# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

#### LOST AND FOUND.

I LOST the brook as it wound its way Like a thread of silver hue: Through greenwood and valiby, thro' ows gay. Twas hidden away from view: But I found it again, a nobler river, Sparkling, and broad and free, Wider and fairer growing ever, Till it reached the boundless sen.

I lost the tiny seed that I sowed With many a sigh and tear, And vainly waited thro' sunshine and cold For the young green to appear; But surely after many long days The biossom and fruit will come, And the reapers on high the sheaves will For a joyful harvest home.

I lost the life that grew by my own For a short sweet summer day, And then it left me to wander alone, And sliently passed away; But I know I shall find it further on, Though not as it left me here, For the shadows and mists will have passed and gone, I shall see it fair and clear.

I lost the notes of the Heavenly chime That once came floating by. I have listened and waited many a time For the echo, though distantly: Bat I know in the halis of glory it thrills Ever by day and night, I shall hear it complete when the harmony

My soul with great delight.

I lost the love that made my life, A love that was all for me; Oh, vainly I sought it amid the strife Of the stormy, raging sea. But deeper and purer I know it walts Beyond my wistful eyes, I shall find it again within the gates Of the Garden of Paradise.

I shall lose this life, it will disappear With its wonderful mystery; Some day it will move no longer here, But will vanish silently: But I know I shall find it again once more In a beauty no song hath told; It will meet me at the golden door And around me forever fold.

#### "NOT A WORD, MIND, TO DINAH ANNI

Dinah Ann herself, the speaker's wife, exact sum was that he was enabled to gig pulled up at the gate, and her hus- it was all for her. pleasing little woman of seven or eight rious secret which had come to her hear- should be put out about it?" sity to take her own way, in the house and out of it. Drawing back from the what a kind heart he had—she put it Rising from the stool—and Dinah hedge, she waited for what was to come began to torment her spirit. next.

Dinah Ann!"

given over entirely to farmers and farming interests; simple-minded and simple-mannered people, who lived out their uneventful lives in the routine of "But-Dinah Ann-not to-day. I

daily duties. The small market town can't take you this afternoon. You shall of Northam, four miles distant, was go to-morrow, instead."

sleepy and primitive, never awakening from its slumbers save on the weekly "Why can't you take me? "Business," he shortly replied. And, market day. It had its parson: its doc-tor; and its lawyer-Harry Leete; all White Beas in the shafts, he got into it three of them being nearly as simple as without more ado and drove away, callthe farmers. Not simple in point of in-tellect, it must be understood; but as to "I'll be even with you, Mr. James,"

nodded she. life and manners. This, Thursday, was market-day. The sun was setting when he drove James Harbury had gone to it, in the in again and round to the stable yard. gig of a brother farmer, Peter Hall, his Leaving his horse and gig with Evan, own mare, which he either rode or he was crossing to the house when his drove generally, being sick. He was a attention was caught by a huge volume tall, slender man of thirty-nine years, of black smoke puffing out of the chimvery fair with exceedingly handsome ney of a narrow building that was forfeatures and mild eyes, looking as un- merly made to serve as brew house and like the popular notion of a farmer as wash house, until the larger one was man could look, and presenting a built. As it was out of use now, was marked contrast to his agricultural not, in fact, used for any purpose whatneighbors. So far as appearances ever, or entered by anybody from went, none of them, poor or rich. could month's end to month's end. Mr. Harwent, none of them, poor or rich, could bury naturally thought of fire. He vie with James Harbury, and his temper rushed to it like a madman. and his bearing were alike gentle.

He had one fault-though perhaps all people would not call it a fault-love fire blazed away, upon which more coal of money. That he was one of the had recently been thrown. Whiter than "warmest" farmers in the district was | death James Harbury made one frantic universally believed, and the most move towards it, while a yell of what saving of men. Too saving, his wife really seemed like terror broke from would tell him-and where was the use him. Another yell succeeded, and still of it, she would ask, considering that another; then he collapsed utterly and she had neither chick nor child?-and fell upon a low wooden stool in wild

every now and then she would make despair. the money fly, for she was a dear lover "Good heavens!" exclaimed Dinah of smart attire and of having pretty Ann, who had been stooping over some things about her. James would wince blankets in the far corner. "What in and bid her to be careful; but he never the world is the matter?" Is it spasms, went the length of telling her she had James? Let me run for the camspent too much. He was fond of her phor."

"Camphor, indeed?" exclaimed the and she of him. "Neither chick nor child." In that unhappy man. "Bring poison, rather. fact had lain a sharp sting. They had Poison. You've ruined me." "He's off his head," was her pitiable been married eight years now, and the suggestion. "Let me rub you, James. sting was wearing itself away. Time softens all things. He had never given Where is the pain? In the chest?"

her cause for an unhappy thought-un-til to-night. He had never had any directions, so that she could not get to secrets from her, except that he never his chest, or to any other part of him.

"Nor a word, mind, to Dinah Ann!" could be brought to tell her what the "Who lighted this fire?" he gasped. "Phoebe lighted it. I ordered her. having strolled down the garden in the put by at the end of each year. Dinah The flue in the proper wash house has weet stillness of the summer night, Ann Harbury did not care for that; she taken to smoking frightfully. The heard these suggestive words as the knew that, however much it might be, blankets are to be washed to-morrow and will be put in soak to-night. But band descended from it. She was a But she did care for this; this myste- what is the fire to you, James, that you

and thirty, with a dark brown eye, a ing to-night. She knew how good "It's everything to me," he faintly bright, fresh face and a natural propen- looking James was, how universally he answered. "Five hundred pounds has

gate behind the well-kept hawthorn "soft"-and something like jealousy Ann wondered the creaky old thing had not come down with his weight-When James came in again the sup- he hastened indoors, sat down by the

"Not a word, for your life, mind, to per-tray was on one end of the table, table and buried his head upon it. She and Dinah Ann, an unusual light in her found him so, his face hidden in his "No fear!" replied a voice, which eyes, sat at the other end, near the hands

she recognized as that of her brother, lamp, having taken up her knitting. "Now, James, you just tell me

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

CLEANLINESS and free ventilation are important for the health of fowls in warm weather.

Fon soft corns, dip a piece of linen sioth in turpentine and wrap it round the toe on which the corn is situated night and morning. The relief will be immediate, and, after a few days, the corn will disappear.

SUGAR COOKIES .- Two cupfuls sugar, one cupful of butter, warmed. one cupful of thick sour cream, one egg. one teaspoonful of saleratus and one teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Tais makes sixty to eighty cookies.

BANCID BUTTER, boiled in water with portion of charcoal (sav a tenth part). will be entirely divested of its rancidity. and may be used for cooking purposes. although its fine flavor will not be restored to make it fit for table use.

A CHEMIST under the auspices of the gricultural Department is authority for the statement that the Chinese sorghum, when in full maturity, contains a larger per centage of sugar than Indian corn or the tropical cane.

BLUE calicoes and lawns, which ade so easily, may have their colors set by washing the first time in salt and lead will set the color in most washahosiery.

THERE are several ways to get rid of them. Leaves of tansy or eatnip will drive them away. Pulverized borax scattered in their haunts will also cause them to leave.

THE New York horse railway comnanies feed their horses an average of eight pounds of hay and thirteen pounds of grain per day. In summer the grain is a mixture of corn and oats, equal parts by measure. In winter the corn by the school. is increased and a less quantity of oats is fed

CREAM PIE.-To be eaten warm of cold: very nice. One pint of cream, three eggs beaten separately, sugar to taste, pinch of salt, flavor as you like. Butter a deep pie dish or mountain cake tin, sprinkle with bread crumbs that have been sifted, about as thick as pie paste, pour in the custard and sprinkle over it some bread crumbs and cocoa-nut mixed.

