THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE LOST KISS.

The evening shadows fall sad and gray;
On the silent hearth the fire burns low;
The Lady of Scaur is weeping to-day
For a wrong she did long years ago.
Ah me! Ah me!
How the long years pass, how the sad years grow.

She thinks of an evening, sunny and still,
Of a restless horse by the open door;
Of the gentle voice of the young Lord Will,
Of his bending face and the smile it wore.
Ah me! Ah me!
For slighted love that will come no more.

And she thinks of the words that he softly said:
"I was wrong to-day, I was cross to-day.
Will my darling lift up her drooping head,
And give me a kiss ere I ride away?"
Ah me! Ah me!
For the scornful look and the scornful "Nay."

"Then good-bye, wife, for my father waits,"
She heard, with a pang, his heading pace,
Till, flung to the ground at the castle gates,
He was brought to die at his own hearth-place.
Ah me! Ah me!
For the kisses rained on the cold, still face.

Now she weeps and sighs in the evening gray:
"God pity the Heart which must ever miss
The Love which in anger it flung away—
God pity my heart for that one Lost Kiss!
Ah me! Ah me!
For my willful pride and my wasted bliss!

"Could I only wipe from my memory
The bending face with its look of pain;
If the pleading eyes I could no more see,
If the pleading voice had not been in vain!
Ah me! Ah me!
Had I been less blind, had I been more kind!
But the kiss I lost I shall never find."

—*Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.*

MONETA'S GRATITUDE.

An Incident of Victorio's Raid.

If you ever visit Presidio County, Tex., you will be sure to hear of Lone Cottonwood Ranch and its hospitable owner, Mr. James Daulton. It is more than likely that some one will tell you this story, for it is a favorite tale on the frontier, and has been related around the camp-fire a hundred times by all sorts of frontier people—soldiers, Mexicans, hunters, Indians, cowboys, miners and contrabandists. Presidio is a great stock county—the second largest in the State. Thousands of cattle, sheep and goats roam about its fertile canyons and broad llanos. Two years ago there were not more than fifty people in Presidio, living outside of Fort Davis, the county seat and military post. Several attempts were made to settle this rich country, but the Indians were hostile, and the adventurous pioneers were either murdered or driven back to the post. In the winter of 1879 a company of rangers were sent to Presidio County, and they began to drive out the predatory bands of red men. The presence of the rangers emboldened several reckless spirits to again attempt the settlement of the country. James Daulton was one of these pioneers. Accompanied by his wife, a black herder, two Mexicans and his nine children, he drove his cattle and sheep into the canyon of the Lone Cottonwood, about ten miles south of Fort Davis, and made camp near a large water-hole. He saw no sign of Indians, and was not molested by the hostiles for several weeks. He held his cattle and sheep near camp. Game was abundant. Above the water-hole was a large bog thickly covered with high reeds. Along a little "branch" or creek which bisected the cane-brake, there grew great bunches of water cress. Although forbidden to stray far from camp, the little Daulton children used to go up this branch and pick water-cress. The branch had its source at a spring on the side of the mountain. Near the spring was an old Indian trail going up the cliff.

One morning two of the children started up the branch. Alice, the oldest, was seven, and she held her young brother, Willy, by the hand. Willy was the baby and just three years old. He was petted by the whole camp, and was the particular favorite of one of the rangers, a famous scout and Indian-fighter, known along the frontier by the *nom de guerre* of "Apache George." For a while the children busied themselves picking cress. Suddenly, with a shout of delight, Alice dropped her little brother's hand and started in pursuit of a butterfly. Willy soon lost sight of her. The chase was a fruitless one, and when the bright-winged insect rose high above her head Alice gave a little sigh of disappointment and turned to hunt up her brother. Not finding him along the branch she got frightened and began to cry, at the same time calling loudly:

"Willy! Willy!"

The cliffs threw back the sound of her voice as if in mockery. There was no response from the lost child. The little girl's frantic cries were heard in camp, and snatching up his Winchester her brother Jack ran up the creek. When he reached a point where the tall reeds nearly met over the bed of the branch he gave a sharp cry and cocked his Winchester. Before him, in the soft mud, was the print of a moccasin side by side with the tiny tracks of baby Willy. The moccasin trail turned into the cane-brake, and Jack, his heart in his mouth, followed it. Near the seepage spring he lost the trail and hurried back to camp to get assistance. Alice reached the camp before him, and her incoherent and tearful story started everybody out in quest of the lost child. Jack met the search-party. In a few words he made known his discovery, and led the party to the seepage spring. His father examined the trail carefully.

"This trail goes up the cliff," he said, and started toward the top of the mountain

A few yards back from the edge of the cliff they found "horse sign." The ground was trampled as though by the hoofs of a score of ponies. The top of the mountain was rough and rocky. The search-party, led by the father of the lost child, took up the trail of the ponies and followed it for several miles. The country grew rougher and rougher, and it was a difficult matter to follow the trail. Finally Mr. Daulton, practiced frontiersman that he was, was obliged to stop.

"I can follow the trail no farther, men," he said. "Poor little Willy."

He sank down upon a rock and buried his face in his hands. He was a strong, brave man, who never quailed in the face of danger. Now the thought of his little son, in the hands of ruthless and bloodthirsty savages, completely unnerved him, and he groaned aloud in his agony.

"I tell you what, Cap'n Jim," said the black herder Madison, "dat yer child is sure nuff los'. Dere's only one man kin fin' him—"

"And that man?" cried the father, starting up. "Speak! Who can find him?"

"Dat yere ranger man, 'Pache George!"

The words of the black man and his confidence in the ability of Apache George to find little Willy put new life into the whole party.

"Madison is right, father," cried Jack. "Apache George can follow the trail over hard rock as easily as we can through a bog."

"Run back to camp, son, as fast a you can," commanded Mr. Daulton, and Jack started.

"Hold on one minute," continued his father, and the impetuous boy stopped. "Saddle the gray pony and go to the ranger camp. Tell Captain Nevill what has occurred, and then hurry back."

"All right!" cried Jack, and he again started on a run.

The remainder of the party went more slowly. It was a hard matter to comfort the grief-stricken mother, mourning for the loss of her baby. All had confidence in Apache George's ability to follow up the Indian trail and recover the stolen child—all but the mother. Her grief was poignant and unreasonable.

It seemed hours before Jack returned, but it was hardly yet noon when he rode into camp in company with Apache George. The scout, from long experience among just such troubles as drove everybody in the Daulton camp nearly crazy, was cool and seemingly unmoved. He did not dismount, but asked several questions from the saddle. A great black dog, the property of the scout, and his inseparable companion, ran about the camp and whined. Apache George noticed the dog's agitation.

"Buster misses him," he said. "I reckon between him and me and Cougar," and he patted his horse's neck, "we can find him."

"You will not go alone?" asked Mr. Daulton.

"Yes. Victorio's been seen out toward the Gaudaloupes at the head of two hundred and fifty warriors. He's headed this way. Our company start on a scout this evening. The Captain could only spare me. I reckon this was part of Victorio's band. I'll follow the trail and do the best I can. You had better 'round up,' and go back to the post. Going to be hot times here directly. If I discover anything, will send you word. Come Buster. Adois!"

And before any one could ask any more questions, or offer any suggestions, Apache George had dashed into the cane-brake. They saw him again as he mounted the cliff. He looked back, waved his hand, and disappeared on the top of the mountain.

Mr. Daulton profited by the advice of the scout and returned to Fort Davis with his flocks and family. Two days after he left Victorio camped at the water-hole in the canyon of the Lone Cottonwood. Every one knows the history of that daring chief's reckless and brilliant dash along the frontier, his pursuit into Mexico by the rangers, and his death and the dispersion of his band by General Terrassas and a brigade of Mexican soldiers. Those of his band who escaped returned to Texas. They were under the leadership of Nana, Ju and Black Wolf, three of Victorio's field chiefs. The bands under the two former chiefs got back to the reservation in safety. Black Wolf had a small party, and the rangers pressed him close. In a rugged canyon deep in the Sierra Diablo he turned at bay. There was a sharp fight. Black Wolf, five of his warriors, two squaws and a papoose were killed, two squaws and three papooses captured, several were wounded and the rest put to flight. When the rangers, returning, reached Fort Davis they were received with open arms. In the crowd collected to welcome the brave scouts was Mr. James Daulton.

"Where is Apache George?" he asked.

"That's what no fellow can find out," answered one of the rangers, "at least no fellow in the outfit. He was with us in the fight and captured a squaw and papoose. We camped that night about a mile from where we had the fight, and next morning George and the squaw and papoose were missing."

Several of the rangers corroborated this story, and Mr. Daulton was forced to return to his sorrowing wife with the sad intelligence that nothing had been heard from their missing child, and that the only one who seemed able to give them information had mysteriously disappeared. The rangers talked a deal among themselves about the desertion of their comrade and the escape of the prisoners.

"There's something behind it all," said one of them, sagely, "for it was my guard; and when I reported to the Captain he said nothing, asked no questions, and didn't even send a scout out after George."

"He'll turn up again, never fear!" said another, and sure enough he did turn up about two months after the return of the rangers.

In the meantime Mr. James Daulton had returned to the canyon of the Lone Cottonwood, and erected an adobe ranch-house. He saw the Captain of the rangers a few days after the latter's return from the Sierra Diablo scout, and since the interview his face looked brighter and he took a more cheerful view of life. His wife, however, mourned daily for the lost one.

One evening, late in the month of July, 1880, Mr. Daulton was busily engaged about his ranch, superintending the erection of a corral. He saw a horseman coming up the canyon, but thought the rider one of his herders and turned again to his work. Suddenly a piercing scream, and then loud cries fell upon his ears and he hastened toward the ranch house. As he entered the hall by a rear door his eyes fell on a picture that caused his heart to leap with joy. In the middle of the hall was his wife on her knees and holding in her arms the lost Willy. The joy-crazed mother was smothering the little fellow with kisses. The other children were clustered around and Apache George stood in the doorway, leaning on his rifle. It was an hour before the people at Lone Cottonwood ranch sobered down sufficiently to hear the scout's story. He told it modestly and laconically. I have heard him relate it a dozen times, and give nearly his own words. It was of little interest up to the time of the fight in Sierra Diablo. He followed the trail leading out of the cane-brake until it was lost in the broad road made by Victorio's warriors. He joined his company and was with them down to the night of the Sierra Diablo fight.

"I reckon I did my share of the fighting," he said: "The Indians made but little resistance. I took after a buck and a squaw who had a papoose in her arms. My first shot brought down the buck. I fired at the squaw, but the shot was a bad one. It struck her hands and wounded the papoose in the feet. She dropped the child and ran into a little motte of timber. The papoose was screaming at the top of his voice. He was a little bit of a fellow, and for an Indian, pretty. He had on a bright calico dress, and was about two years old, I reckon. When I got close to him I pulled out my six-shooter to kill him. He looked at me sort of pitiful as I pulled down and my heart failed me. I put back my pistol and picked him up. His feet were bleeding, and I wrapped 'em up in my handkerchief. Then I took after the squaw. She had hidden herself under a ledge of rock. I sat down the papoose and pulled her out. I was just about to draw my knife across her yellow throat when the papoose began to bellow. She jumped up and ran toward it. The little devil held out its arms and she caught it up, and began to cry and kiss and hug it. That touched me right here," and the scout laid his hand on his heart. "I speak Apache tolerable well, and I told her that she and the kid shouldn't be harmed—that they were prisoners. She seemed grateful, that is if an Indian can be grateful, and I took her back to where the outfit rendezvoused. The boys made fun of me for being so tender hearted, but I didn't mind that. I wouldn't have killed that squaw and papoose for a million dollars. She knew that her buck had been killed, and that night after we made camp she asked me for a knife to cut off her hair. The Indian women do that as a sign of widowhood. I chopped off her hair, and said something about the papoose being pretty. She kissed the kid and replied:

"'Yes, and you are good. Moneta is glad.' Moneta was her name, I reckon. 'Moneta will remember. When I go back to my people I will tell them the White Wizard is good, and the young men will not try to kill him.' The Mescaleros call me the White Wizard.

