THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE PLUMBER.

A plumber sat within his home
Of wealth and luxury.
He heard the storm go howling by,
It filled him full of glee.

Rain beat upon the window panes,
Fast freezing as it fell,
An icy pall spread o'er the land,
On city, hill and dell.

His little child came in the room,
In costly raiment clad,
She stole unto her parent's side,
And thus addressed her dad:

"Say, papa dear, why do you smile,
On such a fearful night?
The storm it shakes the windows so,
I'm paralyzed with fright!

"Think of the poor within their homes,
No coal to keep them warm!
How can you smile, my papa dear,
While others feel alarm?"

The plumber stroked her golden curls,
And took her on his lap;
Then to his little child he said:
"Now listen to your pap.

"The ice and snow, the frost and hail,
Bring gladness unto me;
With joy I hear the wintry blast
Which howls so dismally.

"This princely home wherein we dwell,
Those bronzes richand rare,
Those pictures brought from foreign lands,
Our carpets, silverware,

"My bank-stocks and my real estate,
Your mother's diamonds, too,
All came from winter's icy breath,
So dreaded, love, by you.

"I'll tell you how these blessings come—
To others, thorns and stripes—
The story's told in these your words,
From busted water pipes."

—*Spectator.*

TRICKS OF BUNKO MEN.

Ingenious Devices for Swindling Unsuspecting Countrymen.

A New York *Sun* reporter has recently interviewed a confidence operator in that city, with the following result:

An introduction to "Confidence Sam" was managed by the reporter in such a manner that while the reporter knew all about the bunko man, that individual had no idea who or what the reporter was beyond the supposition that he was the friend of a friend.

"How do we work the confidence racket? In the first place, you must know that we work in sections of four, and each has his professional title, according to the part he plays in leading up to the grand finale of the comedy—the pocket-book. Artist No. 1 is the hand-shaker. Artist No. 2 is the steerer. After him comes the artistic player, who is No. 3 in the combination; and last, but by no means least, in the company, is the joint keeper, whose presence is needed to give an artistic and efficient completeness to the whole concern.

"The ranks being complete for work, all that remains, my boy, is to wait for money to come along like fish for the bait. And it comes every time, you can bet, if you go about it right. Just stand in the Bowery and watch it. I tell you what, the old Dutchmen who were bossed by Peter Stuyvesant did not know what a gold mine they were creating when they started that beautiful Bowery. A fellow coming from the country wants to see the Bowery, and we show him some things he never dreamed were there.

"Well, as I was saying, we stand outside the joint and wait until a guy comes along. The guy, you know, is what is commonly known as the greenhorn from the country. It don't require a physiognomist to pick him out of a crowd. He gives himself away at once. You can see him looking around everywhere, with eyes and mouth wide open, taking in all he can of wonderful New York. We at once take a philanthropic interest in his welfare, you know, so we retire and leave the field to the hand-shaker, to get the guy's name. He arranges his attire with scrupulous care, adorns his face with a most winning smile, and saunters down slowly toward the guy to give him the duke, as the boys say. What is the duke? Why, the duke is the hand.

"There, he's met the guy, and smiles in recognition of the stranger. The countryman, you'll find, is delighted to meet some one in the big city who seems to know him, d've see, and takes the outstretched duke of the hand-shaker. Then the latter opens play with the remark:

"'Wh, Mr. Herkimer, how are you, o'ld fellow? it's months since I've seen you.' If the guy didn't repudiate the name, why, Jack I give you my word, would be completely nonplussed, cuchred; as it were. But the moment he hears the guy say he is not the man he is taken for, why, that very moment Jack begins to get in his fine work to hook the fish. And he begins the work by pretending to be astonished that he has made a mistake. 'Well, 'pon my word, that's very remarkable,' he exclaims, with that cultured flow of language, for which the confidence man is peculiar. I beg your pardon, but really, I never saw any one who looked so much like Fred Herkimer. Why, I give you my word, I can hardly believe now that you're not Fred playing a practical joke on me by denying your identity. Ha! ha! it's a pretty good one on me.

"The countryman sees the joke or thinks he does, which is the same thing to all intents and purposes, and chimes in with Jack's hearty guffaw.

"'Oh, no,' he volunteers, 'I be n't Herkimer, ha! ha! my name's John Tapley. I be down from North Adams vis tin' some city frien's. Jest got inter town yester noonin'. Fine place be n't it?'

"Jack does not prolong his conversation. He has pressing business, and drops Mr. Tapley, of North Adams, like a hot potato. But his hurry to get away from the countryman is screened behind the polite apology: 'Well, Mr. Tapley, you'll pardon the mistake, I'm sure. I hope we'll meet again. I have an engagement to attend to now, so you'll excuse me if I leave you, sir.' They shake hands warmly, and Tapley goes on his way convinced that there are very sociable people in New York. He doesn't go very far, you may be sure, before he is overtaken. Jack rushes into the joint the moment he gets away from the guy, and announces to the waiting steerer: 'The fellow's name is Tapley. He's from North Adams.' The book of names and addresses, which is sometimes called The Confidence Directory, is hauled out of a drawer. It is a volume prepared with great care, and represents the information gleaned by the travels of the confidence operators through the country. It contains the names of the Presidents of banks in all the towns of the country. The steerer runs rapidly through the pages devoted to Massachusetts, finds the name of the President of a North Adams bank, and is instantly ready for business, and to play his part as the suddenly created nephew of the said bank President. Jack drops out of the job temporarily now.

"The steerer, as nephew of the bank President, first overtakes Tapley, then runs ahead of him a little way and turning about suddenly seizes his hand, as usual with effusive cordiality, and exclaims:

"'Why, Tapley, my boy, shake! When did you get down from North Adams?'

"Tapley is more than ever impressed with the extreme friendliness of strangers in the big city, but is especially surprised that any one should know his name. The steerer then explains with a smile who he is, or rather who he is not, and asks affectionately after Tapley and all his friends. He lets the countryman do most of the talking, and thereby gains a clue to much of the latter's personal and family history. This he uses so deftly that he is soon completely in Tapley's confidence, and makes the latter really believe that he has met a fellow townsman. The steerer does not hurry matters. He leads his victim by easy stages to the trap set for him, walks with him toward the joint as they talk. Near the door of the latter, which is always a drinking saloon, the steerer says:

"'By the way, John, if you're going back again to-morrow, as you say, you might take up something I have ordered for my uncle and the folks. It will be a big favor, and will save me the necessity of cutting short my visit, as I feared I would have to. You see I want to stay a few days longer on some private business. The packages are right in here now, I guess.'

"They enter the saloon, where the bartender has been expecting their coming for some time.

"'Have those packages come for me yet?' asks the steerer.

"'No, sir, not yet,' responds the bartender.

"'Ah, that's funny,' remarks the steerer. 'They ought to be here by this time.' Then he turns to Tapley and says: 'Let's take a drink and wait a little while.'

"The bartender produces the liquor, and the steerer catches a glimpse of a dice box near the cigar lighter, calls for it, and begins to toss about the ivory cubes listlessly. He produces a five dollar bill, meantime, and tenders it in payment for the drinks. This act is simply a prearranged signal, and an accomplice seeing the bill, suddenly opens the front door, and dashing in as if in a hurry, inquires of the bartender:

"'Can you change me a five-dollar bill?'

"The bartender laughs pleasantly. 'I can change one bill,' he remarks, 'but this gentleman also wants one changed. I can't accommodate both.'

"The new comer studiously avoids recognizing his confederate. He simply says, with marked suavity:

"'Oh, well, no matter. The gentleman was here first. He's entitled to the change. I just jumped off a Third avenue car a moment ago because the conductor could not change more than a two-dollar note. I have no doubt I can get the change next door!'

"'Not to be outdone in gentlemanly behavior by a stranger, the steerer, who has the countryman from North Adams in tow, replies:

"'Won't you join us, sir? We were just having a social glass together when you entered.'

"The confederate hesitates about accepting the invitation, being 'a perfect stranger, you know,' but at length, as a happy compromise, he says:

"'Well, I tell you what I'll do, I'll throw you for the drinks, and the man who loses pays. That will settle whose bill will be changed, too.'

"The two sharpers agree to this and the dice are thrown. The countryman looks on, and, as a matter of course, sees the new comer stand for the drinks. The loser pretends to be anxious to throw again for satisfaction. The steerer whispers confidentially to the countryman that he will give the stranger all he wants, and proceeds to introduce the game that is intended to deceive the guy. It is called top and bottom, and the steerer illustrates it to the supposed stranger. He tosses the three dice on the counter and counts the spots on the top of each. Then he turns them upside down and counts the spots on the reverse side, and adding both totals together finds they make twenty one. The confederate consents to play the new game after a little parley, and the steerer throws again, and to the apparent surprise of the confederate again obtains twenty-one. The confederate considers this a wonderful coincidence and exclaims:

"'See here. I'll bet you a box of cigars you can't do that again.'

"'Done! it's a go,' cries the steerer, winking at the countryman. The box is shaken and the cubes tossed on the board counted. Again the spots foot up twenty-one. Countryman Tapley is both interested and mystified, and, observing this, the confederate leaves the victim alone with the steerer to prepare the bait that will draw him into the game.

"'Just wait a moment, till I wash my hands,' he says, 'and I'll bet you again.'

"He retires to the rear of the saloon, turns on the water, and washes his hands long enough to give the steerer time to explain to the victim a common-place fact about dice that few but professional sharpers are generally aware of. The steerer throws the dice half-a-dozen times, and each time the result is twenty-one. Then he shows the countryman that the arrangement of the spots is such that no other number can be possibly thrown, if the top and bottom spots be added. The countryman's face beams with sudden enlightenment as the circumstance dawns upon him.

"'Why, it's a dead sure thing every time; don't you see,' says the steerer, jubilantly. 'That fellow who just came in has got more money than trains. We'll win a lot of his cash from him easily.'

"The confederate rejoins the group at this stage. His manner is not so suave as at the outset. He has become very irritable, in fact, and swears in a most emphatic way when he loses a ten-dollar bill on the next throw of the dice. The countryman begins to pity him, knowing, as he supposes, how utterly hopeless his chances of winning are. His advice is roughly spurned by the ungracious stranger, who feigns great rage at his interference.

"'If you think it's such an easy thing to win my money,' he cries, 'why, blast your eyes, you'd better tackle me yourself. I'll bet you ten dollars, twenty-five dollars—yes, one hundred dollars—in greenbacks, and give you odds, that neither of you can throw twenty one. If you're both so confoundedly smart why don't you take the bet?'

"This stirs up the bile of Mr. Tapley from North Adams. He begins to think it really would serve the ungracious stranger right to teach him that he is a fool. This feeling is ingeniously encouraged by the sharpers. Consequently Mr. Tapley acquiesces when the steerer whispers:

"'Go on, Mr. Tapley; back me, or back yourself, if you rather. We'll take the conceit out of him.'

"The countryman yanks out his aged leather pocket book, plunges his fingers into its capacious depths, and counts out two tens and a five, and the stranger pranks down three ten-dollar notes, giving the promised odds on the bet.

"A change came over the spirit of the game the moment the dust is put up. The cubes are metamorphosed with lightning-like rapidity, for the steerer summons to his aid a doctored die. Instead of being spotted from one to six, as are ordinary dice, this false cube has two faces, each marked five little black spots. The steerer holds this concealed beneath the third joint of his little finger, pressed against the palm, and as he scoops up the dice into the box for the next throw removes one of them and substitutes the doctored cube. The change is made in an instant, and so deftly that the countryman could not detect it even if he suspected the honesty of his opponent, which he does not as yet. The presence of the false die ruins what the steerer was pleased to illustrate as a dead sure thing. His victim might throw the dice until he grew gray without being able to secure the twenty-one he has wagered on. Unconscious of this, however, Tapley picks up the box confidently, shakes it thoroughly, and casts the cubes out on the bar. The steerer adds up their spots, and lo! they aggregate but nineteen.

"It would be impossible to picture in words the expression of amazement that distends the eyes and lowers the jaw of the countryman as he witnesses this unexpected performance of the cubes. It would be equally difficult to imagine more intense indignation than that which seemingly overcomes the steerer.

"'Look here, stranger, you hit my arm just as I was counting those dice for my friend, and I didn't turn over the last die. The bottom spots did not come uppermost as they should.'

"'I don't know anything about that,' replies the other. 'All I know, is, I've got the money, and I'm going to keep it.'

"The steerer insists upon another throw of the dice, and the countryman waits in anxious suspense while the two dispute. The steerer places the genuine die in the box meantime, and demonstrates to the victim that he could not possibly have lost had the cubes been turned over properly when the bottom spots were counted. He completely satisfies the countryman of this, and also explains that he can not properly claim the money lost by the supposed accident. That was one of the chances in the game. It couldn't happen again in a thousand times. Finally he induces the countryman to go halves with him in another bet, promising that they will win enough not only to cover the twenty-five dollars, but to return a handsome sum for the venture. Then he turns to the confederate and says:

"'Your clumsiness cost my friend twenty-five dollars.'

"'Oh, I did, did I,' returns the confederate. 'Well, I'll bet one hundred dollars that you can't throw twenty-one and I'll stand away from you.'

"The steerer closes with the offer at once. He puts up fifty dollars as his share, and the countryman goes down again in his pocket and stakes the balance.

"The false die is again introduced, and this time the three cubes count up twenty.

"'You've lost again and the money's mine,' cries the confederate, grabbing the pile of green backs.

"A first-class scheme, you see, and no mistake.

"But suppose the countryman suspects something, and makes a fuss?' inquired the reporter.

