THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

FIFTY YEARS APART.

They sit in the winter gloaming,
An i the fire burns bright between;
One has passed seventy summers,
And the other just seventeen.

They rest in a happy silence
As the shadows deepen fast;
One lives in a coming future,
And one in a long, long past.

Each dreams of a rush of music,
And a question whispered low;
One will hear it this evening,
One heard it long ago.

Each dreams of a life of gladness
Spent under the sunny skies:
And both the hope and the memory
Shine in the happy eyes.

Who knows which dream is the brightest?
An i who knows which is the best?
The sorrow and joy are minglied,
But only the end is rest.
—*Parlor Magazine.*

"OUR" MR. JENKINS.

I was fortunate in my uncle. So everybody thought, for Uncle Braithwaite was as wealthy and thriving a manufacturer as any in Lambeth. And I, his dead sister's son, Cyril Vaughan by name, was not merely drawing a fair salary, with the prospect of a partnership, but was actually engaged to be married to my second cousin, reputed a great heiress—de r, sweet Lucy Braithwaite—the old man's only child. A severe, just man was John Braithwaite. He had won his own way in life by rigid self-denial and unwearying industry during a joyless youth, and I doubt if he ever thoroughly enjoyed the fruits of his well-earned prosperity. It was only when his eye rested on his daughter's pretty face that his stern look relaxed. Lucy reminded him, doubtless, of her gentle mother. But he was a good master to a good servant, notably where he, who was by nature and habit suspicious, could repose full trust. He did so in his confident al clerk, Jacob Jenkins. That head clerk was one out of a thousand. "Respectable Jenkins" was the nickname by which irreverent youngsters in the counting-house spoke with bated breath of that pearl of clerks; but even those pert office lads had a belief in the man—he was so respectable, with his lean, well-shaven face, his neatly-brushed suit of formal black, and his square-toed boots. Never, as I have heard, in the twenty-nine years of his toil'd honest Jenkins been known to ask for a holiday, to shirk extra work, or to make a blunder as to tare and tret, a thing of moment with a firm like ours, large exporters as we were.

As for myself, I am afraid that my poor merits, if I had any, were quite eclipsed by those of that commercial comet, Jenkins. Indeed, I know of no reason, except my blood relationship to our principal, head of the house of Braithwaite, Perry & Co., for any comparison between that veteran of the desk and my inexperienced self. Put my uncle often said, in his gruff way:

"Take Jenkins for your model" or "Cyril, lad, it will be one while before you fill Jenkins' shoes' see how neatly he settled that business with Chauvin et Fils of Bordeaux, and how cleverly he avoided the heavy loss of that last shipment when Krakow and Kindergarten, of Hamburg, were going to smash."

Yet I stuck to my work young as I was, and did my best not to be undeserving of the prospective partnership, and somehow I got a vague impression in my head that instead of my being jealous of Jenkins, Jenkins was jealous of me.

One day there was a big check to be changed—nearer to three thousand pounds than two—and it was my task, no unusual one, to present the draft at Pesbody & Sons'. In a house like ours, where the furnaces were always aglow, and tall chimneys always smoking, the outgoing for wages, horse keep and fuel were, I need hardly say, very large.

On that day—how well I remember it!—I was in exceptionally high spirits. I had been talking with dear Lucy, and though her father, who said that we children need not be in a hurry, would never consent to name even an approximate day for our wedding, still there was a vague prospect of connubial bliss next spring. It was fine bright weather, and on Tuesday there was to be a garden party at some Richmond villa, to which we were all to go. Altogether I was in excellent spirits, and as far as any man could be from dreaming of the evil that was to come.

"How will you take it?" asked the bank cashier.

"Short!" I answered, with a sort of boyish pride in my newly acquired familiarity with business phrases, and with my gold and notes I left the bank.

As I did so, a man staggered toward me, jostled me, then reeled away, muttering "Beg pardon," and would have fallen but for the support of my arm. I saw in a moment that the man was sober. But he looked ill, very ill, haggard and hollow-eyed, though still young, and he was decently clad in a well-worn velvetine suit, with large, bronze buttons. There was a smack of the country about him, waif as he was in the midst of London, and his accent, so far as I could judge, was that of Yorkshire or Northumberland.

"You are ill, I fear," I inquired, "and perhaps a stranger to London?"

"Nigh clemmed in this blessed London of yours, paved wi' golden guineas, as our old crones say up in Craven" muttered the country man in the same thin, reedy voice: "paved wi' traps, say I, and cause for it, since all that grantfeyther stored up, whether for Bess and Bell or for me ——" and then he would have fallen but for my assistance.