"Well, what she said set me to thinking, and I began to talk to her. Finally I asked her if she would like to go back to her people.

"'Yes,' she said. 'Nana is my father. He will be head chief now. Victorio is dead. Rain Cloud will be big chief, too.' She cuddled up the kid, and I judged from that that his name was Rain Cloud.

"I told her then that the rangers would carry her back to Fort Davis, and would not let her go back to her people; but that I could get the head chief (meaning the Captain) to let her go back if she would tell me what her people did with a little boy whom they stole from camp in the canyon of the Lone Cottonwood.

"'I will tell you,' she said. 'Before we went to the Great River (meaning Rio Grande) some of my people went back to the reservation. They were sick or old. Some were women. They carried the white boy. I saw him. He had blue eyes and cried. I felt sorry for him. Yes, I know. The wife of Bitter Water had him. Her husband was killed. He was with Victorio. If you will talk to the great chief good for me, I will help you get back the white boy. Take me back to my people. My father will give me the white boy, and I will give him to you. I know the agent and the great chief of the soldiers at Fort Sill. I will stay at the fort and they shall watch me that I don't run away. When I give you the white boy I can go back to my people. What you say?'

"I told the Captain what she said, and he gave me permission to take her back. I waited until the moon came up that night and then woke her up and told her what he said. She was mighty glad and helped me saddle the ponies. We slipped out of camp, and I don't think the guard even noticed us leave. When we got to Fort Sill she sent out word to the reservation by an Indian runner, and three days afterward an old squaw came into the fort with Willy in her arms. I turned Moneta loose and started the same evening for Fort Davis. Here I am."

Little Willy was treated very kindly by the Indians and was beginning to get used to his new life when the widow of Bitter Water carried him into Fort Sill and turned him over to Apache George.

"I knew my old friend George, mamma," he said, as the scout finished his story, "and I hollored loud, for I knew he had come to take me back to you."—*G. W. Symonds, in Detroit Free Press.*

Narcolepsy.

A very strange case of a little girl, four years old, suffering from narcolepsy, has been reported in this city. This disease is a very peculiar one, and the patient is liable to go off into a sound sleep at any moment, which may continue for several hours, and at times, even two or three days.

A few weeks ago Dr. Robert H. Porter was call to see the child in question at her home, on Portland avenue. She first developed symptoms about a year ago, after an attack of typhoid fever. The first indication that the mother had of the trouble was the restlessness of the child, which would often have "nodding spells." These attacks of sleep gradually increased in severity and frequency until she used to have at least twenty a day, and often as many as five or six at the table while eating. The attacks lasted for about a minute, but they were very profound, and it was impossible to wake her until the spell passed away. When she recovered the child immediately resumed whatever she had been doing, perfectly innocent of the intermission that had taken place. When the attacks would come on she would fall forward on her face, and a large tumor was produced on her forehead from the frequent contusions. A few months ago she began to have spasms in addition to the narcolepsy, and became very destructive, having a desire to kill everything she came in contact with, and it required great care to restrain her.

The case is a very remarkable one, from the development of the disease so early in life, as with children the usual tendency in such cases is to idiocy instead of insanity, as it is a very rare occurrence for a child not over five years to become insane. The little girl was put under treatment for the disease, and is now perfectly recovered, not having had an attack for two weeks. The freaks that have been produced in cases of this kind are very curious and sometimes amusing. A couple of years ago there was a man afflicted with narcolepsy in the city, whose attacks of sleep used to last from two to three days, and came on once or twice a month. Some time ago a well-known sporting man, who was a narcoleptic, lived here and was a source of much curiosity. Occasionally he would astonish his friends by going to sleep at the bar while taking a drink and remain perfectly unconscious for a few moments, when he would wake up and take his drink, perfectly unconscious of any interruption.

He created considerable excitement one night at a gentleman's house by falling sound asleep while just in the act of receiving an introduction to a young lady, much to her discomfiture and his friend's amusement. It is impossible to arouse the patient out of these sleeps, and the attacks are liable to come on at any moment, no matter how the victim may be situated. This mysterious and unaccountable disease was first described ten years ago and since then it has received much attention from neurologists, but its classification has not yet been definitely settled. From the spasmodic character of the disease and its frequent association with epilepsy, physicians believe it one of the branches of this disease, and ere long, no doubt, it will be given its appropriate position with the epileptic class.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Frightened.

Stage-drivers among the Rockies and Sierras learn to be as peremptory as they are daring—and probably from the same necessity. They will have their orders obeyed. This is not saying that in the instance here told the Jehu might not have built his scarecrow story on some bit of fact.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Post* relates the following incident of a stage ride through the mountains: We were going to say that on this particular trip we passengers were exceedingly annoyed by the persistence with which young Foss (the driver) demanded that stage doors be kept closed, particularly when their being opened caused an appreciable circulation of air.

Just as we were rounding a particularly narrow turn in the face of the cliff, Foss noticed that the inside door, so to speak, was being held ajar. Promptly putting on the brakes and bringing his horses to a halt, he descended.

"Do you see that rock?" he said, pointing to a huge bowlder ahead that barely left room for the stage to pass.

"What of it?"

"Only this. Last season a stage was passing that rock when somebody opened the door. The door caught on the rock, and as it opened further just pried the whole business over the cliff. That little speck way down there is one of the hind wheels caught on a tree. Now will you keep that door shut?"

It took half an hour to get that door opened when we got to Calistoga, every individual on board having separately tied it shut with his handkerchief.

—Mrs. Keltie, a prominent singer of Hamilton, Ont., was awakened the other night by the crying of her child. She quieted it, and both were soon asleep, but she was again awakened, this time by a sharp pain in the ear, when she screamed, and by the low burning gas she saw a rat run away. It had bitten Mrs. Keltie's ear so as to make it bleed. Examining her babe, she found upon its ear the imprints of the rat's teeth.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Gates on a farm, instead of bars, are the cheaper in the long run, says a correspondent of the *New England Farmer.*

—Celery can only be grown to advantage on very highly manured land. The manure should be applied, if possible, in the fall, and plowed under.—*American Farmer.*

—Two-year-old trees of the apple, plum, pear and cherry are the best size for planting. Peach trees should be one year old. Stocky, low-branched specimens will give the best satisfaction. —*N. Y. Herald.*

—According to Prof. Beal, of Iowa, the bat, instead of being an object of aversion should be regarded as a true "friend of man," as it is a great destroyer of insects, and unlike many of the tropical species, does no harm to man or beast.

—In England window curtains of stained glass, for the lower half of the window, are becoming usual, and are a very great improvement upon the ugly structures of woven wire and wicker which have done service for so long a time. "Those who know" assert that these particularly pretty additions to the windows will soon be equally usual in New York residences.

—Corn will shrink from the time it is husked from the field or shock, in the autumn, in well-protected cribs, from twenty to thirty per cent by spring. That is, one hundred bushels will shrink to seventy or eighty, according to how dry it was when gathered. Sound corn will shrink twenty per cent. so that forty cents per bushel as it comes from the field is as good as fifty cents in the spring.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—The *Gardener's Monthly* says: "It has only recently been clearly demonstrated that a dead branch of a tree makes almost as great a strain on the main plant for moisture as does a living one. This is one of the most important discoveries of modern botanical science to the practical horticulturist, as by this knowledge he can save many a valuable tree. Any dead branch, or any weak one, should be at once cut away."

—All kinds of poultry and meat can be cooked quicker by adding to the water in which they are boiled a little vinegar or a piece of lemon. By the use of a little acid there will be a considerable saving of fuel, as well as shortening of time. Its action is beneficial on old tough meats, rendering them quite tender and easy of digestion. Tainted meats and fowls will lose their bad taste and odor if cooked in this way, and if not used too freely no taste of it will be lived.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—A writer in the *National Farmer* says: "A half pint of sunflower seed given to a horse with his other feed, each morning and night, will keep him in better health and better spirited than he will be without it, while his hair will be brighter. When a saddle horse is required to be particularly sprightly, he may be given a pint of sunflower seed with his oats at night, and half as much in the morning; he will be found more antic and sprightly through the day, and consequently be more pleasant to the rider.

Health of Farmers.

A formidable antagonist to the health of the farmer, an overpowering evil, is connected with his manner of living. Far too many sell the best food and keep the poorest for their own tables.

While the mechanic may use more pastry than the farmer, it is probable that the fare of the farmer, on the whole, is more unwholesome than that of the average, consisting more of the heavier and grosser kinds, as pork, cabbage, sausages, hams and the like. Compared with beef, pork is very objectionable, not only on account of its indigestibility, but from its almost uniform diseased condition, the liver of the fattest ones being generally ulcerated. This fact—vouched for by the swine butcher—is sufficient to condemn the carcass of such swine. The average time for the digestion of fat pork—in a strong stomach—is five hours and a quarter, or nearly the whole time between our meals, allowing but little or no time for stomach rest, while that organ needs rest as much as the arms.

The use of pork is a prominent cause of scrofula, glandular derangements, consumption, rickets and a fearful train of evils connected with the trichinæ, now known to be very abundant, even among the country swine, particularly those kept in cellars, under stables, slaughter-houses and the like.

Veal is used extensively by farmers, though it is more difficult of digestion than beef, indicating that it is killed too young—before it has been sufficiently changed by the new order of things. Of course, just to the extent that the stomach is weakened by the attempt to digest such indigestible articles as pork, ham, sausages, veal, cooked cabbage and eggs, its digestive power must be impaired, of course diminishing the amount of nourishment obtained from the food, for the nourishment depends more on the amount digested than the quantity eaten.

Here I remark that bread—honest bread, that made of the whole products of the grains, the rasping hull excepted—and beef are the two good representatives of nourishment for the farmer. Beef contains nearly twice the strength-imparting nourishment of pork, while it digests in about half the time, thus saving vital force—the extra labor of the health of the eater.

Again, the farmer eats too hastily, and, therefore, too heartily, and under unfavorable circumstances. These errors will account for much of the derangements of the liver and bowels. That digestion may be as perfect as possible, it is desirable to so arrange the work as to allow a little comparative rest just before and after each meal—not absolute rest, but lighter work. On the contrary, in "hay-time" the farmer rushes to his meals almost crushed by his toils, fatigued and overheated, even worse, takes his meal in the shortest time—forcing the food down with drinks—and then hastens back as rapidly, to save time, but loses far more in the future than he gains at the present. His immediate hard labor sadly interferes with the digestive process, of course robbing him of a part of the nourishment of his food. This indigestion naturally leads to dyspepsia, while the partly digested food, passing into the bowels in an unprepared state, correspondingly deranges the bowels, often producing dysentery and the like. All of this naturally and necessarily deranges the liver, producing torpidity, then torpidity of the bowels—costiveness. The circumstances connected with these toils, so near the meal time, are so calculated to derange digestion as not to warrant the use of such indigestible foods. It is not surprising, therefore, that so many of this class feel compelled to use pills and powders, patronizing all of the dealers in "patent" nostrums. It is as needful to have the saliva of the mouth mixed with the food, by thorough chewing, as it is to have our food cooked. This is particularly true of starchy foods more than of meats, and hence the daily supply of from three to six and a half pounds that the mouth and the stomach may prepare it for the bowels, and that good blood may be made from it to nourish the body. Very much depends on what is sometimes called "mouth digestion," without which all of the after labor is not only increased, but is necessarily imperfect. With human beings and such animals as "chew the cud"—like the patient ox, setting us a good example—if the first steps are omitted, good blood, which is "the life," is impossible.—*Farm and Fireside.*

—Western papers are telling of a man who tried to swallow a pump-handle. That's a mighty small freak of enterprise in a State as large as Texas. Why didn't he steal the well?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Language Cannot Describe It.