It is of the very utmost importance that stock should have good, pure water. the school. There was no merriment and plenty of it. The thirst of animals during the hot weather can readily be imagined from judging it by the human thirst; and to deprive the animal of a sufficient drink is about the worst species of cruelty that can be inflicted upon the brute creation. The agony of excessive thirst is simply terrible. CHICKEN AND CORN. (Maryland

## Betting Even with the School-teacher.

THE following bit of school-boy exentitled "Mike Hora, the Indep Candidate for the Presidency," by Joe Kerr, published by P. S. Drown & Co., St. Louis:

Mike declared that he would pay "Old Silence," as he called the teacher, for whipping him, and not Jim Jones, and for several days he was planning how he should do it, but in vain, as it was a task that required considerable skill and

ingenuity. At last, however, the opportunity came to him unexpectedly. had, as usual, been "doing nothing." favor, and say that for all purposes of cook-and as a punishment had to stay in school during dinner time. It was a to the fire, make the CHARTER OAK especially

severe ordeal for him. Looking out of ing, and having a good time generally; he would rather take a dozen whippings than be deprived of his play hour. He.

however, concluded to while away the time in drawing on the blackboard, for he had considerable talent in that direction. All at once a thought struck him-just the thing for revenge on "Old Silence." He would caricature him and

write his new name on the drawing and leave it to be seen by all the scholars. So he glanced about, and seeing the water. A weak solution of sugar of place clear of prying eyes, went to work. "Won's he be mad?" chuckled Mike to ble goods, and will keep the tints in himself. "That's his nose exactly," and he stepped backward to admire his

work. "No one will ever know who Bay a CHARTER OAK STOVE. ants. Boiling water, soapsud; or coal did it," he thought as he added the eyeoil poured in their holes will destroy glasses and finished the work, much to them Leaves of tanay or cathin will his satisfaction.

The scholars had not long been assembled before the illustration was discovered, and its resemblance to the teacher recognized. A general titter went over

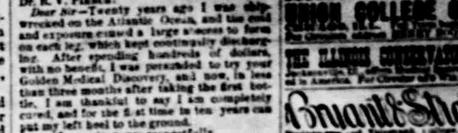
the school-room and attracted the attention of the teacher. "Silence!" he ex- is so destructive on all cast-iron that the claimed, looking up from his writing, at heavy plates in the CHARTER OAK COOK which geographies were in great demand

"Simon, what amuses you?" Simon George had left his geography

at home, so his mirtn was beyond concealment. He did not dare to speak lest he should burst out laughing, so he simply pointed to the blackboard to which the teacher had his back turned. Mike Horn had his revenge; in fact he never enjoyed any thing so much in his life. His handkerchief was scarcely large enough to fill his mouth, and it was with great difficulty that he kept from laughing aloud. The teacher gave

one look at the blackboard and then at

wrath and commence a search for the guilty person who had thus caricatured him, but the thought struck him that the course he had on the spur of the moment intended to pursue was not altogether a wise one, even though it



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Good Advice.

The Daily Advertiser, St. Albans, Vermont, as the following: "We feel sure that if has the following: "We feel sure that if such of our friends as are sufferers from diseases of Kidneys and Liver would but use Warner's Safe Kindey and Liver Cure, they

would be benefic 1 Advantage of Heavy Plates. The soft bituminous coal used in the West

STOVE will be appreciated by housekeepers as well as dealers. This advantage, with excellent draft, quick and uniform baking, make the CHARTER OAK the most destrable

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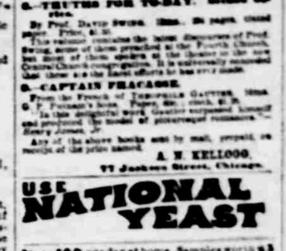
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TRADE

now. . . . . . "Silence" was about to vent his



might be the most correct. What, then,

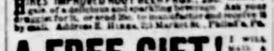




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the window he could see the boys play- ive to cast-iron. The Reservoir is pro-ine, and having a good time generally; nonneed perfect in its arrangement and operation, heating water just right.

friend about HUNT's REMEDT.

Several Good Things.

an inkling of this. No fear, James! but now he was calm again. Take care, on your side, that you don't lose that-or let Dinah Ann find it." "I'll take care. When are you com- you find White Bess?"

ing to smoke a quiet pipe with me? I shall want your advice as to-" "One of these evenings," interrupt- pot.

lane. "Good night!" you did not go new 'be stable," thought notes come from?" James Harbury, substantial farmer his wife. "You are sure you think so?" "From your brown ed the lawyer, as he drove on up the lane. "Good night!"

and agriculturist, came through the she -dED1, aloud. gate and turned to fasten it. Had be fant Sur White Bess will be all herself you, I lent a friend over four hundred turned the other way, to the left in ohnsoprrow, Dinah Ann." you, I lent a friend over four hundred pounds sterling. He ran away with it stead of to the right, he would have over It's more than 1 shall be," thought

went straight up the path to the house.

Harbury wound her light summer gown very hungry. over her black silk apron, caught hold of her lilae cap-strings, lest the cap now of that Emma Land?" should fly off, and ran swiftly up the narrow sidewalk, got round to the back, and fork in surprise at the question

went through the house, let drop her and looked across at his wife, whose gown and entered the sitting-room, all calmly, nearly as soon as her husband. "Do I ever hear anything of Emma hole?" "Got back?" she exclaimed, with a Land?" he repeated. "What can make

look of surprise. "Just come," replied the farmer;

"Harry drove me in his gig." "What brings Harry up here in his

gig at this time? and why did you not it?" come back with Hall?" inquired Mrs. Harbury, who liked to be at the beginning and the end of everything. "Harry had to come," said the farm-

"Ever hear of her?" "Why, you know she went out to --er, who seemed to be walking about rather restlessly-and who never thought of such a thing as refusing to -to her friends there-ever so long ago.

satisfy his wife's questions. "He got Nigh upon eight years, it must be. You a message from Down Farm to go over know she did, Dinah Ann." there without loss of time. I thought I might as well come with him, Dinah Indies. Perhaps she does. Does she you'd not have known where to stop."

you ask that, Dinah Ann?"

"But do you?"

"Do what?"

Ann. As to Hall, I left him stuck in write to you?" the tap-room of the 'Tawny Lion:' he didn't order his gig to be ready before ten o'clock." He shook his head to imply a nega-been rightly served for your want of confidence. No husband ever has a con-cealment from his wife, if she's a good

ten o'clock." "Just like Peter Hall! You'd have taken the reins yourself, James, I between them, for Dinah Ann was is a loss though, £500?" jealous in the old days. reckon, had you come back with him."

"Do you ever see her, James? "Oh, he'll not get as bad as all that? "See who?" But, I say, Dinah Ann, it's a sad thing "You know. Emma Land." about Partridge at the Down Farm. As day or two ago he went out with his haymakers-and you know what a man into your head to-night, Dinah Ann. he is to work, when he does set about How is it?" "But do you?" it-got into a heat, and drank a lot of "Do I what?" cold eider. It struck to him, for death, "See her."

they say; and Harry is gone to make his will." "What a dreadful thing!" exclaimed

with all her curiosity. "Ay 'tis. I think I'd like a snack of here.'

cold beef. Dinah Ann, though it is late. I got talking to your brother in his now.'

office, and missed my tea; so I've had "I don't know where she is. She's nothing since one o'clock dinner. While Pheebe puts it, I'll just go and does not matter."

take a look at White Bess.' "White Bess is all right," said Mrs. no stories."" thought his wife, quoting curiosity." Harbury. "So much better that Evan the line familiar to her in her schoolthinks you might have ridden her. No girl days. "I should not at all wonder, James,

need to go and see her now." but Emma Land has come back again." "Better, is she! I should like to give her a look."

He took up his hat, which still lay on the table, and went out. Mrs. Harbury's there-"Who heard it? Who said it?" eves followed him; they were full of "I know I heard it; I remember it

speculation, and her mind, also. quite well. But as to who said it, I for-"I don't believe he is gone to look at the mare," soliloquized she. "He'd get that-your brother, I think. That not disturb her now he hears she is all she had married a cousin."

Harry Leete; "I know what women The farmer's general manner was easy what all this means-if you are not are. She'd be for -revolutionizing the and placid, though he had certainly quite out of your senses. Come! I inhouse, and herself, too, once let her get seemed restless after leaving the gig, tend to know." "Yes, you may know it now," he

"Well," she said, as he cut himself a said, lifting his face and its despair. slice of the cold boiled beef, "how did | "I had placed in the fire-place of that old furnace, in my old, green pocket-"Oh, she seems comfortable," he re- book, five hundred pounds sterling in

plied, looking round for the mustard- bank-notes. And-and they are burnt! They are burnt, Dinah Ann!"

"You deceitful villain! You know Dinah Ann paused. "Where did the

"From your brother-to me. A long while ago, years before I knew

seen his wife, standing against a Meinah Ann, "unless I can come to the hedge as close as she could stand, al- bottom of this."

most into it. He did not see her, and He ate his supper nearly in silence, has made his fortune out there, and is like a man who is mentally preoccupied. back again in London now, and last When his footsteps had died away, Mrs. And he enjoyed it, too, for he was week he transmitted the debt and interest to your brother for me, five hundred pounds sterling. I brought the "James, do you ever hear anything

notes home the night Harry drove me James Harbury laid down his knife here.'

" And now just tell me, James, how you could think of putting bank-notes face was bent over her knitting. into such a place as a furnace fire-

went in there, and the furnace was nev-

"What can make me ask it? I don't er used." know. The query happened to come into my mind. Why should I not ask "Safety? Was there not your bureau, up stairs in the bed-room?"

"That's never locked." "Why, it's always locked." "There's no sense in it-that I see." "Anyway, the key is never taken out of it.'

"Ah, I see what it is -you were afraid should see the money and want to where was it?-the West Indies, I think spend it."

"And so you would, Dinah Ann-a sum like that coming unexpectedly,' he meekly rejoined. "Bonnets and

"Well, I must sav, James, you have

a time been a somewhat sore subject wife, but he is sure to be paid out. It

He groaned. "My business in Northam this afternoon was to consult with your brother about a good investment

for it." "I can't think what has put all this "What's this?" asked she, placing before him the identical green case

> gasped. "Dinah Ann! My dear Dinah Ann!"

"Why, how could I see her?" return- and where would you be without me? I powdered gentian, and twenty ounces ed he, in a sort of helpless tone, that have given you a good fright, however. of honey, of which give, morning, noon Dinah Ann, who had a feeling heart, with all her enriosity.

"I don't think I will." he said. "How

"She may not be in the West Indies has it all come about?" "Why, I have just been playing a lit-

tle as well as you. I was at the gate there for all I know-and I'm sure it last Thursday night, and heard what you said to Harry as you got out of the "'Ask no questions, and you'll here gig. It excited my suspicions and my

"But what did I say?" asked the farmer, really not remembering between the excitement of the past misery and

the present happiness. "Not a word, mind, to Dinah Ann. "May be. Two or three years "Not a word, mind, to Dinah Ann. ago we heard she had married out Not a word, for your life, mind, to Di-

nah Ann!" ".

Swelling the Census.

THE Special Census Agent, Mr. Saw- from our nursery seventy-five dwarf

Fashion) .- You want fresh corn; cut was the astonishment of the school to of the grains from the cob and put it see the stern features of the hard-heartin a pot with only enough water to cov- ed school-master relax into a broad er it; stew thoroughly; out the chicken smile. In fact, he laughed quite heart up and add to the corn; season with ly, and again examined the drawing pepper and salt, and when the chicken "Well, whoever did that," he said, is tender add a teacupful of cream. aloud, "has a superior talent for drawthicken with a very little flour or crack- ing, and will make a great artist." He er dust and butter. At the very last pretended not to notice that it was inchop parsley fine and mix thoroughly. tended as a caricature of himself. For jelly cook the fruit in a porcelain "Surely that must have been done by

ing to its nature, until it is well softened. I imagine, can draw so well; if there is, Strain through a flannel bag previously he must receive instruction at once." rinsed in hot water. To every pint of Mike Horn opened kis eyes very wide ; juice allow one full rounded pint of he was being praised for his work, and sugar. Boil the juice for twenty min- "Old Silence" did not recognize it as utes, noting time from the instant it himself. "Well, that is too good," he begins to boil. Heat the sugar mean- thought.

time by placing in an oven on platters. " Yes, whoever did that," continued

fying it.

the Indian meal, but keep it thick; when cool add the rve, molasses and soda. with a little salt and one pint of sponge. which must be very light. This must It should be ready to cook in an hour. great cunning.

