THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

"THE DANISH BOY'S WHISTLE."

"Oh, whistle an' I'll come to you."

[Nearly every engineer on the New York and New England Railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Britain Conn. Every train would whistle a salute to some fair dame, and the din grew so fearfully ear-splitting that the authorities have had it stopped.—*Daily Paper.*]

It's noon when "Thirty-five" is due,
An' she comes on time, like a flash of light,
An' you hear her whistle, "Toe-te-too!"
Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddon's drivin' her into-day
An' he's callin' his sweetheart far away—
Gertrude Hurd—lives down by the mill—
You might see her blushin'; she knows it's Bill.
"Tu-die! Tootse! Tu-die! Tu-e!"

Six-five a. m. there's a local comes—
Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east;
An' though her whistle sings an' hums
Is a livin' caution to man an' beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;
Summer or winter, always the same,
She hears her clear as a bell callin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Lou-ie!"

At six-fifty-eight you can hear "Twenty-one"
Into Thunderin' west, and of all the screams
That ever startled the rising sun,
John Davis sends into your dreams;

But I don't mind it; it makes me grin—
For just down here where the creek lets in,
His wife, Jerusha, can hear him call,
Loud as a throat of brass can bawl—
"Jo-se-roo shee! Jo-hoo!"

But at one-fifty one, old "Sixty-four"—
Boston Express runs east, clean through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew;

An' away on the furthermost edge of the town,
Rose à Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
Shine like the starlight, bright an' clear,
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,
"Ou ou-ou, Su-u-u-u-e!"

An' 'long at midnight a freight comes in,
Leaves Berlin sometime—I don't know when—
But it rumbles along with a fearful din,
Till it reaches the Y-Switch there, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell
That out of a brazen goblet fell,
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams—
To her like a wedding bell it seems—
"Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

An' somewhere late in the afternoon,
You'll see "Thirty-seven" go streakin' west;
It's local, from Hartford; same old tune
News at Five is a girl that loves him best.

Tom Wilson rides on the right hand side,
Givin' her at him at every stride;
An' he touches the whistle, how an' clear,
For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—
"Du-ar-l. Co-oo-oo!"

Soft go the notes all day an' all night,
'Till the old folk have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right
For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow
From a whistle valve, to the girls they know,
An' the sockers the name of their sweethearts tell
With the Bell! Nell! Bell! of the swaying bell.

E. J. Bartlette, in Life.

POSTAGE NOT STATED.

I.

I was tall, overgrown, awkward and sixteen, with a pervading consciousness that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them when in company. I was making a visiting at grandmother's delightful, old-fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim," she said, "an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Edwards'."

"Children's party," repeated, probably, with a shade of scorn in my voice, as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in that juvenile category.

"Not children exactly," corrected grandma, with a smile at my masculine dignity. "Young people. I should have said Mrs. Edwards' daughter Florence is fourteen, and Tom Byrne and all the boys—young men, I should say," with a twinkle of amusement—"will be there."

I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all, being as yet very much afraid of girls, though beginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings. However, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village.

When the evening came it found me with the rest, seated in a large parlor, very unhappy because of my arms and hands, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl about a year younger than myself, whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister.

She sat some distance from me, but she had given me a sweet smile when I first came in, and now from time to time cast glances at me which increased at once my bliss and my confusion.

Various games were suggested and played, but they were of a quiet character, such as "Twenty Questions," "Proverbs," etc., so that I had no opportunity of approaching any nearer to Mabel, who showed herself very brilliant in her questions and answers during the progress of these intellectual amusements.

Then somebody suggested that we should play post-office.

"Post-office! what is that? how do you play it?" I whispered to Tom Byrne, my next neighbor.

"Don't you know how to play post-office?" he asked, with a scorn of my ignorance. "Oh, well I suppose you city fellows don't know anything."

"I never heard of this," I assented, meekly.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is; a girl asks for a letter for some boy, and then you have to ask her how much postage, and if she says one cent, you must kiss her once."

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," replied Tom, "and you kiss her twice for two cents, and three times for three cents. It's quite fun if it is a pretty girl," he added, judiciously.

"I suppose so," I replied, vaguely.

"But I forgot to tell you," he added, "if she says 'postage not stated,' then you kiss her as often as you like. Hush! they are going to begin."

To be sure, one of the oldest boys was appointed postmaster, and one girl after another went out into the entry, each presently knocking at the door, asking for a letter, whereon the boy called for sheepishly followed her into the hall, and to judge from the sounds of screaming and scuffling which generally followed, paid his postage under considerable difficulty.

I watched the game in a state of bewildered alarm. What if a girl should call on me! But no one did, and I was half disappointed, half relieved, that I was exempt, when at last it was Mabel Byrne's turn to go out.

She left the room with a lovely blush on her beautiful face. The door was solemnly closed upon her, and then after a brief pause there was a faint knock. The Postmaster opened the door a few inches.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"There is a letter here," she replied.

"For whom?"

"For Mr. James Hill."

"How much to pay?"

"Postage not stated," was the faint reply.

They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name. The blood rushed in crimson floods to my face. I got on to my feet somehow, and with my heart torn between a wild desire to go into that hall and a wish to sink utterly away from human kind, I stumbled out of the room.

The door was closed behind me and I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was but dimly lighted. I paused a moment and then I heard the faint sound of quick breathing; another heart was beating as violently as my own. For once in my life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her. I scarcely know how. The darkness gave me courage and I held her in a close clasp and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four rapid, half-frightened kisses, before she could free herself from my embrace.

"There, there!" Mr. Hill," she said, with a faint, merry laugh, "don't be so bashful again. I'm sure you are bold enough now!"

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered.

"Indeed, yes: enough and to spare. Come, let us go back to the parlor."

She led me in, a willing prisoner, and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave: her partner in all games, her companion in the dance (wherein I excelled the country boys, and gloried in my accomplishments), and, at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

This was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city, and Mabel Byrne became only a memory; strong at first, fainter as time went on, but sweet always. When I saw other girls I compared them mentally with the picture my imagination painted of Mabel, and they never seemed half so fair and sweet as she.

But then I did not see many other girls. My bashfulness, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increase upon me as the years went by. I avoided society, and was so much of a recluse from ladies that my mother was quite worried lest I should become a confirmed old bachelor. Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my pursuits were among books, and not among people. I had made the science of geology my study, and at twenty-seven found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges, the salary of which, with my own income added, making me so far at ease that I resolved to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe.

II.

Equipped with bag and hammer, August found me making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial system and lithology. I avoided the well-traveled ways, thus escaping the society of all other tourists, and I was therefore utterly amazed when one evening, as I drew near the little house which was my temporary abiding place, a tall form strode toward me out of the darkness and a hearty voice cried out.

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

"What is it?" I replied, with a half-nervous start.

"Ah! I thought it was my old friend. Have you forgotten Tom Byrne?"

Of course not, for I had met him occasionally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at the inn," he explained; "was sure it must be you. At any rate I thought I would start out to meet you."

"But how came you here?" I inquired, "in this out of the way corner of the world?"

"Because it is out of the way. Mabel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist?"

So Mabel was with him. My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could hardly make a seasible reply.

"Yes" he went on; "she is so devoted to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life. She has not thought of marriage, and does not care in the least for the ordinary run of society. She will be glad to see you, though," he added, consolingly, "as you are a man of science."

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman, whose bright, dark eyes flashed with the strange intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Mabel Byrne.

She greeted me very cordially, and after we three had taken an evening meal together there followed a delightful evening in the little parlor that Tom and his sister had secured.

For once in my life I felt myself quite at ease in a lady's society. In the first place there was Tom to keep me in countenance by a predominance of my own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk of airy nothings, that light foam of the social whirlpool which I never yet had been able to skim. She spoke first of my scientific pursuits; she showed so much knowledge of the subject that I really found myself talking with earnestness and enthusiasm of the formation of the country, and especially of the glacial system and the curious marks of its action borne by the specimens I had collected.

She, in her turn, contributed to the evening's interest by telling me of her work, and showing me her sketches, which were really of a very high order of artistic merit. There was no school-girl weakness in her handling of the brush, but a force and poetic thought that had won her already honorable recognition in the world of art.

"And you have never heard of Mabel's paintings until now?" asked Tom.

"No," I confessed. "You know I have been quite absorbed in my special studies."

"Yes, and you have not seen Mabel for ever so long, have you?"

"No," I replied, "not since that summer ten years ago, when I was at my grandmother's."

"Jolly times we had, too," said Tom, reflectively. "Remember that party at Mrs. Edwards'?"

A sudden rush of blood to my face utterly confused me. I stammered a reply, and Tom, to my relief, went on with some rambling reminiscences. It was some seconds before I dared to look at Mabel. Surely she was blushing, too.

The next morning we all went on a trip up the slopes of the mountain. Mabel in short, gray suit, alpine hat and stout boots; Tom carrying her drawing materials. Thus we made this any many another delightful expedition.

Life took on new colors for me. There was a radiance and glory about it that I had never dreamed of before. Every day I found fresh reason for admiring my beautiful companion, and our walks through the deep valleys and up the rough mountain sides were to me like enchanted journeys through a realm of fairies. In this lovel'est country in the world, with this most glorious woman by my side, I was, indeed, as one transfigured by the light of the grand passion that took possession of my soul.

At first I knew not what had befallen me. I thought only that my pleasure in Mabel's society sprang from a similarity of tastes and pursuits and the charm of her conversation; but gradually I woke to the overwhelming fact that I loved her with the one great love of my life, that seemed to me now to date from the days of long ago, to have been always with me, and to stretch out into the future to make it transcendently glorious, or a long despair.

And yet as soon as I had learned my own secret, my former bashfulness came back upon me with tenfold intensity, and I found myself often embarrassed in her presence, while at the thought of telling her my heart's story, though my brain was smitten through with dazzling delight at the dream of successful wooing, yet I was so overwhelmed that utterance would, as I was sure, be an impossibility.

And Mabel? Her eyes were very kind to me. They turned to me with a softened lustre that thrilled me with hope: and yet if I attempted even a compliment I stinted, floundered, and was lost.

One evening we were talking of all manner of subjects, more and more we strayed to marriage, in general, and especially to the matrimonial lot of some of our old friends.

"You remember Boyd, don't you, Hill?" asked Tom.

"Tall, bashful fellow like me," I added.

"Yes," replied Tom, laughing. "He married Miss Cutting, our former school teacher, I always thought she proposed to him."

"Sensible girl!" I exclaimed. "I think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help a man out. You remember that book of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, published some years ago, called 'A Reform against Nature?' In it he denounced the whole woman's rights movement, but maintained that every woman ought to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked. I think he was scientifically correct."

I spoke with great eagerness, looking always at Tom; but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel: her eyes were fixed on mine, and the look I met there sent the blood to my heart with such a swift, tumultuous rush, that I grew faint with confusion, and presently rushed out of the room and to bed—though not to sleep.

The next day I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, where Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me. I was half glad to be alone, for I was nervous over my audacity of the night before; yet at thought of Mabel's kindly eyes, so overwhelmed with blinding happiness, that I had to look many times at a bit of rock before I could see the strike that denoted glacial action.

It was late sunset when I reached the inn. The last rosy light was flushing the distant mountain peaks with that marvelous beauty which is one of the wondrous charms of Swiss scenery. I made my way without pause to Mabel's parlor, led there by a force that seemed to draw me by a power beyond my control. The room was quite dusk and she was alone. As I entered she came toward me with a quantity of letters and papers in her hands.

"These came while you were away," she said.

Mechanically I took the papers. Among them there was a large package on which I dimly discerned the word "Due," followed by an illegible stamp.

"You have paid something on this," I said; "how much was it?" and looked up.

"Postage not stated," replied Mabel Promptly, smilingly, she uttered the words. Then her dark eyes softened and faltered. The papers and letters were scattered over the floor. I had caught her in my arms with all the audacity that had been once before mine in my boyish days.

Only now, as I pressed passionate kisses on her brow and lips, I found voice at last to utter the yearning that was consuming my heart.—*Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

His Scheme for Peace.

A rather slim chap, with rippling canary hair, stepped into a fashionable establishment where arms are sold, and called unto the clerk:

"Have you any self-cocking seven-shooters?"

"Yes," replied the clerk; "would you like to look at them?"

"I would."

In about two minutes the counter was covered with revolvers, and the man with canary hair examined them and said:

"Give me six."

The clerk seemed astonished, but tied up the pistols; at which moment the customer commenced to fan himself with his helmet, and remarked:

"Got any shot-guns?"

"Yes. What kind do you prefer—plain or laminated steel?"

"Doesn't make any difference. Give me about two of each kind."

The clerk thought he had struck a lunatic; but he didn't care whether he took the cash of a sane man or a lunatic. So he tied the guns up, and was about to announce the amount of the bill, when the young man inquired:

"Do you keep cannons?"

"We have some nice brass cannons that carry a twenty-pound solid ball," replied the clerk.

"Are they mounted on wheels?"

"They are."

"Then give me three."

The clerk was considerably amazed, but took the order for the cannons down on paper, and said:

"Now, is there anything else you would like to see?"

"Yes; I would like very much to see some daggers."

"We have a fine stock of daggers," replied the clerk, as he placed several specimens on the counter. "Here is one with a solid silver handle which comes a little higher than the others."

"I will take six of the silver-handled ones. Now let me look at a few swords."

"What kind do you want? We have a number of different styles."

"What kind, for instance?" asked the canary-haired youth.

"Well, we have the cavalry saber—"

"Give me two."

"And we have the cutlass."

"The kind used by pirates?" asked the long, slender youth, with a smile that betrayed his anxiety.

"Yes, the very kind."

"I will take six of them."

"Now we have some Turkish cimetars."

"I want four of them. I also want two claymores, just like the one in the window."

The clerk took down his order, and began to fancy how much his employer would think of him for selling such a big bill, when the customer said:

"I want half a dozen Springfield rifles, with bayonets on them."

"I will take your order and fill it to-morrow. Is there anything else?"

"Yes; I want some harpoons and spears."

"Those we have not in stock," said the clerk; "but we can get them and deliver them with the shot-guns."

"Now I want some hand-grenades and dynamite."

"We don't keep them."

"Don't keep them?" replied the customer, in surprise; "don't keep them?"

"No."

"Well, then, send all those things up to my hotel, C. O. D."

The man presented his card to the clerk, who thanked him for purchasing such a nice big bill, and said:

"I hope to see you when you play in New York."

"I play in New York? I don't play."

"Beg your pardon," said the clerk, apologetically; "I thought you were the manager and star of a sensational dramatic company, playing a Far West blood-curdling piece, and that you came for properties—"

"Oh, no," laughed the man with yellow hair; "I am simply going down to Texas to start a paper. There are certain journalistic amenities down there that I desire to observe to the letter. I don't wish to be mistaken for an amateur."—*Puck.*

—The number of country girls anxious to learn dress-making from a sharper, who gathers in sixteen dollars a head and then decamps, is almost equal to the number of girls who light fires with kerosene.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Forty degrees is the best temperature for the potato cellar.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The leaves of all grape vines that ripen slowly, with mildew, should be burned as soon as they fall.

—The first prize for currants, offered by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, was taken by a farmer who trains his bushes to a single stalk from each root. Some of them are three inches in diameter.

—Pear trees come into bearing by planting sooner than apple trees, annual crops are more certain with usual treatment that both crops. Generally, too, pears bring the better prices.—*Detroit Post.*

—A very nice white cake, which is to be baked in a loaf, and should have to make it perfect a chocolate frosting, made of one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one half teaspoonful of soda, one cup of corn-starch, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and the whites of three eggs. If this seems thin after mixing, add a trifle more flour. It is almost impossible to give precise directions about flour, as some brands of flour thicken more than others.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Chicken Pie: Put into a saucepan one quart of water, an onion, a little chopped parsley, a little celery seed, or, if attainable, a piece of celery, with pepper and salt; simmer for an hour; then put in a chicken, cut into convenient pieces, and stew until thoroughly cooked. Line a dish with good pie-crust, then put in the chicken in layers, with slices of hard boiled egg between each layer; add to the gravy a small piece of butter rolled in flour, and a quarter of a pint of cream; let it just boil, and pour over the chicken; put on the top crust, and bake until the pastry is done.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Store away a few bushels of dry road dust for the hens to dust in next winter. Give them enough of it and have it entirely dry, so they can "make the dust fly" all through the hen-house and cover the roosts and fill the cracks, and the lice must move out. This does not sound quite so nice as soapsuds, carbolic acid, kerosene, perfect cleanliness, etc., but it is more practical and more likely to be done on a farm where washing hen-roosts is not the main business. Dust is also good to sprinkle on young stock, but should be carded and brushed out of the hair after the vermin have left.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

Fall Plowing.

If fall plowing is properly done, and at the proper time, it has the advantage of favoring earlier spring sowing, and lessening the work at that busy time, an advantage that is too important to be overlook'd. But if not done at the right time and in a proper manner, it had better be put off till spring. Thus, by plowing land early in the fall, a chance is given for weeds and grass to spring forth, particularly grass when sod is turned down, and especially when that grass is quack or couch grass. In such case, unless the land is plowed again in the spring, the grass and weeds will contend with the grain for the mastery, and too often successfully—always in the case of quack—affording, besides, a chance for the better ripening of the seeds of the foul stuff.

Generally, if not always, land should be plowed rather late in autumn, and if there is much to plow, the work is continued, if the weather and condition of the soil will admit. The later the plowing is done under such circumstances, the better, even should it extend into winter, which however is rare here at the North. This gives the fresh ground to the frost and the snow, with no benefit to noxious weeds and plants, and with the further advantage of the freezing and thawing in the spring. The difficulty with late plowing is that the soil is apt to be wet, which, whether corrected by the frost or no', makes unpleasant work. This is less the case with sandy soil, or a well-drained clay loam; but with clay soil, retaining its water long, and packed in plowing, or hard and tenacious, it is not only unpleasant, but in some cases hurtful, as when packed by a heavy weight of snow during the winter, with little or no frost to relieve it, the spring freezing and thawing do not penetrate sufficiently to benefit much. It will take long for such soil to dry, and then the harrow will skip over it, making little impression. What can be expected from such a condition of the land? If plowed again, the chances often are not much better—breaking up rough and wet below where it rests on the subsoil.

We used to plow such soil the first in the fall, when it was the driest, or defer the plowing till spring, or, if too late to put in, prepare it for buckwheat. In no case should the porous texture of the soil be sacrificed, and clay of all soils is the most subject to injury of this kind, the harm usually being done in the fall and spring. With proper management, fall plowing may be made to improve the texture of the soil through the action of the frost, as when thrown to the air in a comparatively dry and open condition, so that the elements have free play with it, the spring will find it mellower than the plow left it in the fall, and in a condition for early sowing. This should be done in time, as by deferring it rains may occur and pack the soil, and as clay parts slowly with its water, may make the sowing late, or defeat it altogether. It should therefore by all means be done as soon as the ground will allow, even if quite early, and all the more where the soil lacks drainage. The grain will then get the start of the weeds, and if the soil is good, stand a chance to keep it, for one of the principal difficulties with fall plowing is the advantage it gives to weeds and grass.—*F. G., in Country Gentleman.*

Preserving Salt Meat.

Much of the corned beef and salt pork put up by farmers becomes tainted or completely spoiled during the summer and fall. The injury is not caused by using too small an amount of salt. As a rule, much more salt is employed than is necessary to preserve the meat. Sometimes it contains impurities that cause the meat to contract a bad flavor. Pure salt should be employed for preserving meat and dairy products. It costs but little more than that which is impure, and it is more satisfactory in all respects. Meat packed in a barrel and covered with brine becomes tainted or spoiled in consequence of small portions of it or some of the fat or blood it contains coming to the top of the brine. The air comes in contact with it there and decomposition takes place. The products of decomposition of animal substances always have an unpleasant taste and smell and these, in the case of meat in a barrel, are communicated to the brine and from thence to the meat. Meat packed in brine should be cut in pieces with a very sharp knife. This will leave the edges smooth. After it has been for a few days in brine, the latter should be poured off and boiled. The boiling will cause all the impurities to rise to the surface, while the blood will be coagulated. These substances should then be skimmed off, and when the brine is cold it can be returned to the barrel. If the brine does not continue pure, the operation of boiling should be repeated. Special pains should be taken to keep the meat under the brine at all times. A perforated top or false cover, or a frame work, should rest on the meat and be weighted down by means of a clean stone. If these precautions are employed the liability of spoiling will be very light.—*New England Farmer.*

—Hay favorites will be interested to know that Sydney Smith was a sneezer. He [illegible] he was a sufferer from that old complaint, the hay fever, as it is called. My fear is perishing by deliquescence, I melt away in fits of hysterical giggling. The membrane is so irritable that light itself, even reflection, an absurd remark, the sight of a dissenter, anything, sets me to sneezing, and if I laugh one day at twelve, I don't leave off till five o'clock the next day. When the wind sets [illegible] a distance of six miles.—*Chicago Journal.*

Sherwood Group Seminary, New York.—Mr. James White, 1102 Broadway, formerly chief hair cutter in Dickel's Bathing School, in this city, and a hairdressing proprietor: "I broke my bladder, arm and elbow, splitting the socket in four parts. Rheumatism set in and I consulted the best physicians. He tried everything, but I grew worse, and at last he said: 'I have one more thing to try and if that fails nothing can give you relief, and that is St. Jacobs Oil.' I used this great remedy and was able to use my arm, free from all rheumatic trouble. I have also recommended the remedy to a number of people, and in every case they have been speedily and effectually cured."

Hair dude pepper pots his hair, his watch-chain and his name in the public eye.—*Philadelphia News.*

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, could for the three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The prominent man of the city is the street sweeper. He fills the public eye.—*The Judge.*

PESCADERO, CAL.—Dr. W. B. Prather says: "Ayer's Iron Bitters has given satisfaction in every instance I have recommended it for."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla for Purifying the Blood. Complete, permanent cure. Cures, tumors, ulcers, boils, humors, and all blood diseases.

"Rough on Rats." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

Chicago papers call Cincinnati the "Pimplest Paris of America."

The Weaker Sex

Are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives health to the system. Sold by druggists.

Toccoa is of brass instruments are the handiwork of American villagers.—*N. Y. News.*

In 1870 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, since their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

ALL recommend Wells' Axle Grease.

A PAIR o' suspenders—The hangman and his assistants.—*The Judge.*

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures to relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

KEELY says a motor can not make its trial trip this winter because of a miscalculation in the "chromatic scales of the vibrator."

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) has cured me of hereditary scrofula of the worst type. The medicine is more than you claim for it, and I hope any who doubt will write to me. E. C. HAWKINS, Jr., Clarksville, Ga.

WAGON tracks on the royal road, for are they not principal tires?—*Cincinnati Traveler.*

MR. A. NICHOLS, of this place, says he suffered from Catarrh for years. He purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm of us. He is now almost cured, and says you can not recommend it too highly. We are selling more of Ely's Cream Balm than of all other catarrh remedies; can hardly keep a supply on hand. EVERS BROS., Druggists, Independence, Iowa.

A TENOR singer can always secure a hall easier than a bass, because he can go higher.

An invaluable strengthener for the nerves, muscles and digestive organs, producing strength and appetite, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

$500 REWARD will be paid for any case of chills that CHILLARINE will not cure. Try it.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

REDDING'S Russia Salve, best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use. 25cts.

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

Cuts from barbed wire fence, cured with Stewart's Healing Powder.

No scar or gray hair, 50 cts a box.

A STRING BAND—A lynching party.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

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DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
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MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.,
The most magnificent jewelry catalogue ever issued.
Fourth and Locust Sts., St. Louis, Mo.
You will be surprised to see how low the prices are.
When in St. Louis call on I see us.

"EUGENE L. DIDIER accuses Tennyson of plagiarism." Tennyson? We have heard of Didier; but who in the Dickens is Tennyson?—*Norristown Herald.*

ARE all things what they seem?—*N. Y. Graphic.* Not always. A sewing-machine seams broadcloth, sometimes, but it is iron and steel all the same.—*Oil City Derrick.*

NEPTUNE'S power long ago vanished. The waves tide his sands. N. B.—For the benefit of those readers who have not much spare time at their disposal, a map of this joke is herewith appended. "Tide his sands!" that means "tide-his-hands." See it yet? Please omit flowers.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

It is estimated that there are six thousand professional burglars in this country, and we don't see what is to prevent a young lawyer from rising in his profession.—*Detroit Post.*

"WHAT does 'lux' mean?" asked Brown. "'Lux' means light," replied Smith. "That's what I thought," said Brown, "but I wasn't certain. I know my luck's always light, however."—*Boston Transcript.*

"THE dynamite party!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy, who was reading over the papers. "Dear me, Augustus, we'll have to give one right away before those Smiths hear of it. I wonder what it's like."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

TEST of affection—A lady poet asks, "How can I tell him I love him no more?" Probably the best way is to get him into an ice-cream saloon. Eat five dishes, and then look at him coolly. If he does not accept the situation you had better try to love him again. You could never do better.—*N. Y. Mail.*

"YES," said Mr. Soddington; "Mrs. Smith is a clever sort of woman—no doubt but, then, she is so vulgar! Would you believe it, she wears her own teeth!"

THE FATHER OF FISH-CULTURE.

Both Green's Ideas Lived Up Fully Tribe and Some of His Varied Experiences.

[Turf, Field and Farm.]

"How did you succeed in devise this scheme?"

"I have been [illegible] ever since I was large enough [illegible]."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, of Rochester, N. Y., who is known [illegible] as the father of fish culture.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees that leaned out over the white shore after the spawning season and watch the movements of the fish and everything that [illegible] were before unknown. I saw, so early observation, that the destructive elements that are warring against fish, and I realized that unless something was done the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this destruction was the work, and a very [illegible] to say I have seen its accomplishment.

"Was you successful on the start?"

"No, indeed. It is that time all artificial efforts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in the matter. I was very able to hatch and raise [illegible] per cent. at [illegible].

"Encouraged by that, was it a larger per centage than of the vegetable or animal kingdoms produced in a natural condition?

"I know it, but we overdo the greatest care in the start, and get [illegible] fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoing conversation occurred at Caledonia, where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the State Hatcheries. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting events in the past twenty-five years, but the [illegible] presented heroes seals is inherent any [illegible] ever before attempted.

"How many fish are there in those ponds, Mr. Green?"

"About [illegible] when completed of course them it will be impossible to say. They extend way up into the millions then. We shipped over three millions out of the ponds this year, and there seemed to be as many after ward as before. We have already every variety of the trout family and many hybrids."

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish, and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and the result is a hybrid. There we cross the hybrid with the brook trout, which gives us three-quarter brook trout and one quarter salmon trout. This makes one of the finest fishes in the world. He has all the habits of the brook trout, lives in both streams and lakes, develops to maturity as soon as it does, grows more rapidly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than ordinary brook trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great, and we are rapidly ascertaining what they are."

As the [illegible] of DR. HARLAND the compliments [illegible] he has given to the above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and lifelong experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head [illegible] publishing that of Socrates, and covered with a white, silky beard and luxuriant gray hair. Seth Green, the father of fish culture, is a picture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking on.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man, you might have thought I was a [illegible]," said the veteran.

"How is that? One would think, to look at you, that sickness was something of which you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of fish they had in that State and study their habits, and was attacked with malaria in its severest form, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull aching pains in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt a lack of energy such as I had often heard described but had never experienced. Although one who has never had a severe attack of malaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there all the spring, and if there ever was a sick man I was thosone."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completely?"

"My brother, who had been afflicted by a severe kidney trouble and threatened with Bright's disease, was completely cured by a remedy in which I had great confidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my malaria and am happy to say I am a well man to-day and enough of the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines, [illegible] I see it is endorsed by the United States Medical College of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dead of that institution, has written a long article commending it to [illegible]. Is that how you how as well as formerly?"

"Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while though, and do not hesitate to recommend it to others."

"One question more: How many ponds of fish have you here and how are they divided up?"

"Well, we have 43 ponds, which are divided up as follows: Twenty-two ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 4 of McCloud river or rainbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon, and three-quarters brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and 1 pond of Carp. Then we have what we call the Centennial pond or 'happy family,' consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, Land Locked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout, and hybrids. These fish range in size from minnows to 18-pounders, and in age from one-and-one-half months to eleven years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed the whole secret of the fish culture can be summed up in four things. Impregnation—using no water. Plenty of food. Plenty of pure water and cleanliness."

The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world, all owe their origin to the process above described as originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

HALF a loaf is, no doubt, better than none, but a newspaper man never gets a chance to loaf at all.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

I USED Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) for a bad case of Blood Poison from Malaria, and am satisfied that it saved my life, as I was given up to die. C. G. SPENCER,
Sup't Gas Works, Rome, Ga.

HOME-BOUND—The bed-ridden patient.—*N. Y. News.*

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

A WOMAN'S AFFAIR.

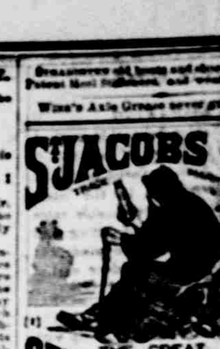
MRS. N. H. SMALL, the wife of the popular Deputy Sheriff and Assessor of Topsham, Me., writes us on May 15, 1882: "That she had been severely afflicted during several years with kidney and liver disease, accompanied with severe pains and backache. Having tried many so-called cures, and numerous doctor's prescriptions, without receiving any benefit, and while seeking for a cure, she noticed the advertisement of Hunt's Remedy and decided to try it. Having bought a bottle at Mr. Johnson's drug store, commenced using it with such flattering results that she continued its use, and after using only five bottles the improvement in her health is so marked that she wishes all who are afflicted in like manner to know of this most valuable and reliable medicine; and she most cheerfully recommends Hunt's Remedy to all, and especially to females who are troubled with the complaints peculiar to the sex."

A FAMILY BLESSING.

Under date of May 31, 1882, we have received the following information from Mr. Lorenzo Lombard, of 8 Charles street, Portland, Me. Mr. Lombard says: "For several years past I have been troubled with severe backache and pains in the side, and when I would lie down I could not rest well, as it seemed impossible for me to get into an easy position; and my aches and pains increased constantly. I had a disease of the kidneys diagnosed for me, and after having used doctors' prescriptions and many of the so-called curse without getting any benefit, I was persuaded by a near neighbor, Mr. Jones, to try Hunt's Remedy, as himself and wife had been greatly benefited by its use, and many others of our acquaintances spoke of its merits in the highest terms. I decided to try it, and purchased a bottle at Nichol's drug store, and as soon as I had taken a few doses of it the pains in my back were relieved, and after taking three bottles my sidesache and pains were gone, and I am truly thankful that Hunt's Remedy is an article of great merit, and will be found in every household, and I know of many other people in Portland who have found a cure in Hunt's Remedy after all others failed to do any good, and I recommend it to all who have kidney or liver disease, hoping that they may find the means of restoring many suffering who do not know of the merits of Hunt's Remedy."

Wine's Axle Grease never gums.

S. JACOBS OIL



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CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica

Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,

And All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic