THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

LAW AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

As fresh as a pink, on the other side
Of the boarding-house table she sits, and sips
Her tea; while I envy the china cup
That kisses her rosy lips.

She's a school-girl, still in her teens; her hair
She wears in a plait; we are *vis-a-vis;*
And I am a beetless barrister—
Yet she sometimes smiles at me.

My law professor would scowl, no doubt,
Could he know what havoc those eyes have wrought
With the doctrines of law he first instilled—
What lessons those lips have taught.

"Attachment can never come before
A declaration," he used to say;
But this little girl at our boarding-house
Doesn't put the thing that way.

"The Clerk will issue a rule to plead—
And pleadings always with rules must chime;"
No need for "a rule to plead" with her—
And her rule-days are—all the time!

That old law maxim, the text-books teach,
And the judges regard: "*Quæ fiunt per Alium fiunt per se.*" is held
In ineffable scorn by her.

In her person exist together at once
Defendant and judge and jury and clerk;
So that one would imagine to win a cause
In this court were an up-hill work.

Yet whenever I sit at the table there,
I fancy a table where only two
Are company—till I say to myself:
"Though you lose the case, why sue!

"E'en though she demur at first—who knows?—
For the rest of your joint lives made one life,
You may learn together the lesson taught
In respect to Husband and Wife."

Still I daily in doubt; though in other things
I flatter myself I am resolute—
For a bankrupt heart will be the result
If I'm taxed with costs in this suit.

—*A. C. Gordon, in May Scribner.*

THE PHILOSOPHER'S BABY.

I HAD been considering for about a year whether I should marry Winifred Hanway, when I heard that she was engaged to the Philosopher. Why did she accept him? It is true that he is both imaginative and critical, but faculties exercised in the formation of psychological hypothesis, and the laborious destruction of those of one's neighbor do not usually rouse the sympathy of a bright and beautiful girl, who is more fit to live than to think about life. He is certainly handsome, but as certainly his clothes are barbarous. His trousers can't keep their shape for a day, and his hats are never new. If he notices the rain, he opens an umbrella which might have served as an ineffectual protection at the time of the Deluge; if he finds out that it is cold, he assumes a garment which might have been the every-day coat of Methuselah. His manners are as strange as his appearance. He may often be seen walking in the park at the fashionable hour with a far-off look in his eyes, and his hat thrust back as if to lessen the external pressure on his active brain; more rarely you may hear him bursting into enthusiasm in Piccadilly, though Piccadilly is the last place in which a man should allow himself to be enthusiastic. In short, though he is a true friend, he is an uncomfortable acquaintance and his volcanic utterances, after long periods of calm contemplation, cause such shocks to one's nerves as would be conveyed to the Sunday citizen by the eruption of Primrose Hill. But if it was odd that the beautiful Winifred Hanway should marry my friend, it was yet more odd that he should marry any one. There were no topics more certain to excite an explosion in the Philosopher than the excessive population of the country, and the wholesome solitude of the Thinker. "How," he would fiercely ask, "can a man think effectually on fundamental subjects who is compelled by the despicable circumstances of his life to exhaust his analytical faculty in considering how to pay his butcher and when to buy his coals? I tell you, sir, it's better to starve with cold and hunger than to debase one's noblest part to a game of skill with a grasping grocer." Again and again I had heard him declaim in this preposterous fashion; and, after all, he was going to the altar like any other victim, and would doubtless take a house upon his back with the docility of a snail.

I could not solve the problem; I would not give it up. So, full of the determination to drag Diogenes out of his tub, and the secret out of Diogenes, I stepped round to offer my congratulations. My friend was in his study, apparently writing, really eating a quill pen. He rose at me with a rush, wrung my hand till it ached, and blushed rather uncomfortably. Congratulations are the curse of the Briton. Whether he is offering them or receiving them, he is generally obliged to take refuge in intermittent handshaking, and most of his sentences tail of into grunts and groans. But on this occasion it was evident that the Philosopher had something ready to say, and was nervously anxious to say it. Indeed, I had hardly said more than "My dear fellow, I don't know when.... I really am so awful glad. I.... it's in every way so, such a satisfactory, you know.... I really do wish all possible, and all that sort of thing, you know"—when he burst in with a speech so fluently delivered that I knew I was not his earliest visitor that morning. "Of course it's taken you by surprise," he said, "as I knew it would; but the truth is that I have been thinking of it for a long time, and I am sure I am right." Here I tried to get in an impression of wonder at his new notion of duty, but he was bent on being rid of the matter, and hurried on to his reasons. "In the first place," said he, "I am sure that, instead of increasing my domestic worries, my marriage will transfer them in a body to my wife; and, secondly, when I consider the vast number of fools who are every day born into the world, I am terrified by the picture of what the next generation will be, if the thinkers of this are to be without successors." Having discharged his reasons in this wise, the orator stood blinking at me as if he feared dissent, but I was too astounded by his magnificent audacity to reply. Slowly a look of peace stole back into his face, a pleasant light dawned in his eyes, and the promise of a smile played at the corner of his mouth. His remarkable fluency was gone, and, indeed, his voice sounded quite choky when he said: "Johnny you don't know what an angel she is." A light broke in upon me. "Philosopher," I said, "I believe you are going to be married because you fell in love?" "Perhaps you are right," said the Philosopher.

After the wedding, the Philosopher and his wife went abroad for an indefinite period, and their friends heard but little of them. He wrote to nobody, and she did not write to me. Yet there were occasional rumors. Now they were breathing the keen air of the Engadine, now sinking to the chestnuts and vines of Chiavenna; now he was lashing himself to frenzy over the treasures of Rome; now she was gazing with sweet Northern eyes across the glowing splendor of the Bay of Naples. Then they were in Germany, and about to settle for life in a university town; but anon had fled from it in haste after a long night's dispute, in the course of which my learned friend had well-nigh come to blows with the university's most celebrated professor.

At last I heard that they were again in London, and, full of enthusiasm, darted round the corner to welcome them home. Nobody was with them but Mrs. Hanway, Winifred's mother. I would enter unannounced and surprise the Philosopher. I entered unannounced, and was surprised myself. Was this the effect of matrimony, or of foreign travel? Each occupant of the room was engaged in an exercise wholly unconnected, as it seemed, with those of the rest. My friend's wife, the lady whom I had almost loved, queen of all grace and comeliness, was appearing and disappearing like a flash behind the day's *Times*, showing at the moments of disclosure a face flushed with excitement, and lustrous coils of hair, tumbled into the wildest disorder, while she accompanied the whole performance with strange and inarticulate sounds. Her mother, the same Mrs. Hanway who was so perfect a model of dress and carriage that many of her lady friends were wont to lament among themselves that she gave herself such airs, was seated on the floor dressed for walking, but without her bonnet. Yes, she was certainly drumming on an inverted tea-tray with the wrong end of the poker. And the Philosopher? It was perplexing, after three years' separation, to meet him thus. The Philosopher was cantering round the room on all fours, wearing on his head his own waste-paper basket. Briskly he cantered round, ever and anon frisking like a lamb in spring time, until he reached my feet, which were rooted to the spot with astonishment. He glanced up sideways, rose with a cry to the normal attitude of man, and grasped me by the hand. At the sound of his voice, his wife dropped the paper from her hands, raised them quickly to her hair: and his mother-in-law, with as much dignity as the effort would allow, scrambled on to her feet. Then in an instant the cause of their eccentric conduct was made clear. Throned upon the hearth-rug, and showing by a gracious smile a few of the newest teeth, sat a fine baby of some fifteen months. In one dimpled fist was tightly clenched the brush, which had so neatly arranged the mother's braids; while the other was engaged in pounding the grandmother's best bonnet into a shapeless mass.

We were all somewhat embarrassed except the baby. The ladies knew that they were untidy, and I that I was an intruder. As for the learned father, he stood now on one leg and now on the other, while he shifted the waste-paper basket from hand to hand, and continued to smile almost as perseveringly as his amiable off-spring. Yet it was he who at last put an end to our awkward position by expressing a wild desire to have my opinion on the new curtains in his study. Rather sheepishly I said good-by to the lady of the house, trying to express by my eyes that I would never call again unannounced. I knew that Mrs. Hanway had not forgiven me, as I humbly took the two fingers which she offered; and I felt like a brute, as the most important member of the family condescended to leave a damp spot by the edge of my left whisker.

When, however, I had been swept down stairs by my impulsive friend, and was alone with him in his den, my courage returned, and with it some indignation. I confronted him and sternly asked why I had not been told that he was a father. "Not been told?" echoed he; "do you mean to say that you did not know about the Baby?" "Not so much as that it was," I replied gloomily. He was overwhelmed. Of course he had supposed that every one knew it from the Queen downward. Of course fifty people ought to have told me, who of course had told me everything else. At last my curiosity got the better of my indignation, and I cut short his apologies by beginning my questions. "Does the shape of its head content you?" I asked. "The shape of whose what?" cried the Philosopher, apparently too surprised for grammar. "Of the baby's head, of course," I replied, tartly; "I merely wish to know if the child is likely to be as intellectual as you hoped." "Isn't the hair lovely?" he asked, inconsequently. This was too much, and assuming my severest manner I delivered myself in this wise: "I thought, though no doubt I was wrong, that the use of a baby to you would be partly to furnish you with raw material for a philosopher, partly to enable you by constant observation to gain further evidence bearing on such vexed questions as, whether the infant gains its ideas of space by feeling about, whether it is conscious of itself, etc." "Well," he said, laughing, "I don't expect much help from my infant in those matters, unless I can get inside her and think her thoughts." "Her thoughts?" cried I, in amazement; "you don't mean to say it's a girl? Good gracious! you are not going to educate a female philosopher?" He looked rather vexed. "Of course it's a girl," he said. "The father of a female philosopher!" I gasped. "Dear me!" said he, somewhat testily; "isn't it enough to be father of a noble woman?"

Now I have often put up with a great deal from my learned friend, and am quite aware that I have been spoken of as "Bozzy" behind my back. But there is a turning point even for the worm, and nobody will sit forever at the feet which are constantly kicking him. I had been snubbed more than enough by the illogical parent, and assuming my most sarcastic manner, I inquired, with an appearance of deference—"Is it not rather early to speak of your daughter as a noble woman?"

I had kept aloof from the Philosopher for some weeks, nursing my wrath, like Achilles, I said to myself—cross as a bear, I overheard my landlady say in the passage—when I received a hasty note begging me to come to him at once, I fancied myself summoned to a council of chiefs; so, having donned my shining armor, I left my tent with fitting dignity, and descended with a clang into the plain. Yet I could not but be aware of my landlady's eye piercing me through the crack of the parlor door purposely left ajar, and of the hasty flapping of loose slippers which told of the startled slavey's flight into the abyss below.

An unusual silence held my friend's house that morning. The door was opened before I had time to ring by a melancholy footman, who, walking before me with the elaborate delicacy of an Agag, noiselessly ushered me into the study. It was my lot to be again rooted to the spot with amazement. By the bookcase, in a shaded corner of the room, with his head bowed low upon his hands, knelt the Philosopher. Here was a long step from the siege of Troy, from the simple wrath of the child-like hero to the most complex embarrassment of an heir of all the ages. What should I do. The dismal menial had fled to the shades without a word, without even a glance into the room. If I retreated, I left my friend unaided and remained ignorant of the cause of his strange conduct. If I advanced, I was again the intruder on a scene not prepared for my inspection. In an agony of hesitation I fell to brushing my hat with my elbow; but not finding the expected relief in the occupation, I was about to desist, when my hat decided what my head could not, by falling with a crack on the floor. The effect was electrical. Without one glance at the intruder, the Philosopher made a grab at the nearest book shelf, dragged out a volume which had not been touched for half a century, and hunted for nothing in its pages with frantic eagerness. He was still at it, when I stood over him and noted without wonder that he held the book upside down; then with the poorest imitation of surprise which I have ever seen, he rose and grasped my hand. "You found me on the track of something," he said; "I was looking it out in—in—"

Here it occurred to him that he did not know the name of the venerable tome which he had so rudely disturbed, and with a heightened color and a sudden change of manner, he turned quickly to me and said, "My child is ill." I felt positively guilty. I had been angry with that baby for making my wise friend foolish, for not being a boy, for being called a noble woman." Was it not shameful that a great hulking brute should sneer at a weak thing that could not even answer with a taunt? Were not my clumsy sarcasms enough to crush so delicate a plant? The poor little "noble woman" was in danger and I could do nothing to help her. There were tears in the eyes which were looking into mine for comfort, but I had nothing ready to say.

"I could not stand being alone," he muttered, after a short silence; "the doctor is with her now, and in a moment I may hear that my little daughter must—in fact, may hear the worst."

While he was speaking, I seemed to have fifty consoling remarks to offer; but when he stopped no one sentence would disengage itself from the rest. What I blurted out at last seems almost ridiculous as I look back on it.

"You must hope for the best," I said; "you know she has youth on her side."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I heard a measured step upon the stairs; presently the door was opened by the noiseless footman, and the most famous of London doctors entered the room. My friend leaned heavily on my arm, but looked at the man of science with seeming calm.

"I am happy to say," said the physician, cheerily, "that our little friend is going on as well as possible."

"And she is out of danger?"

"She never was in it."

"Never in danger?" cried I, almost disappointed.

"She has nothing the matter with her," he replied, "but a slight feverish cold. I have seldom seen a finer or more healthy child. Good morning.

I never was more annoyed. Here was a waste of my finest feelings Here was I stirred to the depth, well-nigh moved to tears, by a baby's feverish cold. Of course I was very glad that it was no worse; but my friend was too absurd, and I would not spare him.

"Won't you resume your studies?" I asked, sarcastically, pointing to the disturbed book, which was lying on the ground at our feet. His humility might have disarmed me. "I am afraid I've been a fool," he said; "but if you had seen her all flushed and breathing hard; and then she is so small and fragile."

"Yes, for a noble woman," I remarked. He received the dart meekly. "Philosopher," said I, suddenly, determined to rouse him at any cost, "when I entered this room you were engaged in prayer." His color certainly deepened. "May I ask," I inquired with an appearance of deference, "whether you were addressing yourself to the Personal First Cause, or to the Unknowable—but perhaps you were merely bowing to the rational order of the Universe?"

He made a gesture of impatience, but answered still with studied admiration. "I was alone and in trouble."

"And the efficacy of prayer?" I asked.

"For Heaven's sake," cried he, bursting into excitement, "stop your jargon! Nothing shows such ignorance of a subject as having all its cant phrases on the tip of your tongue. Can't I speak to God without expecting to be paid for it?"

This was turning the tables. If he was going to take to questions, I knew I should end by admitting myself a fool. So to avoid a Socratic dialogue I put my hand on my friend's shoulder and said: "You are a good man, Philosopher; may you and the 'noble woman' live a thousand years."

"Thank you," he said, simply; "and now you must let me go and sing a paean with the nobler woman, my patient Penelope, my sweet wife."

So he went with long strides over the asphodel meadow, and I took myself to my tent full of pleasant thoughts.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Bones for Poultry.

A WRITER in the *American Poultry Yard* urges upon poultry keepers the necessity of giving to fowls a liberal supply of baked bone and oyster shells, and writes his own experience in a very entertaining manner. It is as follows: "I supposed I did my duty by my hens when I burned bones to ivory whiteness, ground them to the consistency of flour, and fed them occasionally, with the idea that I was giving them egg-shells in a very available form. But I did not consider that the gelatine, the fat, the ammonia, and other constituents of the bones, which were discharged by the internal heat (leaving only a little pure lime) were really the richest possible food for the hens and the greatest egg-producing diet that could be furnished them. My new tenant only bakes them more or less brown, in an old tin plate on the top grate of the stove oven. This is not a very pleasant process, for, like all scorched portions of the animal frame, they give a pungent, half-suffocating smell, which tempts you to 'clar de kitchen' till the fresh air from doors and windows has sent the objectionable odors into outer space. But you soon become reconciled to this invasion of ill scents when the fiery combs, the ceaseless cackle, the evident high health of your fowls, and the daily-filled egg-baskets show you what they have accomplished. No other food, nor any amount of food, if this is left out, will give you such returns; and this baked bone, pounded on a rock in your poultry pens and fed with ordinary feed, will give results that ought to satisfy the most craving disposition. The hens cluster around that primitive bone-mill, gulping down the rich morsels with evident delight; and since everything necessary for the production of eggs is thus fully furnished, there is no undue strain on the vital forces, no weakening of the system, but a daily attention to business, to the complete satisfaction of the fowls and their owners. You can hardly give too much burned bones to your hens to provide the necessary amount of lime for the egg-shells, and the next best thing for that purpose is oyster-shells, which can be obtained by the barrel (and generally without cost, except taking away) at hotels or restaurants in your nearest city. My new tenant goes eighteen miles for them, and considers them cheap enough at that. The hens eat them when pounded into fragments as eagerly as they pick up shelled corn, and they furnish the needed material for the egg-shell more completely than anything else."

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Sift two teaspoons of cream of tartar with two cups of flour (measured after sifting.) Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in three tablespoons of hot water. Beat six eggs, whites and yelks separately. Add two cups of sugar to the yelks, put in half the flour, then the soda, the balance of the flour and the whites of the eggs. Bake in a thin, even sheet in a large dripping pan; when done turn onto the molding board, spread with jelly and roll up without delay. Wrap a napkin about the roll to keep it in shape.

MINISTER FOSTER, before leaving Mexico, received from the American residents of the City of Mexico a parting gift of a silver fac simile of the Aztec calendar stone in the cathedral wall. The gift weighs about sixteen pounds, and is made of pure Mexican silver.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

GRAHAM BISCUITS.—To a quart of graham flour add sufficient thick, sweet cream to make a stiff dough, beat until light, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

HYGIENIC GRIDDLE CAKES.—Three cups purified middlings, one cup graham flour, one egg, one teaspoonful saleratus, a little salt. Mix with sour milk. Use a hot griddle and serve immediately.

COCOANUT DROPS.—Beat the whites of two eggs stiff with four ounces of sugar, then stir in four ounces of dessicated cocoanut. If the fresh is used, it must be grated, and dried in a porcelain kettle until like flour; add a third of a cup of fine cracker crumbs; mold the mixture into small pointed cones, and bake until a light brown on the top and bottom.

STALE BREAD.—A nice way to use stale bread is to fry it, simply dipping it in cold water before putting it in the buttered frying pan. It will brown nicely, and is liked by many as well as if dipped in beaten eggs. The latter makes a nice change in the bill of fare. I often make a good short-cake and spread with stewed apple sauce, cranberry sauce or some kind of canned fruit. Serve with sauce or sweetened cream.

TO CLEAN BLACK MATERIALS.—Take the article you wish to clean, on the side you intend to make up as the right side; brush well all the dust out of it; then take a piece of black flannel or an old black woolen stocking (it must always be black); dip it into cold coffee, and sponge well the material all over alike; then fold up each piece or breadth nice and even, and let it remain damp for three or four hours. Iron on the wrong side, and the old dusty, shabby dress will look just as fresh and bright as new.

BROILED SHAD.—One shad, two ounces of butter, one half teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Split the shad, when cleaned, directly through the back-bone with a strong sharp knife. Grease the broiler slightly, place the fish between its leaves, and broil over a quick fire for ten minutes. When done, remove quickly from the broiler, dress with the butter, pepper and salt, and send it to the table as hot as possible. The dish may be garnished with lemon quarters and a sprig of parsley at either end.

ROCK CREAM.—Boil a teacupful of the best rice till quite soft in new milk, sweetened with powdered loaf sugar, and pile it upon a dish; lay on it in different places, square lumps of either currant jelly or preserved fruit of any kind; beat up the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar, and flavor with either orange flower water or vanilla; add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a teaspoonful of rich cream, and drop it over the rice, giving it the form of a rock of snow. This will be found to be a very ornamental as well as delicious dish for a supper table.

RAISING WATERMELONS.—Select a good piece of ground—sod is the best. Plow it well and then harrow and roll it. Now mark it off twelve or thirteen feet each way. This allows the vines to run only six or six and a half feet each way, which is not too much. The seed should be soaked about twenty-four hours; then planted, putting half a dozen seeds in a hill. They should be thinned afterward to three in a hill. Plow and hoe them well, but do not leave the dirt loose. It should be pressed tight around hill and vine with your feet. When you think the vines have run far enough pinch off the ends. This will cause them to stop running and to bear more.

PAINTED FLOORS.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes: I should like to tell how we got our painted floor hard and dry, so that it will stand the wear of a large family. Our floor is made of narrow yellow-pine planks, clear of knots; a splendid floor for a kitchen, and we have always kept it painted. This winter we treated it as follows: As fast as the floor was painted we laid strips one inch square on the painted surface, and on these strips boards were laid snug, using as long boards as the spaces would allow; where the doors interfered very thin pieces of board were laid to step on. At intervals of two weeks a second and third coat was applied. When this was sufficiently dry we covered the floor with heavy sheets of straw-board paper; over this paper a carpet was spread. Now, after two months' protection, we find the painted floor very hard, and ready to stand a long time before it will need repainting.

OIL-CLOTH AND CARPETS.—A lady says in the *Rural New Yorker:* I have tried painting old pieces of rag-carpet, and must say they are not worth the oil and paint put on them. They absorb a great deal of oil and are hard to clean. They are not as good as the carpet without the paint, and will not last as long. Without the paint they may be easily cleaned so as to look nice, by pounding them through good suds and rinse water. If desired to be stiff, they may be starched with flour starch and ironed. Good, thick cotton drilling or thick, firm cloth may be made into oil-cloth by stretching on a frame and painting. The cloth should be new and strong, or it will not be worth the trouble. I have tried knitted carpets, as highly recommended a few years since, and must say they are not the carpets needed, and will wear but a very short time. When one wants rag-carpets, it is best to purchase warp and take the rags to a weaver who knows how to weave good rags and warp into substantial carpets; and one will be paid for the labor and expense put on them. Very coarse-threaded rags or tender ones may be cut in strips from one to two inches wide, braided and sewed together for mats or rugs to place where needed.

The Chemistry of Butter.

THE production of butter by churning is both a chemical and mechanical process. Milk, according to analysis, is composed of:

Caseine, pure curd	4.48
Butter	3.16
Milk sugar	4.77
Saline matter	.76
Water	87.02

Good butter should contain at least eighty-two per cent. of fat, or oil. This fat is composed of solid or margarine fat, and liquid or oleine. Winter butter contains, of solid fat, sixty-five parts in one hundred, summer butter only forty parts. This fact explains why milk should be churned at different temperatures in different seasons of the year. This fat, oily substance, in the forms of globules, is found in suspension in milk. By the mechanical action of the churn, the envelopes of the globules of the fat are broken, and the globules brought into cohesion and separated from the other portions or components of the cream. By the chemical process the sugar of milk is converted into lactic acid, and the bulk of the fluid, which was put sweet into the churn, is instantly soured. Boussingault prescribes the temperature for churning to be 59 degrees for sweet cream, 62 degrees for sour and 64 degrees for milk. About one-fourth of the total amount of butter globules which exist in the cream escape collection, which accounts for the rich taste of the buttermilk. Fresh butter consists of about 83 per cent. of pure butter and 16 of milk of butter. The former can be separated by melting the whole in a long tube; after a time the butter proper rises to the top. It is then drawn off into water at 104 degrees, and after two or three washings may be considered quite pure.

Classification of Grapes.

CULTIVATED grapes are divided into two great classes—the grapes of the old world and the grapes of the new world—and these two families are distinct in fruit, foliage, growth and constitution. The best classification of the varieties of European, or, as we call them, foreign grapes, with which we are acquainted, is that given by the *Florist and Pomologist* of England. In this plan there are three sections, as follows: Grapes are known, firstly, by the flavor of the fruit, as: 1, sweetwater grapes; 2, muscat grapes; 3, vinous grapes. Secondly, by the color of the fruit, as: 1, black or purple; 2, white, yellow or green; red, tawny or rose-colored. Thirdly, by the shape of the fruit, as: 1, oval; 2, round. This makes, in all, eighteen groups, and by combination any grape can be described. We would, for instance, describe the black Hamburg as an oval, black, sweetwater grape; the gros Coleman as a round, black, vinous grape.—*Horticulturist.*

Painted Floors.

Dr. HORNE says he finds ochre and linseed oil the best for floors. I should like to tell how we get our painted floor hard and dry, so that it will stand the wear of a large family. Our floor is made of narrow yellow pine planks, clear of knots; a splendid floor for a kitchen, and we have always kept it painted. This winter we treated it as follows: As fast as the floor was painted we laid strips one inch square on the painted surface, and on these strips boards were laid snug, using as long boards as the spaces would allow; where the doors interfered very thin pieces of board were laid to step on. At intervals of two weeks a second and a third coat was applied. When this was sufficiently dry we covered the floor with sheets of heavy straw board paper; over this paper a carpet was spread. Now, after two months' protection, we find the painted floor very hard, and ready to stand a long time before it will need re-painting.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

You Can Not Judge People by Their Clothes.

MR. G. A. SALA says one can not judge traveling Americans in the West from the clothes they wear aboard the cars. "For example," he says, "in the 'smoker,' between Chicago and the important manufacturing city of Cedar Rapids, I was addressed as 'partner' and offered a 'plug of terbacker' by a gaunt youth, seemingly of some nineteen summers, with lank, hay-colored hair, whose coarse homespun coat and vest, red flannel undershirt—overshirt he had none—misshapen felt hat, and pantaloons tucked into boots reaching knee-high and quite innocent of blacking, ostensibly bespoke him to be a rough of the roughs. He was nothing whatever of the kind. He was a graduate of the university of his State, had taken high honors in the Department of Mineralogy, and was now on his way far West, with a view to 'prospecting around' in the mining regions."

—William P. Gillespie was on his death-bed at Columbus, Ind. The physician told him that he could not live many hours. "Are you sure I can't get well?" the patient asked; "I don't want you to make a mistake about it. Is there a possibility of recovery?" He was assured that his speedy demise was absolutely certain. Then he explained why he was so anxious to get exact information. He had murdered a man twelve years before, and had never been suspected of the crime. He desired to confess and be forgiven if he really was going to die, but not otherwise. He died, and the truth of his statement has been amply sustained.

—Watterson, of the *Courier-Journal*, steps for a moment out of the political hurly burly to indite the following touching tenderlines:

'Twas in the gloaming,
By the fair Wooding,
That I left my darling many years ago,
And memory tender,
Brings her back in splendor
With her cheeks of roses and brow of snow.

But where is thunder
Is she now, I wonder?
Oh! my soul, be quiet and my sad heart, hush;
Under the umbrella
Of another fell—
Ah, I think I see her paddling through the slush.

—A few years ago the State's Attorney in a northern county in Vermont, although a man of great legal ability, was very fond of the bottle. On one occasion an important criminal case was called on by the clerk, but the attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair. "Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the Judge. "Yes—hic—no—your Honor," stammered the lawyer; "the State is not—in a state to try this case, to-day; the State, your Honor, is—drunk!"

—Elizabeth Smith, formerly of Delphi, Ind., died recently at the age of ninety-four. She is spoken of by the *Journal*, of that place, as of a proud and aristocratic family, and was a schoolmate of James Buchanan, and, had fortune favored, would have been the lady of the White House. The wedding clothes were prepared, the day set, and preparations made, when by some cause never revealed the match was broken by a solemn pledge that neither would ever marry—a pledge that was sacredly kept.

—Western papers make the most of their news. An Iowa paper put the head "Shocking Calamity" over an account of three swine being slain by the fall of a shed.—*Boston Post.*

—What has been most needed this winter was a society for the growth and encouragement of ice.—*Detroit Free Press.* What's the matter with the church sociables?—*New Haven Register.*

—"Yis, yer reverence, all thim names he called me, an' sis I, 'I wouldn't demane meself to lose me timper wid such a low blackguard,' so I jist knocked him over wid the stick and come away."

—Richard Grant White says there is no authority for "a setting hen." He grasps the situation, and pronounces "sitting" as the proper caper.

—A little boy at Humeston, Iowa, hanged himself because a baby sister received the attention that had previously been bestowed upon himself.

—The mind of youth can not remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil.

—There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position, and makes the best of it.

THE Elkhart Buggy and Harness Manufacturing Company, Elkhart, Ind., ship buggies and harness anywhere with privilege of examining before paying for, and pay all charges if not satisfactory. Best hand-made buggy harness, oak stock, $9 to $18; best team harness, $28; platform spring two-seated wagons, $85; three-spring wagons, $75. Catalogue with prices sent free. Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y.

Several Good Things.

If you want good digestion,
If you want good health,
If you want good baking,
If you want the best stove,
If you want the cheapest stove,
If you want a good square meal,
Buy a CHARTER OAK STOVE.

IT is said that four million packages of Frazer's Axle Grease were sold in 1879; and we believe it.

Around the World.

A FAME that is world-wide and acquired in the short space of a few years, must have true merit for its support. Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines have gained such fame and the force go orders for his Golden Medical Discovery—the greatest blood-purifier of the age; for his Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little sugar-coated pills), his Favorite Prescription—woman's best friend—and other remedies became so great that a branch of the World's Dispensary has been established in London, England, for their manufacture. From this depot they are shipped to every part of Europe, and to the East Indies, China, Japan and other countries. Their sale in both North and South America is perfectly enormous and increases yearly. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y. and Great Russell Street Buildings, London, Eng.

ROYAL CENTRE, Cass Co., Ind., Feb. 28, 1879.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in writing my testimony with others in regard to your valuable medicine. For a long time I have suffered from disease of the lungs, and until I used your Discovery found nothing that did me any good. Thanks to it I am relieved and recommend it to all. Yours truly,

MARY KENNEL.

A Square Meal.

We are sure our readers will thank us for calling their attention to the very handsome advertisement of the Excelsior Manufacturing Co. of St. Louis, Mo., as it would be useless for us to say any thing in favor of their GRAND CHARTER OAK COOKING STOVE. The very name suggests the thought of a well cooked meal, followed by easy digestion, vigorous health and a desire to have, and to do, plenty of REAL WORK, to say nothing of a happy and contented household. Ask your Stove Dealer to show you the latest patterns.

Gratitude Lavished.

IS CLIPPED from the columns of the *Journal-Courier*, New Haven, Conn., the following endorsement: "Gratitude of a character strong, earnest and impetuous, is daily, in person and by letter, being lavished upon H. H. Warner & Co., for the introduction of, and the making so extensively known, their wonderful cures, named as Warner's Safe Remedies."

PIMPLES AND HUMORS ON THE FACE.—In this condition of the skin, the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause. It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

Entirely Satisfactory.

The Charter Oak is as near perfection as we ever expect to find a stove. Entirely satisfactory; in short, a perfect success as a first-class cooking stove.

ASK your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents.

SOMEHOW you remember longer the dentist who, having gotten a grip on your tooth, utilizes your person to mop up his floor, than you do the tooth-puller who jerks the offending ivory out before you know it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodington sadly, "he was indulging in sequestering exercise. His horse got frightened at something or other and reciprocated him to the sidewalk. When they took him up they found a bad fractious in his leg, and it had to be computated to save his life." And the old lady didn't say another word for at least fifteen minutes. She was thinking, as she afterwards said, of the "dreadful sights in the confirmatory."—*Boston Transcript.*

FROM a bank in the sand a Newfoundland dog belonging to a Boston man takes pennies and goes to a baker's daily and buys warm rolls for his breakfast. The neighbors give him pennies, which he buries in a place scooped out under the stoop.

THE mule stood on his off fore leg,
Whence all but he had fled,
And kicked a fierce gun-cotton keg,
Right on its bottom head.

The keg it burst with grievous sound,
The mule, oh! where was he?
Go ask him, for he stood his ground,
And still kicks madefully.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

TULARE LAKE bed in Hanford, Cal., is five miles from where it was four years ago. On the land reclaimed by the change are found the remains of a corral and cabin, and irrigating ditches can be traced running in straight lines. Wheat is now growing on the bed of the old lake.

WHEN the Czarina of Russia alighted from the railway car which took her to St. Petersburg, on her return from her last journey to Italy, she exclaimed, "Alas! I have done with traveling. Farewell railroads, farewell coaches and locomotives. My next conveyance will be the hearse."

THE fat men of Baltimore recently gave a ball. They only looked at the dancing. The fattest man present weighed 430 pounds. From the fair sex the palm was borne off by a sylph who turns the scales at 315.

Vegetine.

The Best Medicine.

CENERAL DEBILITY.

FREEPORT, ILL., Sept. 27, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—I have been using your valuable medicine, "Vegetine," for *General Debility*, and have no hesitation in saying that I consider it one of the best, if not *the best* medicine in the market for a general Invigorator and Blood Purifier. J. H. PORTER.

VECETINE

GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility.

Read what Dr. Simmons says.

VERONA, MISS., June 5, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

I have used "Vegetine" in my family for two years and cordially recommend it as a remedy for *Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes* and *General Debility*. I have also recommended it to a great many persons in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction. Very truly,

DR. J. J. SIMMONS.

Your very valuable medicine, "Vegetine," restored the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being blind, and I have no doubt saved her life. Very gratefully,

MRS. J. J. SIMMONS.

WITH SUCH BENEFIT.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Nov. 15, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—I can fully testify to the efficiency of your Vegetine as a Great Blood Purifier, having used it during the last seven months with such benefit. Yours truly,

W. O. ST. SURE, Druggist.

Vegetine

IS THE BEST

SPRING MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best cough medicine. Once small,—bottle large. Sold everywhere. 25c. and $1.00.
Warranted to first buyers.
CONSUMPTION.

RIDGE'S For INFANTS & INVALIDS. FOOD
Has found its way into high places the world over, and Medical Journals and Physicians give it their approval. WOOLRICH & CO., on every label.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

CARLYLE says, "England and America are going to nothing but wind and tobacco." That is hardly true, for they are also going to HIRAM'S REMEDY, and quite rapidly, too. Trial size, 75 cents.

AGENTS You can coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Ours is the only one genuine. Address Chase Publishing Co., Toledo, O.

OPIUM Morphia Habit Cured at Home. 1,000 Cured. Beware of 10 or 20 day cures. Address DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

EPILEPSY! A trial package of Dr. Evans' Cure for Epileptic Fits mailed free on receipt of address. L. P. EVANS, Druggist, Dover, Maine.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C.O.D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

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

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

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

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

The BEST of ALL

GRAND CHARTER OAK STOVES AND RANGES

VERY EASILY MANAGED, ECONOMICAL IN FUEL, AND GUARANTEED TO Give Perfect Satisfaction Everywhere.

BUY A CHARTER OAK

MADE ONLY BY Excelsior Man'fg Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN TIN-PLATE, WIRE, SHEET IRON

AND EVERY CLASS OF GOODS USED OR SOLD BY TIN AND STOVE DEALERS.

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25 CENTS

Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Thousands visit the Mineral Springs, here and abroad, and spend thousands of dollars in search for health, when a few doses of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

would accomplish the same results at the cost of a few cents. Each bottle contains from thirty to forty glasses of Sparkling Seltzer, which makes it positively the cheapest, as well as the most efficacious mineral water extant.

SOLD BY ALL DRU