THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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Fever and Ague.

The *Journal of Health*, in speaking of fever and ague, says: "It is more prevalent during the spring and fall than at other seasons. The reason is that the changes of temperature are then more sudden and more frequent. There are persons who have lived many years in fever and ague districts without having had the disease. With proper care and attention all might avoid it. An observance of these simple rules would generally ward off this disease: Avoid exposure to the damp air of the early morning and early evening, except when exercising, and then do not remain in the open air to cool off. Avoid great fatigue. Sleep eight hours out of twenty-four. Be sure that the water used for drinking and cooking is perfectly pure. Wear flannel underclothing at all seasons.

To cure fever and ague take twelve grains of quinine at one dose, about an hour before the chill is expected. Just one week from that hour take another twelve grains of quinine. The disease will seldom return. This is the dose for an adult. Children should take smaller doses according to their age. The reason that decided doses of quinine cure fever and ague seems to be that the disease receives a shock which breaks it. Small doses of quinine only hold it in check during the time the medicine is being taken; as soon as it is suspended the disease usually returns. Hence the popular notion that the quinine only "feeds" the disease. The fault is not with the medicine, but the manner of administering it. While we do not believe in encouraging the employment of medicine, we are bound to say that quinine, periodically administered, has proved the only "dead shot" for fever and ague in our practice."

Where the Letters Go.

Department Reports show that a daily average of 12,000 or 15,000 dead letters, or about 400,000 a month are unavailable or go astray from causes beyond the control of the mail Department. In other words, 400,000 persons, every month undertake to send send letters either without stamps, without addresses, with cancelled stamps, insufficient postage, or ineligible or incorrect address. Many of them are without either stamp or address, often with no signature which gives the slightest clew to persons sending them. There are 4000 a month received that either lack postage or address, or else have insufficient postage or cancelled stamp; and, strange as it may seem, these are sometimes the most valuable letters, often containing currency or drafts for large amounts of money. It is estimated that there is about $3,000,000 in drafts, and $75,000 in cash received yearly through dead letters. This is all returned, if possible, to the person sending it; but if any portion of it fails to find a claimant, it is turned over to the postoffice fund. Very little difficulty is experienced in restoring the checks and drafts to the rightful owners, but the money generally comes in small sums, and usually sent in the most careless, hap-hazard fashion, and loss of these small sums, and the ignorance or carelessness with which they are launched upon a journey represent a deal of suffering and disappointment.

Ides of March.

In "Julius Cæsar," Act IV., Scene 3, *Brutus* says to *Cassius:* "Remember March; the ides of March remember." The ides were one of the three epochs or divisions of the ancient Roman month. The "calends" were the first days of different months; the "ides" were the middle of the month, and the "nones" the ninth day before the ides. Says Webster: "The ides fell on the 15th day of March, May, July, and October, and the 13th day of the other months." Eight days in each month often pass by this name, but only one strictly receives it, the others being called the days before the ides, the third day from the ides, and so on backward to the eighth from the ides. The Romans used a very peculiar method of reckoning the days of the month. Instead of employing the ordinary numbers, they distinguished them by the number of days intervening between any given day and the next following of the fixed divisions. Ides is from the obsolete verb "iduaro," to divide, because the ides nearly divide the month. The plain English of *Brutus's* remark to *Cassius*, according to the above interpretation is: "Remember March; the middle of March remember."—*Boston Transcript.*

A maiden lady said to her little nephew: "Now, John, you go to bed early, and always do so and you'll be rosy cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few moments, and then observed: "Well aunt, you must have set up a good deal when you were young."

A lively girl has a bashful lover, whose name was Locke. She got out of patience with him at last, and in her anger, declared that Shakspeare had not said one-half as many things as he ought to about Shy-Locke.

The weakness of human reason appears more evidently in those who know it not than in those who know it.—*Pascal.*

GENERAL NEWS CONDENSED.

A train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was wrecked near Linden, N. J., Nov. 2d, by running into two freight cars. A brakeman was fatally injured, and several other persons slightly.... John Welch, died November 2d, at Pottsville, Pa., the victim of a fire damp explosion in the mines....A warehouse containing oils and varnishes was burned in St. Louis, Nov. 2d. Loss, $25,000; insurance, $10,000 ...W. D. Stewart, a desperado, and a citizen of the Indian Nation, who murdered a man named Henry, was arrested a few days ago, and in attempting to escape, was shot dead.

Goodwin and Collier at Salem, N. Y., were found guilty of manslaughter by aiding in the killing of the prize-fighter Walker. They were sentenced to six years each in the penitentiary, and two others to two years each....The barn and outbuildings of Sunnyside, at Derby Line, near Boston, burned Nov. 2nd. Loss, $30,000....The residence of Joseph Lick, at St. Paul, burned Nov. 3d. Loss, $3,000. Two hours later the residence of N. P. Langford in the same city, was also burned. Loss $8,000 to $10,000 .... A locomotive and nine cars were precipitated through a bridge, 20 feet, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, near Moundsville. The engineer, W. Miller, was killed, and a man riding on the engine seriously injured ... A digest of the crop returns for October, as prepared at the department of Agriculture, indicates a reduction in the yield of the wheat crop of nearly one sixth, while the quality is somewhat superior. Every section of the Union indicates reduced product except the Middle States; the figures point to a yield of 240,000,000 bushels. Rye is reported four per cent. less than 1875, but the quality is better. Barley six per cent. less than last year. Buckwheat a full average. Oats show a falling off of twenty-three per cent. Every section of the Union is deficient. The corn crop is deficient but the figures are not yet obtained. The cotton crop will be large and very likely approach as heavy a yield as that of 1875....John L. Routt, the first governor of Colorado, was inaugurated Nov. 3d. His message was mainly devoted to local and State interests....C. S. Greely and Henry Willard have been appointed receivers of the Kansas Pacific Railroad....Wm. Wheatley, once a favorite actor, died in New York, Nov. 3d.

At Newark, N. J., Nov. 4th, George Steckert fatally stabbed Charles Weber and Jacob Mason, and severely wounded several others in a fight in a saloon .... A dispatch dated Camp in the Field on the Yellowstone, Oct. 27th via Bismarck, D. T., says: Gen. Miles, commanding the troops on the Yellowstone after fighting, defeating and pursuing Sitting Bull and the confederate tribes under him, this day accepted the surrender of 400 lodges of Indians belonging to the Cheyenne Agency. These tribes surrendered five of their principal chiefs as hostages, as a guarantee of their faithful compliance with the terms of surrender. These bands are to go at once to the agency, where, upon their arrival, they will submit to the requirements of the Government....An engine collided with a passenger train near Pewee Valley, Ky., on 4th, damaging both engines and killing the engineer, named Gunther, and seriously wounding two firemen and an express messenger....A passenger train on the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad collided with a freight train Oct. 4th, near Shoals, Ind., killing the engineer Scott, and fireman Kifer. Some passengers sustained slight injuries.

The Producers' and Manufacturers' Bank at Titusville, Pa., closed its doors, Nov. 6th. There had been a run on the bank for several days in consequence of the failure of the Pennsylvania Transportation Company. Its assets are reported to be ample to meet all its liabilities....Charles Ockwall and Thomas Ryan have been found guilty of the murder of officer Brook in Newark, N. J., August 3d. The officer had detected them in committing burglary... Madison Barracks, at Sackett's Harbor, were partially destroyed by fire, Nov. 6th. Loss, $50,000....The Hengle House in Little Rock, Ark. was destroyed by fire, Nov. 5th, and two men, Patrick Shea and John Conley, perished in the flames.

On the 4th of November a collision on the New Orleans & St. Louis Railroad at West Station, Miss., demolished both engines, but no lives were lost.... A committee of twelve citizens of Chicago, Nov. 6th, presented to Judge McAllister, of that city, a petition signed by 8,000 business men asking him to resign on account of his conduct in the recent Sullivan-Hanford murder trial.

A most dastardly attempt was made on the night of the election to steal the bones of President Lincoln from the cemetery vault at Springfield. The plot was suspected some time since, and Elmer Washburn, United States detective Tyrrell and assistants, watched the vault. The scoundrels broke in the outer and inner doors of the vault, opened the several cases of the sarcophagus and were about to make off with the remains when the detectives sprang out. The accidental discharge of a pistol alarmed the robbers and they fled, escaping in the darkness. A slight clue of their identity remains, and their capture is probable. At New Castle, Ind., on the night of election, John Runyan, a Democrat, shot and killed Charles Pressal, a Republican, while engaged in a political discussion ... At Anderson, Ind., on election day a man named Whittraks struck a colored man on the head, when a man named Leonard interfered in behalf of the negro. The city marshal, Dougherty, then interfered, and struck Leonard a fearful blow on the side of the head, from the effects of which he died soon after.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The London *Post* publishes in official form the following paragraph: "Turkey having accepted the armistice, we understand Russia has taken immediate steps to press forward negotiations for the arrangement of all pending questions on a basis of the English proposals." The *Post* also states that official investigation shows that only 2,100 persons were killed by Turks in Bulgaria. The telegram from Constantinople says that it is believed that the conference will assemble shortly ....An official telegram received at St. Petersburg from Gen. Ignatieff, announces that the Porte has accepted a two months' armistice, beginning November 1st, and has ordered an immediate cessation of hostilities. It is officially announced that both armies will retain the positions they now hold....A battalion of 1,000 troops arrived in Cuba from Spain, Nov. 1st. A colonial bank has been established in Barcelona, Spain, which promises all the necessary financial resources for suppressing the insurrection....The French government intends to remain neutral in the event of complications in the East ....A dispatch to the London *Standard* from Paris, and one to the London Daily *Telegraph*, from Constantinople, state that a conference will be held, and that a representative of the Porte will be admitted to it by some such compromise as that desired by the London *Post* of Oct. 31st, according to which the six Powers will deliberate on reforms, and the Turkish representative will only take a seat when the results are to be declared.

A telegram from Ragusa states that in consequence of the conclusion of an armistice, the Consular Commission at Mostar, for the pacification of the insurgent provinces has been dissolved. ....A Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* announces that Montenegro has accepted the armistice on the same terms as Servia....The Hudson Bay Company's schooner Walrus was lost Oct. 21st, off St. George's Island, on the coast of Labrador. Only one man was saved.

The man-of-war Nelson, of 7,000 tons displacement, 6,000 horse power, and 22 guns, was launched at Glasgow, Nov. 4....A dispatch from Rome announces the death of Cardinal Antonelli, Nov. 6th. The same dispatch also announced that Cardinal Constantino Patrizi, Vicar General of the Pope, was dying....The Vienna correspondent of the London *Standard* says the Porte in yielding to the demands of Russia, has agreed to relinquish the positions captured by the Turks since the night of October 31st; hence the evacuation of Delegrade. ....It is announced that England has proposed a conference at Constantinople, to be summoned on the basis of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire....The London Daily *News'* dispatch from Paratchen reports the Servian army can hardly be said to exist. It is utterly disorganized. The roads are covered with snow, and fugitives and soldiers are dying.

American coin to the amount of $405,000, was withdrawn from the London bank for New York, Nov. 7th....The London *Standard* announces that the Marquis of Salisbury will be appointed special ambassador to act with Sir Henry Elliott as English Plenipotentiary at the contemplated conference in reference to Eastern affairs....Heavy floods are reported in Cuba....Cardinal Antonelli was buried on the night of November 7th, in the family mausoleum, cemetery of St. Lorenzo, at Rome ... The Vienna correspondent of the London Daily *Telegraph* reports that Russia has yielded consent to the English proposal....Advices from the City of Mexico, to the 29th of October, report that Lerdo Zerda was declared elected President by 181 to 45. The pronunciados are throwing down their arms in various directions. Their resources are all exhausted, and a final collapse is expected. Oaxaca still gives trouble, but Diaz and his followers are compelled to keep in the mountains and are afraid to meet the Government troops.

In the elevated regions of the interior of West Africa, where there are no dense primeval forests, extensive swamps and pestilential jungles, cattle and horses show no sign of "infection" or "poisoned state of the blood." They flourish in uncounted herds. And in those regions men are healthy, vigorous and intelligent.

Prof. Loomis concludes, after comparing 500 cases, that storms move at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour on land in this country and a little over nineteen miles over the ocean. An express train or a first-class steamship could easily keep ahead of a common storm.

Iowa Thanksgiving.

The Thirtieth Day of November Designated as Thanksgiving Day in Iowa.

THE STATE OF IOWA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

In compliance with the custom established by our fathers, and so often repeated by their grateful children, I request the people of this State to observe

THURSDAY, THE 30TH DAY OF NOVEMBER,

as a day of thanksgiving and praise. And I do earnestly recommend that we, as a people, turn from our accustomed pursuits and rest from the turmoil of our daily lives in reverential acknowledgment of our dependence upon the mercy and goodness of Divine Providence.

It is befitting that in this particular year we should renew our covenant with Almighty God and render all praise for the blessings of a free government; for the continued prosperity of our State and Nation; for the blessings of peace and our exemption from pestilence, famine, or other national calamity; for our progress in knowledge and liberal Christian sentiments; for the generous manner in which the earth has responded to the labor of the husbandman; for the substantial increase of industrial enterprises; and for the increasing evidence of our advancement in all that pertains to State and National greatness. Let us, therefore, on that day assemble at our customary places of public worship, or gather around the family circle, and, banishing from our hearts all malice and uncharitableness, dedicate ourselves anew to charity and good works; that we may, through the influence of such sentiments, be better prepared to perform every duty to God and our fellow-men, resist all evil, overcome all temptations, and become more devoted to every Christian and patriotic duty.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Iowa.

Done at the city of Des Moines this third day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and first, and of the State of Iowa the thirtieth. SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

By the Governor:
JOSIAH T. YOUNG, Sec'y of State.

The Khedive's Beauties.

Hasten to the Shoobra, and for two hours or more drive up and down one of the strangest avenues under the sun. The Shoobra road leads from Cairo to the village of Shoobra, about four miles distant. It is as straight as an arrow, and is bordered by sycamore, fig, and acacia trees. The dense boughs are interlocked above it. Palaces and villas are scattered here and there, and upon each side you look off upon great meadows, dotted with ibises and sprinkled with palms, and see in the horizon the summit of the pyramids. All that is lovely and unlovely in Cairo finds its way to the shoobra; the beauties and the beasts, the princes, the beggars, the idols of the harem, donkey boys, foreigners, camel trains and the odds and ends of humanity. You drive up one side of the way and down the other, ogling and being ogled to your heart's content. The fat gentleman in European costume, with a tarboosh and a half dozen mounted attendants, is the Khedive. In that close carriage under the protection of a eunuch on a splendid horse are two of his favorite wives, milk-white Circassian beauties with their faces swathed in snowy folds of gauze; the exquisite carmine lips, even the faint rose-tint of the cheek, are vissible through this coquettish mask; high-arched eyebrows and eyes as black as night are busy with the world they know so little of. Lovely beyond description are these slaves, but spite of this dazzling loveliness you can see that it is chiefly artificial. The eyebrows are painted; the eyelids are tipped with bohl, and a dark line extending from the outer corners of the eyes makes them much larger than they are. That white skin is softened and made whiter with powder; the flush of the cheek and the glow of the lips have been heightened for the occasion, and all that gauze that covers the head like a turban, and the lower part of the face like a transparent mask, adds immensely to the brilliancy of these feminine charms. White camel's-hair shawls, covered with rich gold embroidery, lemon-colored kids, a Parisian fan, the light of the harem is suffered to blaze upon the world for a brief hour, but she must stop within her prison like a gorgeous tropical flower under glass, or that light will be put out! Two, three, a half dozen carriages, and some of them having three or four veiled beauties in them, wheel slowly by; a eunuch to each, and a brutal-looking thing he is; and then you have some of the more favored of the wives at the mercy of your eyes. You may look as earnestly as you choose and you will not outstare them; smile even and the chances are that they will hide a smile in their fans Ya Mahomet! Is your harem stored with fleshpots such as these? Look well, for you cannot look long; the carriage rolls away, you are dazed for a moment, but for a moment only, for in the muffled rumble of those wheels you are delivered from the stare of splendid eyes!—*Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.*

Mr Fogy Learns of the Hell-Gate Explosion

Mr Fogy got hold of a newspaper the other day, and looking through the telegraphic columns he came upon a short account of the explosion of the mine at Hell-Gate. He took off his spectacles, rubbed them, and read it over again. Then he laid down the paper, shook his head sowly and sorrowfully, and said:

"Well, that's what I call going a little too far. I'm in favor of progress, but the daringness of modern science verges on sacrilege. I believe in investigation, but there is a point where even the desire for knowledge should give way to delicacy of sentiment and feeling. I did not much mind them compelling the spirits of the departed to thump on a table or play the guitar in a box, but when it comes to intruding on the privacy of their final abode I think it is going a little too far. I don't believe in going where you're not wanted, even for the sake of science, and it stands to reason that no man of refinement and culture will care to have his friends see him simmering on a hot gridiron or grilling over a slow fire. This paragraph does not state how they came to find out that the gate was in New York. I always had the idea that it was somewhere around Chicago myself. I think yet that the main entrance is further west, and that this they have opened is a look of a back door controlled by Tammany, and that Tweed must have divulged. It's a great achievement, no doubt, and I suppose that Barnum will get control of it after a while and charge 25 cents admission, with special rates for clergymen and Sunday-school excursions, or that some stock company will open negotiations for introducing a system of water-works to lower the temperature of the atmosphere. Our respected ancestors once tried to go to heaven on a tower, but the tendency of this age seems to be in favor of tours in the other direction. The straight and narrow path is getting more unpopular every day, and if Lieut. Porter don't get out some new advertisements he'll find, like the gentleman in the play, that his 'occupation's gone.'"—*Omaha Republican.*

What we Find in Coal

Professor William F. Roberts says: "The coal itself, even where it is most abundant, constitutes but an insignificant portion of the whole thickness of the carboniferous strata of the ancient coal formation. Most of the coal seams rest upon an under-clay, containing stigmaria, the fossil rootlets of the plant called sigillaria. Professor Goppert examined the coal-fields of Germany, and stated that he detected in beds of pure coal the remains of plants of every family, then known to occur, fossil in the coal. Many seams, he remarks, are rich in sigillaria, lepidodendra, and stigmaria, the latter in such abundance as to form the bulk of the coal. In some places almost all the plants were calamaites, in others ferns. In a cut for a railway in Lancashire, England, in the distance of 180 feet six fossil trees were discovered, standing in vertical position to the dip of the strata, which was fifteen degress south; the roots were imbedded in an argillaceous shale underlying a seam of coal about eight inches thick. Beneath the coal seam and around the base of the trees more than a bushel of fossil cones, supposed to be the fruit of the lepidodendron, were gathered. In the carboniferous strata of Coalbrook Dale, and in other coal-fields, these fossil cones are met with, some of which are five inches long. One of the trees found in the cut measured 15½ feet at the base and 7½ feet at eleven feet, its discovered height. In the New Castle, Bristol, and other coal-fields, these vertical stems are called by the miners coal-pipes. These cylindrical casts of fossil trees, now forming solid sandstone, after the coal is mined from underneath, sometimes slide suddenly down and cause fatal accidents. The lofty cliffs known as South Joggins, on the sea-coast of Nova Scotia, afford admirable sections of the coal-bearing strata containing fossils of the forests of the carboniferous period. Large trunks of trees are seen standing at right angles to the dip of the sandstone strata, showing that they were, before this strata was deposited, standing in an upright position. Now they incline at an angle of 150 degrees from the vertical line. The vertical height of these cliffs is from 150 to 200 feet. At low tide a fine horizontal section of the strata is exposed to view on the beach. Lyell and Dawson in 1852 made a detailed examination of one portion of the strata 1,400 feet thick, where the coal seams are most frequent, and found evidence of root-bearing soils at sixty-eight different levels, clearly showing sixty-eight fossil forests, ranged one above the other, in this coal-field in the above-mentioned thickness of strata.—*Coal Trade Journal.*

Rev. Henry S. Lake, the Catholic priest who threw New York into a fitful excitement, a few years ago, by marrying Miss Sara Genevra Chafa, died the other day in California, where he has been living in seclusion with the wife of his heart and hand.

Power is seldom innocent, and envy is the yokefellow of eminence.—*Tupper*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Secret of Making Good Butter

Willard's Practical Butter Book gives the process of making the celebrated Philadelphia butter, as follows:

The milk is skimmed after standing twenty-four hours, and the cream is put into deep vessels, having a capacity of about twelve gallons. It is kept at a temperature of 56 degrees or 60 degrees, until it acquires acidity and taste when it goes to the churn. The churn is a barrel revolving on a journal in each head, and driven by horse-power. The churning occupies about an hour, and, after the buttermilk is drawn off, cold water is added and a few turns given to the churn, and the water then drawn off. This is repeated until the water as it is drawn is nearly free from milkiness. The butter is worked with butter-workers, a dampened cloth meanwhile being pressed upon it to absorb the moisture and free it of butter milk. The cloth is frequently dipped in cold water and wrung dry during the process of "working the butter." It is next salted at the rate of an ounce of salt to three pounds of butter, thoroughly and evenly incorporated by means of the butter-worker. It is then removed to a table, where it is weighed out and put into pound prints. After this it goes into large tin trays and is set in the water to harden, remaining until next morning, when it is wrapped in damp cloths and placed upon shelves, one above another.

Protecting Vines in Winter.

In the latitude of the central portion of the State of New York, such varieties as the Concord, Delaware and others of like hardiness will winter-kill down to near the ground every season if not protected. The usual way to protect the vines is to lay them down upon the surface of the ground soon after being pruned, first tying all the canes of a vine in one mass, leaving the length undisturbed; then peg them down, using sometimes stakes three or four feet long near the trunks of the vines when large, and driven into the ground on each side in the form of an N, finishing with smaller ones just large enough to keep the vines in position. Two vines may be laid down together when long, the ends lapping, thus saving time, as the stakes will secure both vines where they lap. Just before the ground freezes, a few inches of earth should be thrown upon the vines, and so left until spring. In the latitude of New Jersey, southern Ohio and Illinois, it is not customary to protect grape vines in the winter, but the hardy Concord is sometimes killed in that latitude. But where little or no snow falls, and where the winters are often mild and rainy, it is unsafe to cover vines with earth, as too much moisture will destroy the buds. It is better, if protected at all, to cover lightly with poor hay or straw.—*Farmer's Friend.*

Boys on the Farm.

One of the best hints we have met with as to the way in which boys may be kept from leaving the farm, came to us when we were attending a fair. It was at the exhibition of trained working oxen and steers. We were greatly interested and somewhat astonished at the performances of the oxen in drawing, and especially in backing the heavy load to which they were hitched. But we were more interested when two young sons of an old-time neighbor came on with a pair of steers each, two-year-olds and yearlings, which they had trained. The steers seemed to be as well broken and as handy as the old oxen which we drove in our youth; in fact they were more so, for we must confess we never drove a pair of oxen that were completely under control, and so ready to do what was required of them as those steers were. But the training of the dumb animals was not the only thing we thought of. What interested us more, and has dwelt more in our thoughts since, was the training which those boys received while amusing themselves with the young steers. We know not what career may be before those boys; perhaps one of them will yet be President. But we are more confident in predicting that they will be farmers, and that, too, not because they are not smart enough, to be anything else, an imputation which one look at their bright and handsome faces would deny, but because it will be their choice, and the business in which they will always feel deeper interest than in any other.

Farmers, if you want your boys to stay on the farm encourage in every way whatever will interest them in the things of the farm. Let them yoke the calves, and halter-break the colts to their heart's content, and do not grudge them the time nor the trifling expense that may be required. You cannot make a better investment.—*Vermont Record and Farmer.*

Preserving Eggs.

At this season eggs are cheap and abundant. The demand for setting is over, and the prices offered by the grocer are so small that it seems a pity to sell. But if carefully packed and put away in the cellar, they may be taken out later in the season, when prices are higher, and will pay a good profit for the trouble of packing.

A number of methods are proposed, but probably none are more effectual than the two following: The first is practiced by many of the farmers in

The Careful Man

Soon after noon yesterday a stranger entered a Western avenue hardware store and asked if they kept shingle nails there. Being informed that they had a dozen kegs on hand, he further inquired:

"Are they genuine shingle nails, or only imitations?"

"They are shingle nails, of course."

"Let me see them."

A handful was placed on the counter before him, and he took several nails to the door where he could get a strong light. After scanning them thoroughly he tested two or three between his teeth, tried to bend them between his fingers, and said:

"Well, they seem to be all right, and I'll take five pounds. I don't want to appear captious, but I bought some shingle nails along here somewhere about a month ago, carried them home, and what do you suppose they turned out to be?"

"Six pennys?" answered the clerk.

"No, sir. They were shoe pegs, sir."

"That was strange," mused the clerk.

"And another time when I ordered shingle nails," continued the stranger, "the clerk put up four stove handles, three nutmeg graters and a coffee mill. Can I build a cow-shed out of coffee mills? Can I shingle a barn with stove handles? Can I clap-board a smoke-house with nutmeg graters?"

"Curious mistake, that," said the clerk.

"And another time, when I asked for shingle nails, they put me up four corn poppers and a match-safe. These things have sunk deep into my soul, and you mustn't blame me for seeming particular. Now, these are nails, are they?"

"Of course."

"Shingle nails?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just write it on this card and give me your name, the name of the firm, the number of this store and the date of the month. I don't want to make trouble, but if I find when I get home that you have put me up hatt-brick and harness-snaps in the place of shingle nails, I'll come back here and make it warm for you!"

He Sold the Dog.

Dick Lazybones was the owner of a large dog, which cost as much to keep as two pigs, and the dog was worse than useless, and greatly annoyed Dick's wife. "Plague take the dog," cried she. Mr. Lazybones, I wish you would sell him or do something or other with him. I wonder you keep such a useless animal." "Well, well, my dear," said Dick, "say no more about it. I will get rid of him one of these days." This was intended as a mere evasion on the part of Dick; but as his wife kept daily dinning in his ears about the dog he was at last compelled to take action in the matter. "Well, wife," said he one day, "I've sold Jowler." "Have you, indeed?" she cried. "I'm dreadful glad of it. How much did you sell him for?" "Five pounds." "Five pounds! What, five pounds for one dog? How glad I am! But where's the money, my love?" "Money?" repeated Dick, taking a long pipe lazily from his mouth. "I didn't get any money; I took two puppies at two pounds ten apiece."—*London, Ont. Free Press.*

Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in it, bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.—*Shakspeare.*