To make it more like the genuine article, which is baked in a brick oven, you?" steam it four hours, and then bake in a

slow oven an hour or more. It can be made with the same measures without scalding the Indian meal, by mixing "But she may write from the West frills, and fresh chairs and tables- soft with warm water to allow the meal to swell. Rye-meal does not swell

much. Tas Prairie Farmer gives the following remedy for horse distemper. "Steam the nose with hot bran and hayseeds, by means of a sack fastened to the halter. Keep the sores under the throat about it.

clean with warm water, and apply warm

with the bank-notes inside it. James and blanket the body. Sapport the never did it again." strength by tonic medicines, such as an electuary made of one ounce of pow-

"Ah, it's my dear Dinah Ann now - dered sulphate of iron, three ounces of grees.

Instead of hay give newly cut grass."

### Fall Planting of Trees.

MR. ALFRED SMITH, writing from Monfall planting of trees, reports the fol- any fun st all, have yet" lowing experience, prefacing it with a

hint of "how not to do it:" "Some men with little experience water, and set the trees in them and cover with the same soil with no mound of earth to turn the water, or mulch to protect fro n drought or freezing and thawing, considering it a good job and wondering why their trees don't grow. Wishing to plant out

yer, is reducing the number of the pear trees one rod apart. I prepared as

kettle, with or without water, accord-| some grown person; no scholar of mine,

After the juice has boiled twenty min- the school-master, still looking admirutes skim and add the sugar. When ingly at the blackboard, "must take this is dissolved and the juice is still lessons in drawing and painting. Who boiling pour into your glasses. Some did it?" Putting the question abruptly jelly-makers add the beaten white of an Mike, suspecting no deception on the egg to the juice for the purpose of clari- part of the teacher, and thinking he had made a great hit, which would indeed

BOSTON BROWN BREAD .-- Two large make him a hero in the eyes of the cups of Indian meal, one large cup of school, rose to his feet, and, casting one "I did it for safety. Nobody ever rye-meal, (not rye-flour,) one-half cup glance of pride and grandeur over the of molasses, one teaspoon soda, scald school-room, said, grandly, "I did." Every eye was upon him in astonish ment and admiration. All except "Silence " himself-his eye was upon poor Mike, but not in admiration-the pleasall be as thick as can be stirred; set in ant smile had left his face, and in its a warm place to rise in the baking-pan. place a look of satisfaction at his own

"Mike Horn," he said, "it was

" Yes, sir." "Well," continued "Silence," " you certainly deserve praise for your talent, as I said before, and should improve it, but you did wrong in ridiculing your superior in choosing such a subject for illustration, and for that I must punish

you severely." Mike was neatly trapped ; he admitted that afterward : at the time, however, he was too frightened to reason much

The eccentric "Silence" immediately poultices of equal parts of bran, linseed dragged poor Mike to the front, admin meal and powdered charcoal. Give istered to him a sound flogging, and sloppy, steamed or boiled food, mixed compelled him to remain standing on with linseed meal. Offer the colt fresh the small stool all the afternoon; but water frequently. Bandage the legs Mike kept his voluntary promise \_- "He

-Best quality of lard melts at 81 de-

Some marginal couples are welded together, others only chained -Philadelphia News.

A MINISTER stopped at a house and sought to improve the time by giving an eight-year-

old boy an instructive lesson in morality. "My boy," said the minister, "I have lived forty-five years, and have never used tobacco

in any form, nor toll a lie, nor uttered an oath, nor played truant, nor-" "Gemminy mouth to the Maine Farmer in favor of crickets," interrupted the lad, "yer ain't had

PROF. SwiNG, of Ch cago, in a discourse at a recent meeting of Western farmers, told them that their isnk bodies and so rowful

true as to their boys.

APPLE-DUMPLINGS from the pot, Just a dozen, steaming hot; And the old man, convalescent, says t

grace; Then he takes them, one by one, Eats eleven, while his son sees them disappear with horror on his face. When the sick man takes the last,

MATISN Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Sweilings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains. Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

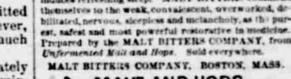
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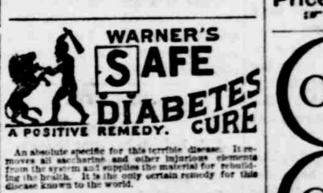
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THIS MATCHLESS RENOVATOR of feeble and enhanced constitutions is rich in the elements that go to neurish and strengthen the blood. It perfects digestion, atimulates the liver, kidneys, bowels and urin-ary organs, quiets the brain and nervous forces, and induces refreshing sleep. MALT BITTERs commend themselves to the weak, convaiescent, overworked, de-bilitated, nervous, sleepless and metanchoty, as the pur-est, safest and most powerful restorative in medicine.

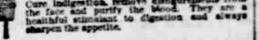


MALT AND HOPS,



WARNER'S





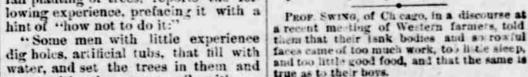


PERSONAL.

Sofferer from indigestion. All the drastic Group decline.

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I wonder whether-I should not think traps for you." -no, I should not think he can have stolen out to meet somebody," she did not fall into them, Dinah Ann." concluded, her tone dubious, in spite of the stress laid on the "not." And, laughing good-naturedly, James Harbury turned from the supper-tray the stress laid on the "not."

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Stepping lighty into the kitchen and to reach his pipe. Dinah Ann rang the giving her orders to Phæbe about the bell, resumed her knitting and fell into supper-tray, she caught up an old wa- an unpleasant reverie. ter-proof cloak that hung in the back passage, threw it on to hide her light dress, and crept out after her husband. Ann had recovered her temper-at It was a very light and beautiful night; least she displayed no signs of it being in fact, it could not be said to be yet as ruffled. James Harbury was as usual. dark as it would be -and that is never save that at times he seemed a little ab-

dark as it would be -- and that is never dark in the fine nights of summer, "For him to lose his tea," ran her thoughts, "of all things! It must be uncommonly urgent business to induce James to forego a meal of any kind. I do wonder what secret they have got between them. 'Not a word, for your life, mind, to Dinah Ann,' cries he. '' Into Northam! It's not market. home early." 'No fear,' answers Harry, 'I know what women are - and she'd be for rev-olutionizing, the house, and herself, too.' Yes, that I should; but it's them I should revolutionize, not myself," she emphatically pronounced. "It may be that old love affair cropped up again! - that woman who threatened to bring an action for breach of promise when James married me. Perhaps she has been writing letters to him? 'Mind, you don't let Dinah Ann find it,' says Harry. Or perhaps-perhape James

him! Harry, not a married man him-self, and a lawyer, would lend himself to any earthly thing without scruple. All lawyers do." This rural district, remote from the manne of wily mea of the world, was

In one instance the names Lulu Howard and Tommy Howard were found added to a family of that name. One of Mr. Sawyer's Special Enumerators visited the house and found all the Howards

"Who are they?"

lady of the house. "You know them, then?" "Of course I do "

cat!"

Harry. Or perhaps perhaps James thought I'd go in this afternoon."

right. And how absent and fidgetty he seemed! There is some mystery agate— she was ready to marry anybody. She'd and supposed to have been omitted order to remove all surface waters as and I should like to know what it is. have married you, you know. She laid from the official enumeration. Every quickly as possible, that they might list, he says, is found to contain dupli- not stand with wet feet on a retentive cates or other errors, and in some of sub-soil. The soil is a mixture of clay them as few as five per cent. of the and granite on a hard pan. The sur-names are entitled to enumeration. face of the land as well as the sub-soil Many of these latter are found in board- was irregular, uneven and not suffi-

ing-houses, the keepers of which gave ciently inclined to run off the water; the official canvasser a partial list of hence, the necessity of artificially the people in the house, and did not draining all such lands, as no fruit give the whole because they got tired. trees or plants, save alders, polypods or thought the enumerator had enough. roots in puddles of water. The turf on the seventy-five rods was well decomposed and made as rich as farmers

usually make their land for corn (which was about half as rich as land should be to grow good paying crops of corn), growth of fruit trees or fruit. there except Lulu and Tommy. There were no persons for these names. The holes were dug twelve inches or

"Then how did the carrier get Lulu and Tommy in his list?" asked the canmore deep and filled one-third with top-soil, then set the trees, covering "I gave them to him." answered the with best soil till a mound was made

about six in hes higher than the surrounding surface; then plowed three furrows toward the trees on each side. thus leaving good drainage for water to "Luiu's our dog, and Tommy's the run off instead of settling in the holes. We then put around each tree a heap of good manure from the barn-shed to "And what did you put down the

cat's and dog's names for?" "I thought that was the right thing to do Why, ain't you trying to swell the census?"-St. Louis Globe-Dem. cord to sixteen trees, or about ten cords to the acre. We began so late,

or cold weather came on so early, that A CORRESPONDENT of the Ohio Farm er says that he has found by experience that six Cotswold sheep will not conwe were able to set only forty-five trees, all of which made a large growth the following season, which was very dry. The remaining thirty were planted the next spring with the same eare, but have not made so satisfactory growth in two seasons as those set in fall did the first season."

"Pa, I haven't had one dumpling-nor "What !" the old man cries, amazed While he dropped his knife and gazed. Would you take the last one from your poor sick pa?" —Ptroleum Workl.

WHEN a man draws an inference he should draw it mild .- N. O. Picayune.

THE Rev. Mr. Potter, who has been doing missionary work to Persia, finds his lab rs brought to an unpleasant termination. The Shah has notified him that he must not preach to Mussulmans, and that if he continues to do so he will be arrested. As an arrest under the order of the Shah means behead-ing, Mr. Potter will have to leave or else keep outet

THEY were walking in the de'ds, and Mary hesitated to pass through a lane that contain-ed a ugnacious-looking goat. "Why, Mary," said Charles, "c.me along; this is the first time you ever refused me when I ask-d you to pass the butter." Upon this appeal, of course she hesitated no longer, especially as she now noticed that William

[Indianapolis (Ind.) Daily Sentinel.] A Fortanate Inde

was tethered.

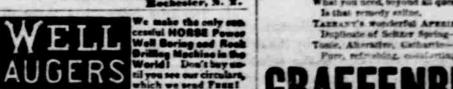
It is our observation that not every on who "backs his neighbor's paper," always escapes with his purse untouched. But there are occasions where a man can give his indorsement and convey a benefit all around protect them from deep freezing and heaving, which was spread broadcast over the ground in spring, allowing one of medicine in vain, until he tried the Hamburg Drops which quickly cured him. He now warmly inforces this wonderful remedy.

[Chicago Tribune.] A Grunder Discovery than Electricity. I have spent over two thousand dollars anid J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., of Chickgo, to cure my wife of Rheumatian. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment and other remedies failed and Pro-



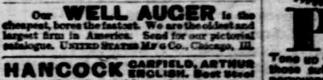


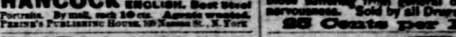
Adds vigor to the system by strengthening the shat-tered nerves and bringing a spin and soothing informer a the result. It is a unimable marcotic, and gives no fil effects even if an overdose is taken. All the above-mamed estuedles are for said by Drag-gists in every part of the land. Try them. E IL WARSER & CO.,

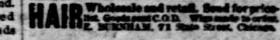


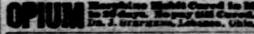












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