THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

AN UNFINISHED POEM BY BRYANT.

The reader of Mr. Bryant's poems will readily remember the many verses addressed to his wife, such as "Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids," written about the time of their marriage; "The Future Life," speculating as to the union of their spirits in the world to come; the "Sick-Bed," describing an illness; "The Life That Is," rejoicing in recovery; "The Twenty-seventh of March," the birthday of Mrs. Bryant; "October, 1866," descriptive of her death and burial; and "May Evening," a gentle reference to her loss. But in addition to these, as we learn from Mr. Godwin's forthcoming biography of the poet, a fragment was found among his papers, which recalls her memory in a very tender way, seven years after her death. The lines were unfinished and uncorrected; but we cannot refrain from giving them as they were written—dated "Roslyn, 1878:"

The morn hath not the glory that it wore,
Nor doth the day so beautifully die,
Since I can call thee to my side no more,
To gaze upon the sky.

For thy dear hand, with each return of spring,
I sought in sunny nooks the flowers she gave;
I seek them still, and sorrowfully bring
The choicest to thy grave.

Here, where I sit alone, is sometimes heard,
From the great world, a whisper of my name,
Joined, haply, to some kind, commending word,
By those whose praise is fame.

And then, as if I thought thou still wert nigh,
I turn me, half forgetting thou art dead,
To read the gentle gladness in thine eye
That once I might have read.

I turn, but see thee not: before my eyes
The image of a hillside mound appears
Where all of thee that passed not to the skies
Was laid with bitter tears.

And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days
That fled with thee, wou'd gladly now resign
All that the world can give of fame and praise
For one sweet look of thine.

Thus, ever, when I read of generous deeds,
Such words as thou didst once delight to hear,
My heart is wrung with anguish as it bleeds
To think thou art not near.

And now that I can talk no more with thee
Of ancient friends and days too far to last,
A bitterness blends with the memory
Of all that happy past.

Oh, when I——

—*Century Magazine.*

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Business had brought me to the little town of D——, among the New Hampshire hills, and here, much against my will, I was detained for several days, while waiting for instructions from my employers. The nearest periodical store was twelve miles away, and, without books or papers, time hung heavy on my hands.

The only break in my monotonous life was the arrival of the trains twice a day, and in the dead calm of my existence this little ripple of excitement became as much to me as the opera under more favorable circumstances. It was while lounging upon the platform that I became acquainted with George Seaforth, engineer on the B. C. & M. Railroad. He was a man about thirty-five years of age. Not what would be called an educated man, but sensible and clear-headed. His home was in Concord, where he had a wife and two children. He ran from Concord to D——, and for two hours, while waiting for the "down train," he was in D——.

The acquaintance, at first begun to while away an idle hour, on my part, at least, grew to a strong liking, and to-day there is no one among my acquaintances for whom I feel a greater respect and esteem than for George Seaforth.

He had been on the cars since he was sixteen, first as train-boy, then as brakeman, fireman, and for the last ten years as engineer.

"You must have had some strange adventures in that time," I said one day, as we sat upon the platform of the little station, waiting for the train.

"Strange adventures!" he repeated, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking meditatively across the green fields. "Strange adventures! You may well say that, sir. We train men are always having adventures."

"Suppose you tell me some of them," I suggested.

"Well," looking at his watch, "as there's plenty of time, I don't mind telling you of one queer one I had six years ago, come fall, though I don't often speak of it; for you see when a man's been face to face with death, he can't talk of it very well."

I settled myself on the rough bench that did duty as a chair, as comfortably as I could, took a fresh cigar, and he began:

"It happened in this way. I was running the old Lion from Lee to Fairtown. If you know anything about New England, you know that September's a great month for fairs, and this particular September was no exception to the general rule. We had lots of extra work to do, but, as we had extra pay, there was no grumbling. It was toward the last of the month that the fair at M—— came off. Two or three extras were put on, timed so as to run between the regular trains. Jim Turner fired for me then. Jim was as good a fellow as ever lived, with but one fault—he would go off on 'a time' once in a while. He didn't do it very often, and as he'd do more work than any other man on the road, the company kept him. But Jim had been pretty sober lately. I believe he hadn't drunk anything for as much as six months; so I kind of got out of the habit of watching him, and he went and came pretty much as he chose.

"Well, we got along all right this time, till almost night we stopped at D—— for wood and water. While we were waiting, March, the depot-master, came along, and says he: 'Seaforth, I want you to do me a favor."

"'What is it?'" says I, for March and I were pretty good friends.

