THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

D. LUTZ, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

IT'S VERA WEEL.

It's vera weel throughout the day,
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,
To think a man can live alway
W'out a wifey.

But it's anither thing, at night,
To sit alone by cam'le light,
Or gang till rest, when sharp winds bite,
W'out a wifey.

It's vera weel when clars are new,
To think they'll always last just so,
And look as weel as they doonna
W'out a wifey;

But when the holes begin to show,
The stitches rip, the buttons go
What in the warld's a man to do
W'out a wifey?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true and lassies dear,
To think ye'll gang through life—nae fear—
W'out a wifey;

But clouds will come the skies athart,
Lassies will marry, frien's mann part;
Wha then can cheer your saddened heart
Like a dear wifey?

It's vera weel when young and hale—
But when ye're auld and crazed, and frail,
And your lithe spirits gin to fail,
Ye'll want a wifey;

But maybap then the lassies dear
Will treat your offers w' a sneer;
Ilk gudeman's cranky, gray and seer,
Ye'll get nae wifey.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon;
Rise up and seek afore the toon,
And get Heaven's greatest earthly boon—
A weel bit wifey.

—*Wallace Dunbar, in Century.*

AN UNDER-GRADUATE'S AUNT.

Frederick Flushington belonged to a small college, and in doing so conferred upon it one of the few distinctions it could boast—namely, that of possessing the very bashfulest man in the whole university.

But his college did not treat him with any excess of adulation on that account, probably from a prudent fear of rubbing the bloom off his modesty; they allowed him to flush unseen—which was the condition in which he preferred to blush.

He felt himself oppressed by a paucity of ideas and a difficulty in knowing which way to look in the presence of his fellow-men, which made him never so happy as when he had fastened his outer door and secured himself from all possibility of intrusion; though it was almost an unnecessary precaution, for nobody ever thought of coming to see Flushington.

In appearance he was a man of middle height, with a long scraggy neck and a large head, which gave him the air of being much shorter than he really was; he had little weak eyes, a nose and mouth of no particular shape, and very smooth hair of no definite color. He had a timid deprecating air, which seemed due to the consciousness that he was an uninteresting anomaly, and he certainly was as imperious to the ordinary influence of his surroundings as any under-graduate well could be. He lived a colorless, aimless kind of life in his little rooms under the roof, reading every morning from nine till two with a superstitiously mechanical regularity, though very often his books completely failed to convey any ideas whatever to his brain, which was not a particularly powerful organ.

If the afternoon was fine, he generally sought out his one friend, who was a few degrees less shy than himself, and they went a monosyllabic walk together; or if it was wet, he read the papers at the Union, and in the evenings after hall he studied "general literature"—a graceful term for novels—or laboriously spelt out a sonata upon his piano, a habit which did not increase his popularity.

Fortunately for Flushington, he had no guy, or his life might have been made a positive burden to him, and with his bed-maker he was rather a favorite as a "gentleman what gave no trouble"—meaning that when he observed his sherry unaccountably sinking, like the water in a lock when the sluices are up, Flushington was too deliriate to relight to the phenomenon.

He was sitting one afternoon over his modest lunch of bread and butter, potted meat and lemonade, when all at once he heard a sound of unusual voices and a strange flutter of dresses coming up the winding stone staircase outside, and was instantly seized with a cold dread.

There was no particular reason for being alarmed, although there were certainly ladies mounting the steps—probably they were friends of the man opposite, who was always having his people up. But still Flushington had that odd presentiment which nervous people have sometimes that something unpleasant is on its way to them, and he half rose from his chair to shut his outer oak.

It was too late; the dresses were rustling now in his very passage—there was a pause, a few faint smothered laughs, and little feminine coughs—then two taps at the door.

"Come in," cried Flushington, faintly.

The door opened, and his heart seemed to stop and all the blood rushed violently to his head as a large lady came sweeping in, her face rippling with a broad smile of affection.

She horrified Flushington, who knew nobody with the least claim to smile at him so expansively as that; he drank lemonade to conceal his confusion.

"You don't know me, my dear Fred?" she said, easily. "Of course, not—how should you? I'm—for goodness sake, my dear boy, don't look so terribly frightened! I'm your aunt—your aunt Amelia, come over from Australia!"

The shock was a severe one to Flushington, who had not even known he possessed such a relative; he could only say: "Oh!" which he felt even then was scarcely a warm greeting to give an aunt from the Ant podes.

"Oh, but," she added, cheerily, "that's not all; I've another surprise for you; the dear girls insisted on coming up, too, to see their grand college cousin; they're just outside. I'll call them in—shall I?"

In another second Flushington's small room was overrun by a horde of female relatives, while he looked on gasping.

They were pretty girls, too, many of them; but that was all the more dreadful to him; he did not mind the plainer ones half so much; a combination of beauty and intellect reduced him to a condition of absolute imbecility.

He was once caught and introduced to a charming young lady from Newnham, and all he could do was to back feebly into a corner and murmur "thank you," repeatedly.

He was very little better than that then as his aunt singled out one girl after another. "We won't have any formal nonsense between cousins," she said; "you know them all by name already, I dare say—this is Milly, that's Jane, here's Flora, and Kitty, and Margaret, and that's my little Thomasina over there by the book-case."

Poor Flushington ducked blindly in the direction of each, and then to them all collectively; he had not presence of mind to offer them chairs, or cake, or anything, and besides, there was not nearly enough of anything for all of them.

Meanwhile his aunt had spread herself comfortably out in his arm-chair, and was untying her bonnet strings and beaming at him until he was ready to expire with confusion. "I do think," she observed at last, "that, when an old aunt all the way from Australia takes the trouble to come and see you like this, you *might* spare her just one kiss!"

Flushington, dazed as he was, stooped and kissed her somewhere about the face, after which he did not know which way to look, he was so terribly afraid that he might have to go through the same ceremony with the cousins, which he simply could *not* have survived.

Happily for him, they did not appear to expect it, and he balanced a chair on its hind legs and, resting one knee upon it, waited patiently for them to begin a conversation, he could not have uttered a single word.

The aunt came to his rescue: "You don't ask after your uncle Samuel, who used to send you the beetles?" she said, reprovingly.

"No," said Flushington, who had forgotten uncle Samuel and his beetles, long; "no, how is uncle Samuel—quite well, I hope?"

"Only tolerably so, thank you, Fred; you see, he never got over his great loss."

"No," said Flushington, desperately, "of course not; it was a—a large sum of money to lose all at once."

"I was not referring to money," said she, with a slight touch of stoniness in her manner; "I was alluding to the death of your cousin John."

Flushington had felt himself getting on rather well just before that, but this awkward mistake—for he could not recollect having heard of cousin John before—threw him off his balance again; he collapsed into silence once more, inwardly resolving to be lured into no more questions concerning relatives.

His ignorance seemed to have aroused pathetic sentiments in his aunt: "I ought to have known," she said, shaking her head, "that they soon forget us in the old country; here's my own sister's son, and he doesn't remember his cousin's death! Well, well, now we're here we must see if we can't know one another a little better. Fred, you must take the girls and me everywhere and show us everything, like a good nephew, you know."

Flushington had a horrible mental vision of himself careering about all over Cambridge, followed by a long procession of female relatives—a fearful possibility to so shy a man. "Shall you be here long?" he asked.

"Only a week or so; we're at the 'Bull,' very near, you see; and I'm afraid you think us very bold beggars, Fred, but we're going to ask you to give us something to eat. I've so my heart, so have the girls (haven't you, dears?), on lunching once with a college student in his own room."

"There's nothing so extraordinary in it, I assure you," protested Flushington, "and—and I'm afraid there's very little for you to eat. The kitchen and buttery are closed" (he said this at a venture, as he felt absolutely unequal to facing the college cook and ordering lunch from that tremendous personage; he would rather order it from his tutor even). "But, if you don't mind potted ham, there's a little at the bottom of this tin, and there's some bread and an inch of butter, and marmalade, and a few biscuits. And there was some sherry this morning."

The girls all professed themselves very hungry, and contented with anything; so they sat round the table, and poor Flushington served out meager rations of all the provisions he could find, even to his figs and French plums; but there was not nearly enough to go round, and they lunched with evident disillusionment, thinking that the college luxury of which they had heard so much had been greatly exaggerated.

During luncheon the aunt began to study Flushington's features attentively. "There's a strong look of poor dear Simon about him when he smiles," she said, looking at him through her gold-double glasses. "There, did you catch it, girls? Just his mother's profile (turn your face a little more towards the window, so as to get the light on your nose); don't you see the likeness to your aunt's portrait, girls?"

And Flushington had to sit still with all the girls' charming eyes fixed critically upon his crimson countenance; he longed to be able to slide down under the table and evade them, but of course he was obliged to remain above.

