THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

"SOMETIMES."

SOMETIMES—not often—when the days are long,
And golden lie the ripening fields of grain,
Like cadence of some half-forgotten song,
There sweeps a memory across my brain.
I hear the landrail far among the grass,
The drowsy murmur in the scented limes;
I watch the radiant butterflies that pass,
And I am sad and sick at heart sometimes—
Sometimes.

Sometimes, when royal Winter holds his sway,
When every cloud is swept from azure skies,
And frozen pool and lighted hearth are gay
With laughing lips and yet more laughing eyes,
From far-off days an echo wanders by,
That makes a discord in the Christmas chimes,
A moment in the dance or talk I sigh,
And seem half lonely in the crowd sometimes—
Sometimes.

Not often, nor for long. O friend, my friend,
We were not lent our life that we might weep;
The flower-crowned May of earth hath soon an end;
Should our fair Spring a longer sojourn keep?
Comes all too soon the time of fading leaves,
Come on the cold short days. We must arise
And go our way, and garner home our sheaves,
Though some far faint regret may cloud our eyes
Sometimes.

Sometimes I see a light almost divine
In meeting eyes of two that now are one.
Impatient of the tears that rise to mine,
I turn away to seek some work undone.
There dawns a look upon some stranger face;
I think, "How like, and yet how far less fair!"
And look, and look again, and seek to trace
A moment more your fancied likeness there—
Sometimes.

O sad, sweet thoughts! O foolish, vain regrets!
As wise it were, what time June roses blow,
To weep because the first blue violet
We found in Spring has faded long ago.
O love, my love, if yet by wing of bird,
By flower-scent, by some sad poet's rhymes,
My heart, that fain would be at peace, is stirred,
Am I to blame that still I sigh sometimes?
Sometimes?

And sometimes know a pang of jealous pain,
That while I walk all lonely, other eyes
May haply smile to yours that smile again,
Beneath the sun and stars of Southern skies.
The past is past; but is it sin, if yet
I, who in calm content would seek to dwell,
Who will not grieve, yet cannot quite forget,
Still send a thought to you, and wish you well
Sometimes?

—*Lou*[illegible] *F. Story, in Time.*

HIERONYMUS POP AND THE BABY

"NOW 'ONYMUS Pop," said the mother of that gentle boy, "you jes take keer o' dis chile while I'm gone ter de hangin'. An' don't you leave dis house on no account; not if de skies fall an' de earth opens ter swaller yer."

Hieronymus grunted gloomily. He thought it a burning shame that he should not go to the hanging; but never had his mother been willing that he should have the least pleasure in life. It was either to tend the baby, or mix the cow's food, or to card wool, or cut wood, or to pick a chicken, or wash up the floor, or to draw water, or to sprinkle down the clothes—always something. When everything else failed, she had a way, that seemed to her son simply demoniac, of setting him at the alphabet. To be sure, she did not know the letters herself, but her teaching was none the less vigorous.

"What's dat, 'Onymus?" she would say, pointing at random with her snuff brush to a letter.

"Q"—with a sniff.

"Is you *sho'* ?"—in a hollow voice.

Woe be unto young Pop if he faltered, and said it *might* be a Z. Mother Pop kept a rod ready, and used it as if she was born for nothing else. Naturally he soon learned to stick brazenly to his first guess. But unfortunately he could not remember from one day to another what he had said; and his mother learned, after a time, to distinguish the forms of the letters, and to know that a curly letter called S on Tuesday could not possibly be a square-shaped E on Thursday. Her faith once shattered, 'Onymus had to suffer in the usual way.

The lad had been taught at spasmodic intervals by his sister Savannah—commonly called Sissy—who went to school, put on airs, and was always clean. Therefore Hieronymus hated her. Mother Pop herself was a little in awe of her accomplished daughter, and would ask her no questions, even when most in doubt as to which was which of the letters G and C.

"A pretty thing!" she would mutter to herself, "if I must be a-learnin' things from my own chile, dat wuz de mos' colicky baby I ever had, an' cos' me unheerd-of miseries in de time of her teethin'."