Mr. Robert Gould, book-keeper for Walker & Maxey, who are lumber dealers, recently said to our representative: "About one year ago I was taken with the genuine sciatica. I employed the best physicians, but they could only relieve me for the moment. Finally I used St. Jacobs Oil and it effected a complete cure."—*Kennebec Reporter, Gardiner, Me.*

The following words if spelled backwards or forwards are the same: "Name no one man."

Mr. Gail B. Johnson, business manager of the Houston (Texas) *Post*, has used St. Jacobs Oil with the greatest benefit for rheumatism, says the Galveston (Texas) *News.*

No wonder the mule is a kicker. Were I a mule, I, too, would kick. I know what kind of mule I would be. A bay mule. One of those sad-eyed old fellows that lean back in the breeching and think. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark streak down my back and a paint-brush tail. And my mane cut short, and my foretop banged, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half in any market, and some day when some man hitched me up to a dray, and piled on a ton and a half of pig iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour and a steamboat boiler, I would start off with it patiently and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade on the road around North Hill, and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down, would scare me all but to death, and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi River six weeks to find all of that load and some of the driver, while in three minutes after the emeute I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heights that smile above the silver, flowing river. That is the kind of a mule I would be.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Intelligent Minds.

Intelligent minds can quickly learn a verse by heart. Such knowledge may prove useful at some future time. Then learn this verse by heart: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla contains Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Buchu, Celery and Calisaya, and is the finest strengthening medicine and blood purifier ever compounded from a physician's prescription."

A father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause and then the oldest boy spoke up and said: "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now you are living with us."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.—*Telegraph.*

Spicer, of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, has discovered that "Coronation" is not a popular hymn in Russia.

"Evil dispositions are early shown." Evil tendencies in our systems are to be watched and guarded against. If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. It is nature's great assistant. Use it as an advance guard—don't wait to get down sick. Read adv't.

The sidewalk shovelers will soon go in for winter quarters.—*Boston Commercial Advertiser.*

To improve the appearance of the skin great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum), Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough, Scaly Eruptions of any kind, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, which can be obtained at druggists.

A caustic wit, in speaking of an impecunious friend, said: "He settles his debts just like clock-work—tick, tick, tick."

An Undoubted Blessing.

About thirty years ago a prominent Physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, &c. Sold by all Druggists.

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"This insurance policy is a queer thing," said Dobbs, reflectively. "If I can't sell it I cancel it, and if I cancel it I can't sell it."

A Chicago crook named Griswold spent eighteen days in a little town in Pennsylvania, and during that time wooed and won the belle of the place, beat a man out of $2,000, won $600 at poker and got away without paying the landlord.—*Chicago News.*

Some one says: "Courtship is the egg froth, and marriage the custard, in the floating island of life."—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Western farmer advertises that he wants a first-class potato masher. There are lots of mashers in Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia News.*

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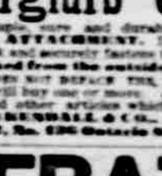

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After the Mindanao Pirates in a Dutch Gun-Boat, by Lieut. P. F. Griswell.
Adventures in a Whaling Cruise in the North Pacific, by Macomber Brett.
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Child Life and Home Life in Japan. Curious Pictures and Domestic Incidents, by a traveller in that country. Prof. E. S. Morse.
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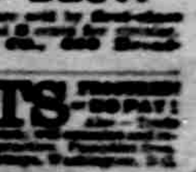

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