"He's got dear Caroline's nose!" the aunt went on, triumphantly; and the cousins agreed that he certainly had Caroline's nose, which made Flushington feel vaguely that he ought at least to offer to return it.

Presently one of the girls whispered to her mother, who laughed indulgently: "What do you think this silly child wants me to ask you now, Fred?" she said. "She says she would so like to see what you look like with your college cap and gown on! Will you put them on, just to please her?"

So Flushington had to put them on, and walk slowly up and down the room in them, feeling all the time what a dismal spectacle he was making of himself, while the girls were plain y disappointed, and remarked that, somehow, they had thought the academical costume more becoming.

Then began a hotly maintained catechism upon his studies, his amusements, his friends, and his mode of life generally; which he met with uneasy shiftings and short timid answers, that they did not appear to think altogether satisfactory.

Indeed, the aunt, who by this time felt the potted ham beginning to disagree with her, asked him, with something of severity in her tone, whether he went to church regularly; and he said that he didn't go to church, but was always regular at chapels.

On this she observed, coldly, that she was sorry to hear her nephew was a Dissenter; and Flushington was much too shy to attempt to explain the misunderstanding; he sat quiet and felt miserable, whilst there was another uncomfortable pause.

The cousins were whispering together and laughing over little private jokes, and he, after the manner of sensitive men, of course imagined they were laughing at *him*—and perhaps he was not very far wrong on this occasion. So he was growing hotter and hotter every second, inwardly cursing his whole race and wishing that his father had been a foundling—when there came another tap at the door.

"Why, that must be poor old Sophy!" said his aunt. "Fred, you remember old Sophy—no, you can't, you were only a baby when she came out to live with us, but she'll remember you. She begged so hard to be taken, and so we told her she might come on here slowly after us."

And then an old person in a black bonnet came feebly in and was considerably affected when she saw Flushington. "To think," she quavered, "to think as my dim old eyes should see the child I've nursed on my lap growed out into a college gentleman!" And she hugged Flushington and wept on his shoulder, till he was almost cataleptic with confusion.

But as she became calmer she grew more critical; she confessed to a certain feeling of disappointment with Flushington; he had not filled out, she said, "so fine as he'd promised to fill out." And when she asked if he recollected how he wouldn't be washed unless they put his little wooden horse on the washstand, and what a business it was to make him swallow his castor-oil, it made Flushington feel like a fool. Just then there was another knock at the door.

At this Flushington was perfectly dumb with horror; he prepared himself blankly for another aunt with a fresh relay of female cousins, or more old family servants who had washed him in his infancy, and he sat there cowering.

But when the door opened a tall, fair-haired, good-looking young fellow, who, from his costume, had evidently just burst in, impulsively,

"Oh, I say!" he began, "have you heard—have you seen? Oh, beg pardon, didn't see, you know!" he added, as he noticed the extraordinary fact that Flushington had people up.

"Oh, let me introduce you!" said Flushington, with a vague idea that this was the proper thing to do. "Mr. Lushington, Mrs. —— no, I don't know her name—my aunt . . . my cousins."

The young man, who had just been about to retire, bowed and started with a sudden surprise: "Do you know," he said, slowly, to the other, "I rather think that's my aunt!"

"I—I'm afraid not," whispered Flushington; "she seems quite sure she's mine."

"Well, I've got an aunt and cousins I've never seen before coming up today," said the new comer, "and yours is uncommonly like the portrait of mine."

"If they belong to you, do take them away!" said Flushington, feebly; "I don't think I can keep up much longer."

"What are you whispering about, Fred?" cried the aunt; "is it something we are not to know?"

"He says he thinks there's been a mistake, and you're not my aunt," explained Flushington.

"Oh, *does* he?" she said, drawing herself up indignantly; "and what does he know about it—I didn't catch his name, who is he?"

"Fred Lushington," he said; "that's my name."

"And who are you, if he's Fred Lushington?" she inquired, turning upon the unfortunate owner of the rooms.

"I'm Frederick Flushington," he stammered; "I'm sorry—but I can't help it!"

"Then you're not my nephew at all, sir!" cried the aunt.

"Thank you very much," said Flushington, gratefully.

"You see," her real nephew was explaining to her, "there isn't much light out on the staircase, and you must have thought his name over the door was 'F. Lushing on,' so in you went, you know! The porter told me you'd been asking for me, so I looked in here to see whether anything had been heard of you, and here you are."

"But why didn't he tell me?" she said, for she was naturally annoyed to find that she had been pouring out all her pent-up affection over a perfect stranger, and she even had a dim idea that she had put herself in rather a ridiculous position, which, of course, made her feel very angry with Flushington. "Why couldn't he explain before matters had gone so far?"