It seemed to Hieronymus that the climax of his impositions had come, when he was forced to stay at home and mind the baby, while his mother and the rest of them trotted off, gay as larks, to see a man hanged.

It was a hot afternoon, and the unwilling nurse suffered. The baby wouldn't go to sleep. He put it on the bed—a feather-bed—and why it didn't drop off to sleep, as a proper baby should, was more than the tired soul of Hieronymus could tell. He did everything to soothe Tiddlekins. (The infant had not been named as yet, and by way of affection they addressed it as Tiddlekins.) He even went so far as to wave the flies away from it with a mulberry branch for the space of five or ten minutes. But as it still fretted and tossed, he let it severely alone, and the flies settled on the little black thing as if it had been a licorice stick.

After awhile Tiddlekins grew aggressive, and began to yell. Hieronymus, who had almost found consolation in the contemplation of a bloody picture pasted on the wall, cut from the weekly paper of a wicked city, was deprived even of this solace. He picked up "de miserbul little screech-owl," as he called it in his wrath. He trotted it. He sang to it the soothing ditty of—

"Tain't never gwine to rain no mo';
Sun shines down on rich and po'."

But all was vain. Finally, in despair, he undressed Tiddlekins. He had heard his mother say, "Of'en and of'en when a chile is a-screamin' its breff away, 'tain't nothin' ails it 'cep'n *pins*."

But there were no pins. Plenty of strings and hard knots; but not a pin to account for the antics of the unhappy Tiddlekins.

How it *did* scream! It lay on the stiffly-braced knees of Hieronymus, and puckered up its face so tightly that it looked as if it had come fresh from a wrinkle mold. There were no tears, but sharp regular yells, and rollings of its head, and a distracting monotony in its performances.

"Dis here chile looks 's if it's got de measles," muttered Hi, gazing on the squirming atom with calm eyes of despair. Then, running his fingers over the neck and breast of the small Tiddlekins, he cried, with the air of one who makes a discovery, "It's got de heat! *Dat's* what ails Tiddlekins!"

There was really a little breaking out on the child's body that might account for his restlessness and squalls. And it was *such* a hot day! Perspiration streamed down Hi's back, while his head was dry. There was not a quiver in the tree leaves, and the silver-poplars showed only their leaden side. The sunflowers were dropping their big heads; the flies seemed to stick to the window-panes, and were too languid to crawl.

Hieronymus had in him the materials of which philosophers are made. He said to himself, "'Tain't nothin' but heat dat's de matter wid dis baby; so uf *cose* he ought ter be cooled off."

But how to cool him off—that was the great question. Hi knitted his dark brows and thought intently.

It happened that the chiefest treasure of the Pop estate was a deep old well that in the hottest days yielded water as refreshing as iced champagne. The neighbors all made a convenience of the Pop well. And half way down its long cool hollow hung, pretty much all the time, milk cans, butter pats, fresh meats—all things that needed to be kept cool in summer days.

He looked at the hot, squirming, wretched, black baby on his lap; then he looked at the well; and, simple, straightforward lad that he was, he put this and that together.

"If I was ter hang Tiddlekins down de well," he reflected, "'twouldn't be mo' dan three jumps of a flea befo' he's as cool as Christmas."

With this quick-witted youth to think was to act. Before many minutes he had stuffed poor little Tiddlekins into the well bucket, though it must be mentioned to his credit that he tied the baby securely in with his own suspenders.

Warmed up with his exertions, content in this good riddance of such bad rubbish as Tiddlekins, Hieronymus reposed himself on the feather bed, and dropped off into a sweet slumber. From this he was aroused by the voice of a small boy.

"Hello, Hi! I say, Hi Pop! whar is yer?"

"Here I is!" cried Hi, starting up. "What you want?"

Little Jim Rogers stood in the doorway.

"Towzer's dog," he said, in great excitement, "and daddy's bull pup is gwine ter have a fight dis evenin'. Come on quick, if yer wants ter see de fun."

Up jumped Hi, and the two boys were off like a flash. *Not one thought to Tiddlekins in the well bucket.*

In due time the Pop family got home, and Mother Pop, fanning herself, was indulging in the moral reflections suitable to the occasion, when she checked herself suddenly, exclaiming, "But, land o' Jerusalem! whar's 'Onymus an' de baby?"

"I witnessed Hieronymus," said the elegant Savannah, "as I wandered from school. He was with a multitude of boys, who cheered, without a sign of disapperation, two canine beasts that tore each other in deadly feud."

"Yer don't mean ter say, Sissy, dat 'Onymus Pop is gone ter a dog-fight?"

"Such are my meaning," said Sissy, with dignity.

"Den *whar's* de baby?"

For answer, a long low wail smote upon their ears, as Savannah would have said.

"Fan me!" cried Mother Pop. "Dat's Tiddlekins' voice."

"Never min' about fannin' mammy," cried Weekly, Savannah's twin, a youth of fifteen, who could read, and was much addicted to gory tales of thunder and blood; "let's fin' de baby. P'r'aps he's been murdered by dat ruffian Hi, an' dat's his *ghos'* dat we hears a-callin'."

A search was instituted—under the bed, in the bed, in the wash-tub and the soup-kettle; behind the wood-pile, and in the pea vines; up the chimney, and in the ash-hopper; but all in vain. No Tiddlekins appeared, though still they heard him cry.

"Shade of Ole Hickory!" cried the father Pop, "whar, whar is dat chile?" Then, with a sudden lighting of the eye, "Unchain de dog," said he; "he'll smell him out."

There was a superannuated bloodhound pertaining to the Pop menage that they kept tied up all day under a delusion that he was fierce. They unchained this wild animal, and with many kicks endeavored to goad his nostrils to their duty.

It happened that a piece of fresh pork hung in the well, and Lord Percy—so was the dog called—was hungry. So he hurried with vivacity toward the fresh pork.

"De well!" shrieked Mother Pop, tumbling down all in a heap, and looking somehow like Turner's "Slave-Ship," as one stumpy leg protruded from the wreck of red flannel and ruffled petticoats.

"What shall we do?" said Sissy, with a helpless squeak.

"Why, git him out," said Mr. Pop, who was the practical one of the family.

He began to draw up the well bucket, aided by Weekly, who whispered, darkly, "Dar'll be anudder hangin' in town befo' long, *and Hi won't miss dat hangin'*."

Soon appeared a little woolly head, then half a black body, the rest of him being securely wedged in the well bucket. He looked like a jack-in-the-box. But he was cool, Tiddlekins was, no doubt of that.

Mother Pop revived at sight of her offspring, still living, and feebly sucking his thumb.

"Ef we had a whisky bath ter put him in!" she cried.

Into the house flew Father Pop, seized the quart cup, and was over to the white house on the hill in the wink of a cat's eye.

"He stammered forth his piteous tale," said Savannah, telling the story the next day to her school-mates; "and Judge Chambers himself filled his cup with the best of Bourbon, and Miss Clara came over to see us resuisrate the infant."

Mother Pop had Tiddlekins wrapped in hot flannel when he got back; and with a never-to-be-sufficiently admired economy Mr. Pop moistened a rag with "the best of Bourbon," and said to his wife, "Jes rub him awhile, Cynthy, an' see if dat won't bring him roun'."

As she rubbed, he absent-mindedly raised the quart cup to his lips, and with three deep and grateful gulps the whisky bath went to refresh the inner man of Tiddlekins' papa.

Then who so valorous and so affectionate as he? Dire were his threats against Hieronymus, deep his lamentations over his child.

"My po' little lammie!" he sobbed. "Work away, Cynthy. Dat chile mus' be saved, even if I should have ter go over ter de Judge's fur anudder quart o' whisky. Nuthin' shall be spared to save that preciousest kid o' my old age."

Miss Clara did not encourage his self-sacrificing proposal; but for all that, it was not long before Tiddlekins grew warm and lively, and winked at his father—so that good old man declared—as he lay on his back, placidly sucking a pig's tail. Savannah had roasted it in the ashes, and it had been cut from the piece of pork that had shared the well with Tiddlekins. The pork belonged to a neighbor, by-the-way; but at such a time the Pop family felt that they might dispense with the vain and useless ceremony of asking for it.

The excitement was over, the baby asleep, Miss Clara gone, and the sun well on its way to China, when a small figure was seen hovering diffidently about the gate. It had a limp air of dejection, and seemed to feel some delicacy about coming further.

"The miseeant is got back," remarked Savannah.

"Hieronymus," calls Mrs. Pop, "you may thank yo' heavenly stars dat you ain't a murderer dis summer day—"

"A-wattin' ter be hung nex' wild-grape-time," finished Weekly, pleasantly.

Mr. Pop said nothing. But he reached down from the mantel-shelf a long thin something, shaped like a snake, and quivered it in the air.

Then he walked out to Hi, and taking him by the left ear, led him to the woodpile.

And here— But I draw a veil.—*Harper's Magazine for June.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

YOU may plow and plant, but if you don't cultivate properly the crop will be short.

DON'T suffer briars, bushes and the like to grow along the highway adjoining your premises.

BRUISED horseradish applied to the wrist is recommended as a cure for both neuralgia and toothache.

PLANT cabbages. If they bring a good price, sell them; if not, feed them to sheep, milch cows and pigs.

PAINT, varnish or japan may be softened or easily removed from old surfaces with a solution of caustic soda.

A LEMON eaten before breakfast every day for a short time will entirely prevent the feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring.

TO WASH COLORED STOCKINGS.—Put a table-spoonful of salt in a quart of water. Let the stockings soak in that for ten minutes, and then take them out, and wash in soap and water.

IN China, which has the densest population in the world, and feeds its millions without the importation of foreign food, no manure is applied to the land in a solid form; it is all liquefied.

COFFEE CREAM.—Dissolve two ounces of gelatine or of isinglass in just enough water to cover it; put to a pint and a half of cream a teacup and a half of very strong clear coffee with powdered sugar, add the dissolved isinglass, let it just boil, leave it standing till nearly cold; then pour it into a mold, and when quite set turn it out.

THE radish succeeds best in a light, rich soil, and must be grown quickly in order that they may be tender, sweet and free from the worm which frequently injures the root. The French breakfast is a rapid growing sort, and is very mild and tender. The golden yellow is a new variety of oval form, in color a deep yellow. It is early, and is adapted for both forcing and open ground culture.

STRAWBERRY PUDDING.—Cream, a cup of sugar and a tablespoonful of butter; add the beaten yelks of five eggs and two cups of fine bread-crumbs soaked in a quart of sweet milk. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Pour into a deep pudding-dish and bake until the custard is "set." Roll a pint of nice strawberries in powdered sugar, spread over the pudding and cover with a meringue made of the beaten whites and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Return to the oven until the top is delicately browned.

KEEPING OLD SHEEP.—The New York *Tribune* says: "It is folly to keep old sheep. They should be turned off to the butcher while they are in their prime. It does not take half so much to fatten them then. When they get old and thin, in order to put them in condition to slaughter the whole superstructure must be rebuilt. Four sets of lambs are all a ewe can bear: this will bring her to five years, and this is an age when, with a little extra care, she will round up to a fine carcass. Exceptions may be made when the breed is scarce, and the blood is more valuable than anything else."

PRESERVING GREEN SHINGLES.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "I have practiced painting them as soon as laid. It is attended with trouble and considerable expense. I now prefer to use air-slacked lime. Just after, and while the roof is wet, or during a light fall of rain, sow a few quarts, mostly on the upper part of the roof, once a year. The expense is trifling. I am satisfied it will preserve the roof twice as long as to leave them to the weather. The quantity used depends upon the surface to preserve. Your readers must have noticed on old roofs the shingles below the chimneys. Comment is unnecessary."

SCOTCH LOAF.—One pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, ten eggs, half a gill of rose-water, one tablespoonful of dissolved saleratus, one pound of dried currants, two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon. Pick, wash and dry the currants, and dredge as much flour over as will adhere to them. Beat the butter and sugar till it is smooth and light; whisk the eggs to a froth, stir them into the butter and sugar alternately with the flour; add the spice and liquor, beat the whole very hard for ten minutes; lastly stir in the fruit and saleratus. Butter an earthen cake mold or iron pan, pour in the mixture, and bake for about two hours in a moderate oven.

QUAKER OMELET.—A Quaker omelet is a handsome and sure dish when care is taken in the preparation. Three eggs, half a cup of milk, one and a half tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter; put the omelet pan, and a cover that will fit close on, to heat; beat the yelks of the eggs, the corn-starch and the salt very well together; beat the whites to a stiff froth, add to the well-beaten yelks and corn-starch; stir all together very thoroughly, then add the milk; now put the butter in the hot pan, and when melted pour in the mixture, cover and place on the stove, where it will brown, but not burn; cook about seven minutes, fold, turn on a hot dish, and serve with the cream sauce poured around it. If the yelks and corn-starch are thoroughly beaten, and when the stiff whites are added they are well mixed, and the pan and cover are very hot, there can be no failure.

Fruits Not Suited to Field Culture.

IT is inevitable that there should be more or less disappointment in fruit-growing. Exceptionally large profits under certain conditions have led thousands to engage in the business who do not understand it, and whose soil and location are not suited to this purpose. Comparatively few men have the patience and care for details necessary to successful fruit-growing on a large scale. There are, beside, some kinds of fruits which only succeed in particular localities. The craze for fruit-growing comes from taking the profits of a few trees which happen to be in just the right places, and making these the standard for expected gains on a much larger area. Some apple, pear, plum or quince tree, standing in a rich garden, or where it gets the slops from the house, is found to yield an abundance of fine, large fruit. But it by no means follows that the same fruit, if planted largely in a field of ordinary fertility, will do as well. It is very rare that we can get a field of deep, rich soil in a sheltered position suitable for growing the quince. The same is true of the more prolific varieties of plum, as the prunes. Even the apple and pear require more fertility than they find when grown largely; though for the pear, the manure should not be applied early in the season, lest it cause blight. Currants require a deep, rich and damp soil. The lower side of a garden, where they are often found, and where they receive the wash of the manure applied every winter, is just the place for them. In such a location they will yield vastly more than if grown with ordinary field culture and manuring.

There are other kinds of fruit for which excessive richness is not desirable. For peaches a warm, dry soil is better than a very rich one, especially if the latter be damp. The bulk of the peaches grown are produced on sandy soils, rather poor than otherwise. But fertility is advisable wherever it can be had without loss of dryness. There are hundreds of acres of vineyards, planted a few years ago, that have been given up as unprofitable, because planted on cold, wet and unfavorable soils. The grape does not need high manuring; in fact, too great growth of vine is the difficulty which mostly troubles inexperienced cultivators. Then comes mildew of fruit or foliage, or both, and the vineyard soon becomes nearly worthless. For most cultivators a rather poor soil, provided it is dry and warm, is best for grapevines. It will not be as troublesome for them to manage, and they will be less likely to make an entire failure. Good culture is much more important for growing grapes than great fertility. Coarse manures may be entirely dispensed with if the soil is kept loose, and some mineral fertilizers are occasionally given. The vine-dressers of France use no manures except ashes, and these mainly from burning the annual prunings.

The habit of a tree or plant should be studied with especial reference to where it has been most successful. The low banks of streams with deep, rich deposits are the places best suited to the quince. Old fence-corners, where the fence or something else is high enough to shield from violent west winds, are also excellent. The quince is not entirely hardy, and more than any other tree needs some windbreak. Neglect in supplying this is the frequent cause of failure in growing quinces on a large scale. In places where the thermometer goes very low, quinces cannot be grown even in sheltered locations. They blossom late, and are rarely injured by spring frosts; but it is the severe cold of winter that does most harm to this fruit-tree.

The apple, pear and cherry seem in the order named most adapted to general field culture on any kind of soils. I think I would place the pear ahead of the apple as an easily-grown fruit but for the blight. An orchard of pear-trees, even of standards, if the right varieties are planted, will yield a good many crops before anything can be sold from apple trees planted at the same time. But the losses from pear blight have been such that it is probable there have been more failures in attempting to grow this fruit than any other.—*Wm. J. Fowler, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

Peas, and Brush or No Brush.

It costs more time and labor to stick peas than to plant and cultivate them. Market gardeners do not stick peas as a general thing. We farmers do not have an abundance of peas. We are afraid of the trouble of sticking them. Consequently the majority of farmers' families have peas about ten days, and do without the balance of the season. Our plan is to plant McLean's Little Gem as early as possible, and make plantings every ten days until in May. We make also a larger planting in April of Champion of England. It is doubtful if there is anything better. We have not yet found it. Peas should be planted from four to six inches deep in very rich ground. The rule that all kinds of seeds should be covered about four times their diameter will not do for peas. When peas are about four to six inches high, turn a furrow to them, or draw up the dirt with a hoe. This will help to keep them up and will keep them from drying up so soon. Frequent planting will extend the season. Fresh, tender, melting peas are a dish for an epicure. We pity our city friends who have to eat peas from two to ten days old. Peas, like eggs, are best when fresh. Buy your seed by the quart or pint. Remember, there are two great varieties—the wrinkled and smooth. The latter is not so likely to rot in the ground if planted early. The former is the tender, sweet, melting pea.—*New York Express.*

Repeating Potatoes on the Same Ground.

ROTATION of crops and in holding office have long been popular rules, but to both there are occasionally valid exceptions. The advice is frequently given to correspondents of newspapers not to plant the same ground twice in succession with the same crop. Although this is good advice it does not follow that good crops cannot be had off the same ground twice in succession. We lately saw it stated that a good crop of potatoes could not be had from a field having them in the previous year. This is not the experience of those who have tried it, and those who desire potatoes on the same ground may continue raising them for several years and raise good crops. We have in mind one who has for six years raised potatoes on the same ground, and he has had as good crops as his neighbors who have changed their ground. He manures every spring. This proves that good crops can be raised in this way, and those having no choice of ground should not be afraid to use the same land for their crop.—*Christian at Work.*

An Ingenious Plot Foiled.

RECENTLY a telegraph operator named Thomas Holister was arrested in San Francisco by a Chicago detective. Holister had formed a plot to cut the telegraph wires uniting New York and San Francisco, and then to send East a dispatch, dated at some station in the Sierras, saying that a tidal wave, followed by an earthquake, had destroyed San Francisco and Virginia City. The object of the plot was to cause a panic in Pacific Mail Stock and Comstock Securities in the New York market, the panic to be taken advantage of by confederates. For several months the Western Union Company knew that their wires were being tampered with, and they sent for the Chicago detective. He traveled along the line for several weeks, and finally came upon a clue at a spot a few miles east of Battle Mountain. At this spot the wire had been cut, and a piece that could readily be disconnected had been let in. The detective further found an insulated wire concealed in the grass and sage brush near by. An end of it long enough to reach the main line was coiled up. The wire ran north, and the detective, following it for a mile, came upon an excavation in the ground, which was roofed in with branches and turf, and which contained, buried in one corner, several Leyden jars, strips of copper and bottles of acid. The detective concealed himself near by and watched the place for several days, but without result.

One day at Battle Mountain he saw in a newspaper an account of the arrest for a breach of the peace of a telegraph operator whom he had known in Chicago. The detective, from what he knew of the man, was prompted to go to San Francisco and look after him. He visited Holister's room and there found what confirmed his suspicions that it was Holister who had tampered with the Western Union wires. Holister was arrested and made confession. In his room was found the following, written upon a piece of foolscap paper: "At ten o'clock this morning a tidal wave from the Pacific Ocean swept over San Francisco, wiping out the entire city in ten minutes. It advanced inland and rose until the waters were ten feet deep in Sacramento and Stockton. Accompanying this oceanic disturbance was a tremendous shock of earthquake, which was felt most severely at Virginia City. The mines on the Comstock are a mass of ruins. No further particulars can be gained at present."

This, Holister said, he had intended to send as a dispatch to the Associated Press. The decline in Comstock securities had delayed the carrying out of his design. He made his headquarters in San Francisco, and was only waiting for a rising market. The apparatus found near Battle Mountain had been placed there by him, and he intended to cut the wires and send his dispatch at that point.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Cross roads are most apt to be bad.

—It seems strange, but it is a fact, that the man who first introduced friction matches has only just died. These little bits of sulphur-dipped wood have become so indispensable an article of every-day life that to imagine a time when they were not is almost as difficult as to conceive a mule that doesn't kick, or a boy who can keep quiet. Yet it is less than fifty years ago when William Jones pasted a compound of chlorate of potash and sulphate of antimony on the ends of split blocks by means of starch. This was the first match. Phosphorus was added to the other ingredients half a dozen years later and the "Lucifer" was the result. It may be well to remember that it was not the smell but the light that suggested this name—the star of the morning not the prince of darkness was the patron saint. Mr. Jones made a small competence from his invention and settled down at Chillicothe, O., from whence his demise, at the age of eighty-nine, has been reported.

—A paper on Indian corn, which was presented to the New York State Agricultural Society last year, by Dr. E. L. Sturtevant, is noticed in the April number of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. It seems the author suggested that maize might have been carried home from America in the eleventh century by the Northmen, and consequently conveyed to Eastern Europe; but Prof. Asa Gray says there seems to be no proof that the plant had reached Turkey before the time of Columbus. In the same notice we find a curious fact stated as to the number of rows of grain on the cob. These vary from eight to thirty-six, and the number is usually an even one; but odd numbers were common in the maize of South America at the time of the Incas, and even of earlier South American races, as appears from the grain found preserved with the mummies.

—Mrs. Brassey tells of a very strict monastery on Mount Athos: "On the summit there is the strictest monastery in the world. Not a female animal of any kind is allowed within miles, so that the monks have to do without milk or fresh eggs even, and travelers are not allowed to carry even dead hens on their saddles for provision. A few years ago two English ladies landed here from a yacht. As most of the men here wear petticoats and the women trousers, and the monks have not much experience in such matters, they did not discover the sacrilege that had been committed for some time; and then you may imagine their horror and disgust, and the penances they had to perform, poor things!"

—In 1436, Jean de Grouchy, aided by forty inhabitants, took Harfleur from the English, who had held that town for twenty years, Jean herself perishing on the ramparts. Since that epoch, on each anniversary of the recovery of Harfleur, it has been usual for the Grouchy family to distribute 400 loaves of bread. Two years ago the inhabitants, in a sudden fit of patriotism, erected a statue to the hero who fell more than four centuries ago, thus showing that national gratitude may waken up after a very long slumber. The Marquis de Grouchy, accused of having caused the loss of the battle at Waterloo by obeying the distinct orders of Napoleon, was a member of this family.

—In cases of suspended animation, or asphyxia, life should not be too soon given up. Discussing premature burials, in a recent communication to the French Academy, Prof. Fort states that he was enabled to restore to life a child three years old by practicing artificial respiration on it four hours, commencing three hours and a half after apparent death. In another case which came under his observation a physician restored a nearly drowned person after four hours of artificial respiration. This person had been in the water ten minutes, and the physician arrived one hour after asphyxia.

—During a thunder-storm at Dubuque, Iowa, a few evenings since, the lightning played some queer freaks along the telegraph-wires. The electricity ran along the wires, back and forth, now on this wire and then on that, illuminating the street almost without intermission for half an hour, with a painfully brilliant light. At times it would crack like a rifle. The people in houses on that side of the street were very much alarmed, and three or four ladies fainted in fear. The telegraph poles were twisted and splintered in a very peculiar manner; long strips were peeled off of some of them, while others were split and then the parts twisted together. Pieces of poles were thrown on the house roofs and in the yards. Some of the poles are seamed spirally from top to bottom.

[Topeka (Kan.) Daily Capital.]

IT is said to be unwholesome, in all months that have not an R in their name, to eat an oyster. However, it is eminently proper and always seasonable to use Hamburg Drops—the great Liver and Blood Purifier. Mr. Jacob Hess, Normanville, Kan., writes: During the last year I was scarcely able to walk along. I suffered with serious derangement of the Liver and tried many different preparations without benefit. My neighbor, Mr. Adams, told me of Hamburg Drops. I bought a bottle and after its continued use I became better daily, and regained my former health. I shall always speak a good word for Hamburg Drops.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A Prima Donna's Voice.

Nothing can compare with St. Jacob's Oil as a prompt cure for neuralgia and rheumatic pains, says Mme. Marie Salvotti, Prima Donna, Wilhelmj Concert Troupe.

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.

A DANGEROUS man—one who takes life cheerfully.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

FOREIGNERS henceforward will have fewer opportunities to become acquainted with Russian literature, the Government having forbidden the exportation of Russian books without official permission, which is to be granted only after a careful perusal of the works.

UNIT RULE.—Look out for Number One.—*Puck.*

A SCHOOL-MARM, who was kissed in the dark by mistake, explained her omission to use any light for nearly two weeks afterwards on the ground of hard times.

NOTHING will please a girl so much as the information that a rival, who is trying to rob her of her best fellow, has got a pimple coming on her nose.—*Fulton Times.*

MRS. ELLIS, of Ithaca, N. Y., has one hundred and sixty canary birds all chirping away in the same room. She says she is low-spirited and keeps them to chirrup her existence.

KNOSS yung ones should be treated with a slipper to-day, and kandy in the distance.—*J. Billings.*

Now treat your girl with coolness and she'll like you all the better, and vanilla is the safest flavor.—*Boston Post.*

THEY say Mrs. Langtry can be more graceful in stubbing her toe than most women can in throwing a kiss.

WILLIAM DOWD, of Fonda, N. Y., has been fined $178 for cruelty to a horse, and, as the animal was valued at only $150, he thinks the Justice was a little severe on him.

THE new passenger coaches on the Erie Railroad are painted bright red, to the disgust of turkeys and cows along the line.

ENGINEERS state that speeds of over sixty miles an hour are now common with many of the express trains in Great Britain.

"I'LL let you off easy this time," as the horse said when he threw his rider into the mud.

The New Seal

Of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is President, consisting of a figure of Æsculapius, the Father of Medicine, surmounting the globe, fitly symbolizes the world-wide reputation gained by the Family Medicines of Dr. Pierce now manufactured by this incorporated company and sold in all parts of the world. With a mammoth establishment, the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, and a correspondingly large branch establishment in London, this Association make medicines for the whole world—one only that but they personally examine and treat with special medicines thousands of cases. Among the most celebrated of the proprietary or family medicines are Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great blood pur fier and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little pills)—and Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed—for bowel affections, colds and painful attacks, as colic, neuralgia and rheumatism.—Favorite Prescription furnishes relief from female weaknesses and kindred affections. All sold by druggists.

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.

Unbounded Confidence.

Field's Sun, Milwaukee, Wis., in referring to Warner's Safe Remedies, has the following: "H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., are the sole proprietors, we have a perfect faith in the efficiency of their preparations, and an unbounded confidence in the truth of all that is good, and said of them."

Level Best.

We are sure it pays to do your "level best" at all times, as whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well; as an illustration, the makers of the famous CHARTER OAK STOVES have always aimed to buy the best materials, employ the best workmen, and make the best COOK STOVE that could be made, and the result is, that the CHARTER OAK has attained a popularity unprecedented in the history of Stoves.

LIGHT COLORED or yellow Axle Grease soon wears off. Get the genuine Frazer.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Dropsy, and all diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it.

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