THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

E. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

HOW THEY SAVED THE COLORS AT ISANDULA.

"Save the colors!" shrieks a dying voice, and lo!
Two horsemen breast the raging ranks, and go—
On thy sacred list, O Fame!
Keep each dear and noble name!*)
See, they flash upon the foe,
Fierce as flame—
And one undaunted form
Lifts a British banner, warm
With the blood-rain and the storm of Isandula!

"Save the colors!" and amidst a flood of foes,
At gallop, sword in hand, each horseman goes—
Around the steeds they stride
Cling devils crimson-dyed,
But God! through butchering blows,
How they ride!
Their horses' hooves are red
With blood of dying and dead,
Trampled down beneath their tread at Isandula!

"Save the colors!"—They *are* saved—and side by side
The horsemen swim a raging river's tide—
They are safe—they are alone—
But one without a groan,
After trotting limy-eyed,
Drops like stone;
And before his comrade true
Can reach his side, he too
Falls, smitten through and through at Isandula!

* Lieutenant Nevill Josiah Aylmer Coghill (Twenty-fourth Regiment), Lieutenant Teignmouth Melvill (Twenty-fourth Regiment), both killed while escaping with the colors, January 22, 1879.

—*Robert Buchanan.*

TO-NIGHT.

Sing to me darling, O darling, to-night!
I sit weary and faint in the lessening light;
The day so full freighted with duties has past,
And left me no courage, no sweetness, at last;
The burdens were heavy, my hand was too slight—
Sing to me darling, O sing to-night!

Play for me darling, O darling, to-night!
Touch the white keys with your fingers of light;
Waken the melodies only your hand
Can make for my heart in its pleading demand;
Dreams half divine at your touch will unite—
Play for me darling, O darling, to-night!

Talk to me darling, O darling to-night!
Your words fall as softly as dreams of delight;
Tell me of calm, and of refuge, of peace;
Tell me your love that shall nevermore cease;
Tell me your beautiful visions of light—
Talk to me darling, O darling, to-night!

Pray for me darling, O darling, to-night!
For the world grows dark with the fading light.
The night wind is chill, the snow-drifts are heaping,
The stars have grown weary their watches of keeping;
My spirit from earth would be winging her flight—
Pray for me darling, O darling to-night!

—*Lilian Whiting, in the Graphic.*

HIS TRUE LOVE.

And so, Rosa, I am going away. Before this reaches you, thousands of miles will separate us, and it will be useless for you to try to trace me. I shall leave property enough to support you and the child, for you have been dear to me, but I never was worthy of you; and now you must forget me. I have tried in vain to conquer my love for Florence Abernethy. My passion for her is the one true love of my lifetime. I can not give her up, and we are going away together.

The little white-faced woman, holding with trembing hands the blotted paper, read again the cruel letter—the letter from her idolized husband, declaring his love for another, and his resolve to separate himself from his family for that other's sake. It had come hours before; she had read it over and over, and still she sat there, pallid, weak, not half comprehending yet the trouble that had come upon her; conscious only that her heart's trust and love had been betrayed, that she had lost the presence dearest to her on earth. The spring sunshine, finding its way through among her callas and geraniums, lay warm across the handsome carpet; her birds caroled lightly in their dainty cage; her baby boy slept soundly in his crib; and outside were all the sweet, soft odors of spring's buds and blossoms, and its countless hymns of gladness; while she sat there in her dumb misery, questioning if this were all true, if she had lived to know her idol false and base, and her life's joy forever vanished, or if she were only in the mazes of a fevered, delirious dream.

She was one of those golden-haired, exquisitely pretty little women, who seem sent into the world expressly for men to take care of, one who needed to be loved and cared for always, and hitherto she had known no lack of tenderest devotion and affection. Six years before Louis Alston had taken her from the luxurious home of her childhood, where she had known sorrow but by name, to his own elegant residence, just finished and furnished for his bride, and from their brief, blissful courtship, they had entered on what appeared an almost perfect wedded life. The young merchant was the most attentive of husbands, and Mrs. Alston lived in a scarcely broken dream of happiness. After four years came the tiny stranger asking admittance to both hearts, and then life seemed indeed complete to pretty Rosalie Alston.

But when the little one could barely utter his parental title, Mr. Alston's mien began to change. He ceased to come from his work with the light-hearted smile his wife had learned to expect; he forgot sometimes to kiss the baby boy, of whom he had been so proud; and his manner constantly betrayed a bitter anxiety.

"I must go away, Rosa," he said at last; "some one must go, or our firm will be ruined, and who can go but me?"

So, for the first time since their bridal-day, they were separated, for he went away hundreds of miles, and she stayed at home with little Lou.

All the long winter months she had waited, lonely, for his coming, and his letters said often, "I shall be with you soon;" but he did not come. He wrote sometimes of brilliant and unlooked-for prosperity in his business, and of the remarkable liveliness and cordiality of the society in which he found himself, but she looked in vain for a day named for his return. At last came the terrible letter that told her how he had sinned and fallen, and that they might never meet again.

And all the half-dozen years of their happy wedded life, she had been so sure of his affection! Could it be that in this stranger he had found the one true love of his life? His picture hung on the wall before her, looking down upon her with the beautiful dark-blue eyes she had loved to watch; and looking there on that handsome face that was bending now to an ignoble one, on that shapely head so dishonored, she cried out at last, and wept in her agony. And thus they found her in her helpless woe, and kindly hands and voices ministered to her in the fearful hours that followed.

"Do you know," queried a kind-hearted neighbor a few days later, "do you know what's the matter with Mrs. Alston?"

"She is suffering under severe nervous prostration," answered the doctor's wife, who lived across the way, "and they fear something worse. Joseph was called to see her last night. Mr. Alston has eloped with a young lady of ——"

"Dear, dear! what won't men do? But I should never have thought that of Mr. Alston, he always seemed to care so much for his wife. How does she speak of him?—poor little woman!"

"She does not talk of him. She told Mrs. Lynde that she had rather see him dead than have him living so dishonored; that is all I have heard."

"Poor little woman! I'm so surprised I can hardly think at all. How could he leave the child? But I must go right over and see if there is any thing I can do for her."

Poor Rosalie Alston was not left to feel any lack of friends in her worse than widowhood. Few who knew her failed to offer sympathy and help. There were none who didn't censure Louis Alston's heartless conduct. It was remembered how tender and true she had been to him from the day he brought her to his home in her girlish loveliness how careful and fond; and he had not always been loyal to her, now said the watchful world; yet for her sake Gossip whispered to her votaries the rumors that Louis Alston's life had not been blameless, for the forsaken wife could not, even now, hear a word spoken against him.

"I would never trouble my head about him again," said one; "I would stop mourning, and let him go."

"I would get a divorce, and marry again," said another.

"He was a scamp, any way, and she has plenty of money and that dear little boy left," chimed a third.

But to her they spoke gently always, of her loss reverently, as of the dead, for she was beloved by all.

She stayed in the home where he had left her. The roses bloomed by the doorway almost unnoticed; the vines straggled untrained over the porch; the garden lay neglected; the house was quiet always, and the only happy thing about it was baby Lou, who ate and slept and laughed and grew cheerily enough, yet seemed to wonder sometimes why mamma wept when, a half-forgotten face crossing his infantile mind, he called for "Papa!"

So the summer passed, and autumn, with its softened sunshine, dying beauty and weird melodies came, rounding the year since Louis Alston left his home.

A year! The pale woman, standing where he had kissed his pretty wife good-by, looking so sadly unlike her former self, asked her aching heart how many long, long years like this ere life's hold must be loosed from earth, and the years to come looked dreary indeed.

Once during the winter that followed came a too officious friend, who bade her be comforted.

"I have been where Louis was," said he, "and learned all about the girl he went away with. She is a silly, heartless creature, and people said there was no doubt she would leave Mr. Alston if his health or money should fail. It will be strange if he isn't a poor man before many years go by, for he had become very reckless with his property, and then he will see how much his new love cares for him. He will receive his due reward, and you will be revenged, never fear."

"I do not crave revenge," was the only reply of the true-hearted wife, and in the night watches she sobbed on her wakeful pillow, "God have pity for him, wherever he is!"

By and by the child sickened, and for a time the mother forgot all else.

"It's only a cold," the good neighbors said; "he'll be well in a day or two." But the little one grew no better. There was a brief, sharp struggle with the Destroyer, then the baby hands fell helpless down, and the sunny life was yielded.

She was alone—poor Rosalie Alston!—with only that sweet dead face and tiny, cold form, and that beautiful pictured face of the absent one—only these left of her treasures. Yet not alone, for nearer to the torn heart came the presence of the Infinite sympathy and love; over the weary, impatient spirit fell something of the peace of that land wherein her babe was safe.

"It's wonderful how she bears her trouble," said the doctor's wife across the way; "such a frail little creature, too."

"Yes; I'm afraid sometimes she'll not be long with us, though," replied the next-door neighbor. "She does not say any thing about Mr. Alston, but I doubt if there's ever a moment when he's out of her mind."

"You don't think she would forgive him if he should come back? She has too much spirit for that."

"She has spirit enough, to be sure; but hers is the true spirit. She has the nobility that forgives the deepest wrongs. She's worth a dozen like Lou Alston, any day."

"Yes, he wrote the truth, surely, when he said he was not worthy of her."

"But I believe his desertion will grieve her life away. She is no more like the pretty rosy girl he brought here than a white violet is like a rose," and the tender-hearted woman wiped her spectacles to take a look over at the tasteful dwelling of the lonely sister-woman, for whom her kind heart ached daily.

"Poor, lonesome child!" she sighed. "If Lou Alston thinks he has found a better love than hers, he is mistaken."

There was never an hour of wakefulness, in which she did not remember him. Her soul never lost its longing for him. And the springtime coming again, with its beauty and music, dropped none of the old-time life and joy for her, from its perfumed wings, as it passed, for the snow of chill despair still lay over that year-old grave, where her heart's fondest trust had been laid, and on the turf over that little mound in the village cemetery, so precious to her, the grass had never been green.

"I must go away from here," she thought, as the summer deepened. "I must find work to do. I am wasting time and losing energies that might be of use to others. I must go away and see if the world has any place for me."

But one day there came to her door a weird old creature, who called herself a fortune-teller—one of those strange women who gain a livelihood by going about the country begging the privilege of telling "fortunes" for a quarter. Pitying the old woman, Mrs. Alston gave her a seat inside the door. The wandering eyes fell on the handsome painted likeness of Louis Alston that hung on the wall opposite them.

"Is that your husband's picture?" she asked, with sudden interest.

"Yes," was the low reply.

"Poor child! poor child!" muttered the woman; and she glanced again sharply at the portrait. Then she turned to the pale wife.

"He isn't happy, now," she said; "he isn't happy now. I've seen that man, and I know he isn't happy now. Maybe he will come back to you;" and refusing to say more, the old woman went her way.

No one could tell whether the stranger spoke truth or falsehood. No one knew where she had been in her wanderings. She might have seen that guilty fugitive. She might thus have learned what she professed to know of him. Rosalie Alston waited there where he had left her, not hoping, only dreaming, of a possible return.

In the autumn came an unexpected summons;

"Will Mrs. Alston come at once to ——?" wrote the clergyman who had officiated at her marriage service, from one of the great cities of the land. "A friend lying dangerously ill here would be grateful for her presence."

With trembling hands she made ready for her journey, dread and fear half crushing the hope that had sprung up within her; hope that the unknown friend was that lost one for whom her heart was breaking, fear that she might be mistaken, dread of being too late. The morning train bore her away, and an evening train left her in the city to which she had been called, where she was met by the clergyman who had bidden her come. He was a large-hearted, noble man, and whose sympathies were never deaf to the cries of suffering humanity, and, with supreme pity and gentleness, he unfolded the story he wished her to hear—a story of wrong-doing that had met its just reward—then, when she could bear it, took her to the room where the dying friend lay.

"I found him alone, utterly alone, and ill," he said, in conclusion of his narrative; "there was no one near to care for him, and I brought him here to my home. He needs only you now," and he left her alone in the death-chamber.

She bent over the pillow of the sick man, over the face of the only man she had loved, and his feeble arms, reaching upward, clasped her trembling to his bosom. He was true, true to her to the last, and a throb of almost overwhelming joy thrilled through the clinging shroud of despair numbing her heart at the thought. She took her place by the bedside, to wait the coming of that other visitant, whose cold hands were even now stretched toward her idol. The long night vigil was scarcely broken by words. The sick man could not talk. There was only a murmured prayer of forgiveness, which was answered by the tenderest, truest assurances of love; there were no reproaches, no unavailing utterances of repentance, and the wife's tears of anguish fell in silence.

"Darling!" he whispered, when the darkness was giving place to dawn.

She laid her white face on the pillow beside his.

"Darling, the moment is at hand. You will be happier when I am gone. I did not know till it was too late to go back, that I had left the one true love of my life; but I was always unworthy of you, my darling, and God is merciful to you and me in letting me die. By and by, when you forget, you will be happier."

And quietly, with her hand in his, his last breath on her lips, he died.—*Lizzie L. Shaw, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

How to Pay a Compliment.

To pay a compliment is to tell the truth, and to tell it as though you meant it. And the only way to do that is to mean it. If a girl is pretty or accomplished; if she plays well, or sings well, or dances well, or talks well; if, in a word, she pleases, why, in the name of common sense, shouldn't she be told of it? Don't blurt it out before every body. That will only serve to make her feel uncomfortable and make you appear ridiculous. Say it quietly when opportunity offers, but say it strongly. Convey the idea distinctly and fully, so that there may be no mistake about it. But don't say it "officially." Formality is about the coldest thing known. More than one maiden has been made happy—say for half an hour—by a man's taking the trouble to say a pleasant thing about a toilet that he liked, and many of fashion's follies have been given up by girls when they noticed a discreet silence concerning them on the part of their gentleman friends. A bewitching little black-eyed beauty once said to a gentleman, "I like to have you say sweet things to me, it seems to come so easy and natural." In general terms, it may be said that it is always better to say an agreeable thing than a disagreeable one, better for all parties. The gallant who, when a young lady stepped on his foot while dancing and asked pardon said, "Don't mention it; a dainty little foot like that wouldn't hurt a daisy," not only told the truth, but doubtless felt more comfortable than the boor when *his* foot was stepped on, roared out, "That's right; climb all over me with your great, clumsy hoofs."—*Boston Transcript.*

Learn to Sew.

An effort is being made to introduce needle work into the New York public schools. It is proposed that boys as well as girls shall be taught how to sew. The idea is an excellent one, and should be immediately carried into execution. Any one who has seen an old bachelor attempt to sew on a rear suspender button without removing his pantaloons must certainly favor teaching male pupils plain sewing. The old bachelor aforesaid twists his head half way off in order to locate the button, and with thumb and forefinger holds it in its place until he jabs the needle half way through his thumb—and we are obliged to suppress his few ill-chosen and vigorous remarks. A smile of triumph illumines his face when he succeeds in getting the needle through one of the eyes of the button, but it suddenly disappears as he draws the thread slowly through, and instead of seeing it come to a tension, hears the button fall on the floor—and he makes some more remarks unfit for publication. He forgot to build a knot in the tail of his thread. This neglect is soon remedied in the shape of a knot as large as a pea, and after taking a few stitches, needle sticks amidships in the eye of the button; he can neither push it through nor draw it back. He backs up against the wall, gets a leverage on the needle, and bears his whole weight upon it. Of course the needle runs into his hip to the depth of half an inch, and he makes 500 remarks in less than 500 quarter seconds, but we can't print 'em. By all means, teach the boys plain sewing.—*Norristown (Penn.) Herald.*

—Efforts are making in Ireland to revive the study of the Irish language. A society established at Dublin two years ago to encourage such study, has just published a report, which says that an interest in the movement amounting to enthusiasm has been excited among Irishmen residing in England, Scotland and America. The demand for the text-books of the society is unabated. The First Irish Book has gone through 13 editions, while the Second Irish Book is in its twelfth thousand.

—Circus athletes confidently predict a backward spring.—*Utica Observer.*

FASHION NOTES.

—Jet lace is coming in vogue.

—Narrow trains are *de rigueur.*

—Dolly Varden styles are revived.

—New parasols are generally lined.

—Round trains are generally preferred.

—Short dresses for country wear have paniers.

—Short dresses for city wear do not have paniers.

—Every fashionable dress has satin for a part of it.

—Very low necks are again fashionable for evening toilet.

—Black Breton bids fair to take the place of black French lace.

—Some showy parasols have the ribs gilded, silvered, or colored.

—Black tulle veils, with tiny gold thread dots, are recent novelties.

—Changeable and shot silks are seen again on dry-goods counters.

—Silk handkerchief overdresses are worn with plain foulard skirts.

—Passion flowers form part of the trimmings of many fashionable evening bonnets.

—There is a return to the fashion of lacing up the back of the corsage of evening dresses.

—The newest evening dresses have trimmed skirts with separate corsages and basques.

—Long sharp points back and front are a marked feature in the new spring evening dress.

—White wood parasol handles are preferred for plain pungee or twilled soft silk parasols.

—Some of the new black tulle gold thread dotted veils have borders of gold thread embroidery in light patterns.

—The new white lawn and organdy muslin dresses for house wear have panier basks and Pompadour polonaises.

—When the corsages of evening dresses are made with long points front and back they are made to fit like a glove over the hips, but are quite short at that point, allowing the panier draperies to show below.

—New white muslin skirts are trimmed with two or three plaited frills of Hamburg embroidery. They still continue to be made with deep yokes at the top, and the longer skirts have fan trains.

—Brocaded ribbons are shown in Japanese designs delicately tinted, and so artistically done that they look like water-color paintings. These are beautiful on the Tucsan hats for the watering places.

—Several styles of wraps appear. The favorite dolman and fichu lose none of their popularity, and there are light scarf-capes and jackets of light cloth or of brown, *beige, canaque,* dark blue simply trimmed with galloon, with a vest in masculine fashion. The visites and mantelets are seen in Chuddah cloth, *drap d'ete,* or silk, and are elegantly trimmed with fringe, jet *passementerie,* embroidery and lace. A new ulster called the "Brighton," of which there is a paper pattern, fits more closely and has peculiar sleeves, giving a dolman effect to the back. The "Vivian" and "Florence" scarfs are intended for a summer wrap, and there are besides excellent paper patterns of the Demorest invention especially suited for home dress-making for the "Justine" and "Aretta" mantelets and "Isonde" and "Toline" visites. The "Hilorie" and "Directoire" jackets are the newest made with a vest and will be easily managed by the most inexperienced home dress-maker.

—Parasols have appeared in a new shape, still showing the inevitable tendency to be Oriental, so they have the flat Japanese styles and are made with narrow gores over sixteen gilded ribs, no longer covered by the lining, which is placed next to the covering. The sticks are straight and show many fanciful devices in the handles, such as a swan's curving neck, a frog's head, a knob of beautiful Mexican onyx, carnation, Labrador feldspar, lapis lazuli, or faceted crystal. The covers are seen in brocaded silk, striped satin, polka spotted satin, or pongee, black silk, satin, Scotch plaid in satin or gingham to correspond with the fanciful gingham and bandana dresses. Satine parasols will be fashionably used at seaside and mountain resorts. Satine is a lustrous, cottony fabric in colors of pale blue, rose, pearl-gray; a ribbon is attached in place of a strap, which may be tied in a bow. Some of the new parasols measure twenty-four inches. New sun umbrellas come in dark wine shades and gendarme blue.

—Black silk dresses are scarcely made this season entirely of plain silk; figured or striped satin is employed to finish even the simplest dress, while at least a third of an elaborate dress is of figured or striped satin, which is used as folds, revers, counterpieces, vest, collars, etc. Decidedly elegant are the vests of black satin with delicate patterns of small flowers embroidered in olive shades, faded green, gold and just enough Turkey red and sky-blue to brighten and shade the work. These are seen only on the most expensive silks with satin and lace trimmings, and give a bright spring-like appearance to the otherwise somber costume. While black has ceased to be the street uniform of American ladies, still black silk and grenadine are extensively used for walking suits in the best styles and most expensive materials. Grenadines are combined with satin and silk and trimmed with jet and beaded passementaries; shirring is also popular with these materials. New grenadines have damasse figures, satin stripes, and the most expensive have large brocaded flowers of heavy satin.

—St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is rapidly approaching completion, and it is expected that every thing will be in readiness for the dedication, which will take place May 25, and in which it is expected that representatives of the Roman Catholic Church from all quarters of the United States and Canada will participate. The main altar at the east end of the cathedral will have a central spire 50 feet in height, and the reredos will be 32 feet wide. In the Cardinal's throne the material employed is English oak, richly carved; and in the reredos, marble from Italy and France, where it has been preparing. It is estimated that the cost of the altars will be about $100,000.

—An excellent way to make any jelly: Put the fruit in a dish and steam it over water until the fruit separates, then strain. Heat the sugar, a pound for a pint of juice, for 10 minutes in the oven, until it is hot but not melted, then put it in the juice; it will hiss as it touches it. Boil for 20 minutes.

—No sooner does the inner man rise superior to spring's biliary depression than it is confronted by the ghastly specter of the coming strawberry shortcake.—*Boston Transcript.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

—Turpentine will remove ink from white wood-work.

—Milk soup is a very nice dish for children or sick people.

—Yelk of eggs is as nourishing as the white, though a little heavier.

—To soften the hard, dry putty in the windows, wet it with muriatic acid.

—Onions may be soaked all night without taking the flavor out of them.

—Rubbing the hands with a slice of raw potato will remove vegetable stains.

—Water can be purified in a cistern by dropping in a large piece of common charcoal.

—Oxalic acid will remove stains, ink and iron rust, but must not be allowed to stand long on the goods or paint.

—A good wash for the teeth is made by putting equal parts of borax and camphor gum into a bottle of water and letting it stand for a short time before using.

—In making apple-dumplings it is best to put a little sugar inside the apple before putting it in the stove. The melting of the sugar helps to thaw the apple.

—A good way to clean zinc is to rub it with a piece of cotton cloth dipped in kerosene; afterwards rub with a dry cotton cloth and it will be as bright as when new.

—In making an Irish stew the suet should be chopped finely and the dough kneaded as lightly as possible. The less it is kneaded the lighter the crust will be.

—Refined chalk made into a thick plaster with one-third as much glycerine as water and spread on the parts will cool inflammation and reduce redness of the nose or face.

—Fish and other dishes often come upon the table very greasy. The way to prevent this is to place brown or white paper over them, letting it touch the greasy surface. Paper absorbs fat.

—If those who black their own stoves will grease them before blacking they will find it prevents them from rusting. Add a pinch of brown sugar to blacking just before applying. This causes it to stick, and it polishes much easier and with half the rubbing.

MRS. READ, in *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly* for April, gives the following recipe for a cake which she declares to be both "wholesome and palatable:" One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of flour prepared with yeast powder, the same as for biscuit, one egg well beaten, with a little salt and spice. Stir all the ingredients together and beat with an egg-beater till full of air bubbles, and bake immediately.

—In frying any thing the fat should never be allowed to boil. Its proper heat for frying may be known by observation. When it reaches 375° of heat a faint blue smoke rises which tells that it is ready for use. If, however, it begins to smoke before the things to be fried are ready to go in it its tendency to boil may be checked by throwing in a raw potato or a piece of bread, which gives it something to work on.

FARM TOPICS.

SUCCESS OF TWO BOYS.—From 14 common dunghill fowls, from January 1 to March 29, we have have received 574 eggs, besides hatching two clutches of chickens. One of the hens that was set (on the 5th of February) commenced laying yesterday, and is still running with her chicks. Our fowls have had no meat, only scraps from the table. Their feed consists principally of screenings in the trough at all times, and also burnt bone and oyster shells as much as they will eat. In our short experience we find that wheat screenings have proved the best egg-producing food, and only costs 60 cents per bushel. There are people here who buy wheat at $1 per bushel, and do not receive as many eggs from the same number of chickens as we do. Screenings have a variety of other seeds in them, so that it makes a change of feed. Our father says that we must try and beat some of the experts in producing cheap eggs. We are two boys, aged respectively 10 and 12 years.—*C. & W. Wilde, Montgomery County, Pa., in Country Gentleman.*

EXTERMINATING THE BORER.—Mrs. Arthur Galpin of Waterville, Kas., tells how she exterminated borers in her box-elder trees: "The borer commenced operations about two feet from the ground and gradually worked up the trunk in a semi-circle. Now, I was determined he should not kill my trees, so I dosed him with coal oil, but it didn't seem to hurt his digestion a particle. I was in a dilemma what to do next. I could not get him out with a knitting-needle, and I thought if the tree must die, I would experiment on it any way, so I took strong spirits of ammonia (hartshorn) and poured into all the wounds. I then took bar-soap and made a salve of it and plastered over all those wounds on the tree. To my great relief I found I had at last headed the borer, and now the trees are as well and hearty as the rest that were not troubled. They had only bored two trees when I succeeded in exterminating them. I wish some one would please tell me, through this department, how to exterminate sand-burrs from my door-yard. I have cut and raked and burned, but every spring they are there in all their glory, with all their added progeny. Some one please tell me, from experience, what will exterminate them."—*Kansas Farmer.*

VALUABLE TO PEACH-GROWERS.—At the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society Mr. Youngblood advised cutting back peach trees in the early spring to induce a strong growth of new wood for the next year's fruiting. He also advocated thinning out the fruit. His plan is to thin out when the fruit is about the size of cherries, leaving the peaches five or six inches apart on the limbs. This rigorous thinning, he contended, not only largely increases the size of the fruit, but entirely transforms its character, making it rich, juicy and melting. An equally important result is the greater vigor of the trees. The pulp of the fruit, Mr. Youngblood explained, does not exhaust the vitality of the trees nearly so much as the production of a number of half-formed specimens of little value. Thinning peaches he considered a preventive of rot in such varieties as Hale's Early. The thinning should be done before the stone is formed, or the fruit will have drawn largely upon the vitality of the tree. Early varieties as a rule require the most thinning. A few kinds do not need thinning, the Late Crawford, for instance, which generally thins itself sufficiently.

CULTIVATING CASTOR BEANS—I noticed an inquiry in your paper in regard to the cultivation of castor beans. As I live in the banner county of Kansas, and have cultivated them for two years, I will try to answer it. Castor beans are planted about the same time as corn; a little earlier is better. They may be planted with a corn-planter, in hills about 4 feet apart each way, 4 or 5 beans in a hill. They are planted like corn, and when the plants are a foot high they should be thinned to 1 in a hill. In harvesting we pick 3 rows on each side of the wagon, the wagon running over 1 row. The pods are cut from the stock with a knife. It is necessary to pick these about twice a week when the weather is dry and warm, or they will waste in the field. The picking season lasts 6 or 8 weeks. No machinery is required to thresh them. A yard is made by cutting off the grass from a piece of sod, or tramping plowed land with horses. The pods are then thrown on the yard, and the beans pop out by the heat of the sun. They are then swept up, run through a fanning-mill, and are ready for market. From 10 to 15 bushels per acre is a fair yield.—*H. J. O., Franklin County, Kas., in Exchange.*

SPRING CARE OF STOCK.—Spring is at hand, and is one of the most critical periods of the year with our domestic animals. Most farmers plan to have their stock bring forth their young at this season. Extra care and attention needs to be given to all such, as well as other stock, as the change in weather produces lassitude and weakness. Fodder and grain are often low at this time. Now is the time, when roots, grain and good feed generally, are needed to prepare the system for the change from dry to green feed. All stock should have the card and brush used freely, daily or oftener, as it produces one of the best effects, scarcely second to regular good feed. It is surprising with what persistency cattle will beg for frequent and long-continued carding, after having once become used to it, especially as the time approaches for "shedding the coat." Many cases of abortion at this season may be traced to the want of suitable care and attention either in feeding, watering or careful usage in other ways. Vermin are apt to be more troublesome at this time than at others, and should be destroyed. A wash, made by steeping larkspur in water, is sure destruction to lice, and is harmless. Other applications may be made which will kill the vermin, but some of them require much caution, or they prove injurious to the animal. Warbles will show and should be discharged from the animal by expulsion or puncture.—*W. H. White, in Country Gentleman.*

—Humorists are not encouraged in China. When a paragraphist gets off a joke on a slant-eyed Emperor, the alleged humorist has his pigtail cut off. The loss of this hirsute appendage is bad enough, but when they amputate it without removing it from his head, it becomes painful, and the paragraphist's propensity for joking is cured forever.

—An ancient sewer has been discovered in Rome, but the old lady's name is not given.

The Physical Paradox.

It has been said that "the blood is the source of life." It is as truly the source of disease and death. No life, that is to say, no healthy tissue can be generated from impure blood, no organ of the body can normally perform its functions when supplied with impure blood. The fluid that should carry life and health to every part, carries only weakness and disease. Blood is the source of life, only when it is *pure.* If it has become diseased, it must be cleansed by proper medication, else every pulsation of the human heart sends a wave of disease through the system. To cleanse the blood of all impurities, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the most effectual alterative, tonic and cathartic remedies yet discovered. *They are especially efficient in scrofulous diseases.*

An Antidote which will cure every variety of Ague, Fever and Ague, and Chills and Fever, and leave no bad trace or disorder in the system, has been discovered by one of America's greatest Chemists. This preparation or principle is known by the name of CLIFFORD'S FEBRIFUGE. Being entirely free from minerals or other deleterious materials, it accomplishes its work without being in the least harmful to the system. Entering the blood, it disinfects and eliminates all the poisonous miasm or malaria, and thus accomplishes a sure cure.

J. C. RICHARDSON, Prop'r,
For sale by all Druggists. St. Louis.

ALL who have used NATIONAL TRUST say it is the best, and always reliable. If you have never used it, give it a trial.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

OCCIDENTALIS.

The great success of this Remedy in the cure of all forms of Chronic Disease, functional disturbances in Men or Women, Fever and Ague, Headache, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Biliousness, Blood and Kidney Diseases, has induced the Proprietors to make it more generally known through the medium of the press, and in placing Occidentalis before an intelligent and discriminating Public we do so with entire confidence and with a full guarantee that it contains no injurious substance. Alum, Sulphate or any Cathartic named in Materia Medica. Occidentalis is agreeable to the taste, pleasant and efficient in its action, and can be freely used under all circumstances and conditions of life with absolute comfort and safety. And when the directions, which accompany each bottle, are followed it Never Fails to Cure Fever and Ague. Miller's Occidentalis is sold Wholesale by E. H. McDONALD & CO., New York.
VAN SHAACK, STEVENSON & CO., Chicago.
RICHARDSON & CO., St. Louis.
JUNKERMAN & HAAS, Dubuque, Iowa.

A. & V. C. MILLER, Proprietors,
722 Washington Av., St. Louis, Mo.

ADVERTISERS
DESIRING TO REACH
The READERS of THIS STATE
CAN DO SO IN THE
Cheapest and Best Manner
BY ADDRESSING
E. E. PRATT,
79 Jackson Street, Chicago.

BARSE & SNIDER
(Established 1873).
Live-Stock Commission,
KANSAS CITY STOCK-YARDS, MO.
Market reports FURNISHED FREE. Letters and Telegrams promptly answered. Correspondence Solicited. Liberal Advances made on Consignments.

THE YALE ARTIFICIAL LEG.
Pronounced by leading Surgeons and those who wear them to be the best. A perfect fit guaranteed without the pressure of the patient. A descriptive pamphlet sent free. Address, GEO. R. BOGARDUS, New Haven, Conn.

SWAMED of New York, or Tricks and Traps of the N. Good Examples expose all swindles, humbugs and pitfalls of the city. Just out, nearly 300 large pages, profusely illustrated. Sent on receipt of price by any bookseller or news dealer or by mail, Jesse Haney & Co., 119 Nassau-st., N.Y.

Dr. Harvey's Liver PAD cures disordered Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, &c. $1 will get it of any druggist or by mail of Gunsolus & Co., Cleveland, O.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S DIOGRAPHY
Dr. Life, Travels and Literary Career. From 16 to 20 orders a day being taken. WANTED, GOOD AGENTS.
Andrews & Bowman, Pubs., Chicago, Ill.

Dana's Pat. Sheep and Hog Labels are a boon to Stock-Growers. Do not fail to send for samples and illustrated price-list. Address C. DANA, West Lebanon, N. H.

$3000 a Year. Our Agents make it. New Goods. GOODWIN, TOWLE & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

GOLD Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

50 Chromos, Cards, etc. Cards, Agents' Sample Book, 13c. G. A. Ward & Co., Northford, Conn.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

BIG WAGES Summer and Winter. Samples free. Buckeye Chemical Co., 102 W. Madison st., Chicago.

NIGHT SCENES, 5 for 10c., post paid. GILBERT & CO., No. Chatham, N.Y.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS Wm. Smith, Gladdy, etc. A. B. ABBEY & CO., Chicago.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

$350 A MONTH—Agents Wanted—All best selling articles in the world; one sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

SODA FOUNDTAINS on 1st, 2d and 3d. Prepaid ready for use. Fixtures, etc. Address Chapman & Co., Madison, Ind. STORVEND

BERRY PLANTS. Wilson Strawberry, $1 per 100; Cuthbert Red Raspberry, $2 per 100. Other varieties low. W. L. Hutchison, Dealer in Seeds, Rockford, Ill.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price list. Good hair 75c. lb. Wigs made to order. S. BERNHAM, 698 W. Madison st., Chicago.

Write to the GREAT Guinan Remedy Co., Boston, Mass.

30 DAYS' TRIAL. Beach's Electric Sponge Belts for Chronic Diseases. Cured for circular. W. C. BEACH, St. Johns, Mich.

The "Little Detective." Sent free for $2. Lasts 5 to 10 Yrs. For Family, Office or Store. Every Clock guaranteed. Send for circular. CHICAGO WATCH CO., Chicago, Ill.

PURE TEAS.—Agents Wanted everywhere to sell our Teas and large assortments, long or short time. Best inducements ever offered. Quality and money-making qualities unequaled. Only reliable house of its kind. Our Goods sell everywhere. Large Chromo and circular free. THE WILLOW TEA COMPANY, 201 Fulton st., N.Y. P. O. Box 1287.

Dealers and Amateurs, Band and Orchestra Leaders, MUSIC TEACHERS, etc., will find it to their interest to send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Musical Instruments, Free. Lowest prices ever known. Lyon & Healy, Wabash Ave., cor. Franklin st., Chicago, Ill.

CRIMES OF A GREAT CITY. WAYS that are DARK, DANGERS and DANGER NIGHT on the STREET. LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY. The Inside Life of St. Louis. 100 Pages. 100 Illustrations. Agents Wanted. J. W. Ramsey, Pub., St. Louis, Mo.

RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS. RIDGE'S FOOD, the best, cheapest and most nutritious food in the market. Opinions of physicians and mothers unanimous on this delicious food. WOOLRICH & CO., on every label.

AGENTS, READ THIS. We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and beautiful Inventions. Worth $100 to any Agent. Sample free. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. It contains 1000 fine historical engravings and 1 steel plate (Jacob's celebrated picture), 1000 large pages, 40 pages more than any other History of the World ever published. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

CHEAP FARMS & FREE HOMES IN KANSAS. HOW TO GET THEM in the best part of the State, 35,000,000 acres for sale. For Free copy of "Kansas Farmer" Farm Journal, address S. J. Gilmore, Lawrence, Kansas.

FITS CURED!! FREE!! An infallible and guaranteed remedy for Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, warranted to effect a speedy and permanent Cure. A Free Bottle of this remedy and a valuable treatise on this disease, sent free to any sufferer sending me his Address. Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl Street, N.Y.

CANCER INSTITUTE. Established in 1873 for the Cure of Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula, and skin Diseases, without the use of knife or loss of blood and little pain. For information, circulars and references, address Dr. F. L. POND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

WANTED AGENTS for the DETECTIVES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA. ON LIFE IN THE SECRET SERVICE. A Collection of Celebrated Cases in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Turkey and America. A Succession of the Most Renowned Detectives of the Globe, for the past 25 years. 25 Engravings of the most marked criminals of doubtful place of nativity and entirely new and fresh gems of pencil. Profusely Illustrated with Full Page Engravings. 800 Pages. We offer Liberal Terms to Agents, and pay Freight charges on Books. For terms address the J. B. BURR, Pub. Co., Hartford, Ct.

Speaks for Itself. SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY, Syracuse, N.Y., Nov. 15, 1879. Almost four years since, on building my house, I used a large number of pounds of white lead and linseed oil, the former selected and used to be laid, with which I painted a large part of the house. The roof I painted with "Rubber Paint." After exhausting it and finding it contained the rubber for which it is named. One year since I found the roof leaky and decided to repaint it, and was, in fact, being fast wasted away by the rains, while that part of the building painted with the Rubber Paint was as bright and glossy as it was three weeks after first applying it. I have since painted the other side of the house with Rubber Paint. I can, therefore, from both analysis and practical test, recommend the Rubber Paint to those desiring a first-