"How was *I* to know?" pleaded Flushington. "I dare say I have aunts in Australia, and you said you were one of them. I thought very likely you were best."

"But you asked after Uncle Samuel!" she said, cunningly; "you must have had some object—I cannot say what—in encouraging my mistake—oh, I m sure of it!"

"You *told* me to ask after him, and I did," said the unhappy Flushington; "I thought it was all right. What else was I to do?"

The cousins were whispering and laughing together all this time and regarding their new cousin with shy admiration, very different from the manner in which they had looked at poor Flushington; and the old nurse, too, was overjoyed at the exchange and declared that she felt sure from the first that her master Frederick had not turned out so undersized as *him*, meaning Flushington.

"Yes, yes," said Lushington, hastily, "quite a mistake on both sides; quite sure Flushington isn't the man to go and intercept any fellow's aunt."

"I wouldn't have done it for worlds, if I had known!" he protested, very sincerely.

"Well," she said, a little mollified, "I'm very sorry we've all disturbed you like this, Mr.—Mr. Flushington" (the unlucky man said something about not minding it *now*); "and now, Fred, my boy, perhaps you will show us the way to the right rooms?"

"Come along, then," said he; "I'll run down and tell them to send up some lunch" (they did not explain that they had lunched already). "You come, too, Flushington, and then after lunch you and I will row the ladies up to Byron's Pool?"

"Yes, *do* come, Mr. Flushington, the girls said, kindly, "just to show you forgive us!"

But Flushington wriggled out of it; to begin with, he did not consider he knew his neighbor sufficiently well, as they had only had a nodding acquaintance before, and besides, he had had enough female society for one day.

Indeed, long after that, he would be careful in fastening his door about luncheon time, and if he saw any person in Cambridge who looked as if she might by any possibility turn out to be a relation, he would flee down a back street.—*Belgravia.*

Artemus and His Babes.

Artemus Ward started in California with an announcement that he would lecture on "The Babes in the Woods." He said he preferred this title to that of "My Seven Grandmothers." Nobody knows why, for there was, of course, to be as little in the lecture about babes, in or out of the wood, as about seven or any other number of grandmothers. "The Babes in the Wood" was never written down; a few sentences only have survived of a performance which was destined to revolutionize the comic lecturing of the age. The "Babes" seem only to have been alluded to twice—that at the beginning, when the lecturer gravely announced "The Babes" as his subject, and then, after a rambling string of irrelevant witticisms, which lasted from an hour to an hour and a half, he concluded with: "I now come to my subject, "The Babes in the Wood." Then, taking out his watch, his countenance would suddenly change—surprise followed by great perplexity. At last, recovering his former composure, and facing the difficulty as best he could, he continued: "But I find I have exceeded my time, and will therefore merely remark that, so far as I know, they were very good babes; they were as good as ordinary babes." Then almost breaking down, and much more nervously, "I really have not time to go into their history; you will find it all in the story books." Then, getting quite dreamy, "They died in the woods, listening to the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree." With some suppressed emotion: "It was a sad fate for them, and I pity them: so do you. Good night! The success of this lecture throughout California was instantaneous and decisive. The reporters claimed that they could not write for laughing, and split their pencils desperately in attempts to take down the jokes.—*San Francisco Call.*

—W. C. Lake described at one of the farmers' institutes in Michigan the following method for making straight rows in gardens: The marker may be three or six feet wide, with teeth nine inches apart on one side and a foot on the other. Stretch a rope tight where you want the first row, and draw the marker with one tooth constantly touching the rope. The whole is thus marked successively by running the first tooth in the last mark. Rows both ways may be made by crossing these lines at right angles in the same way and all is rapidly performed.

—An old bachelor, who wanted to insinuate himself with a rich widow, presented her with a lap-dog, saying: "I have trained him so perfectly that he will eat off your hand." "Eat off my hand!" exclaimed the widow. "I don't want my hand eaten off, and you needn't think of getting it in that way."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Lace tart tart pudding is made by mixing a pint of cooked sugar beets chopped fine with four eggs, a quart of milk, a little salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of butter. Bake for half an hour.—*Chicago News.*

—Grape-growing is increasing rapidly in California, and promises to eclipse the mining interests of the State. Governor Stanford has added 1,000 acres to his vineyard, and bids fair to be the leading grape-grower in the world.

—Ham Toast: To one slice of cold ham cut into very small pieces, put one egg, a little thick cream, a little pepper and salt; mix the whole together on the stove until it becomes thick; have a nice piece of toast buttered and cut in slices. Four the ingredients over it and send to breakfast table.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Oat clubs are the fashion of the day among Georgia farmers, and, as an incentive to hard work and great care in growing their crops, are a great success. Every member has to pay two bushels of oats to the member who makes the most oats on a given number of acres, and one bushel to the next highest.

—A house-keeper of forty years' experience gives the following directions for preparing corned beef for the table. If dinner is at six o'clock, put on a piece that weighs eight pounds at one o'clock, and let it boil gently until it is time to serve it. If dinner is at twelve or one o'clock, the beef should be put on to boil as early as seven o'clock. If boiled for this length of time, and gently, it will be very tender and have a fine flavor.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Fancy flower-pots for house plants are much more expensive than the plain ones. But with a little Chinese vermilion and black paint the common pottery can be made quite ornamental. Paint the body of the pot with vermilion, and edge it with black. The effect is much prettier than that of the burnt clay, and you have fancy pots at a trifle more than the cost of the common ware.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Orange jelly which does not require any boiling will be a new and popular dish for many housekeepers. Take four large oranges, grate the rind of two of them, use the juice and pulp of the others, and the juice and pulp of two lemons also. Soak half a box of gelatine in half a pint of cold water, sweeten to the taste, put with the juice of the fruit, and then add two thirds of a pint of boiling water. Strain into molds.—*N. Y. Post.*

Farmers and Their Health.

By "farmers" we include, of course, their wives, children, and we have often thought, with the general lack of precautions for preserving health, what wonderful constitutions we have inherited. Were it not that we have had a great store of vigor from our ancestors to draw upon, we should have been long ago a nation of invalids. But as one cannot always draw upon a bank account without adding to his deposits, so, sooner or later, if we continue to violate all the laws of health, our drafts will be met with—"no funds." The farmer, of all men, needs health, and farmers, as a rule, are the most healthy of all people, and this in spite of a general neglect of the sanitary laws. If we were to say that we proposed to make some "Hygienic Suggestions," they would probably be passed by. So we give some suggestions about keeping well. One of the general rules given for every one, in all climates, is to take a daily bath, or, at least, a bath once in every forty-eight hours. A daily bath, as generally understood, is impossible to most farmers; but a pail of water and a large towel is within reach of every farmer and every one else. Wet one end of the towel, and go over the whole body, and rub dry with the other end. If two towels can be afforded, all the better, but a large one, properly used, will answer. The comfort of a bath of this kind to the farmer after a day's work in the field, when the skin is covered with dust, has only to be experienced to make it a custom. The caution is, bathe so quickly, and rub dry so briskly, as not to get at all chilly.

On going to bed, change the clothes, and if those taken off are to be worn the next day, turn them so that they may air and dry thoroughly. In eating, especially in warm weather, "go slow." Do not come in, hot from work, and at once sit down at the table, but take time to cool off, and at meals eat slowly. Many look upon the time spent at meals as wasted, while it is really of the greatest importance. Eat slowly, and chew well. If you can prolong the time at meals by pleasant conversation, do so. Do not be in a hurry to resume work after meals in hot weather. Take a long nooning. Better spirits, and increased vigor and strength, will far more than make up the time taken to rest.

A general fault of our sleeping rooms is lack of ventilation. One reason for this is the attempt to keep out flies and mosquitoes, by closing the rooms during the day. Frames upon which wire-cloth, or the cheaper mosquito netting is stretched, will keep out insects and allow of needed ventilation.

Farmers who work all day, are not often troubled with sleeplessness, insomnia, as it is called; yet it is in some cases a disease, and the more fatigued one may be, the less he is inclined to sleep. A brisk walk before bed-time, and a sponging and rubbing of the whole body, with a wet towel around the head, will often break up the very unpleasant habit.

Farmers are very apt to neglect their teeth. Every one should have a toothbrush, not too hard, and brush the teeth, using water freely, on going to bed and again on rising.—*American Agriculturist.*

Effects of Draining.

1. It removes the surplus water and prevents ponding in a soil. It should be noted that, if the drains are used, they should be of sufficient size to remove the surplus water in twenty-four hours.

2. It prevents the accumulation of poisons in the soil, which result from stagnant water, either above or under the surface.

3. The ammonia is carried down into the soil by the descending rain, stored for the plant food instead of stopping on the surface and passing off by evaporation, or being away with the surface wash.

4. It deepens and enriches the soil by opening the ground, allowing the roots of the plants to go deeper into the earth; decaying after harvest they form this subsoil into surface soil, providing resources for the plant more reliable, and making the same ground better for a greater length of time.

5. It avoids drouth, by enabling the plant to thrust its roots deeper into the soil.

6. The drainage increases the temperature of the soil. In some cases the average has been increased as much as ten degrees.

7. By securing uniformity of condition for plant growth, it hastens the maturing of the crop from ten days to two weeks.

8. It enables the farmer to work his land in wet or dry seasons, and insures a return for the labor bestowed.

With our land thoroughly drained we can carry on the operation of farming with as great success and as little delay from bad weather as any business which depends on such a variety of circumstances. We shall have substantial certainty for chance, as far as it is in our power to do so, and made farming an art rather than a venture.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—In the [illegible] there is Batavia, Java, with a steam running Gateway, ward, but lacking a convenient port, and Amsterdam, with an excellent port, but no river to unite the port with the main continent. To obviate this a great canal is to be made to unite Amsterdam with the Rhine, by way of Utrecht. This will enable Amsterdam to get a share of the transit trade now monopolized by Hamburg, Antwerp and Rotterdam, and a great revival of her trade is expected.

Sadly Afflicted.

"My boy was badly afflicted with rheumatism," said Mr. Barton, of the great store firm of Redway & Barton, of this city, to one of our reporters. "We doctored him a great deal, but could find no cure; I had heard so much of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil that I finally determined to try it. Two bottles of the Oil fully cured him."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A HOTEL boaster, who was taunting his knowledge of the world before a crowd of new comers, was asked by a wag at his elbow if had ever been in Algebra. "Oh, yes, certainly," said he. "I passed through there on top of a stage about a year ago."

THE local editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, Mr. J. H. Mabbitt, says: "We have used St. Jacobs Oil in our family for rheumatism, and found it to be a first-class thing."—*Boston Herald.*

THE cab-driver slowed up carefully as the reporter stepped aboard. After going several blocks in silence he turned a cold sudden by and remarked, briskly: "Ot have ideas, sir?" "You have, eh! What are they?" "Me wintur's socks. I'm as warrum as a bobby, an' twince as comfortable." "I guess car-drivers suffer on cold days?" "Well, there's snow in bed when Ot rest last, sir. Ot 'ave struck the best thing that ever was. I put on a pair av cotton socks first, an' then draw the wooden ones over them, an' yes could 'walk in the river till midnight, an' it stan's to reason you'd never git cowld." "Why not?" "For the reason that you couldn't. The cowld, whin it comes in through the wooden sock, stops at the outside of the cotton sock, and the warrum goes out from yerself through the cotton sock. Accordingly yer fate is always warrum, and the cowld gits left, yer see." Having relieved himself on this head, the driver turned contentedly to his horses, and said nothing more.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MR. O. B. YOUNG, of Portsmouth, O., writes: "I suffered severely from piles and indigestion. My urine was cloudy, full of sediment and voided with pain. My general health was very poor, the least exertion gave me great fatigue, for I was very weak. I was recommended to try Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla by a Cincinnati friend who had been cured by it of liver complaint and weak kidneys. Three bottles made a well man of me."

A CHAP from the country set down in one of our fashionable restaurants the other day and began to run the bill of fare. After employing three waiters for an hour he heaved a deep sigh and whispered as he put his finger on the menu: "Mister, I've eat that," and moving his finger to the bottom of the bill, "et it an't agin the rule I'd like to ship from thar to thar."—*Detroit Post.*

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long, bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.—*Republican.*

"DOCTOR," said Mrs. Pepper to her pastor, "do you think a little temper is wrong in a woman?" "Certainly not," replied the gallant clergyman. "On the contrary, it is a good thing; and you should be careful to never lose it."

A SENSATION has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion, paralysis and melancholy.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50 by mail, postage free. Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by druggists.

SILVER dollars, with holes in them are painfully numerous, but they're not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars around them.

To Ladies

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VENNOR predicts that during the next three months the Atlantic Ocean will be full of cold waves.—*Rochester Post Express.*

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*Dr. S. B. BRITTAN says: "As a rule physicians do not, by their professional methods, build up the female constitution, while they seldom cure the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are often required to restore organic harmony and strengthen the enfeebled powers of womanhood; and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* has a department headed "What is Going On in Society." Perhaps it is paint and powder.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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