creek, was an impenitent old sinner until one day he fell down stairs, with a box of pepper in his hands. That brought him to his senses.

"YOUNG Achilles" wants to know if "we think cigarette smoking is injurious to the brain?" Oh no, not a bit of it, "Young Achilles." No man with brains enough to hurt will be guilty of smoking paper.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

FATHER: "Fritz, you ought to be ashamed to whip such a small boy." Fritz: "Why so? Are you ashamed to whip me?"

THE puma is much more dangerous than the panther. A man was killed by a puma in Arkansas the other day.—*Detroit Post.*

MRS. FARRINGTON honored us with a call this morning. She is looking well, and she says she is like the windows of a renovated house—all the old panes are out of her, and the permanties are things of the past.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SAY, for instance, a dog loses his pup, and a wonder takes his place. Does it make anyone of them? [illegible]

HAY fever was very light this year, and the increasing popularity of malaria bids fair to drive the former fashionable complaint entirely out of society.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Rescued from Death.

[illegible] days: In the fall of 1876, I was taken with paralysis of the stomach, followed by a severe cough. I tried for my life and took good care of myself. I was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had about twenty-one chances out of a hundred to live. At one time a report was around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

WHEN a Boston young lady wishes to express that she has lost "those," she simply remarks: "I have sure distempered."

DR. BOSANKO'S Skin Cure is fully the equal to attack the disease, both internally, through the blood, and externally, through the sweat-roots, and is the only reliable and rational mode of treatment. These preparations are only put up for general use after having been used by the Doctor in his private practice for years, with the greatest success, and have fully proved the confidence of all classes of sufferers from skin diseases. This is for sale by all druggists. Two bottles, internal and external, for about the same price. Don't be persuaded to take any other. It costs one dollar.

A GOOD deserter is one of our subjects in so much opposed to rambling that he refuses to shake off his lethargy.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Men are but sorry witnesses in their own cause." The praise of Kidney-Wort comes from the mouths of those who have been made strong and healthy by it. Listen: "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be so right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys.

AN exchange wants to know: "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls, of course.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"That wonderful catholicon known as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given the lady a world-wide reputation for doing good. It is like a living spring to the vital constitution. Her Blood Purifier will do more to cleanse the channels of the circulation and purify the life of the body than all the sanitary devices of the Board of Health.

CHRISTMAS and the *Congressional Record* are coming. We could probably worry along without Christmas.—*New Orleans Herald.*

Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10c.

AN unequal match: Tank which carries only on the box.—*The Judge.*

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

THE finger is locked up simply for writing a wrong.

FOR THICK HEADS, heavy stomachs, biliousness, "Wells' May Apple Pills," cathartic 10 and 25c.

AMINADAB says a dog's lungs are the seat of its pants.—*Marathon Independent.*

BEST TRUSS EVER USED.—Send for circulars. Elastic Truss Co., 744 Broadway, New York.

THE first case of black mole—Ham.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Has the largest sale of any cough medicine. Pike's toothache drops cure in a minute.

FOWNSHIP says that "women would never do to run railroads, as the trains would always be behind."

FARMERS, teamsters, don't experiment, but use *Frazer Axle Grease.* It is the best.

THE man who selects off coupons is the genuine revenue cutter.

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.

THE NEW TOY, by Alfred L. Sewell, Chicago, delights all children. Send ten cents for one. Circulars sent free.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

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No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple and cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

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Old fashioned remedies are rapidly giving ground before the advance of this conquering specific, and old fashioned ideas in regard to depletion as a means of cure, have been quite exploded by the success of the great tonic, which, instead of depleting the system, invigorates the nerves, fortifies the patient against malaria, fortifies and purifies the blood, reduces the liver when torpid, and promotes a regular habit of body.

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