THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

PROMISE AND FULFILLMENT.

I.

When the February sun
Shines in long slant rays, and the dun
Gray skies turn red and gold,
And the winter's cold
Is touched here and there
With the subtle air
That seems to come
From the far-off home
Of the orange and palm,
With their breath of balm,
And the blue-bird's throat
Swells with a note
Of rejoicing gay,
Then we turn and say,
"Why, spring is near!"

II.

When the first fine grass comes up
In pale green blades, and the cup
Of the crocus pushes its head
Out of its chilly bed,
And purple and gold
Begins to unfold
In the morning sun,
While rivulets run
Where the frost had set
Its icy seal, and the sills are wet
With the drip, drip, drip,
From the wooden lip
Of the burdened eaves,
Where the pigeon grieves,
And coos and woos,
And softly sues,
Early and late,
Its willing mate,
Then, with rejoicing gay,
We turn and say,
"Why, spring is here!"

III.

When all the brown earth lies
Beneath the blue bright skies,
Clothed with a mantle of green,
A shining, varying sheen,
And the scent and sight of the rose,
And the purple lilac blows,
Here, there and everywhere,
Meet one and greet one till
One's senses tingle and thrill
With the heaven and earth-born sweetness,
The sign of the earth's completeness—
Then lifting our voices we say,
"Oh, stay, thou wonderful day!
Thou promise of Paradise
That to heart and soul doth suffice,
Stay, stay! nor hasten to fly
When the moon of thy month goes by,
For the crown of the seasons is here,
June, June, the month of the year!"

—*Nora Perry, in Youth's Companion.*

A SISTER'S VENGEANCE.

It was between the lights on a gloomy December afternoon. I was the sole occupant of the smoking-room of a "Literary and Artistic Club" which faces the Thames. I flung fresh coal on the gloomy embers, and stirred them till they sent up a blaze of light that drove the ghosts out of the shadowy corners, and then picked up a paper haphazard from the table, to dawdle over it till the waiter lighted the gas or some human being wandered in to keep me company. It was an American paper. Some visitor to the club had left it behind him, accidentally. I turned the pages listlessly, until suddenly my attention was arrested by a paragraph headed "Extraordinary Crime." It was the story of the robbery of a body of a lady from its grave. The whole affair was shrouded in mystery. On the 14th of the month there died in an American city the beautiful wife of an Englishman traveling for pleasure. In the same paper which contained this paragraph I found under the heading of "Cradle, Altar, Tomb," the following: "On the 14th inst., in this city, Drusilla, the beloved wife of Blissett Emerton, of London, England, aged twenty-four." In due course the poor lady was buried, and during the night the churchyard was entered and the coffin carried away. No motive is suggested in this American paper for the crime. The husband is interviewed at his hotel. He is inconsolable for the loss of his beautiful young wife—mad with mingled rage and horror at the desecration of her remains. He tells his story to the reporter. He had only been married a few months. They were traveling for pleasure in America. His poor wife caught a cold a fortnight since, returning from the theater. He had medical advice, but the cold increased and inflammation of the lungs set in, and soon all was over. He buries his head in his hands and weeps, and the reporter leaves him alone with his sacred sorrow. The account in the paper I was reading by the fire-light concludes thus: "Up to the present no clue to this mysterious affair has been obtained." I glanced at the date of the paper, and flung it down in disgust. It was two years old. I had grown interested in the affair, and here it was two years old already, and probably forgotten. Where should I find out how it ended? The shadows had grown darker and darker; the fitful flare of the fire had died down into a dull red glow, and the riverside lamps were being lit. I flung myself back into the easy-chair, thrust my hands in my pockets, and half closed my eyes. Suddenly I was aware that I was not alone in the room. From the darkest corner there rose a long black figure. It glided slowly towards me. I had placed the paper where I had found it, on the table, by my side. The figure seemed to be looking for something. It passed its hands over the tables and peered down among the papers. Presently it came to the table at my elbow. In the gloom, as I sat in the deep arm-chair, I believe I was almost invisible. The figure came right up to me, and, reaching out its hand, passed it over my table. Presently it seized something, and glided away with it to the window, on which the lamps without flung a flicker of light. Then I saw that it was a man, and that in his hand he held the American paper in which I had just read the account of a mysterious crime. He glanced at it, and muttered something that sounded like, "How careless of me!" then folded the paper, thrust it into his breast pocket, and walked out of the room. Hardly had the door closed behind him when the attendant came in with lights. "Who is that gentleman who has just gone out?" I said.

"Don't know his name, sir. Ain't seen him here often."

I remembered that at this club every member had to sign his name in a daily book kept in the hall for that purpose. I ran down stairs, and looked at the open leaf to see if that would afford me any clue. The first name that caught my eye was that of Blissett Emerton.

No wonder the figure I had seen in the darkness had been so anxious to find that paper. I saw at once what had happened. He had been in the room reading, fancying himself alone. He had laid the paper down thoughtlessly and dropped off to sleep. I had not noticed him in the gloom, and he was quite unaware of my presence.

One thing more I did before I left.

I turned over the members' address book, and looked under the E's. There I found the name of "Blissett Emerton," and against it "No. 7 Blank Court, Temple."

Soon afterwards I found time to dine at the club, and there I met an old friend of mine, a barrister, whom I had not seen for a year, who after dinner invited me to come to his chambers for an hour.

"Still in your old diggings then," I said.

"Oh no," he answered. "I've moved since I saw you last into another set. I've got capital chambers at No. 7 Blank Court." I asked him at once if he knew Mr. Emerton.

"Only by sight," he answered. "He has chambers on the same floor, and we pass on the landing. We never speak."

I stayed longer than I meant to, and it was striking t as we came out on the landing. The outer door of Mr. Emerton's chamber was ajar. As we passed the inner door opened, and a man rushed out with a scared white face. It was Blissett Emerton!

"Help!" he cried, tearing at his collar as though it choked him. "Help! help!" Then there was a strange gurgling noise in his throat, and he fell forward in a fit. I dragged him into his chambers, which were in total darkness, and laid him on the floor, bidding my friend run for a doctor at once. The man babbled in his frenzy: "The face," he cried, "the face—it was her face—there in the court below! Look between the trees!" I looked out into the court.

The moon was up, and among the trees near the fountain I could see the figure of a woman. She was in deep black, and as presently she stood where the trunk of the tree threw her white face into relief, I could see that she was looking toward the window. Probably she mistook my figure blotted against the window for that of Emerton's, for as I looked she raised her arms with a strange menacing gesture and pointed at me. Then she glided in among the trees and was lost to sight. The doctor came, examined Emerton, and prescribed for him. "He's had a violent fright," he said, "but he'll be all right by and by. It's more hysterical than anything else. Where are his friends?"

If I wanted to learn something of this man's strange story, what could I wish for better than a night alone with him. The doctor gave me certain directions and left.

We had carried Emerton to his bed room and put him on the bed. Seeing he was still, I went into the front room, piled up the fire, put on the kettle, found some whisky, lit my pipe, and prepared for the night. I had just turned the burner down when I became aware of a soft grating sound at the outer door. Some one was softly opening the outer door with a key. The gas was low down. Hurriedly I picked up my overcoat and other traces of my presence and flung them under the large couch at the end of the room. It was an old-fashioned sofa with a hanging valance which reached to the ground. I then crept underneath and waited for the curtain to rise on the drama. I had hardly got into a safe position when the outer door yielded, and I heard a step in the passage that intervened. Then the outer door was gently closed. I expected to see the inner door open in its turn and some one enter. The minutes went by, and no one came. Whoever it might be was in the passage. I could hear a slight movement every now and then, and the rustle of a woman's dress. It must have been quite ten minutes since I heard the outer door opened when I noticed that the inner one was swinging noiselessly back on its hinges, and *something* was gliding into the room. Slowly it moved across the floor till it stood right in the dim light of the turned-down gas.

I shall never forget the terrible sight that met my eyes. I would have screamed, but my tongue remained glued to my mouth. I was looking at a dead woman risen from the grave. Her face had been beautiful in life; now it was ashen gray. The eyes were sunken in their sockets, and her lips were pale and colorless. The figure was draped in a long white shroud, and I fancied that the room was heavy with the awful odor of an open grave. Slowly the phantom moved toward the next room and glided in. For a moment all was still. Then came a faint cry. The man was awake and alone with the apparition. "Drusilla!" he shrieked. "Mercy! Mercy! Have mercy!"

I heard a hollow voice answer him, "Rise and follow me."

"What would you have with me?"

"Confess."

"What shall I confess?" answered the wretched man, his voice trembling in an agony of fear.

"Confess the foul wrong you did me. Confess where my poor body lies, that it may be buried in holy ground."

Again the man's trembling voice wailed out, "I will confess all."

"Follow me!"

The apparition glided from the inner room, and the man followed her.

The dead woman pointed to the table where the pen and ink were, and the man obeyed her gesture mechanically.

"Write all!"

I could see from a rent in the valance the whole scene. The man, white with terror, the beads of cold perspiration on his brow, sat and wrote.

The apparition glided behind him and looked over his shoulder.

Once he paused in his task.

"Write *all*," said the white figure.

And again the man wrote.

The figure then grasped the paper with its waxen fingers. "Go!" it said, pointing to the inner room.

With his eyes fixed upon its livid face, the man backed slowly for some paces. With a violent effort and a little scream, he seized the door, swung it to, and bolted it on the inside.

Then, for the first time, the dead woman trembled.

She seemed strangely nervous and agitated now. She clasped the paper closely, then put it in her bosom, and glided from the room.

I had got over the sudden terror inspired by such a strange sight, and had made up my mind that I had detected some terrible imposture. There was a slight pause in the lobby, and the noise of a garment being drawn off; then the outer door opened and the visitant passed out on to the staircase.

I followed as quietly as I could. The staircase was lighted with gas. As I trod on the second landing the ghost heard the noise and looked up. She was dressed in an ordinary black costume now, and her face was a natural color. To my intense surprise she neither screamed nor attempted to run away. She stood still, and beckoned me to her side.

"What are you going to do?" she said.

"To give you into custody."

"Are you a friend of *his*?"

I answered "Yes," mechanically.

"Then let me go free if you value his life."

"If I let you go I am your accomplice," I murmured; "your accomplice in some vile imposture."

"No. If you are my accomplice tonight, you are an accomplice in the holiest deed a woman ever wrought. Pass me through the gates if you doubt me; watch me; follow me home; give me into custody if you like; I don't care, I've got what I wanted."

I took her arm as though I had been a policeman, and said: "Pass through the gate, then, and if you attempt to get away from me I shall call for help."

She nodded to the proposition. The man at the gate was half asleep. I roused him, and from his box he pulled the cord and let us pass through the wicket door into the strand.

I then listened to the strangest story that ever mortal lips had uttered, and there was no doubt that every word of it was true.

The confession which the trembling wretch had written at her dictation—as he believed at the dictation of his dead wife—I had read. It was a plain statement of how he had poisoned the poor girl whom he had wedded in a fit of mad jealousy, and how he had concealed his crime; how at the last moment he had overheard a whisper that some one suspected foul play; and how, fearing the body might be exhumed, he had, with the assistance of an accomplice, since dead, stolen the body that night and re-buried it in the garden of a house in a lonely part of the American town where this accomplice lived.

This woman was his wife's sister, and she had suspected foul play from the first. She was an actress, and was away on a provincial tour when Blissett Emerton wooed and won Drusilla, and took her abroad with him. Emerton had never seen this sister. The marriage had been secret and hurried, and he had seemed strangely anxious to leave the country. They were to be back in five months.

Drusilla—poor trusting fool!—idolized the man and obeyed him. To her he was a knight without reproach.

But soon his conduct to her altered strangely, and she began to suspect that all was not right. He grew cold and cruel, and she was miserable and unhappy.

She wrote secretly to her sister, told her troubles and how quickly her husband's conduct had altered. The sister urged her to leave him and come home. She was expecting her to do so when there came the news of her illness and death, and then of the mysterious disappearance of the body. From that moment Drusilla Emerton's sister made up her mind to fathom the mystery and bring the guilt home to the murderer. She refused to accept the explanation of her sister's death. She believed Blissett Emerton to be quite capable of carrying out a carefully-matured plot to get rid of her. The disappearance of the body strengthened her suspicions. She concluded at once that he feared the corpse might afterward be exhumed, and as it turned out her suspicions were correct. When some time afterward he arrived in England, she commenced to put her plans into execution. She would terrify his secret from him. I have said she was an actress by profession. She was also an exact counterpart in height and feature of her dead sister.

When Emerton went to live in chambers she managed by a clever artifice to get a duplicate set of keys. The place is open night and day, and as there are only one or two men in residence it is easy to choose a time to step up the stairs unnoticed. By getting into the inclosure before twelve one would not even be seen by the gate-porter.

The plan which occurred to the murdered woman's sister had been put in execution for the first time that night. Early in the evening she had let him see her face among the trees. I had been an unsuspected witness of the success of her appearance as one from the dead.

All this was told at the trial in America. He was extradited and I went over as a witness. But not even on the scaffold would he tell where reposed the remains of his victim. The avenging sister is now a member of Mr. —'s Dramatic Company, and the story, although well known in the States, is now perhaps told for the first time in England.—*London Referee.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Senator Pendleton is decribed as living in a stately and magnificent manner in Washington.

Mr. Alvan Clark, the famous telescope maker of Cambridge, Mass., is seventy-six years old.

Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, expects to take the lecture field after his term in Congress expires.

A son and two nephews of Tom Hughes, the English statesman and author, have for several years been engaged in cattle raising in Texas.

General Babcock, as well as General Grant, has a legacy from the late ex-Secretary Borie. It amounts to $5,000, to be paid in yearly installments of $1,250.

Amelia Bloomer, the inventor of the Bloomer costume, is the wife of D. C. Bloomer, ex-State Senator of Iowa and ex-Mayor of Council Bluffs, in which city they live.

Hon. John A. Cuthbert, now a practicing lawyer in Mobile, was an officer in the war of 1812, and in 1820 represented his district in Congress. He is ninety-one years old.

Mr. John R. Chapman, of Oneida Lake, N. Y., is the father of nine sons whose total weight is one thousand seven hundred and forty pounds, and their total height fifty-three feet three inches.

Dean Stanley's voice was weak and faltering while he read the service at the Bishop of Manchester's late marriage. The bride, too, responded low. But the Bishop's tones were vigorous and clear as a working die at a mint.

Professor Doremus' bill for services in the Cobb-Bishop poisoning case at Norwich, Conn., was $1,300, and the State Attorney, with a view to economy, employed Professor Johnson, of Yale College, in the Riddle case, estimating the cost at less than $1,000. Professor Johnson's bill is, however, $2,380, and it is understood that the State will dispute it.

Miss Nellie, daughter of ex-Governor Hubbard, of Connecticut, who eloped with her father's coachman several months ago, has learned the dress-making business, and is living happily with her husband. The old man doesn't relent enough to speak of, but has told Nellie that any time she will separate from the ex-coachman she will be received into the family again.

A literary curiosity has just been published in Amsterdam. It consists of three short stories, possessing the peculiarity that in each of taem only one vowel is employed—in the first a, in the second e, and in the third o, according to which the stories are entitled "A-Saga," "E-Legende," "O-Sprook." It is said this could be accomplished in no other language.

The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* confirms the report that the Rev. W. H. H. Murray has gone to Europe, and says: "It is now learned that he spent the fall and winter not in the distant West, on a 'ranch,' as some of his friends thought, but in his old haunts in the Adirondacks; and he has not been idling there, gloomily meditating on his present discomfiture and the ease with which the world gets on without him, but has busied himself with his pen on a literary work which will before long be published.

General Robert Toombs has lately been visited at his Georgia village home by a correspondent of the Boston *Herald* who describes him as "a man worn out with years and a passionate existence, but glorying in the fact that he is not a citizen of the United States; that his political disabilities have not been removed, and that he is the one only and unrepentant rebel." He was the guiding mind of the Georgia Constitutional Convention of 1877, but that is the only public office he has held since the war. His closest friend is Alexander H. Stephens, with whom he discusses politics by the day.

A little diplomatic tiff at Washington is thus described by the Washington correspondent of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*: "Sir Edward Thornton is the senior in the service of the diplomatic corps, and is therefore entitled to precedence on all occasions of ceremony, and the remainder of the corps follow in the order in which their credentials were received by this Government. Mr. Evarts gave a dinner to the diplomats the other day, and Sir Edward Thornton appeared to be absent when the procession was forming to march into the dining-room. Madam Outrey, the wife of the French Minister, (who is an American), insisted that in his absence the system of estimating rank by seniority ought to be dropped. Madam Dardon (whose husband represented the little republic of Guhtemala, South America, and who stands next to Sir Edward Thornton in seniority) objected and there was a funny scene, Madam Dardon objecting to entering the dining-room unless she could go first. After some high words between the women, Secretary Evarts, seeing the danger of serious international complications, interfered, and decided that the regular order of precedence should prevail, and the little South American came out ahead. The French legation is in a fever of chagrin and displeasure."

The Untold Story.

The morning was warm and bright, and the robins were whistling in the trees behind the hospital. The sun that made the March morning so mild streamed in at the half-curtained window and lighted up the wan features of a poor sufferer lying on a cot in the lone ward. It was a young man, and he was a stranger in the city. All that was known of him was that he had been found early one morning lying beside the railroad track with his lower limbs crushed and bleeding. He was taken to the hospital, and when he recovered sufficiently, he said that he had fallen beside the track weak from hunger and loss of sleep. His eyes brightened as a Sister of Charity entered the ward, and he asked that his cot be pushed near the window, which being done he begged that the window might be raised. The Sister refused.

"Please, please raise the window," he pleaded—"it will not be for long, and I want to hear the birds sing this morning. Raise the window, good Sister; I have something to tell you."

With some misgivings the Sister did as she was requested and the patient dragged himself upward with great pain until his arms rested upon the sill. Then he spoke with difficulty:

"This is the second day of March, is it not, Sister? Oh, what a happy day it was to have been for me. I knew the birds would sing to-day. I knew they would sing for Mattie and me to-day. Hear—them—out—there—in the trees—oh! Mattie, Mattie, I *was* innocent of the cri——"

The poor fellow was exhausted and his head dropped upon his thin, wasted arms, while the tears flowed from his eyes. The Sister gently raised him from the position into which he had fallen, and prepared to lay his head upon the pillow.

"I am much to blame for allowing you to talk. You must be quiet, now."

"No! no!" he whispered hoarsely. "I want to tell you *now*. I have only a few minutes to wait. We were to—have been—married to-day. I was—accused (oh, will the pain never leave me for a moment)—quick! see, here is her picture."

The sufferer's breath came faster and he grew paler as he tore away a small locket fastened with a cord around his neck.

"Send it to Mattie and say that—God knows I was an innocent. The address is——."

The poor boy's head fell upon the window-sill, but the bright sunbeams could bring no warmth to the face that was growing icy cold, and only He who made the sun to shine knew the story that was left untold.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Common Roads.

There is still much complaint in many portions of the country about the roads, and this condition of things may be looked for periodically until a system of road-making is inaugurated differing materially from that which prevails now in nearly all of the Northwestern States. Although the *Prairie Farmer* has so often discussed this subject and advocated the adoption of measures intended to bring about a better state of things, we are impelled to return to it again and again by reason of its importance to the people. We have emphasized the necessity for good roads in all parts of the country, showing their value to the public and to individual property. We have pointed out the fact that most of the work annually done upon the public highways is of little account and in many instances worse than useless. It is plain that the value of good roads is not properly appreciated. It is only when a mud embargo occurs that our people are aroused to the benefits of good roads at all times. When the vicissitudes of a capricious winter are over, and the highways become passable, very little is heard about the roads until another season of rain or snow, and freezing and thawing has rendered them well nigh or entirely impassable.

One of our correspondents suggested, in the last issue of the *Prairie Farmer*, that the inconvenience and losses sustained by the country on account of bad roads are well understood, but that those who refer to them fail to point out a remedy. Now there are localities where this criticism will apply with great force; but on the other hand there are many others in this and other States where it has no force at all. There are many sections where gravel and beaten rock may be utilized to improve the roads with comparatively light expense. In such instances it is merely a question of public interest in the matter. In numerous localities the light cost of good roads is shown by the construction of toll roads, which almost without exception prove a good investment to those who build them. The statement is a safe one that farmers who use these thoroughfares pay in tolls much more than would be required in taxes to keep up good roads free of tolls, and at the same time, in most cases, they have to pay highway takes also.

In other localities these natural means of securing good roads are not at hand, and a different course must necessarily be pursued, if good roads, or those that are reasonably good, are to be had. To keep the highways in anything like good order under such unfavorable circumstances, underdraining is absolutely necessary. On all heavy soils, this is the first thing to be done. With underdrains three or four feet deep, and an outlet for the drain, a vastly improved condition of the road will be secured. Piling loose earth and sod in the center of a highway, is little better than leaving the road level; and, indeed, if the soil is vegetable matter the higher it is piled up, the worse the roads will become. The proper plan to pursue under such circumstances is to remove the surplus water by stone or tile underdrains, and then if gravel, or broken rock can be obtained, a good road is easily made.

Whether or not good country roads will be constructed to any great extent, under present highway laws, is a question which we do not at this time intend to discuss. We have said heretofore, that under our present system very few good roads are to be found at all seasons of the year. If the laws on the statute book were executed according to their intent and purpose, there would be far less room for complaint than now exists, but it is patent that such is not the case. The facts speak for themselves; bad roads in bad weather are the rule; good roads at all times are few and far between. If relief or reform in road-making is to be secured, it may be that it will only be secured by the enactment of laws which will be a radical innovation upon those that are now on the statute books relating to it. It is asserted that as matters now stand, road taxes are increasing, and at the same time our country roads are getting worse every year. If this be so, it is high time that better methods were adopted, and it has been suggested that all highway taxes be paid in money to be expended under a system by which the roads will be in charge of and kept in order by experts in road-making. Past experience in this, and other Western States under the present laws, shows that something more is required before we shall have at all times of the year good public highways.—*Prairie Farmer.*

It is a noticeable fact that lots of people die in March, and some folks therefore consider the month a curse, but it should be regarded as a blessing, for the world seems so mean during March that it makes folks reconciled to dying at that season.—*Boston Post.*

SENTIMENT AND SENSE.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance.

With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes silk.

Love is like honesty—much talked about but little understood.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

If you would not have affliction to visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them.

Nature makes us poor when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

He that resolves upon any great and at the same time good end, by that very resolution has scaled the chief barrier to it.

There are times in the history of communities, as well as of individuals, when silence is sin, and submission a crime.

If rich, be not too joyful in having, too solicitous in keeping, too anxious in increasing, nor too sorrowful in losing.

Humiliation is a guest that only comes to those who have made ready his resting place and will give him a fair welcome.

Style is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of a window—a heavy sash will obscure the light.

Truth and purity, like so many gems in the life and example of the good man, can not but shame and condemn error and vice in others.

We are sure to hate the man we have meanly wronged, and we gloat over the undoing of him who mirrors our own rottenness.

It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love, but for our enemy we have to struggle and overcome self. Such a victory is noble.

Those who, without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.

No matter how purely and grandly we live to-day, there is no denying that we may live more purely, more grandly to-morrow.

If anger arise in the breast, instantly seal up thy lips, and let it not go forth; for, like fire, when it wants vent, it will suppress itself.

Wherever the slanderer is found there humanity is arrayed against itself, and there the honey and the balm of life are turned to gall and nettles.

I think we may count that man a true philosopher who shall arouse us to an acknowledgment of the truth that the good which men do lives after them.

The man with a grievance is not a cheerful or entertaining visitor. He is generally crotchety, and his grievance is pretty apt to be more imaginary than real.

You meet in this world with false mirth as often as with false gravity; the grinning hypocrite is not a more uncommon character than the groaning one.

Dandies may become useful in the same manner as those slaves of Sparta, who were made drunk in order to inspire children with a horror of intoxication.

Whatever facilitates our work is more than an omen; it is a cause of success. This is one of those pleasing surprises which often happen to active resolution.

Man is, physically as well as metaphysically, a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start.

Men talk too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go as it will and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead?

A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wreck. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast as it ought.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has a commencement, will never, through all ages, have an end.

How many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her.

Every man should reap from his occupation as much pleasure as he can, and men in congenial occupations have little need to seek beyond them for amusement

Knowledge can not be acquired without pain and application. It is troublesome, and like deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, it rises up to meet you.

Outward triumphs of religion are no indication of its purity, since the more corrupt it is the more popular it will be, and the purer it is the less likely it is to be embraced, except by a few.

A great mind is like an elephant in the ancient line of battle—the best ally if you can keep him in ranks, fronting the right way; but if he turns about he is the deadliest foe and treads his master underneath his feet.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach the fruits; but the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is ever eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

How a Kansas Farmer Obtained a Wife.

A thrifty German farmer in Kansas wanted a second wife. The ladies of Kansas were unsatisfactory, so he sent to a friend in Pittsburg and asked him in a brief, business-like letter to hunt him up a wife in the Smoky City. His friend happened to be acquainted with a comely German maiden who was anxious to be married, and pressed the suit of the applicant in that quarter. He sent a photograph of the lady to the Kansas man, who wrote back that he was entirely satisfied with her appearance and to send her on by next train. He inclosed fare for her. The lady boarded the first train, and arrived in Kansas several weeks ago. She was met by the expectant farmer, and in a few hours they were joined in wedlock. The sequel of the story is that a day or two since the Pittsburg friend, who was a driver for a gentleman in this city, received a letter from the Kansas man, stating that he desired to reward his friend for securing the prize for him. Inclosed was a deed for a fine tract of land in Kansas, and the driver has gone out there to settle down.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial.*

—Soft Gingerbread: Mix a heaping teaspoonful of ginger, an even one of salt, half a cup of brown sugar, a teacup of molasses and a half a cup of butter—lard will do—together in a tin pan; put on the stove and boil just three minutes by the clock. Cool and add a beaten egg, two cups and a half of flour and one teaspoon of saleratus dissolved in one-third of a cup of warm water. Bake in square tins in a moderate oven.

"Raven," says Josh Billings, "take a bull by the horns, young man, but take him by the tail—then you can let go when you want to."

—The popular time table—The alter-ball.

Brother Gardner and the "Ile Paintin'."

"I hez accidentally l'arned," began Brother Gardner, of the Lime-Kiln Club, as the meeting opened, "dat de local members of our club am makin' up a shake purse to buy me an ile paintin' as a present. I hope de skeme will stop short. Not dat I wouldn't feel honored—not dat I wouldn't 'preciate de kind motives of de givers, but kase it would be money frown away. I lib in a humble cabin. We hez got some stuffed green cha'rs in de parlor, an' some chromeos on de wall dat cost two shillin's apiece, but it am no place dar fur an ile paintin'. It would be jest as much outer place in my cabin, and wid my surroundin's, as lace curtains ober a smoke house winder. My green cha'rs now harmonize wid my ingrain carpet; my chromeos doan' look bad 'longside of a plaster of Paris bust of Shakespeare; my three-dollar clock hain't any too gorgeous for de chintz lambrequins which de ole woman made. We are only ole slave-folks up dar, but we know better dan to w'ar seben dollars' worf of hat wid two dollars' worf of butes. If white women want to come down town wid a hundred dollar cloak on, an' go back home to carpets full of holes an' bakers' bread suppers, dat's no guide for my ole woman. If white men walk aroun' like lords, an' yit owe fur hat winter's coal, dat's no guide fur me. No, gem'len, doan' upsot my house wid an ile paintin'. Doan' make up no present, nor nuffin, but keep yer change down in yer pockets, for sore froats, or a tech of fever."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Plain Apple Sauce.—Pare, quarter and core them; put them into a sauce-pan with sufficient cold water to cover the apples; place them on the fire and boil gently until they are tender, then drain and mash them to a perfectly smooth pulp; add a good-sized lump of butter and a dash either of grated nutmeg or ground cinnamon.

Waffles.—One quart of milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one tablespoonful each of butter and sugar, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in waffle-irons.

A little Milwaukee boy who had been in the habit of playing truant was dressed in girl's clothes and brought by his mother to school, the other day. She wanted to shame him.

"Became Sound and Well."

HATCHER'S STATION, GA.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.:
Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your Favorite Prescription. My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.
Yours truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN.

"BEST OF ALL."

BALTIMORE, Md., March 5th, 1879.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:
Dear Sir—My family have used your Favorite Prescription and it has done all that is claimed for it. It is the best of all preparations for women complaints. I recommend it to all families.
G. S. WATERMAN, Druggist.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

From a Distinguished Clergyman.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 19, 1879.

I have known of several persons who regarded themselves as greatly benefited, and some of them as permanently cured of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs by your medicine, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I have known, too, of its use in similar cases by physicians of the highest character and standing. I do not doubt that it has great virtue. J. E. RANKIN.

Vegetine is the great health restorer—composed exclusively of barks, roots and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

The trade-mark is on every package of the Frazer Axle Grease. Buy only the genuine. For sale everywhere.

Redding's Russia Salve is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 25c.

For sore throat, gargle with Piso's Cure, mixed with a little water. Relief is instant.

Grocers recommend C. Gilbert's Starches.

VCENTS Catalogue free. $7 per day made easy. J. GAGE & CO., Boston, Mass.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

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

GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS wanted for Hunt'd Life o' Jesse James Brothers, A THRILLING NEW BOOK. Circulars free. W. S. BRYAN, Pub., 602 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

HAIR and Figures C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list free. Goods cut as used. B. G. FRENCH, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

AMERICAN SAW COMPANY. All the Latest Improvements. Trenton, N. J. Send for Pamphlet. HOVABLE-TOOTH CIRCULAR SAWS.

WE LOAN MONEY ON FARMS, City, Church and Village property. For particulars address (with stamp), L. A. Hoag & Denver Association, 201 S. 4th St., St. Louis Mo. RESPONSIBLE AGENTS WANTED. AT SIX PER CENT.

FUN SMITH'S VALVE ORGAN

GRAIN AND PROVISION COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Strictly doing a General Commission business in LARGE QUANTITIES, we Buy and Sell Grain in 1,000 lots and upward; also, Pork and Lard in any quantities desired. Correspondence and Shipments solicited. LAMSON BROS., 192 Lasalle St., Chicago.

$10,000. SAFETY LAMP. Mailed Free for 55 Cts. AGENTS WANTED. S. S. Stewart's Safety Lamp Co., 27 East Broadway, New York. Factory and Office, Binghamton, N. Y.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER Cures Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

PAIN KILLER is unquestionably the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, &c.

PAIN KILLER is the best and safest Friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes requiring a medicine always at hand, and safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief. Sold by all Druggists.

WILSON'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To Consumptives.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "Wilson's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILSON, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

PENSIONS

IF YOU ARE SICK, without money, you can write to Dr. A. S. Dye, 338 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and receive medical advice and medicine free. Long, L. S. Dyes, M. D., graduate Harvard College, 37 Years' practice.

25 CENTS. The Stereo and Microscope, only 25 cents. Catalogue free. Address, STEREO. MICROSCOPE CO., 51 Washington St., Chicago.

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD will be paid to any person who shall furnish evidence that any of the Medicines advertised by the Oriental Medicine Company, of New York, are not genuine. Beware of persons offering to sell Oriental Medicines at a low price, as they are fraudulently obtaining subscriptions for Oriental's Monthly Magazine. We have no private dealers or agents. Address, ORIENTAL MEDICINE CO., 41 East 14th St., New York.

THE VICTOR Double Nutter Clover Machine. Simple, Durable, Complete. Manufactured by Agricultural Implement Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

CANCER INSTITUTE. Established in 1872 for the Cure of Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula, and all Chronic Diseases. Without the use of knife or loss of blood and little pain. For information, testimony and references address Dr. F. L. Tobb, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK. "A TRAMP ABROAD." Good Times for Agents Ahead. Prospectuses and book now ready. Those wishing to buy the book, speak quick and secure territory. "A mine of the wise or authors." Apply to DOUGLASS BROS., 52 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and containing a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the printing machine, the discovery and civil status of the New World, etc., etc. It contains 675 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

An Unfailing Remedy for Piles & Hemorrhoids. BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORIES. Victims of this distressing complaint which has even the power to render life a great burden, and we claim that this has resulted in every trial of the Barlett's Suppository, and reports are continually received from all quarters of grateful expressions from those who have been perfectly cured. It is a small medicated cone, applied in privacy to the affected part, produces the slightest discomfort or inconvenience attending its use. "The Old Doctor's Talks," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it. Boxes of 14 Suppositories, $1.00; or trial size of five for 50 cents. Can be sent by mail. If not kept by neighboring druggists, address JOHN C. BARLETT & CO., 812 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

Consumption and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs effectually cured by Baker's Cod Liver Oil. Sold by all druggists.

Why don't you Paint with Cutta Percha Paint? SEE WHAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE USED IT SAY. Holston Salt and Plaster Co., Saltville, Va., Feb. 20th, 1880. SAY: It gives us pleasure to state that your paints have given the most perfect satisfaction. We painted two houses with CUTTA PERCHA PAINT, some two years ago, and are so well pleased with it that we shall use your paint on some twenty of our houses, occupied by our employes and managers. Send for Sample Colors and Price List to CUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO., CLEVELAND, O. CHICAGO, ILL.

VEGETINE For Cancers and Cancerous Humors. The Doctor's Certificate. READ IT. ASHLEY, WASHINGTON CO., ILL., Jan. 14, 1878. MR. H. R. STEVENS: *Dear Sir*—This is to certify that I had been suffering from a *Scrofulous Cancer* on my left breast, which grew very rapidly, and all my friends had given me up to die, when I heard of your medicine. Vegetine was recommended for Cancers and Cancerous