"'Well,' says he, 'there's a young woman here who wants to go to Fairtown, and she hasn't a cent of money. She came here to get work, and she's lost her pocket-book, and hasn't any way to get back home. I don't feel at liberty to pass her over the road, (they'd been making a row about free passes), and she ain't the kind that you'd feel like offering money to. So I thought may be you'd let her ride on the engine.'

"Well, I didn't like to refuse March, for, as I said before, he and I were good friends, and he had done me many a good turn; but I must say the idea of having a woman in the cab all the way to Fairtown wa'n't very pleasant, and I said so to March, but he was bound to have her go, and said so much that I finally told him to bring her along. She came out upon the platform, a little, pale-faced thing, who looked at me with great, frigh ened eyes, as though she thought I was a bear, and would eat her up as soon as we left the station. March introduced her as Miss Lord, and seemed to expect me to say something to make her feel at home, but I was all out of sorts, and I only nodded in a surly sort of way. I saw the tears come into her eyes, and you better believe I felt kind of mean, but I didn't say anything, and March helped her on the engine.

I saw her put out a little white hand, not much bigger'n a child's, and lay it on his arm, as she said:

"'God bless you, Mr. March.'

"And then I went off to look for Jim, who was late.

"I found him the other side of the depot, with a two-gallon can of kerosene in his hand.

"'You see,' he said, as I asked rather sharply where he'd been, 'I c'n git this a good deal cheaper here than at Fairtown, an' my wife thinks it's a sight better, too.'

"'Well, come along,' I said, 'for we're two minutes behind time now.'

"When we got back to the engine March had gone, and Miss Lord sat there alone.

Jim stared, but I said:

"'This young woman's going to ride on the engine to Fairtown. She is a friend of Mr. March.' So he put down his kerosene, and took his place on the cab.

"I heard the conductor's 'All aboard,' and then we were off.

"I was busy with levers and valves, for a man who drives a train holds the lives of hundreds in his hand, and one careless motion may send them all into eternity. So you see I hadn't much time to think of anything but my machine, but I noticed that Jim was pretty talkative. At first I thought it was because we had a woman aboard, but by and by I began to suspect it was something worse than that. His voice grew thick and his movements uncertain, and at last I could no longer hide from myself the fact that he had been drinking. Still I anticipated no trouble. We were already more than half way to Fairtown, and I thought he would keep up till we got there.

"At A—— the station master handed the conductor a telegram. He read it, and then handed it to me. It ordered us to go on to N——to meet the special. I had expected to stop at the next station, and N—— was ten miles beyond, but orders are orders and must be obeyed. So I told Jim to pile on the wood, and I put on all the steam I dared, and we went spinning over the road at a rate that must have astonished the passengers.

"We had gone a little more than half way, and I was beginning to think we might make the distance without much trouble, when Jim sat right down on the floor of the cab, and began to whimper.

"'Get up, you fool, and go to work,' I cried.

"'I can't,' he whimpered. 'I'm tired, an' mus' go 'er sleep.'

"'Get up, you rascal!' I shouted. 'Don't you know we've got to get to N——in ten minutes, or meet the special train?

"'I can't help it, let ther' ol' train come. I tell ye I'm tired. Now, look here, Seaforth,' nodding his head with drunken gravity. 'You're workin' too hard. Why, man, you won't live out half your days if you don't take some rest. I tell ye what 't is you'd better take things easy. I'm goin' to, anyway.'

"And he laid down on the floor of the cab, and shut his eyes, muttering: "Take it easy, easy, Jim'll take it easy.'

"I suppose I must have acted like a wild man, for I knew that before I could let the conductor know the fix that we were in, and get help, it would be too late to save the train, and I'm afraid I used some pretty strong words, as a man is apt to when he gets in a tight place. Not that the words help him out a bit. I suppose they only let off some of the extra steam, and make him think quicker. So I stormed away there, all the time trying to do my work and Jim's, and knowing every moment that we were losing ground. The steam was going down, and the engine slowing up, spite of all I could do.

"I tell you," and he passed his hand over his forehead, "it makes the sweat start on me now, when I think of that run. It seems to me that I lived a lifetime in those few minutes. It's an awful thing to have so many lives depending on you. In the cars behind me were hundreds of human beings, and the other train had hundreds more, and only a step between them and eternity. All this time, the girl March had put on the engine had been sitting perfectly still, watching everything that went on, and now, when everything seemed lost, she threw off her shawl, and stepped into Jim's place, saying quietly:

"'I'll take that man's place, Mr. Seaforth.'

"'You?' and I looked at the slight, almost girlish, figure in astonishment.

"'Yes,' she said. 'I am stronger than I look, and I've been watching the man, so I know I can do his work.'

"It was a forlorn hope, but our only one, and, after one brief moment of hesitation, I said:

"'Very well, you can but try, and if you fail'—

"I did not finish the sentence, for, at the thought of failure, the terrible picture of mangled, bleeding bodies, crushed out of all semblance of humanity, rose before me, and I turned away with a groan. A slight shudder passed over the girl, and she seemed to grow paler, but, without a word, she took her place, throwing on the wood as I directed, and doing so well, that, spite of my anxiety, I could not but notice the dexterity with which she handled heavy sticks. The strength of a half-a-dozen men seemed concentrated in her slender arms, but, spite of her efforts, we hardly seemed to gain ground.

"I looked at my watch, and fairly groaned aloud as I saw that it wanted ten minutes of six, and at six we were expected to pass the extra at N——. There was no time to put back, and no chance to stop till we reached N——. There was nothing for us to do but to go straight on, though I felt that we were going to destruction. As the hands of the watch crept round, telling off the minutes, I watched them with a sort of fascination, feeling as though I were turning to stone. Well, if you'll believe me, that girl, instead of making a row, as most women would have done, never said a single word, though she seemed to know just how things were going, but, after one look at my face—and I suppose I must have looked pretty bad—almost by inspiration it seemed to me, she did one of those things a man would never have thought of. Right behind her was the oil-can Jim had got at D——. With a steady hand she lifted the heavy can, and poured half its contents on the wood, then she threw the wood upon the fire, and it blazed up with a quick, fierce heat, that sent the engine flying over the rails at a rate that fairly made one dizzy. Still she piled on the oiled wood, and still we went on faster, and faster. The train rocked from side to side, and the engine seemed hardly to touch the rails. I looked at my watch, and then anxiously in the direction of N——. It wanted three minutes of six. Oh, if there might be some delay, something to make the other train even one minute late. But no, away in the distance I could see a faint line of smoke coming nearer and nearer. The girl saw it too, and reached for the oil-can.

"'It's of no use,' I said. 'We can't get there, and we've all the steam we can safely carry now.'

"'Are you sure it won't bear any more?' she asked, anxiously.

"I shook my head.

"'I'm afraid not,' I said.

"'But it is possible that it may?' she asked again.

"'Yes, possible, but not probable,' I answered.

"She asked the questions in a calm, even voice, and I think I answered in much the same tone, for, now that the danger I had feared was really upon us, I seemed to have lost all fear, and I watched the line of smoke nearing us so fast with a sort of vague wonder as to what the engineer of the other train would do when he saw us coming, too late to save his train. I was roused from this sort of stupor into which I seemed in danger of falling, by seeing the girl again reach for the oil-can. I shook my head.

"'It won't do,' I said. 'It may be death.'

"'But,' she said, 'it is death if I don't.'

"I nodded, and, without a word, she poured the remainder of the oil upon the wood, and threw it into the fire. We were close to the station now, and I could see people running across the platform, and hear the women scream as they saw our danger; for right in front of us was the extra, so near that it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save us. I looked at Miss Lord. With that last effort her strength seemed to leave her, and she sank upon the seat, covering her face with her hands, waiting for the death that seemed so near.

"There was a moment of awful suspense, and then we were safe upon the side track, just as the extra train went thundering by, so near that a barely an inch separated the engine from the hindmost car. The brakes were put on, and the long line of cars came to a stand-still just beyond the station, and then slowly ran back to where the crowd of alarmed and curious men stood watching us. At the shrill sound of the escaping steam, Miss Lord raised her head, and looked anxiously around, then, seeming to realize that we were safe, she tried to say something, but the words died away in a murmur, and the next moment she fell on the floor of the cab like a dead woman. But before I could call any one to help her, for I was pretty well shaken myself, one of the directors, who was on the train, came along in a fearful passion. He wanted to know what I meant by running the risk that I had done.

"'Haven't you any brains? and don't you care any more for human life than a donkey?' he blustered.

"I handed him the telegram I had received at A——, and which, fortunately for myself, I had put into my pocket, and then I pointed to the floor of the cab, where Jim lay in a drunken sleep, and Miss Lord in a dead faint, and I told the story as well as I could. I tell you there was pretty lively times there for a few minutes. The passengers found out that something was the matter, and they came pouring out of the cars, and crowded round the engine, and I had to tell my story over and over to them. Well, some of the men carried Jim off to the station, and dumped him down on the floor, and Miss Lord was taken into one of the drawing-room cars, and fussed over as though she was one of the greatest ladies in the land, and, before she came to herself enough to sit up, there was a purse made up for her, of more dollars than she ever had in her life, and that wa'n't all, for Mr. Russals—the director that was aboard the train—found that she knew something of telegraphy, and put her in the office at C——for awhile, and in a few months gave her a steady job. So you see it wa'n't a bad ride for her, after all."

"But what became of her?" I asked. "Is she still in the office?"

"Oh, bless you, no, sir. She did what most all the women do, sooner or later—get married."

"Well," said I, "such a woman deserved a good husband; I hope she got one."

"Well, I don't know; pr'ty middling I guess," and then he nodded, with a laugh. "She seems to be satisfied, so I suppose there's no occasion for any one else to find fault."

And then there was a whistle, and the down train came into view, and, putting his pipe in his pocket, the engineer made ready for his homeward trip, saying, with a sly smile, as he sprang on the engine and said good-by:

"If ever you come to Concord I shall be glad to see you, and you can ask my wife what she thinks of the husband Miss Lord got."—*Ballou's Monthly.*

An Incident in the Career of Mr. Jewell.

When a young man ex-Gov. Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, was for some time a resident of Rochester. The account of the manner in which Mr. Jewell came to live in Rochester is quite interesting, and as related by one of the olden residents, is as follows. It seems that in 1846 or 1847 Mr. Jewell became dissatisfied with life in Hartford, and informed his father that he was going West to make his fortune. Soon after this he left Hartford. At that time Isaac Hall, formerly a resident of Hartford, and a friend of Marshall's father, was associated with Mr. Thompson in the proprietorship of the old Eagle Hotel, which was located on the site now occupied by Powers' Block. When Marshall left home, his father, expecting that he would stop in Rochester and call on Mr. Hall, wrote Mr. Hall to detain him in some quiet way, if possible. The letter reached this city before young Jewell did, and on his arrival Mr. Hall offered him the position of clerk in the hotel, and finally succeeded in persuading him to accept it. During his residence in Rochester he won many friends, and, no matter where he met any of them in after life, he always enjoyed speaking of his life in the Flower City. He did not remain here more than a year or two, when he left for Detroit. While he was clerk in the Eagle Hotel, "Nick" Hadley was one of the porters at the house. In after years, when Marshall Jewell was Postmaster-General, he one day met his old friend "Nick" in the streets of Rochester, and, conversing with him, found that he was employed as a porter at Congress Hall. He took him to his room at the Osburn House, where he was stopping, introduced him to his wife, and they enjoyed a very pleasant visit. "Don't you want some better place to work than that?" asked the Postmaster-General before they parted, and, receiving an affirmative reply, soon after Hadley was placed in charge of the mails at the New York Central depot here.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express.*

"He Was."

We all know that volumes might be written on the mighty subject, "How not to do it." It is a subject on which we all have practical experience—in our own persons if we are lazy, stupid or awkward; in the persons of others if we are energetic, clever or capable. If one had to compose an epitaph for a man of whom one desired to say nothing, then how not to write it might become difficult. In such a dilemma, many years ago, a Sussex 'Squire found himself. He had a bailiff, whom he had discovered to have indulged in all kinds of malpractices. This unjust steward had robbed his master in every possible way, and when detected was dismissed. Whether he could dig or whether he was not ashamed to beg, history saveth not. His master, when bidding him be gone, added these words: "For the sake of your wife and family I will do nothing to you, but after your death I will punish you severely." It may be supposed that the bailiff did not trouble himself much about this threat. But it was carried out. The man died, the master took on himself the task of erecting his tombstone and of composing his epitaph, which was as follows:

In memory of
John Smith.
He was

This singular inscription was recently, and no doubt is still, to be seen in Horsham church yard. The author of it would lead persons to view it, and when they inquired "What was he?" would tell them the story of his bailiff's delinquencies. This story was passed on from mouth to mouth and became far more impressive and more widely known than it would have been if recorded at length on the stone. Indeed the 'Squire could hardly, with any regard to public opinion, inscribe a man's misdeeds above his moldering bones, but the blank which said nothing offensive was amply sufficient to fulfill the threat of posthumous punishment, which was thus inflicted on this unjust steward.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

—"From the manner in which some people spend their time, one would suppose they had a ninety-nine years' lease of life with two renewal clauses embraced in it."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Who Inherits the Farm?

When the farmer dies, if he does not leave a will, the farm immediately becomes the property of his heirs, subject, of course, to the payment of his debts. Who the heirs are is determined by the statutes of the State in which the farm lies. There is some variation in the State laws in this regard, but their first provision is practically the same in all, namely: that lands descend in equal shares to the children of the deceased owner. Daughters inherit equally with sons, the children become tenants in common of the land and own it together until partition proceedings have given to each his own share. In two or three States the widow is given a share with the children; in all the rest she is given an interest, called a dower, which is the use during her lifetime of one-third of the lands. This dower interest is not liable for the debts of the deceased husband. The children of any deceased child usually take their parents inheritance by right of representation as it is called. If the farmer has no children or descendants, the land goes, in some States, to the father, if living, in others to the parents equally, or to the surviving parent, in others to the brothers and sisters; but accuracy of general statement is here impossible. Reference must be had to the statutes of the State where the land lies; for it is those that govern its descent and not the laws of the State in which the owner or his heirs live. These rules of descent, though intended to secure justice, are entirely arbitrary. They depend, therefore, somewhat on the condition and genius of the people among whom they prevail. Hence their difference in different States and countries and at different periods of time. By the English common law the oldest son inherits the land, to the exclusion of his brothers and sisters, even though his sisters are older than himself. The male issue was always preferred to the female, in the English law. This arose mainly from the feudal necessity of developing strong military leaders, and it has been maintained by reason of traditional reverence, pride and the tenfold necessity of preserving great families, etc. More of justice and equity has characterized the American law, but the changes have been gradual. Massachusetts, in 1641, was the first of the colonies to divide the estate equally among the children, except that she gave the oldest son a double share. If a child is born after the father's death it will inherit its share of the father's estate. If a will has been left, the advent of a posthumous child generally revokes it, and the property will go to the heirs at-law.

If during his lifetime the farmer has advanced to one of his children a portion of the estate, the same will be deducted from what the child would otherwise receive as heir. This is called "advancement," but in order that it may be deducted from the child's share, it must be shown that it was intended as such by the parent. The rules of evidence in this regard are broad; any method of showing the intention will usually suffice, either by declaring it in the gift, charging it to the child, or having him acknowledge it in writing. If such child is given more than what he would inherit, he is not obliged to return any of it to the other heirs. An illegitimate child inherits from its mother only, and has no share in its father's estate. If the parents afterwards intermarry and the father acknowledges the child, such fact generally legitimatizes it.

Question may arise in the farmer's mind as to whether he ought to make a will. If he does not want his property to go to the person or persons, who by law are his heirs, or if he wishes to give some of it to any charitable object, or devote it to any other purpose, he has full power to do with it just as he pleases, and this he must do by will. He can give away everything he has except the widow's dower, and, in some of the states, the "homestead right," which is given by statute, to the widow and minor children. If he wishes to disinherit any one of his heirs, he should do it by express words, for if he makes no mention of him, the law will in some of the States presume that the omission was by mistake, and such person will take his inheritance as heir. He should be "cut off with a shilling," in order to the effect ally disposed of. A will once made can be revoked by subsequent will, or altered by codicil, or rendered void by being destroyed in its maker's presence and by his direction.

If a farmer wishes his estate to go to his heirs, but is desirous of having a certain person take charge of it, he can accomplish this by making a will, giving his property to his heirs, and naming such person as his executor; this is frequently done.

If the farmer wishes to prevent his farm from being sold or disposed of by the person to whom he intends giving it, he can give an estate for life to the donee's heirs, or to any one else; but property can not, in general, be tied up for a period greater than the lives of two persons in being at the time the deed is made, and twenty-one years thereafter, the policy of our laws being strongly against the prevention of alienation, as it is termed in law, and of placing property beyond the reach of all creditors.—*H. A. Haigh, in American Agriculturist.*

Moles.

The mole bores its long nose in the earth as it walks along its galleries under-ground and immediately detects worms, grubs, insects and the roots of grass on which it feeds. The skin is tough and thick and serves as an excellent protection for the little animal, which is ordinarily about four or five inches long. Each mole may be said to have its own district or hunting place under-ground, and is scarcely ever intruded upon by another. He is always hungry, and therefore pursues his prey with the utmost diligence, sometimes in the night coming to the surface of the ground and killing snails and other small insects which it is able to find. In some instances it has been known even to kill and eat small birds. It is impatient of hunger and a short fast proves fatal to it. Water, also, it must frequently drink, and its holes are therefore found near streams and ponds or lakes. The mole's hand or fore-foot is shaped very much like a human hand, and is used with great dexterity by the animal in pushing back the earth that he has rooted out with his nose. He bores with considerable rapidity with his sharp-pointed snout, that is shaped something like that of a pig. In fact, the star-nosed mole has the end spread out more fully, comparatively, than that of the pig, and the point's assist considerably in the boring process. The mole moves his head half round, then back, rapidly, and thus bores in through all kinds of ground, that which is loose, of course, offering the least obstacles. Should a stone be met with in his gallery he turns readily to one side and again moves forward in the same general direction. In soft ground there are many things that he picks up, all kinds of animal food being welcome to him. His fore-feet are large and bony, full of strength and well spread out, while his hind feet are comparatively weak. He pushes the dirt above him well out of the way with his strong back, and almost bunches himself up double while so doing. He fully realizes that he is engaged in the construction of his own home, or the passes thereto, and takes pains to have everything in good order. What are known as mole-hills are places where he has been obliged to throw out considerable quantities of dirt that clogged up and obstructed his way inside the galleries. The dirt thus thrown out is very fine, and has been well looked over to see what it contains.—*American Field.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Massachusetts farmers pay over $30,000 per year for Paris green to kill the potato bugs on their 46,000 farms.

—Many believe that a ton of fodder and a ton of good hay fed together to milch-cows are nearly equal, if not quite, to two tons of good hay.

—Give the fowls an occasional feed of boiled or raw chopped carrots. Cooked carrots mixed with corn or barley-meal are most excellent for fattening fowls for market.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Enough labor and money are every ten years expended upon the ordinary mud-roads of this country to make good graveled highways of all; yet they are no better than when the work began.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Nice little tea-cakes, to be baked in muffin rings, are made of one cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup and a half of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. In this batter stir a pint bowl full of fruit—currants are nice, fresh berries in their season, and even canned ones, with the juice drained off. Serve while warm, and they are a dainty addition to the tea table.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Milk Bread: The preparation for milk bread is quite different to that of other bread; it is not kneaded, but, indeed, is as little in the hands as possible. To make it: Boil and cool one pint of milk, add to this one tablespoonful of butter or drippings, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half a cup of potato yeast, five or six cups of flour; mix with a knife without kneading; rise and shape into loaves, rise again in the pans, and bake forty minutes.—*Boston Post.*

—A good wash for the fruit trees is made by adding two quarts of soft water to one gallon of common soft soap. Place these in a vessel over the fire, and when warm the soap and water are readily combined by stirring, and should be applied in the same manner as the whale oil application. The best results are obtained by washing the tree about three times during the season, applying the first in March or April, the second in June and the last in August. The insects and moss will be effectually removed, leaving the bark in a fine, healthy condition.—*Western Farmer.*

—A successful grower of quinces says he attributes all his success in the business to the accident that most of his trees were set in low, mucky ground, and with such shelter that their own fallen leaves and those of an adjoining apple orchard made a good annual mulch. He says it is not the trunk and branches of the quince that are tender, but the roots trees being almost invariably killed in exposed situations wherever frost penetrates deeply. He mulches well with autumn leaves and well rotted stable manure, saying the better the manure (within reasonable limits) the finer and larger the fruit. He also believes a vigorous growth prevents to some extent the twig blight and red pest.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Needs of Farmers' Sons.

At the recent meeting of the New England Agricultural Society, Boston, the late President Chadbourne, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, spoke upon the education of farmers' sons. He advised the establishment of such societies as were useful, insomuch that they bring the farmers together to exchange views. Nowadays farmers have become able to hold their own with other people in discussion, and knew what was required. He had himself inherited a farm which his grandfather had before him. That gentleman planted large orchards of apples to make cider, which had been a curse, but people now were learning lessons from the past. As a consequence, farms were making their homes what they ought to be, more agreeable, so that their boys would become fond of the work before them. For forty years he had found that a farmer who would not give a cent to educate a son on the farm, would even go so far as to mortgage his property to give him a skilled trade or a profession. One half the money spent on farms he considered was wasted for want of useful knowledge, and the sons ought to be taught that agriculture was equal to the professions in the thought required to carry it on. If farming was to be so conducted that a man without thought could carry it on, then good men would be driven away. To be a successful farmer there was nothing which required more observation or more brain than agriculture. They all felt there was honor in farming, and yet they were driving the children away from the farms. They had just established in Massachusetts an experiment station, for which had been voted $5,000 a year, or about eleven cents per annum for each farm. The New England agricultural Society and every club will be able to have difficult questions settled there. There was at this time a bill before Congress to give all such institutions in each State $15,000 per annum, and he asked for their support in its behalf, for experiment stations would be of infinite value. Men could not improve without they commingled together. It was the misfortune of the farmer's life that he must be to a large extent isolated. The speaker urged upon the members the desirability therefore of bringing their sons to such gatherings as the present one. Then he would have them see that the State should take the same interest in agriculture which was taken in other branches. He believed that the very sterility of the soil of New England had given to the farmers here the hardiness which she possessed. As she was now in the van, he would keep her so by educating her sons.

Early Rising.

This, in a general sense, is to be encouraged, though just what is early rising has not yet been determined, though one has taxed on seven o'clock in the summer and eight o'clock in the winter. If we should follow the example of the birds and the domestic animals, we should improve on this custom. The birds cease their joyous carols at about sunset and are quiet, recommencing their praises as soon as four o'clock in the morning in the summer, taking their morning meal later. Now, if the young should follow their example of early rest, it is more than probable that they would rise with the lark and the sun, and be joyous and healthy, other things being favorable.

But it must not be supposed that all can safely rise at the same hour, with no regard to varying circumstances. If one can retire early, it is well to do so, unquestionably; but if not, then a certain amount of sleep should be obtained, enough to fully satisfy the demands of nature, since, during the sleeping hours, most important changes occur in the animal economy, the blood being consolidated, transposed into the living tissues of the body. And let it be remembered that this is affected the most favorably during the night, in darkness. It is also true that growing children need a great deal of sleep, which they must have or they will not thrive. It is absolutely cruel to call them regularly out of a sound sleep an hour before they have the amount of sleep demanded. If it is expected that such should rise early—which ordinarily is desirable—early retiring is a necessary condition. But if it is ascertained, on a fair trial, that a growing child has not slept enough, on being called early for a given time, good sense dictates that more time should be allowed, either earlier or later. Females demand more sleep than males, as a general principle, on account of more taxing of the nervous system. The same is true of brain-workers and those having unusual cares and perplexities.—*Golden Rule.*

—Two needle stories from Massachusetts: A few months since Eddie, little son of Captain George W. Dyer, of Provincetown, stepped on a needle, which was broken off in his foot. Recently he was taken to Dr. Gleason for treatment for something in one of his fingers, which proved, on examination, to be the missing portion of the needle, which had worked its way up into his hand. Joseph Burley, of Taunton, has just had taken from his leg a needle, which he thinks has been roaming about in his body for about twenty-six years.

—"I wish," he said, "that my father had been a miner and my mother a laundress, that my sister had run away with a circus rider and that I had a million, for then I'd be somebody in New York society."—*N. Y. Mail.*

An Incident in Virginia.

Our old friend, Mr. Wm. Claughton, of Heathsville, Sheriff of Northumberland Co., Va., says: "We have many good medicines in our parts, but nothing which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequaled for rheumatism and all bodily pains."—*Tappahannock (Va.) Tide Water Index.*

A prescription has been received at the Philadelphia Press office, dated Harrisburg, signed "Single Press," and marked "urgent." It read as follows: "Don't Accept president's offer to Examine a horse. Don't move in a the hands—took a ride off a motor once—they still keep going at and like a Mule in a Bucky ride—put a coal cutter on the hands—carried the Bed full of coal right around—sat on the lion carried me through fair I got Bitter and fell Off—put leg of my best chair between hands to stop them—cut through lea cleaner than a Buzz Saw—invented Chair meter Hands accidentally Invented by a Lunatic at work on perpetual Motion in a Third Story Back with closed Shutters—I put a ladder to window Based a Hole Through it—Bitters and Discovered his secret—use Car trying to stop motor Hands—trouble is both go Same Way—if went different ways would be fixed so as to cut each Other in Half but pieces would go All Same, go till wear out Look Out Don't Cut your Head Off."

A GENTLEMAN writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured me of a severe case of the piles, impure blood and general ill-health."

Another gentleman writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured me of nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, night sweats, sleeplessness, etc."

A MULE never kicks the same object twice. Probably for the same reason that lightning never strikes twice in the same place—it doesn't have to.—*Chicago Herald.*

"Made New Again."

MRS. WM. D. RUCKMAN, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For the last three months and find myself—what shall I say—made new again; are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

THE engineer ought to be on the donkey engine.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Voice of the People.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully, JUDITH BURNETT, Ellisdale, Mich.

DAVID FENDER, "popping the question," in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

STRANGE that we can put no confidence at all in a professional confidence man.

Josiah Davis's Trouble.

Josiah Davis, No. Middletown, Ky., writes: "I am now using a box of your HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by various veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is effecting a cure.

BUILDING lots and indignation are both measured by the foot.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Personal!

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

THE Assistant Postmaster-General is no Quaker, although he always keeps his Hatton.—*Lowell Courier.*

A GOOD way to help the poor blind—Paint it.

WHEN a man's counting house runs down, he can never wind it up with a winch key.—*Whitehall (N. Y.) Times.*

JOHNNY and Tommy were playing out in a street where there was much fast driving, and where they had been forbidden to go. "Hello," said Johnny, "there comes a spanking team." "Where?" replied Tommy. "Right across the street there; it's your mother and mine, and we'd bet er cut sticks and get out of this," which they did, with their mothers after them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

VANDERBILT has business. A man rich as he is can have anything.—*Lowell Citizen.*

WHEN the clock strikes one there is no legal redress.—*N. Y. News.*

"WHO was the first mathematician?" inquired a professor of the Three R's. "Add'em," was the prompt reply of the champion puff.

A CHICAGO man has just received one cent damages from a man who ran away with his wife. He feels satisfied now that justice has been done him.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A TUMBLERFUL of whisky—A drunken acrobat.

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

VENNOR, Wiggins, and their storms are all Canadians.—*Puck.*

ONE should be charitable to the prison inmates. They have been severely tried.—*Boston Transcript.*

IF there's anything to signs, them druggists are pestle-ential sort of fellows.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

"BE jabers," exclaimed an Irishman, "I've slept sixteen hours! I went to bed at eight and got up at eight.

A MUSICIAN can't wipe out old scores by utting false notes.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Voluntary Tributes of Gratitude for Benefits Received.

DEAR SIR—Please allow me the privilege of giving my testimony regarding the wonderful curative properties of your invaluable medicine, Hunt's Remedy. During the past six or seven years I have been a great sufferer from kidney disease, and during a great part of the time my sufferings have been so intense as to be indescribable. Only those who have suffered by this dread disease know of the awful backache, and pains of all kinds, accompanied by great weakness and nervous prostration, loss of force and ambition which invariably attend it. I had all these troubles intensified, and was in such a bad condition that I could not get up out of my chair except by putting my hands on my knees, and almost rolling out before I could straighten up. I tried the best doctors, and many kinds of medicine, but all failed to help me, and I experimented so long under trying to get cured that last spring I was in very poor shape, and in seeking for relief my attention was directed by a friend to the remarkable cures of kidney diseases, etc., which were being accomplished by Hunt's Remedy. I was induced to try it, and began to take it, and very soon "limbered up" as it were, my severe backache, and the intense pains I had suffered so long speedily disappeared, notwithstanding I had been bothered with this complaint so many years.

When I began to take Hunt's Remedy I was considerably run down in my general health, and suffered also from loss of appetite. Ever since I have been taking the Remedy, however, my improvement has been marked; my former pains, aches, pains, etc., have disappeared, and I now feel like my former self, hale, hearty, and sound in health. I shall always keep Hunt's Remedy with me, and would most earnestly recommend all those who are sufferers from kidney or liver disease, or diseases of the bladder or urinary organs, to use Hunt's Remedy, and take no other.

Yours very truly, HENRY H. SHERMAN,
No. 39 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

"In the bottom of poverty, etc., there is no such word as fail." This "bottom" is now found in the laboratory of Hunt's Remedy. It knows no such word as fail.

, "The same measure will not suit all ailments," but Kidney-Wort helps all cases of liver, bowels and kidney diseases and their concomitants, piles, constipation, diabetes, agues, etc. Try it and you will say so too.

Two young ladies who set up "gentlemen's backs" for "Gilmore's Garters" should give thanks that it is permitted to live.

"I wouldn't be without Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile pills if they cost $5 a pill. They cured me of neuralgia of 8 years standing." Joseph Snyder, Paxinos, Pa. 50 cents per box, at druggists.

A PAPER in the attic which would let smooth light in to shine into one brain up under affliction.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is without a peer. It removes all both external and internal treatment and costs only $1 per package, at druggists.

The elastic breakfast pocketbook is the latest. It is always light.

For quick relief in all stomach troubles use "Wells' Rat Sapon Pills," antibilious, liver pills.

Tan sure yes!—Their fork leaves no any other yet.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Salvation Nervine "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, $1.

Anniversary of marriage—Moving the school house.—*Puck.*

For Coughs, Asthma and Throat Diseases, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

Why is a fainting girl a proof of manhood? Because it lays and sells a lie.

Congressmen Collars and Cuffs for gentlemen are easily washed and do not require starching.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. The best medicine for cough or sore throat. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

Lyon's Heel Stiffeners keep men's boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

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TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
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