Clearly the man was fainting, and from starvation. We had walked some distance. In tempting proximity, at the corner of a side street, was a house, over the door of which, in great gold letters, gleamed the words "Luncheon Bar." Into this, quite instinctively, I half dragged, half hustled the man.

It was the middle of the day, luncheon-time, a brisk hour for business in the city, in the eating and drinking line at least, and the place I had entered was full of customers, young men mostly, noisily chatting over their sandwiches. As I flung open the swinging-door I felt sure that I caught a glimpse of my uncle's confidential clerk on the pavement outside.

"Mr. Jenkins" I called out, but he evidently did not hear me, but passed on.

There was a rush of excited young fellows toward us—"Pet you he's drunk." "Four to five he's dead!" "Run over?" and so to the end, and it was not immediately that I could get some restorative. But the poor countryman's face was livid, his eyes closed, his teeth fast shut, and he could swallow nothing. Then a doctor was sent for, and the doctor was slow in coming, and I had explanation after explanation to give, first to the dull-witted landlord, who came blinking out of a back parlor; then to inquisitive customers; and when, at last, a breathless surgeon, hastily summoned, came panting in at the heavy swing-door, amid the surging crowd, there was a necessary word or so with him.

"But where is my patient?" asked the bewildered man of science; and, indeed, the "poor fellow" who was the object of all this stir had disappeared in the midst of the hubbub, and with him had vanished the heavy, steel-clasped, black morocco pocketbook, which I remembered too late to have incautiously laid on a table in the flurry and confusion of our sudden and awkward entry, and which was gone, pitilessly gone.

"Cyril Vaughan, I always deemed you to be a simpleton—a soft, as we Yorkshire chaps say—but now I know you to be a knave" thundered out my irate uncle, the north country accent in his wrathful voice becoming unusually predominant. "Had you not been my relative, had not my girl—who shall never be the wife of such a scoundrel—begged you off, I would have prosecuted you as I would any other rogue, and sent you to quarry stone among convicts at Dartmoor or Portland. As it is, I won't hear another word of your lies or your excuses. Go, go! or I shall forget Lucy's pleadings, and act as a citizen, and not as a father. The 'confidence trick,' eh? The countryman—the—— I am not your dupe, lad! Go and get yourself hanged elsewhere! You won't starve on the sum of which you have robbed me."

Then came a terrible three months—it was that or more—a time of depression, of crushed spirits, a half-broken heart for me. That I was wrongfully suspected gave me but cold comfort. I was innocent, but Lucy was lost to me; my prospects were blighted, no one would give work to me, and I was poor, and sinking fast into the direst depths of want. I remember how pale, and thin, and shabby I had become, when I received a visit from my uncle's lawyer, Mr. Mordaunt.

"Mr. Vaughan, you wonder to see me," said the shrewd solicitor, as he took the broken chair I offered him—my wretched room in a suburban lodging-house contained but one—"but I come now as a messenger of good tidings. Do you remember a serving man, Enoch Clint by name, who in your uncle my client, Mr. Braithwaite, engaged some six weeks before the unlucky affair of the stolen money? He was a smart young fellow with excellent testimonials—all forged, by the bye—and made himself useful both in the house and in the stable yard, and was vastly popular with his fellow-servants on account of his powers of mimicry and the juggling tricks which he could perform.

I had an indistinct recollection of having seen and heard of such a person in my uncle's household, and I said so, wondering how there could be any thing in Enoch Clint to concern me.

"This Enoch Clint," said Mr. Mordaunt slowly, "was a north countryman." I stared at him, sorely puzzled. "He was your countryman," drawled out the shrewd lawyer, and then a light broke in upon me, and I grew sick and dizzy, and could hardly hear Mr. Mordaunt's friendly voice as he said, shaking my passive hand the while: "You have been sorely wronged, Mr. Vaughan. I, for one, believed you guilty, for which I heartily beg your pardon. Now, listen to me. This poor wretch, Enoch Clint, was two days since run over by a heavily-laden van, not fifty yards from his master's door, and carried back to the house, the crushed and blood-stained wreck of a man. He asked for his master, and, Mr. Braithwaite being absent, he prayed to see Miss Lucy. To her, in the doctor's presence, the dying man gasped out some inarticulate confession, clearing you from all blame but that of a credulity, pardonable at your age, and implicating most seriously another person. At his own desire his broken statement was, by the doctor's help, taken down in writing, but he died before the narrative was complete. Miss Lucy had an interview with her father. I need scarcely say, on his return home, as a sequel to which, Mr. Braithwaite, more agitated than I had ever known him to be, called on me, and laid the matter before me. We, too, had a long talk, and the result of it was, Mr. Cyril, that on the following morning I received a visit from—have you guessed it?—the confidential clerk, Mr. Jenkins."

"Our Mr. Jenkins?" I returned, perplexed by the half-comic expression of the solicitor's face.

"Your Mr. Jenkins, if you will cling to the ancient formula," assented the lawyer, with twinkling eyes. "That commercial luminary came to me blandly, unsuspecting, for, as it turned out, he had not even heard of the death of his accomplice. My first act, when he had made his bow and seated himself in the client's chair, was to shut the door and lock it. When he heard the click of the lock he stared, and turned as pale as his shirt-collar.

"'Now, my friend,' I said to him, in a frank, pleasant way, 'my advice to you is, for your own good, to make a clean breast of it at once.'

"Then you should have seen the ingenious wonder of his interesting countenance.

"'Excuse me, Mr. Mordaunt, but I cannot have heard you aright,' he said, after a pause.

"'Oh, yes, you have,' said I, shaking a finger at him. 'Come, come, Mr. Jenkins, it is time for you to drop the sheep's clothing, and stand forth as the wolf you are—only this I promise, in Mr. Braithwaite's name, that if your revelations be full and ample you shall have gentler and more generous treatment than you deserve.'

"A stormy colloquy ensued. Once I thought the man meant to strike me, but there was something in my eye that restrained him, I suppose, for next he began to sob, and then to whine like a beaten hound, as, sitting on the edge of my writing-table, and glaring at the carpet, he stammered out a confession, which I reduced to writing, and to which he presently affixed his reluctant signature.

"The revelation, when this slippery witness was at length brought to make it—he did not know, you see, Mr. Cyril, how much his colleague had confessed—was a tolerable complete one. He had, it seemed, an especial malice against yourself, as the kinsman and future partner and heir of the employer whom it had been the business of his life to dupe by a show of zeal and a display of mock honesty—I say, mock, because, probably, when the books come to be over-hauled, it will be found that this was not the first time of a betrayal of trust. And Mr. Jenkins thought, too, that young as you were, you did not share Mr. Braithwaite's high opinion of him, and might one day ask troublesome questions.

"Wherefore, by the help of a forged character, he got this fellow Clint into your uncle's service, put him up to the trick which he had played on you—Clint had been a low comedian, mountebank, and thimble-rigger in his time—and received from Clint himself, at the door of the city public house, the morocco pocketbook containing the gold and notes which you in the hurry and excitement of the moment had—— Why, Mr. Vaughan, you are ill?"

But if he said more I heard it not, for I was weak with long privation and sleeplessness, and the blood surged up to my temples, and there was a roar as of waves in my ears, and I sank fainting on the floor.

I have not much more to tell. How cordial, and self-reproachful even, was the reception which my uncle, Mr. Brathwaite, extended to me, or with what tearful joy my Lucy's eyes met mine, are easy to imagine, but difficult to describe.

"I wronged you, my boy, and I thank Heaven that I was wrong in what I thought," said the old man, with a sob in his imperious voice: "Lucy, here, knew you best."—*John Berwick.*

—A banjo-player in Boston the other night had an audience reaching from that city to Providence, the music in the latter city being, it is said, very distinct. The central telephone office was called and asked if music was wanted, and an affirmative answer being given, the player began. A number of other offices were notified, and for fifteen minutes telephone employes in several neighboring cities and towns were entertained.

Buried Alive.

A most extraordinary case which has astonished all the medical profession in Russia and Poland, has just come from Warsaw. A short time ago there died in the outskirts of the old capital a young peasant woman who was buried with that haste which characterizes the funerals of the Russian peasants. A few days afterward doctors were called to determine the cause of her death, but none could say positively as to the nature of a disease that had shown no symptoms whatever, and which had brought this young woman to a premature and sudden end. She was buried in due course. However, it was rumored about the city that her husband often ill-treated her, and at her death some people went so far as to say that he was the cause of it. These rumors spread more and more until they reached the ears of the authorities, who immediately caused the body to be exhumed. The judicial commission followed the grave-digger to the cemetery, and the latter proceeded to disinter the remains. Having reached it a rope was lowered, and, after fixing it firmly around the half-rotten coffin, the ghastly freight was hoisted once more to the level of the earth. They opened the bier and, to their horror and stupefaction, discovered not only the woman but a second sharer of this her last resting place, in the shape of a child that was lying at her feet. The child had been born in the tomb, where it had lived for several hours. Thus the tomb of the mother had been both its cradle and tomb at the same time. As to the mother, it was discovered that she had been buried alive when in a comatose state, and, on returning to consciousness, had given birth to the child. It was easily seen that the poor woman had suffered terribly.

Burying people alive in Europe has occurred too often of late years, and can only be accounted for by the inattention of doctors, which, in this case, should be treated as a criminal offense. The fear of the living of being immured alive has gained such a power over the mind that Russians, when on their death-bed, have left legacies for the foundation and maintenance of mortuaries in their native city, where supposed corpses are placed for three days in the hope that their thread of life may not have parted. The mortuary of Friburg can be quoted as an instance of these peculiar institutions, which are confined principally to Eastern Europe, where cataleptic fits are known to be more prevalent than in any other part of the globe.

In the center of the cemetery at Friburg stands a house which, to an unobservant person, would have every appearance of a small chapel. This thought would be suggested through the sight of a tower, which contains a bell; but, on entering this lilliput an building, the searcher for knowledge might be astonished to see a human form, dead to all appearance. The stiff, rigid body rests upon a marble slab, dressed in death's garments, and the rings which depend from a wire rope that runs through the ceiling, are attached to its fingers. A further inspection, aided by the theory of the apparatus which the genial attendant is willing to give to all visitors, would explain this somewhat mysterious position of the dead body. The fingers of the supposed corpse are placed in magnetic steel rings that fit tightly. Should the body show any signs of reanimation, the slightest quiver of the nerves of the fingers would affect the steel rings, which in their turn communicate with another stronger magnetic current that forces itself on the bell, making it toll, which brings an attendant physician to the rescue. By this means several bodies placed in this mortuary since 1865 have returned to life. A peasant woman, named Pezoffski, recently walked from her tomb on the third day after burial.—*St. Petersburg Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

A Case of a Thousand.

Columbus Brown, the man who discovered a box containing a large amount of money at Franklin, Venango County, Pa., had long had a mania for discovering the treasure which was thought to have been buried by the French while in possession of that part of the country. He had dreamed of finding it, again and again. The other night he dreamed as usual, that he was counting and handling a chest of gold, and that he had found it buried in the earth at the foot of a tree, in an open field. So excited was he that he awoke, only to find it all a dream, as usual. He arose, walked to the window, and there, before him, in the field, stood the identical tree which he had seen in his dream, but he put it resolutely aside as a dream, as most sensible men would have done, and retired to bed and to sleep. He had scarcely closed his eyes till he was again in the field and digging at the root of the tree. He was informed in some manner, he cannot tell how, but by a man with a foreign accent, and in a military uniform, with a sword and sash, that if he would measure a certain distance from the center of a rock in the run, due north, and then measure thirty-three feet due west from that point, he would find the treasure he had so often seen in his dreams. Early the next morning he arose, and, procuring a tape line, went and measured as he had been directed in his dream. What was his surprise to find that each and every measurement brought him to the foot of the chestnut tree in the open field. Brown did not tell any one about his dream, nor of the result; but during the day he went to Colonel Breakley, who owns the ground, and asked and obtained permission, on some pretext, to dig near the chestnut tree. He and his son, a lad of sixteen, commenced digging at the root of the tree, and at a depth of something over six feet, about four p. m., struck something almost under the center of the tree which gave forth a metallic sound. A further clearing away of the gravel and stones disclosed the sides or end of an iron box or chest. Wild with excitement they continued to dig until they had unearthed the chest or box, which was thirty-one inches long, twenty inches wide, and twenty-four inches deep, or about the dimensions of an ordinary trunk. Their united efforts could only turn it over, but could not lift it from the excavation. The young man was sent for a hammer and cold chisel, and the lid was soon removed. The sight which met their gaze was enough to turn the head of any man. The box was nearly two-thirds filled with gold and silver coin, tarnished and covered with sand mold, but nevertheless gold. The coins are mostly French, but a number of English, German and Spanish are among the lot. They bear dates 1729, 1741, 1751, and various other dates, the latest of which is 1754, which is the same year Fort Macnault was completed. On a brass ruler found in the chest the name "Doncaire" is plainly stamped. It is a well-known fact that this was the name of the officer in command of the French troops. A careful estimate of the coins make a total value of about $27,000. The coins were placed on exhibition at the banks. The fortunate owner has been offered ten times its value for a single coin.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—"Do you subscribe to all the articles of the Athanasian creed?" was asked an old lady. "No, I don't! I can't afford it. There's a collection next week for the convention fund, and I can't do any more," was the reply.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Major John Harold having recovered a verdict of $80,000 against the New York Elevated Railroad for personal injuries it had inflicted upon him, the road carried the case into three higher courts, but the verdict stuck.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—If you have choice potatoes to keep for seed, put them in a box of sand in the cellar. They will not sprout nor freeze.

—The *Michigan Farmer* says that in England a new use has been discovered for damson plums. Farmers are planting quite largely, less for pies than for dyes, it having been ascertained that a beautiful color can be obtained from the ripe fruit.

—Orange Pie: Grate the rinds of two oranges and squeeze out the juice, cream quarter of a pound of butter, and add by degrees half a pound of sugar, the yolks of two eggs well beaten, then the rind and juice of the oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and mix them lightly with the other ingredients. Bake in pie-tins lined with paste.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—To Cure Croup: Croup, it is said, can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or a grater, and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice that amount of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.—*Detroit Post.*

—Pick out the poorest poultry for market first—not the poorest in flesh and size, but the bad shaped ones, the ones of bad color, or of a color not to your liking—long legged ones, and such as that. Select the best pullets to keep over—the best in size, shape, color, productiveness. Get all the rest off out of the way as soon as possible, so that the stock birds shall have the best chance.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A satisfactory piece of economy is to take the pretty striped or dotted socks of the father and cut them over in little stockings for the baby. It often happens that the sock is worn past mending at the heel only, leaving the rest of it available, and if care is taken to make the seams small and smooth, the little stockings will be a success, and will last at least twice as long as any children's socks that can be bought.

—The lily of the valley is quite hardy in all parts of the country, but likes a cool rather than a warm exposure, and if possible it should have a little shade. Naturally it grows among shrubs and low trees, from which it receives some shade and shelter, and in planting it we should, if possible, give it a location imitating its natural site. In preparing a bed for it, if the material were at hand, we should mix some leaf mold with the soil, but it usually succeeds on most soils without special preparation.

—Some wise farmers find it to their advantage to keep no stock through the winter, as they can always buy all they want in March as low as in November, and thus save the winter keeping. One farmer we have read of whose regular practice was to buy in March, feed judiciously till grass was ready for grazing, and then sell in June or so onward, when his cattle were in the best possible condition. By this method he gave his pastures rest in the fall, and secured an earlier and more vigorous start for his grass in the spring.—*N. E. Examiner.*

Country Road Making.

It is a matter of universal comment with travelers that country road making in the United States is either a lost art or a to be acquired science. The average selectman or road agent of a country town is usually deplorably ignorant of the first principles of making a good road. Nothing will so surely advance the growth and well-being of a town as well made and well-kept roads. No part of its domestic economy will more certainly repay the outlay. Nothing more bespeaks the intelligence and character or public spirit of its citizens. In England and most of its dependencies the roads are made directly by the State or under its supervision. As a result the contrast between English roads and those of this country is much in favor of the former. A common and natural mistake of most towns in this country is that an intelligent farmer must necessarily know how to make a good road. But the reverse is the fact. Road making is a subject requiring study and a knowledge of the nature of soils, not often considered by any but engineers, or those to whom such knowledge is a necessary adjunct of their business in life. A well made road even in our climate and with the wide differences in soil ingredients, will last for years, whereas ordinarily the items of repairs on our roads means an entirely changed thoroughfare, the pitch, watersheds and general character being more in the way of experiment than a scientific and practical renovation. The country road-maker commences by throwing out the "big ones", on to the side of the road, retaining the smaller ones, when by thoroughly "bedding" the big stones the best possible foundation is had and with a covering of small stones mixed with gravel, or even with good loam carefully harrowed and scraped, a roadbed is formed which will defy both rains and heavy teams. Generally the tyro devotes his time to heaping the material in the center with such a slope as often to interfere with locomotion, and which heap the first heavy team resolves into deep ruts, vitiating its usefulness for any but a similarly heavy team and for it only with constantly increasing strain on the horses. Yankee ingenuity has invented capital road-making tools which need but intelligent application to develop such thoroughfares as would make them admired in place of being a reproach and shame. Our country is rich enough to place the roads in the hands of such government as will insure their perfection instead of leaving them to town officials without the education or experience necessary to an accomplishment of the object.—*Hartford Courant.*

The Water Supply.

Pure water for household use is of the greatest value, and the utmost care should be had that it is pure, because none other is fit for domestic use. Everything impure should be kept at a distance from the well, and it should be so constructed that no surface water can get into it. Where a well can be driven it is undoubtedly the best, because nothing can get into it without filtering through the ground; it is considerably cheaper, too, than a dug well. In digging a well people very often make a mistake in not going deep enough. It is apt to be the case that soon as a vein of water is reached, it is supposed to be sufficient, even if it is small, and so after going down far enough to make a little reservoir it is stoned up and the result is that the next summer, perhaps, the well is dry. This is very annoying, besides being an expensive job. I speak from experience. By not digging deep enough the well fails occasionally, and I contemplate driving one near by so as to have, I hope, a never-failing supply. Water is needed in abundance at the farm buildings, and it should be provided somehow, either by springs, well, a cistern, or else brought from a distance in a pipe. The best time to dig a well is during a severe drought; and if a good vein is then reached, but little fear need be entertained that the supply will fail. Cisterns should not be constructed under the dwelling, but out of doors. When making a cistern be sure and make it large enough. Undoubtedly there is water enough falls on the roofs of farm buildings in the course of the year to supply the stock with drinking water, as well as water for all household purposes; and if it is properly filtered, it is a good deal more wholesome than much water that is used.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—Bouquet Johnny, a widely-known Philadelphia flower peddler, was a Langtry victim. Whether his regard for the beauty was a matter of sentiment or business is conjectural; but it is certain that he decided to give her an immense and costly bouquet in Philadelphia. He went to her hotel, sent up his card, and was met by a handsome young woman, to whom he handed the flowers, with a neat speech. She accepted the gift very graciously, and he retired in a state of wild delight, only to be plunged down to despair by learning that he had only seen Mrs. Langtry's maid.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—It is said of Jim Keene, the millionaire, who once edited a weekly newspaper in California, that so greatly did the petty annoyances of an editorial room impress themselves upon his memory that years after, in the wild clamor of the stock board, when fortunes were being made and lost in a minute, Keene has said frequently that above all that din he could yet hear his old foreman's howl for "copy."

—Of quinine pills put up by seven of the leading firms of Philadelphia, a chemist who has unraveled them all reports that he finds but two of honest quality, and a bitter controversy is in progress.—*Philadelphia Press.*

An Age of Suspicion.

Truly, this is an age of suspicion. Nevertheless, Captain F. M. Howes, of the steamer William Crane, Merchants' & Miners' Transportation Line between Boston and Baltimore, who suffered severely from rheumatism, caused by the exposure incident to his profession, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. This is no suspicion.—*Boston Globe.*

THERE is a grocer in a certain small town in this State who has always been called the stingiest man in Michigan, and many stories are afloat about his breaking crackers into two and taking out pinches of flour to make exact weight. It seems, however, that he has been harshly judged. A few days ago he had a lot of cranberries displayed in the door, and a lady pedestrian halted and asked: "Are they fresh?" "Oh, yes." "How much a quart?" "Twenty cents, ma'am." "That's too much for a pint, five cents for a pint, two and a half for half a pint, one and three—" "Did you want a quart?" "Oh, no. I was reading that corns could be cured by binding on a split cranberry. I have two corns, and one berry would answer for both. I'll give you a cent for a single berry." "Very well—take it along. Hold on! Let's see—let's see—yes, I can do it. I'll throw in an extra berry, madam, and do both up in a parcel. I am bound to please my customers if I don't make a cent!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Health, Strength and Vigor.

If you are seeking health, strength and vigor, we earnestly request you to give Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla a trial. No medicine ever invented has such a good record as a health renewer, blood purifier and true strengthener of every part of the body.

WHEN Figg saw a train on the dress of an old lady he remarked that it was behind time.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Splendid Remedy for Lung Diseases.

Dr. Robt. Newton, late President of the Eclectic College of the City of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now living, and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought not to be considered merely as a secret medicine, but that it ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a severe remedy in all cases of Lung diseases. It is a sure cure for Consumption, and has no equal for all pectoral complaints.

IS IT proper to ask a man how he is getting on, when he has just sworn off?—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

✱"Keep to your place and your place will keep you." But you cannot expect to keep your place without health, the foundation of all success. For instance, a railroad engineer in the employ of the C. M. & St. Paul R. R. had been grievously effected with diabetes for six years. He took four boxes of Kidney-Wort and now writes that he is entirely cured and working regularly.

THE money lender never neglects his business. He takes all the interest he can in it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

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

TWO HEADS are better than one, in the opinion of a news editor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

RHEUMATISM CURED. Send stamp for free prescription. R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

HOW to expedite the males—Get papa to ask what their intentions are.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

COCOANUT shells ground in quantities and mixed with black pepper, indicate that the season will be mild.

USE Redding's Russia Salve in the house and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stable. Try it.

"YOU have lovely teeth, Ethel." "Yes, George," she fondly lisped, "they were a Christmas present from Aunt Grace."

"FIVE doctors; no end of medicine; no relief. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure has driven away all eruptions and I'm nearly well. Ida C. Young, Hamilton, Id.

LAWYERS are given credit for being sharp because they generally file their answers.

☞ Feathers, ribbons, velvet, can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. 10 cents for any color.

POISONING by the use of horrid hair-dyes may be looked upon as a dyer calamity.

"DR. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are worth their weight in gold in nervous and sick headache."—Dr. H. H. Schlichter, of Baltimore.

A VERY little thing turns the head of a crank.

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 to health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

If timely used prevents galloping consumption. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

✱Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicine of many doctors.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat troubles.

ENQUIRER: How old are we? Why just nineteen. That is to say: Three years ago, a certain actress and ourself were just the same age, nineteen. She told us only a day or two ago that she was just nineteen that day.—*Boston Post.*

BORROWED money is a noteworthy object.

A CLEVELAND man has invented a barrel without hoops or staves. Who invented the Cleveland man is not stated by the paper which furnishes the other information.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DRIVERS keeping to the right cannot go wrong.

THE sodiacal sign for the opening of winter is a goat. The goat is a hard butter and hard butter is almost always a sign that the weather is cold.—*Philadelphia News.*

THAT young lady who made 700 words out of "conservatory" last fall has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of "flour."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LET women be brought up to the habits of industry and economy, and learn to support a husband, and the tramp nuisance will soon cease.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE Chicago *Times* says that fogs are much more common in that city than they used to be, and it wants some genius to invent a way to suppress them.

A CALIFORNIA man has acquired a fortune in a singular way. He had a lot of mining stock of a nominal value, and pledged it as collateral for a loan. Then the stock rose very high. The person to whom it was pledged sold it. Subsequently it fell again, and he bought it back, making $255,000 by the transaction. The true owner of the stock found out about the transaction, and sued for the $255,000 as belonging to him. The Supreme Court gives it to him, too.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

HORACE GREELEY once defined a "Bohemian" as "a man who would rather get one thousand dollars now and then, than fifty dollars a week regularly."

MOST of the mechanical toys are made in Connecticut.

A STRANGE REMINISCENCE.

The Escape of a Well Known ex-Army Surgeon from an Unknown Danger.

(Baltimore American.)

Messrs. Editors:

I seldom appear publicly in print, but the facts connected with my experience which follow are so striking, and bear so closely upon the experience of others, that I venture to reproduce them entire:

In the month of September, 1878, I was practicing medicine in New Orleans. The summer has been intense, very hot, and everybody was complaining of being exhausted and feeling tired. It was not an infrequent occurrence to have patients ask for something to relieve this weary tiredness, and that I should also partake of the same universal lassitude or weakness, did not alarm me. I supposed that over-work and exposure had produced a temporary physical prostration; therefore I made a trip to St. Paul, Minn., thinking that a rest of a few weeks in a cooler climate would soon reinvigorate me. Little did I dream, however, what was in store for me. After getting settled in my new quarters I took a short walk every day, and painfully was I aware of a return of strength, but in spite of all my efforts I seemed to be losing strength, and even the very slight exertion became laborious and tiresome. During this time I had frequent dull aching pains in my head, and through my back and hips, occasional shooting pains in various parts of the body, with soreness, shortness of breath, and palpitation of the heart. My feet and hands would be like ice one day, and burn with heat the next. I had no desire for food, and what I did eat distressed me, my sleep became disturbed with the frequent desire to urinate. The quantity of fluid passed would at one time be weak and at another quite profuse. There for days I would be perfectly free from this desire and nothing seemed to be the matter; nevertheless my debility gradually increased. My eyeballs were pulled out, my bowels were a veritable torpid and too active, the urine would be clear some days, on others it would be of high color and deposit a bed brick-dust sediment, and at all times it would be a whitish appearance and a thick greasy scum would rise to the top. The pains in my head, back, chest, joints, bowels and bones were horrible in the extreme. I went in vain from place to place and consulted the best medical authorities the country affords; I would have died, for I felt as if burning fever the next, I suffered excruciatingly with a numbness of my feet and hands, and at the base of the brain and between my shoulders, at times my limbs and body would bloat and paralysis and I was suffering from the dropsy and could not recover.

I was quite blind to the terrible trouble that was devouring me. I do not know, but there are thousands to-day who are suffering from the same cause and are as ignorant of its nature as I was. My skin was the color of marble at one time, and then again it would be like saffron, and this form the rest in one day, and I might say without fear, was followed by a dull, heavy, drowsy sensation. I was wasted to a mere skeleton except when the dropsical bloat occurred. I tried all the celebrated mineral waters of this country and Europe, all kinds of medicine and all kinds of doctors. But no help came. I lay my body to Philadelphia, where I was temporarily sojourning, gave up to die by friends and physicians alike, when there providentially came into my hands a little pamphlet, which I eagerly read, and from which I got a view of my real condition, which no other agency had revealed. Acting on its advice, I had my water analyzed at once, and to my surprise albumen and tube casts were found in large quantities. A skillful physician was sent for and approved of the fact. He said I had Bright's Disease, and that death was certain. My friends then persuaded me to take a remedy which had won a great reputation for the cure of all forms of kidney diseases, and I therefore laid aside my prejudice and commenced its use. At first my stomach rejected it and I had to use small quantities; but after the first five days my stomach retained full doses. This was one year ago last October, and my improvement was rapid and permanent. I have regained 60 of the 65 pounds of flesh I lost during my illness, and I feel as well to-day as I ever did, and I can unreservedly state that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy I used.

It may seem strange that I, being a physician and an ex-army surgeon, did not have the water analyzed before, but such is the fact. I had the symptoms of every other disease, and I little thought that my kidneys were the least particular out of order; and here is just where I was in the greatest danger, and where most people who read this article are in danger. I find that I am only one of thousands who are suffering from kidney disease, which, if neglected, surely terminates in Bright's disease. I also know that physicians may treat these disorders for months without knowing clearly what the trouble is, and even after ascertaining the cause, be unable to prevent it. When death, however, finally overtakes the helpless victim they disguise its real cause, attributing it to heart-disease, convulsions, apoplexy, vertigo, paralysis, spinal meningitis, blood and uremic poisoning, etc., etc.

Words, of course, fail to express my thanks to H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., for giving the world such a needed and certain specific as the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, but such as they are I gladly give them; while to the thousands to whom I have lectured upon the laws of health and hygiene I commend this letter most cordially, and warn them to beware of the insidious nature of a disease over which physicians confess they have no control and which, in one form or another, is carrying more people to untimely graves than any other malady.

J. M. PORTER, M. D.,
Baltimore, Md., 94 Saratoga Street.

A NICE LITTLE BOY.—An Austin lady, who had company to tea, reasoned her little son several times, speaking, however, very gently. At last, out of patience with him, she said, sharply: "Jimmy, if you don't keep still I'll send you away from the table." "Yes, that's what you always do when there is company, and there are not enough canned peaches to go around," was the reply of the gifted youth.—*Texas Siftings.*

Set Back 42 Years.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, etc.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn out man all over; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of thirty, although I am seventy-two, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.)—*Sunday Mercury.*

A PEDDLER called at a Philadelphia house the other day, and asked to see the head of the family. He was referred to the servant girl.—*Philadelphia News.*

The Dead Cannot be Raised,

nor if your lungs are badly wasted away can you be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is, however, unequalled as a tonic, alterative and nutritive, and readily cures the most obstinate cases of bronchitis, coughs, colds, and incipient consumption, far surpassing in efficacy cod liver oil. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and kindred affections. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is not true that kissing cures freckles. At least you can't get a freckled girl to declare that she hasn't been kissed.—*New Haven Register.*

"Female Complaints."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging-down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything do me so much good in my life. I advise every sick lady to take it. MRS. EMILY RHODES, McBrides, Mich.

WHAT do the wild waves say? Why, probably, "We cost a dollar and a half at the hair store."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

YOUNG and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII. of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE world moves. A New York slumber has been fined fifty dollars for slighting his work.—*N. Y. Sun.*

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lapp's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

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

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

PENSIONS.

TO WHOM PENSIONS ARE PAID.

EVERY SOLDIER Disabled in the United States, either by accident or disease, of the Land or Water, of the war of 1812, of the war of Mexico, of the war of the Rebellion, the Indian Wars, or while in the Army during peace.

SUPPLEMENTAL, Additional, Increase, of Rate, Widows, Children, or Dependent Relatives, are now