"Suspects something, Sam; why of course he suspects something now, if he is not a clean-gone idiot. But then the boys are ready for that. The moment he squeals and talks about being swindled the sharpers make a tremendous noise, and the confederate refuses to listen to any protests. When the uproar is at its height the keeper of the joint appears and plays the highly respectable dodge.

"'Come, come, gentlemen,' he remonstrates, 'this will never do. I can't have any trouble in my place. You'll have to settle your difficulty somewhere else.'

"The two sharpers then get into a dispute with him. The uproar becomes tremendous, and suddenly some one cries:

"'Look out, here comes the police!'

"Then the sharpers separate. The one with the money rushes to the back of the saloon and gains the street by a secret exit. The steerer rushes out of the front door, but just as the deceived countryman from North Adams is about to follow, a third confederate dashes into the saloon and runs against him, nearly throwing him over in the collision. The new stranger seems terribly incensed at this, and standing in the doorway so that no one can get out, disputes with the countryman until the escape of the boys is completely covered, and then pretends to understand what has happened.

"'You've been shamefully swindled, sir. There are no police coming. I just saw the rascal who has your money jump on that car a moment ago.'

"He points to a street car going down town and the countryman dashes after it pell mell, only to find that he has gone on a wild goose chase.

"He's safely disposed of the moment he starts for the car, you can bet, for it would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack for him to try to find a car his back is once turned. The boys simply wait a little while, and then meet for the grand divide of the boodle. The hand shaker and the steerer come in for twenty-five per cent each of the gains, and the joint keeper, for the use of his saloon and playing the highly-respectable racket, gets ten per cent. The remaining forty per cent goes into the pocket of the capper, the one who pretended that he got out the cash, you remember, and he gives a small share of that to the man who blocked the door when the countryman tried to catch the one he thought had his money."

"Does the business pay well?" asked the reporter.

"Does it pay? Does it?" repeated "Confidence Sam," with an emphasis intended to banish all doubts. "Will water run down hill? Does fire burn? My friend, if you think it doesn't just get a joint-keeper to show you the record of his little ten per cent. divies, and never ask that foolish question again. Why, my blooming daisy, the weather has assumed a Rocky Mountain-in-mid-winter temperature when we don't divide five hundred dollars at least between us for six day's work, with evenings off. We don't work nights in our profession, you know.

The Monkey and the Sugar.

A recent English writer gives the following illustration of the sagacity of animals:

I remember once in India giving a tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corded bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind, and it nearly killed it. Sometimes, in an impulse of disgust, it would throw the bottle away out of its own reach, and then be distracted until it was given back to it. At others it would sit with a countenance of the most intense deception, contemplating the bottled sugar; and then, as if pulling itself together for another effort at the solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh, and gaze into it. It would tilt it up one way and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then suddenly reversing it try to catch it as it fell out at the bottom.

Under the impression that it could capture it by surprise, it kept rasping its teeth against the glass in fruitless bites, and warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump, used to tie itself into regular knots around the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight, as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar of olives falling from the table with a crash, and the fruit rolled about in all directions. His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humboldt. Lifting the bottle high in his paws he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth, and munched it with much satisfaction.

—A Louisville physician who analyzed a sample of the "cream candy" sold there, found that more than one-eighth of the entire bulk was terra alba, which is not any more deadly than sand or brick dust, perhaps, and yet may not be a pleasant thing to eat.

—A post-mortem examination upon the body of a Philadelphia woman who had died suddenly and from unknown causes, showed that she had been choked to death by a "plate" of false teeth, which she had accidentally swallowed.

Horse Training.

"The great secret in training horses," said Prof. George Bartholomew to a newspaper man, "is to make haste slowly, and at all times to use persuasion and firmness in preference to compulsion or force. Nothing can be more absurd than the ideas I find generally pertaining in regard to this, that to make a horse understand anything it must be beaten into him. The thing to do in training a horse is to go about it naturally, to reason with him always deliberately and kindly, and make him understand that you are his friend. I never have found that coaxing and invariably kind treatment spoilt a horse. On the other hand, the same as with man, none of the best horses will yield to beating. In all or any of the difficult performances of my own horses, it is impossible for me to force the animals to do anything by whipping, and I never resort to it. My rule always is to combine kindness with firmness, and to teach them slowly, and doing this I experience but little trouble. I count the military drill, as performed here at the Windsor Theater the best feature in my exhibition. The scene in the last act of my exhibition, where the horses rush up and fire off the cannons, holding the short lanyard strap between their teeth, is another very difficult operation, and requires a great amount of careful teaching. I begins at first by teaching them to become accustomed to handling substances with their teeth, without allowing them to destroy the articles. All my horses will do this. Afterwards I taught them to fire off a small cap by pulling at a strap placed between their teeth, and later to fire a blank cartridge, until finally they became so a customed to it that it was a simple step farther to the present performance. When it is considered that the teeth are remarkably sensitive conductors of sound, and the immediate vibration which occurs to the animal's head on the instant the shot is fired and before it is possible to release the strap, the extreme difficulty attending its successful teaching can be better conceived. If a horse is very nervous and easily subject to alarm, the best method always is to treat him gently and with the greatest consideration. Find out the reasons or objects which effect to frighten him, and make him immediately familiar with them. Show him that none of them will hurt him. Among the first lessons which a colt learns from its dam is that of fear of certain objects, and the effect is always lasting. In training horses it is necessary as far as possible to uproot this inherited fear, and to make it plain to them that you intend always to befriend them. As all the runaways among horses are caused through fear, so the majority might easily be prevented if only the simplest natural precautions were taken. The fact is, people generally who have the care of horses show remarkable carelessness, acting sometimes without the slightest reason or consideration. A person will drive up the street and stop at some place, getting out of his vehicle, and either leave his horse altogether unhitched or very insecurely fastened, and will afterwards express surprise that his action has resulted in a runaway.—*Thoroughbred Stock Journal.*

Requisites to Success With Onions.

Onions differ from most other crops in not requiring a rotation. In some places the land has been in onions annually for half a century. If the crop is to be grown for the first time, newly cleared land is best, and next to that, soil which has been in corn or potatoes. A good, deep, rich loam, is essential, as is heavy manuring. Fifty loads of stable manure to the acre are an ordinary manuring, and may be supplemented by ashes, bone flour, or guano, as a top-dressing. The seeds should be sown very early; should be of the previous year's growth, and from a reliable raiser. The rows are a foot apart, leaving every seventh for a path, and from three to six pounds of seed are sown to the acre. On land not before in onions, thin sowing is better than thick. After sowing, roll the surface. Some sow an ounce or two of radish seed with every pound of onion seed. The radishes come up in a few days and mark the rows so that a hand-cultivator or push-hoe can be run close to the rows even before the onions are up.

One essential point is weeding. Unless one is prepared to give the rough weeding, and at the right time, he should not attempt to raise onions. It is no fancy work, and there is no machine that will do it. Unless one can go down on his hands and knees astride of the row, and remove all the weeds that are in the rows with his fingers, at least twice, and sometimes three times, he will not be much troubled at the harvesting. Excellent hand-weeders are made to run close to the row, but until a machine can think, the rows themselves must be weeded by hand. Clean culture, which means the use of weeding appliances as often as needed, must be secured.

In some localities the young onions will be seen to die without apparent cause. A fly has laid her egg and the grub is eating the interior of the young bulb. All such onions must be taken up, using a knife to make sure of removing the bulb with the worm, and placed in a bucket or other vessel, and burned.

Near cities and large towns onions are most profitable when sold green, beginning to put them up in bunches when they are only half grown. Three to twelve onions with the tops left on make a bunch, according to their size and the custom of the market.—*American Agriculturist.*

Raising Verbena Plants.

Strong, healthy plants of the verbena, that will bloom abundantly, can be raised in no way so well as from seed. Plants from cuttings are never so strong as those from seed, and are more liable to attacks of rust and insects, and do not bloom as well. Seed sown now, or a little later, according to location, north or south, will be in time to raise strong plants for spring setting. Plants can be raised in the green-house, hotbed, or in the window, if properly cared for. Take a shallow box, two inches or a little more in depth, and fill nearly full of soil composed of equal parts of leaf-mold and turfy loam, mixed well together, and a little sand added, and a sieved to use to take out the coarse material; sprinkle the soil and let it stand for an hour, and then sow the seed by sprinkling it on the surface in straight rows about an inch and a half apart, and then cover by sprinkling some sand about a quarter of an inch deep over all. Cover the box with a pane of glass and keep it in a moderately warm place. Supply water by sprinkling in the gentlest manner when needed. In two or three weeks the little plants will show themselves, and then they must be given light and air, and carefully tended until large enough to transplant into another box or pot, where they will stand an inch or two apart. Grown in this way for a month they may then be again transplanted about three inches apart to stand until removed to the open ground. For one planting out, it is well to harden them off by giving air freely. Although it is best to keep clear of late frosts, it is well to get the plants out into their beds early, watching the weather and giving protection in times of danger.—*Vick's Monthly.*

—A Philadelphia tenor took a place in a church choir under his own name, and in a negro minstrel company at the same time under an assumed one. But the double salary did not last long, for persons from the church recognized him through the burnt cork at the show, and he was excluded from the choir gallery.—*Philadelphia Press.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A Kansas farmer says a calf running with scabby sheep contracted the disease, and lost all its hair.

—If stove polish is mixed with very strong soap and, the latter appears immediately, and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Fried Mush. Make the mush in the usual way, when nearly cool make into round cakes, and roll each cake in flour, or dip first in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs. Fry in boiling hot lard.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The *Colorado Farmer* thinks poling not only unnecessary but a disadvantage to Lima beans, and advises the clipping off of the climbing tendrils, thus making the plants low and bushy, and filled with pods.

—Tomatoes will not do well on a poor stiff soil. The fruit will be small in size and quantity and poor in flavor. For rich flavor and smooth fruit, manure the soil with well rotted stable manure plowed under. Unleached wood-ashes make a good additional dressing.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The *Gardener's Monthly* says: "Let the laundry folks on every wash day pour the boiling hot suds about the roots of peach-trees. This will destroy the insidious little fungus which produces the 'yellows' and other diseases, and finish the larvæ of insects which are so injurious to the trees."

—An eminent experimenter says in cutting a potato for seed, it seems, so far as he at present knows, to be advantageous to prepare the seed a few days in advance of its use and to place in such a position that their cut surface shall, to a certain extent, become dry.

—Brown Bread. One quart of sweet skimmed or new milk, one quart of boiling water, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful each of ginger, salt and soda, stir well and add eight cups of sifted corn meal and four cups of rye. The dough should be quite thick, and baked in an oven, hot, for the first half hour, then with a moderate heat for three or four hours more.—*The Hub is hold.*

—A very large proportion of agricultural experiments become perfectly worthless by being conducted without any plan, or being abandoned before fully completed, but one of the greatest mistakes that are made is in trying an experiment without a comparison. An animal is fed with new feed, but its value is not as ertained because no particular efforts are made to compare it with some other food, the value of which is known.—*N. E. Tribune.*

—Orchards may fail more frequently from too rich soil than from too poor. When the soil is too rich there is too much growth of wood or too much fruit, which then becomes poor and imperfect, or drops or rots on the tree. In this case it would be well to plow the orchard, lime the soil well, and take a crop of oats or rye, and seed down with clover, and mow this or pasture it. The trees should be pruned back considerably and the fruit thinned out, leaving but a reasonable quantity on to be matured. No tree can mature properly all the fruit it sets—*Toledo Blade.*

Farm Help.

The season has now arrived when farmers of forethought are beginning to think seriously concerning the help they will employ during the coming summer. We are not at all satisfied with the condition of the farm-help trade and customs prevailing generally throughout New England, and indeed to a large extent all through the country. There seems to be a great deal more shifting of laborers on farms than in most or many other industries. The city merchant or manufacturer, when advertising for help, often advertises for a young man to "learn the business" with anticipation of partnership.

If a young man desires to learn a trade, he expects to serve a term of years as a prentice and at very moderate wages. After serving his time, if he is not taken into partnership, he may spend a few years as "journeyman," going from shop to shop, or city to city, and working a year or more at a place, in order to perfect himself in his art. Since the agricultural colleges have been established in many of the States, there are a few young men to be found, who, having passed through the public schools and then taken a course at the agricultural college, are desirous to obtain a more practical knowledge of farm work in all its every-day business details than is possible at the college. Some of these young men would make excellent help to employ, and farmers who can appreciate the difference between good, faithful, intelligent men who are striving to learn their business thoroughly, and the careless and shiftless itinerant, who never suits his employer well enough to be hired the second time, could afford to pay such intelligent help very liberal wages, whether for a single season or for a term of years.

We believe, too, that if young men of the stamp we have described would make up their minds to spend from eight to ten years as journeymen farmers, and would save the wages which their employers would be glad to pay them, they would at the end of that period find it not a difficult matter to settle themselves upon a farm of their own, and if there should be some debt upon it, they would, as a rule, be able to manage it successfully. The majority, however, of those who leave the agricultural college seem to think that they must get into some other business by which to earn the means for buying a farm. This, we believe, is a mistake. There is a constantly increasing number of men of intelligence and means, who are anxious to obtain responsible and capable young men to help them to carry on their farms. Many of these men are not particularly anxious to make money by their farming operations, but want a good home on their country farms, and hope at least to make them self-supporting, except as regards interest on the investment and they can afford and are willing to pay an intelligent man, who understands his business well enough to farm upon his own account, all that he can possibly earn as a farm manager or workman. And there should be a larger number of young men ready to fill such places. The fact is, the places are much more abundant than are the men to fill them. There has scarcely been a time for years that we could not find a good place for a good man on a farm, where the pay would be all that he could earn, whether it were much or little.

As trade and manufacturing are now carried on in this country, the number who are employed is comparatively very small who can ever hope to stand at the head of a large manufacturing or trading house. To become foreman or overseer of a department is the height of their ambition, while the great majority would be well contented if they could be assured of steady employment in the minor places.

On the farms the case is quite different. Few seem willing to work for others, but all are in haste to strike out for themselves, and that before they have half learned their business. No better evidence of the truth of this is needed than a look at the condition of the majority of those who run in debt for farms. The rule is scarcely without an exception that men buy more land than they can possibly use, with the capital they have, in pay way that will bring them as high rates of interest on their investment as they are required to pay to those of whom they borrow. Young farmers seem to be very impatient to get hold of land which they can call their own, even if they heavily owe for it.—*New England Farmer.*

Cigarettes and Snuff.

Cigarettes are in many respects the symbols of the age and its influences. The social authority exercised by royalty never received a greater tribute than in the popularity which the cigarette has won. Fifteen years ago cigarettes were furtively smoked by school boys and fast young ladies. They were regarded as foreign and effeminate abominations, and they were never seen in the lips of any person of mature years save the Gallic exile, temporarily resident in Leicester Square. The example of the Prince of Wales changed all this. His royal Highness, in the course of his peregrinations, had contracted the habit of smoking cigarettes. Straightway the habit of the future King of England became the fashion of Pall Mall and St. James street. Other influences were at work. The cigarette was held to have about it a certain cachet of Orientalism, and ever since the Crimean war all the vanities and ways of the Asiatic have been in more or less fashionable repute. Cigarettes were at first regarded as an exclusively Turkish product, and addiction to them was accounted a mark of personal distinction. They had other claims upon public consideration than this. Upon the continent of Europe they had long been favorites with statesmen and diplomatists. Tolerable cigarettes were naturally preferred to execrable cigars, and the fancy for cigarettes was soon acquired by the Englishmen moving in political diplomatic circles. Such is the force of association that a cigarette-box gradually became the distinctive sign of the citizen of the world. The cosmopolitan financier was behind the scenes in every European capital. The affectation had its advantages. If it was not very enjoyable it was economical. Good cigars were increasingly difficult to get and dear to buy; perfectly smokable cigarettes were generally to be procured and on very modest terms. In this way the practice has grown till it has become to the present age what snuff-taking was to our grandfathers. The Bath footman in the "Pickwick Papers" found it at once more agreeable and cheap to fill his box with coffee than with rappee. Gentlemen of all degrees "snuffed," not because they liked it, but because it was the correct thing to do. The art of opening a snuff-box and of handing it to one's friends was as diligently studied as the art of bowing or of entering a room. Snuff-taking in society was in fact not a pleasure, but an accomplishment. This is the sort of position which cigarette-smoking may be said to have secured in our own time.—*London World.*

—The Boston *Journal* tells a strange story of financial eccentricity in the management of trust funds by the late John P. Healy, former partner of Daniel Webster, and for many years solicitor and corporation counsel for the city of Boston. Mr. Healy was a great lawyer, but an examination of his affairs since his death a few months ago shows him to have been more careless in matters of business than even his illustrious law partner. He was sole trustee or executor of several large estates, and an examination of the almost inextricable tangle in which everything was left shows that his own estate is hopelessly insolvent, and that there is a deficiency of fully $100,000 in his trust funds.

—The new town of Naples, in Idaho, on the Oregon Short Line, has a novel jail. It consists of a hole in the ground, into which prisoners are dropped. The guards give strict orders that any man who puts his head out will become a target for their Winchester rifles. Although the number of prisoners is large no escapes have been reported. As the majority of jail-birds have been used to living in "dug-outs," their health does not suffer from the underground prison. The peculiar nature of the jail does not admit of any attempts to set it on fire, and, taken altogether, it has merits which more civilized communities might adopt with profit.—*Denver Tribune.*

—The Maine girl is rivaled by a six-year old daughter of Rev. H. Graham, of Gloversville, N. Y., in the back-spell business. Any word she can spell any way she can spell backward, and has been tested with advocate, notwithstanding, February, Tuesday, satisfaction, synagogue, Constantinople and temperance, calling the letters so rapidly that the eye could scarcely follow her. How she does it she can not explain.

—An extraordinary health-cure comes from Gilroy, Cal. A maiden of that place, whose constitution had been hurt by too much devotion to the piano and tile-painting, was induced by her mother to engage in hunting squirrels, the reward offered being ten cents a scalp. Last week she slaughtered eighty-five squirrels and the outdoor exercise demanded is restoring her health.

—"Now that Gorringe has left the navy he ought to tell just where he left it, so that his successor may not waste the whole summer in looking for it," thoughtfully suggests the Troy *Budget.*

A Fireman's Fortune

The San Francisco (Cal.) *Chronicle*, in an article on the Fire Department of San Francisco, gives the following from Asst. Chief Engineer Matthew Brady: "I have been subject to an aggravating pain in my chest for over four years. I resorted to various modes of treatment to obtain relief. I have had my chest terribly blistered. No physician could tell what was the matter with me. Two weeks ago I commenced using St. Jacobs Oil. It has cured me."

A PRIZE fighter should be paid in English money. The pounds are symbolic of his profession.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

***What is bred in the bone, will never out of the flesh." But rheumatism, piles, malaria, constipation and all other confusions from derangements of the functions of the liver, kidneys and bowels will "out of the flesh" without fail after the thorough use of Kidney-Wort, the cure for all such diseases.

A LAND-MARK—A dirty face.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

A PAIR of slippers—Orange and banana skins.

IT is reported that a lady in Boston was promised a seal skin cloak if she could not speak for a quarter of an hour. She set her lips for silence, but at the end of a few minutes she exclaimed: "Mind you, its got to be a $250 one!"—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a drummer gets the mumps it increases the size of his face without adding anything to his inherent check.

NO INTELLIGENT lawyer will ever take the will for the deed.

A GENTLEMAN who had taken the right of shooting over a moor in Ayrshire at a high rent, bagged only two brace the first day. After counting the price, he grumbingly remarked to the tenant of the moor that the birds had cost him two guineas the brace. The tenant very innocently replied: "Aweel, sir, ye may be thankfu' ye hae gotten sae few o' them; they're far too dear."—*Exchange.*

A WIFE may be a blessing, but a dumb wife is an unspeakable blessing.

A DEAF mute has been arrested in New York for stealing two shirts. He will now have a be ring.

LOVE is much like a kitchen-stove, in being keenly susceptible to the action of a damper.

AN author who was eulogizing his own works as containing much "food for thought," was rather taken back by the remark of a friend: "They may count in food for thought, but it is wretchedly cooked."

IS TAKING ground against a man the same thing as throwing mud at him?

THE slowest man ever heard of was one who could not get out of his own way.—*Boston Sentinel.*

THE song of the bricklayer—"Still there's mortar follow."

A MAN never knows what genuine poverty is until he has to shave with soft soap.

Dr. Bennett's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is very pleasant to take and exhilarating in its effect. It acts as a thoroughly cooling medicine and a blood purifier, effectually cleansing the system of all blood impurities, cutaneous affections, and eruptions, like this herbal tea is a best in nourishing and restoring perfect health and strength.

The dog who stowed on the door step a foot long enough to discover that it was only a slip pap.

"Fraser's mouth, curled up off. And then a smile they curved one off in."

This will not be your opinion if you take your cough and by R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" in time. It is a specific for all diseases of the throat, lungs, including all bronchial, throat and lung affections, and even if some lingering cough has fastened on you, this "Discovery" will cure you. By all druggists.

The electric light is as much superior to gas as it is a wonder—it shows dust plainly enough with the latter.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Louis Bennet, in reference to a beautiful baby, wrote to a friend: "Lady ——— has been dangerously ill, but now she is dangerously well again." American belles, when charmed by one of the lilies that fetch a beau, by using Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.

"At last I know there is such a thing as a cold safe," remarked the burglar to the officer, as he slipped the iron shackles on the shrewd sleuth.

Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases

effectually. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address Wonder's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Over in Mexico, where the soil is poorer than an amateur concert," etc.—*Texas Siftings.*

"I use *Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills* and introduce them wherever I go. Personal knowledge and experience of their effects on others prompts this act."—Rev. J. P. Fogarty, Rector St. Luke's Church, Myerstown, Pa. 50 cents at druggists.

A POINT has position, but not size. That is probably the reason why so many fail to see the point.

NO MATTER what may be the cause, or how long standing the trouble, Dr. Benson's Skin Cure will always cure skin diseases. Grateful hundreds of cured patients attest this fact. $1, at druggists.

NAILS are now made of aluminum, and the old wooden ones are covered with tin and sold as tight tacks.

Rowlands' Russia Salve is unequaled for chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites, etc. Try it.

A GOOD WORD. Reductions in the price of Arctic overshoes.—*Puck.*

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. *Sold only in boxes.*

THE new patent door closers are called "checks," because they prevent a draft.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

An Undoubted Blessing.

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

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 days trial is allowed.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Thoroughly cures a cough. Remember! Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

STRAIGHTEN old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

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

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR