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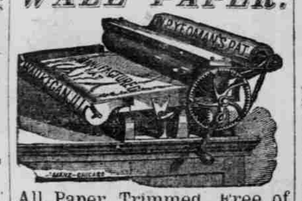
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Spitting in a Rail Car.

BY CLARA HASKELL.

Sitting in a rail car,
Flying on by steam,
Head against the casement,
Dreamed a curious dream;
Yet I could not think of it
All a thing ideal,
For, though very monstrous
It was very real.

First there came a gentleman,
In shoes of patent leather,
Collar, bosom wristbands,
Raglan for the weather;
In the height of fashion,
Watch-key, hat and glove,
And with air professional
Spit upon the stove.

Near him sat a parson,
Telling how the Lord,
Sent the great revivals,
Blessed the preached word;
But my dream discovered,
He was not above
"Honey Dew" or "Fine Cut,"
Spitting on the stove.

Next came in a trader,
Pockets full of cash,
Talked about the country
Going all to smash;
T'was the "women's dressing,"
Did the thing "by Jove,"
Sipped a little brandy,
Spit upon the stove.

Then a jolly farmer,
Bragging of his wheat,
Thought his swine and horses
No where could be beat;
"Like to sell his Durhams,
By the head or drove,"
Kept his jaws a wagging,
Spit upon the stove.

Paddy thought 'twas "quare" like
To be sitting still,
All the while a goin'
Over bog and hill;
"'Twas a glorious country,
Sure," as he could prove,
Equal to his betters,
Spitting on the stove.

Witless, perfumed dandy,
Putting on his airs,
Flourished diamond breastpin,
Smoking in a forward car;
Talked about the love of men
"Such a perfect love."
Twirled a carrot moustache,
Spit upon the stove.

Little boy in short coat
Wants to be a man,
Following example
As the surest plan;
Watches gent and parson,
Copies every move,
And, with Pat and trader,
Spits upon the stove.

Soon the flying rail car
Reeks with nauseous steam,
Ladies almost fainting,
Children in a scream,
Husband, asking lady,
"What's the matter love?
Have a glass of water?"
Spits upon the stove.

On we go, still flying,
Not a breath of air
Fit for christian people
In that crowded car;
Sickening, fainting, dying,
Ladies make a move,
Gents throw up the window
Spits upon the stove.

Talk of ladies' flounces,
Ribbons, jewels, flowers,
Crinolines and perfumes,
Gossip, idle hours—
Put all faults together
Which men can't approve,
And they are not a match
For spitting on the stove.

A HUMOROUS DOCTOR.

Tribulations and Trials of a Youthful Pillbagger.

[From the Kansas City Times].

At the banquet given to the Missouri Medical Association at the St. James Hotel in this city on the 18 inst., the chairman called on Dr. Willis P. King, of Sedalia, to respond to the toast,

"The Central District Medical Association." The inimitable drollery of the Doctor's manner is of course lost in the following report of his remarks, but the matter is also full of humor.

He said: Mr. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN—As I have not prepared a speech I will have to go off by spontaneous combustion.

I know it would be the proper thing for me to say that I did not expect to be called upon for a speech to-night; but it would not be true. I am thus particular about the truth in the beginning because I want to get your confidence, when I will proceed to lead you astray by telling you some things that are not true. [Laughter and applause.]

I am glad that I have been called upon to say something in regard to the experiences of the young phsician, for I have a warm and tender place in my heart for the young doctors. No one knows, except the young doctor himself, how his herat palpitates over his first case of sickness, and how his soul yearns for an epidemic of measles or chicken-pox! [Loud Laughter.]

After I graduated, eleven years ago, I started out from Sedalia, on horseback to the far Southwest, where my family had moved while I was at college. (I will remark, while passing, that the first thing I did when I arrived at the station of manhood was to get a family. I had heard that it was best and that no family should be without one.) [Laughter and applause.]

On my second night out I staid all night on the banks of the Oswego River.

During the evening a neighbor came in and saw my pill bags. When I started out the next morning I met the same neighbor in company with an awkward youth of about eighteen summers, or summers thereabouts. Laughter].

The youth had his hand tied up in a bundle about the size of a yearling mule. [Loud Laughter.]

He asked me if I was a doctor. I told him I thought I was. (I really did think so, gentlemen.) [Laughter.]

He proceeded to undo his hand by unwrapping a blue cloth from him. He then took off an old red shawl, unwinding toward him. He proceeded in this way until he finally reached his hand. He had a felon. We went to the house. I remembered the instructions of my friend Dr. Gregory, to get the patient behind you when you go to lance a felon, with his arm under your arm. I got him in this position, put my knife down to the bone and walked out on his phalanx! [Laughter and applause.]

He grabbed his sick hand with the well one and hopped arround on one foot and howled like a wolf with a grindstone on his tail, while I washed my knife. [Laughter.]

He got out his only half dollar. I took it, and felt like a highway robber! [Loud applause and laughter.]

I had a young and tender conscience then, gentlemen, but I have got all over that now. [Laughter.[I can take the last cent a man has without any compunctions. [Laughter.]

I would have liked very much to have kept that half dollar, as it was my first fee; but I had to spend it. I was like the boy in the novel—poor but honest. [Laughter.] I am poor yet. [Applause and Laughter.] I arrived home in due time and went into the practice. I had all the experiences common to young physicians. I met the old lady who doctored Sam Slocum's wife when she was sick. She was handy with a mustard draft and a hot poultice. She wore a wart on her nose and a red bandanna handkerchief on her head. [Loud laughter.]

The old lady and I became fast friends and would have remained so until this day if the old lady had not taken the cramp colic. I was called to see her and concluded to cup her. I had no cupping glasses and concluded to use a glass tumbler. The old lady had a good deal of looseness in the parieties of her abdomen. When I put on the glass her whole abdomen seemed to run right into the glass and when I desired to take it off I could not. I worked and pulled and the old lady howled. I groped in unutterable darkness for a quarter of an hour and then got a hammer an broke the glass! [Laughter.] We never spoke again. [Applause and laughter.]

The Southwest was at that time settled by a nomadic class of people. They are not there now. They moved to Arkansas every fall and came back to Missouri in the spring. Each family generally worked a yoke of steers in an old shack of a wagon with a blind horse or a lame one in the lead. They generally had about ten or a dozen children, fourteen dogs and an old gun! I waited on them in stables, tents, wagons, under wagons and out of doors, I sometimes found as many as three or four in one bed, and they would emit an odor somewhat akin to that emanating from a saddle blanket full of wet cats. [Laughter.] I had a young and tender stomach then also. I have since developed up a stomach that don't get its back up at every passing bad smell! [Laughter.]

But of all the things that afflicted me in my early experience as a physician the idea of a consultation was the worst. I dreaded meeting the old physicians. I thought grey hairs and wisdom were synonymous words. There was a man practising in that country who had been there, well ever since the flood. He had a wonderful reputation. I put the thing off as long as I could, but the inevitable came at last. One of the prominent men in my neighborhood got sick with pneumonia, and when the lung had solidified, and he had passed near unto death, I honestly informed the family of his dangerous condition. Of course they wanted Smith. I call him Smith, because that was not his name. Smith came, and I met him with fear and trembling. He wore a No. 3 hat and a No. 13 boot. [Laughter.] I gave him the history of my case and the treatment, and awaited the coming storm. I expected to be overwhelmed with a flood of technicalities and with his wonderful knowledge of pathological antomy. He looked at me through his spectacles with the gravity of an owl and said; "Doctor, did you ever try a black cat-skin poultice in these cases?" [Uproarious laughter.] I admited that in my ignorance I never had.

I thought it a good tine for me to get out of the case. So I informed the family that, as Dr. Smith had been their family physician before they knew me, he had better take the case. They were only too glad to make the change. That was an awful and calamitous night on cats, especially black cats. [Applause and laughter.]

The man died, and Smith told them that if he had seen the case two hours earlier and had succeeded in gesting a "leetle" blacker cat he would have saved him. [Laughter.] The family still think so. Sacred be the memory of Smith; he has been gathered to his fathers.

My next consultation was with a man whom, for convenience I shall call Jones. I rode fifteen miles on a dark night to meet him. When I went into the cabin I was met by a terible smell which gave me spasmotic asthma. I thought they were burning old boot heels. [Laughter.] Jones arose from one corner of the room and introduced himself. I saw at once that he was a man of high standard in the profession—six feet three in his stocking feet, [Laughter.] He had but one eye, and his nose looked like a red lantern in a Democratic torch-light procession. Laughter.] When he towered above me and beamed on me with with his good eye, and that nose I almost wilted. Laughter.] I asked whence came that awful smell. He said he was burning chicken feathers under the bed to bring away a *retained placenat!* He added that he had always heard that Dominicker feathers were the best. [Loud laughter.] The pot was removed on acccount of my asthma. When I came to examine the case I found the poor woman covered all over with ears of hot corn. The doctor said that he had always heard that boiled corn was good in these cases. I told him I thought it was good-for horses. The woman died, but I am sorry to say that Jones still lives. [Laughter.]

I have been requested to give for the benefit of those who make a speciality of diseases of the ear, a case of deafness that I didn't treat. The man came into my office with a peculiar, listening expression on his face, and puting his right hand behind his ear, he said in a voice that showed evident enlargement of the tonsils:

"Is this Dr. King's office? Doctor, I've come to see if you could cure my deafness. I've been deaf for a long time, and I've tried a good many doctors, and they aint done me no good, and I've paid out a heap of money and I'm a mighty poor man; you musn't charge me much. Do you think you can cure me?"

"Hah!" said I, 'I don't know.'

He said "Hah! I don't know,"

I said at the top of my voice, "may be you had better go to an aurist."

"Dr. Forest" said he, "is he a good doctor?"

"I didn't say Forest," I replied; "I said aurist, a man who treats diseases of the ear," in a voice loud enough to split him from end to end.

He said "Hah!"

"Oh, go down stairs and soak your feet," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Soakum & Peet," said he, "do they cure deafness, Do you think they can cure me.

I adjourned on him to get rid of him. I am going to send him to my friend Dr Spencer. [Loud laughter and applause.]

Mr. President. I am glad I came here, and especially glad to meet so many gentlemen of the profession. I always go away from these meetings feeling about two feet taller than when I came. After partaking of the hospitality of the people of Kansas City and enjoying this magnificent banquet I feel like staying here always, but as I can,t do that I have concluded to take Kansas City home with me. It would make such a nice suberb to Sedalia. [Laughter and applause.] I came near going home this aftenoon, and if I had I would not have been here to night. I believe that is a logic al statement. Next to being truthful I desire to be logical. Gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention. [Long continued applause.]

DISINTEGRATION.

It Has Struck the Democratic Party.

WASHINGTON, May 3.

The tendency of things showing a division as likely to occur between Northern and Southern Democrats, is even more visible to-day. The more respectable part of the Democratic Club of this city strongly sustains the President's policy and the club is strongly denounced by Northern Democrats here in unmeasured terms but it is sustained by Southern Democrats with singular unanimity. The members of Congress from the South in the city also state that they will hereafter consult their own judgment and not defer as heretofore to the Northern wing of the party. They will have one or more candidates for speaker and will give them considerable support, and ask for help from the North instead of waiting on anybody the Northern majority may choose.

It thus happens that while the Democrats show signs of disintegration, the Republicans are daily becoming more harmonious on account of the evident general satisfaction with the peace and home-rule new regime in the South. The general situation is one of great quiet.

This will Suit Frank Stadter.

Whatever may happen to the Turks, they may always calculate on the sympathy and support of the Hungarian portion of the Austrian Empire. The Hungarians, among their other good qualities, have that of gratitude, and can never forget the good treatment they received from the Turks when betrayed by Gorgey; beaten, dispersed and disheartened, they fled for safety to Turkish territory. They were forced to pass through Servia, and all the annals of the Hungarian war show that the Servians were more barbarously cruel to the vanquished than were the Austrians or their Russian allies. But when the scattered bands of exiles reached Widin, they were safe; the Turkish residents took them in, fed them, clothed them, put money in their pockets and bade them God speed to Constantinople, where the Sultan, in response to the demands of Austria for extradition, haughtily refused to deliver them up. Some of these same exiles are now back in Hungary, and to their influence must be ascribed the warlike feeling against Russia. They remember too well the bloody field of Temesvar, and the fate of Batthyanyi, of Kis, Aulich, Tarak, Lahner, Schweindel, and the other brave men who were butchered after their surrender, and to be particularly friendly either to the Czar or to Francis Joseph.—Globe Democrat.

To Our Lady Readers.

Let us tell you what reached our desk this week. A magazine which supplies information on every article a lady or child can wish to wear, from the sole of her feet to the top of her head. Each article is richly *illustrated*; underneath is the *description*, with the number of yards it takes to make it; and then comes the *price* at which you can purchase it. All classes are provided for. The wealthiest and the least wealthy—all can find qualities suited to their means. Interleaved between the fashion descriptions we find page after page of *original* reading-matter; not such as over loads so many publications, but bright, suggestive, instructive contributions by our best lady writers, on subjects in which every sensible woman takes pleasure and interest. "The Kitchen," "The Home,' "The Cultivation of Beauty," 'The Education of Children,' 'The art of Dress-making,' etc., etc.—all are standard articles on standard subjects.

Now when we say further that this magazine, a monster volumn of 116 pages, is only the "Spring" number of a publication which costs but 50 cents for a whole year's subscription, our readers will understand why we consider it somewhat remarkable. It is published by Ehrich & Co., Nos. 287 and 289 Eighth Avenue N. Y., the enterprising merchants who thus meet a great demand of ladies who live away from the great metropolis, and yet are eager to learn of the vagaries of fashion and of the price for which these vagaries can be purchased. The accompanying directions, according to which goods should be ordered, are so clear and simple that a child could thus order its wardrobe. You will not regret subscribing to "Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly."

State Items.

Twenty-nine persons were initiated into the Temple of Honor in Beatrice last week.

Hastings is happy over the County Seat. Juniata isn't.

They are to have an Old Folks Concert at Dakota City, in which Mrs. Partington will make some remarks.

Miss Lydia Rhodes and a cousin, a young lady, were drowned in the Elkhorn near West Point, while attempting to cross in a skiff.

James Alpaugh, Clerk of Lincoln County, has absconded. Forged bonds, &c.

Hon. N. K. Griggs, U. S. Consul to Chemnitz, is back to Beatrice on a visit.

The Presbyterian ladies in Kearney gave a "waffle and maple syrup supper."

A man named J. E. Stewart, living near Palo, York Co., shot himself a few days since.

We are indebted to Mr. E. Andrews for a copy of a history of Saunders Co., by Hon. Moses Stocking. It is a creditable production to both the author and printer.—Independent

Morgan L. Wright has received a letter from a gentleman in Massachusetts who says that in a few weeks a whole colony will leave there for Merrick County, Nebraska. Tally one for old Merrick. They come.—Central City Courier.

We are glad to learn from Mr. Griggs that Mr. Waugh and family are enjoying the best of ealth in Deutchland, and farther, that Mr. Waugh is soon to be promoted from Secretary to Vice Consul.—Post.

The Nebraska City Press says that Miss Annie Irish, daughter of the Hon O. H. Irish, of that City, has been appointed by Secretary Schurz translator of languages in the interior department, a position never before filled by a lady.

Just before closing our forms we learn that Mr. Henry Stork, of Arizona, lost twenty-five head of cattle during the storm last Friday night, and a neighbor of his lost ten head. The cattle were in a large herd, and in attempting to protect themselves from the storm were smothered to death. Mr. Stork loses one valuable blooded heifer, which he recently purchased for $115—Burtonian.

The following are the delegates to the Convention of the State Sportsmen's Assoociation, from Fremont, to take place at Plattsmouth on the 22d inst.:

D. M. Welty, Capt. St. John, W. L. May, Robt. Gregg, Pat Hanlon.

These are hard times for local editors. Money is plentier than locals.—Fremont Herald.

Wish we could say that.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

The durability of black silks leads to the necessity of their frequent cleaning, and an excellent way to do this is as follows: Peel about two potatoes, slice them thin, pour one pint of boiling water on them. Leave it standing four hours. When ready for immediate use, put in about a quarter of a teacupful of alcohol. Sponge the silk well on the wrong side, rubbing any shiny spots with care. Then roll it tightly around a thick pole. This renews its freshness and cleans it well. Do not use an iron.

JELLIED VEAL.—Boil a small knuckle of veal in plenty of water slightly salted. When the meat is thoroughly done and will slip readily from the bones, take it and pick into flakes; place these into a wet mould, inserting among them three hard boiled eggs at regular intervals. Season the liquor which is left in the kettle with pepper and a little lemon juice, and strain it over the veal. The liquor should be boiled away so that there will be only sufficient to cover the meat and eggs nicely. Set it away in a cool place for eight or ten hours and then turn it out on to a flat dish, garnish with curled parsley, and serve in thin slices. This is one of the simplest and most economical of dishes, and is at the same time pretty to look at, and tastes even better than it looks. If the meat is cooked in sufficient water and boiled down closely enough it will be sure to jelly; if not the difficulty can be remedied by turning off the liquor and boiling in it a little gelatine that has been soaked in cold water for an hour, pour it again over the meat and cool. It is better without this addition, and there will be no occasion for it if the directions are followed.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Put 1 cup of dark molasses, ½ cup of brown sugar and ½ cup of butter (or part butter and part lard) into a pan and set it where it will just come to a boil. Cool and add one teaspoonful of ginger, ½ of salt, and one egg. Stir in one half cup of sour milk and two and a half cups of flour; beat well, and last of all add two even spoonfulls of soda dissolved in one-third cupful hot water Bake in moderate oven until well done.

A little girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these divine graces, said by our Lord to be blessed, she should most like to have. She paused a little and then said, with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart." Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest. "Sir," she said, "if I had a pure heart, I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter."

A woman will take the smallest drawer in a bureau for her own private use, and will pack away in it bright bits of boxes, of all shades and sizes, dainty fragments of ribbon, and scraps of lace, foamy ruffles, velvet things for the neck, bundles of old love letters, pieces of jewelry, handkerchiefs, fans, things that no man knows the name of, all sorts of fresh looking, bright little traps that you couldn't catalogue in a column, and any hour of the day or night she can go to that drawer and pick up any article she wants without disturbing anything else. Whereas a man, having the biggest, deepest and widest drawer assigned to him, will chuck into it three, socks, a collar box, an old neck tie, two handkerchiefs, a pipe and a pair of suspenders, and to save his soul he can't shut that drawer without leaving more ends of things sticking out then are things in it, and it always looks as though it had been packed by a hydraulic press.—Hawkeye.

Flowers to Flourish in the Shade—Dracænas (dragon tree), Mimulus (musk plant), Achyranthes, Coleus in numerous varieties, Centaureas (dusty millers), fuchsias, pansies, zonal geraniums, ivies (English or German), begonias, ferns, and fancy caladium.

To Flourish in the Sunshine—Double geraniums, petunias, ivy-leaved geraniums, gazanias, heliotropes, verbenas, monthly roses, mignonette, cypress and Maderia vines, dwarf cannas, calceolarias, lantanas, lobelia nierembergia, cuphea and tropeolum.

For both Sun and Shade—Centaureas, ivies, maurandia, thunbergia, tropeolum.

"I don't care a pin for him," said a beautiful but slovenly young lady, who had lost her beau and knew it. Yes, she did care. I Phœbe Faithful, know all about it. It was he who cared more than a pin for her. He was looking for a wife, and was half in love with Gloriana Gadabout, thought her magnificent, intelligent, charming,—all of which she certainly was at a ball, at the opera, on the seashore, in the mountains, at Saratoga, everywhere in fact but at home. He had followed her all around during the Summer. He called to see her in the fall when they went back to town. She came down with her dress partly unpinned and her hair untidy. He never went back. Don't call him fickle. Don't say such a fellow was "not worth a pin." He was really only observing and shrewd. He judged of woman as of men—by little things. A pin may be a little thing but the want of one little thing has made or marred many a girls matrimonial fortune. Gloriana Gadabout still haunts the sea shore and the mountins; at the watering place hops and the Ladies, day Club receptions she is still the belle; but she is not married, although it was five years ago when that unlucky lost pin cost her the loss of a husband. PHŒBE FAITHFUL.

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