THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

AMID THE GRASSES!

Come! live in innocence again,
Sweet soul of mine;
And weave once more the tender daisy-chain,
And ringlets of the dandelion fine!
Come, sing and croon and chant,
Here lurks no aching want
Of Past or Present;
Here honey-bind is found,
And creeping o'er the ground
Mellow sunbeams pleasant!

Come! live in tender joys and sweet embraces
Of bird-notes dropping hither,
All in the golden autumn weather,
All in the grasses and gray leaves together,
And see how eyes shine out from fair young faces
In gentians blue, that catch the thistle's feather;
Come, breathe and live!
For here grow sweet all gracious things to give.
Here nodderin fine
My Lady Columbine;
Jacket and Breeches, some do call her.
Oh, naughty name! She is my Lady Columbine!
May no ill frost or plucking hand befall her!

Oh, hither come and hide!
Here in the grasses nestle, nestle deep with me!
Here with my bounteous Love and me abide!
Sweet Nature, Queen of all green things that be!
For over all
Some high Spirit mystical,
With vaporous form and golden-dropping hair,
Breathes through the drowsy skies—
The mellow-tinted India-summer air—
And offers sacrifice!

Ah! what's so sweet
As the tripping, twinkling feet
Of the brooklet 'neath the willows?
And what, ah! what's so fair
As the summer air,
And the lark high up in its fleecy billows?
Add here in the meadow-land far below
We can listen and catch the streamlet's flow,
And hear the lark till he's out of sight
In the breezy blue above the hill,
And watch the sunbeams drop and fill
Each little flow'r-cup with delight;
For here the shadows are soft and still—

Hist! be hushed as a startled mole
Curled in its cradle; for over the knoll
I see the soft brown twitching ear
Of the shy gray rabbit peeping!
He thinks that we are sleeping—
Nature and I! Ha, ha!
And soon more near
He'll crouch his form and crop the hill-side tender;
And if the winds blow by,
He knows them, knows them just as well as I,
Nor fears their shrill pipes slender.
Hear how aloft the old crows caw!—
Ca! ca!—
Wicked black crows that fill their maw
With pretty field-fares. What a shame!
Here's one that built his nest close by,
Last summer, and the grasses lie
Trampled by the path he came.

See! here deep down are mosses and sweet ferns,
And meadow-fire that burns;
Love's torch, they call it rather,
Or Cupid's cup, if maidens pluck and gather.
Here's Indian-pipe, the fairies smoke:
They light it by the meadow-fire,
And here's the magic ring they broke
When dancing to their cricket choir.
And here are spicy mints,
And club-head lichens full of freakish dints
Of toothsome elves, and prints
Of winding pathways thro' the reedy grasses,
Where, hurrying wild, the emmet's army passes;
Here dainty roads,
Where, shining soft, the velvet-coated toads,
Crushing the herbage, pant when rain is over,
Hopping to meet their loves in musky clover;

And here the field-mouse comes,
Stealing sweet Nature's crumbs—
Seeds that she plants for mice and birds unbeeded;
Far from the cark of men
She stores her wealth of grain—
Way-side farms by walls, brier-grown and over-weeded.
Here, here I watch them come—
The wild bee with his drone;
The tilting dragon-fly with azure wing;
The painted moths; and lo!
With his sharp, wiry bow,
The elbowed grasshopper, with sudden spring
Setting the thickets brown in wild commotion;
While fluttering down like shells through some blue ocean,
In undulations rhythmically slow,
Through the blue-misted air of autumn lucid—
Purple as Tyrian tides, and interfused
With incense odors of all sweet shrubs bruised—
The splendid wide-winged maple leaflets mellow!

Here still are buttercups, so silvery yellow;
And here sweet winter-green, with berries red.
And here from nodding head
The feathery dandelion soweth wide
Her venturous parachutes: how light
They mount the breeze, and vanish from the sight!
And here low-couched abide,
And creeping softly slide
Arbutus tendrils through the rustling grass,
Waiting for snows to pass,
To breathe once more the verdure of the spring.
And here on wing
Come the sharp sparrows, and late robins sing
Their farewells. So, farewell!
The light doth pass
From sky and vale and mountain
As from some spent and golden-watered fountain.
So, farewell!
While through the meadow-grass
Crickets and restless midge and night-wings rally
Their forces far and near,
And fill the ear
With pantings of soft plumes and rustlings clear,
And music shrill and high, through the long dusky valley.

—*William M. Briggs, in Harper's Magazine.*

A NIGHT'S CAROUSAL.

"I CAN imagine nothing in the world pleasanter than this," Max Carston said to his father. They had been rowing down a pretty, picturesque little river, but had drawn in their oars, and were drifting with the current. "No, nothing more delightful, more enchanting, than this," the boy dreamily repeated.

"Do you mean the glories of the sunset?" his father answered, smiling, as he pointed to the west, where the clouds had fashioned a city with golden walls, and towers, and crimson banners floating from them.

"Not exactly. It's the pleasant drifting down stream, I mean. It's so restful, and, somehow, you don't seem to care where you will turn up. You feel like folding your arms, and letting the tide take you just where it will. I feel as if I would like to drift through life."

"Hush, you must not say that!" his father cried, in such a strange, stern tone that Max raised himself from his reclining position, and gazed at him with astonishment. "Because it *is* pleasant," continued his father, "drifting is often most dangerous. Do you see that white line ahead?"

"Yes, sir; what is it?"

"It is a sand-bar which extends nearly from shore to shore. There is a narrow channel between the bars, but it takes adroit handling of a boat, even so small as this, to get safely through it. Now, if we went drifting on beyond yonder point of land, in a few minutes we would find ourselves stuck fast on the bar."

"But it does not seem as if there was a bit of danger on a sand-bar;" and Max laughed, but wondered at his father's grave looks and tone. "But then, you know the place, and we're not likely to drift on it."

"Know the place!" repeated Mr. Carston. "Of course I know it, when I was born on the banks of this river. That is the reason I preferred taking a boat at C—— and rowing down myself to the old homestead, instead of riding there. I wanted to see the old familiar places, and show them to you."

"To think that I've never been here before, father, nor seen grandpa, and I'm seventeen years old!"

"My father was getting very infirm when I saw him three years ago, Max, but he is anxious to see you. He understands how difficult it was for me to bring the family from California out here on a visit. Mine have always been of the briefest, for the associations connected with the place are too painful. You looked surprised, a few minutes ago, when I interrupted you so sharply. Wait until we pass the bar, and I will tell you why that careless remark of yours about drifting affected me so strangely."

Max watched his father as, with set lips, he rowed the skiff through the intricacies of the narrow channel. He had never seen that look on his father's face before—so full of pain, sternly repressed, as if he was battling with some invisible foe.

"You know that I had a brother, a twin brother, Max," he said, when the bar was safely passed.

Yes, Max had heard from his mother that his father had lost a beloved brother at the age of nineteen, but he had also been cautioned never to speak of his dead uncle, as it grieved his father even to hear his name.

"I loved him very much, and I cannot think of him even now without the old grief mastering me."

"Was he like you, father?"

"No, not in any respect. He was the handsomest youth I have ever seen. My mind was slow and plodding. He seemed to master his studies without effort, and as if by intuition. He was gay, witty, generous, and incapable of a mean thought; but at times he was mastered by a strange indolence, and never appeared to have any decided and definite aim. He only seemed to seek the enjoyment of the passing hour.

"I can close my eyes and see Charles as he sat beside me twenty-five years ago on this very stream. We were drifting, and he lay back in the boat with his eyes fixed on the clouds overhead, and repeating, or transposing, the lines from Faust:

"'"To the passing hour I say,
So beautiful thou art, thy flight delay."'

'I wish we could, Harry! I would like to drift forever on a great broad sea where there were no banks to bring up against.'

"Those words I remember, because of the events which occurred that night. They were the last playful words ever exchanged between us, the last time I saw the rapt, dreamy look in my brother's beautiful eyes.

"When we reached the landing in front of Glen Cove (your grandfather's place) we found a party of young men waiting on the bank for us. They were wild fellows, all of them, except William Ormond, who was my brother's most intimate friend.

"'Hallo, boys!' they cried: 'why, you've been forever in getting here. We've waited hours and hours for you.'

"'What's up?' asked Charles, jumping out of the boat.

"'Fun's up!' cried Will Estabrook, the wildest of the reckless band. 'We're in for a jolly time to night. Maggie Dorsey, the tavern-keeper's daughter, you know, is to be married to Alf Grimes. They're going to have a rousing ball, and old Dorsey says if we grace the occasion with our aristocratic presence, he'll give us a special oyster supper. Hurry up! We have a good mile to walk, and it's late. You've just time to dress. Of course old Sober-sides (that was my nickname) couldn't be bribed to such an ungodly assemblage.'

"'I don't know about going myself,' Charles answered, 'because my father is opposed to our going to Dorsey's at any time. He thinks it's a low hole, and if I go to a ball there, he will find it hard to overlook it.'

"'Just listen to the good little boy!' Will went on. 'Do as you're bid, sonny, and if papa says no, why, no it has to be. I've always thought nineteen was old enough for a fellow to take care of himself. The governor tried to get the whip-handle on me, but I soon let him know that he needn't trouble himself to interfere with my goings out and comings in. Well, if you're bound to play the obedient and dutiful little boy, we'll go on.'

"My brother's face had crimsoned as Estabrook spoke, but he said indifferently:

"'If I decide to go, I'll be ready in a few minutes,' and then he sauntered into the house.

"I followed him, for I knew perfectly that to taunt him with the exercise of our father's authority was to make him rebel against it. Father was a very stern man in those days, and Charles found the restraints so irksome that it was no new thing to evade them. When we reached our own room, he shut the door.

"'I think I'll go to Dorsey's to-night,' he said. 'I won't say anything about it to father, for he always has a lecture ready whether I'm right or wrong. I won't stay more than an hour, just to show the fellows that I can do as I please sometimes.'

"'Don't go,' I said. 'You know that father is right in calling Dorsey's an infamous hole. It's a miserable drinking and gambling shop, and the people who stay at the tavern you wouldn't notice if you met on the street. Besides, the boys are evidently intending to have a spree. Will Estabrook has drank more than is good for him already.'

"'And I suppose you think I shall get intoxicated, too!' he cried, impatiently.

"Ah, I knew it. More than once since our return from school, my brother had crept up to our room about midnight, not drunk, perhaps, but with a flushed face and unsteady steps. I don't think he had any real appetite for liquor, but his easy, pliable nature left him at the mercy of every temptation. The subject was never mentioned between us. I was ashamed to even mention my suspicions to him. Oh, how weak, how despicably weak, I was! for had I prayed and pleaded with him from the first false step, who can say what might have been averted?

"'Yes, I'm going!' Charles said, decidedly, beginning to dress. 'Hallo, Ormond, is that you? Come in. I'm not quite ready yet, but I'll not keep you waiting many minutes.'

"'I haven't come for you,' Ormond said, gravely, 'nor am I going myself. In fact, I've come to try to persuade you to stay at home. The boys have been drinking already, and there's no knowing what mischief they may do. Besides, Alf Grimes, the bridegroom, is a regular blackleg, as everybody knows, and the tavern is swarming with gamblers from Almont. They say they've come to pluck the green geese in this neighborhood.'

"'*Et tu, Brute!*' said my brother, laughing; 'so you're joining forces with Hal there, to convince me that I'm one of the young goslings that will fly into the trap. Thank you, but I'm going all the same. I hate trouble, you know, and it's easier for me to go with the boys for an hour or so to the tavern than to explain to them why I can't go. Rather humiliating, too, to say I can't take care of myself. Well, I'm ready. Good-night. But I say, Ormond, stay with us to-night. I'll be back before you go to bed and tell you all the news,' and humming a tune, he ran down the steps leaving us looking at each other uneasily.

"'I don't like his going,' Ormond said. 'Those boys will get into mischief.'

"He said no more about it. We tried to talk of other matters, but it was a vain effort. Two hours, three hours, passed. We sat at the window looking and listening.

"'I can't endure this suspense,' Ormond said at last, jumping up. 'I'm going to Dorsey's to see about Charles.'

"'Just what I was thinking of doing,' I answered, rising too.

"'No, you better not go,' he said. 'Charles may be'—he hesitated. 'Well, he may think if he sees you, that you're watching him, and that will make him angry, and then I shall not be able to get him away.'

"'Very well,' I said, 'I won't go into the tavern, then, but will wait outside and not show myself unless it's necessary to do so.'

"When we got near Dorsey's we could hear the noise of loud laughing, shouting and singing.

"'It's a regular pandemonium,' Ormond said, when we reached there. 'Now, stay outside whilst I hunt up Charles in this den of thieves and drunkards.'

"He went in, and I stood there vaguely wondering how my brother, with his refined tastes, could endure such disgusting associations, when suddenly there seemed to be a lull in the noise, and two men's voices rose loud and furious. One I instantly recognized as Estabrook's.

"I ran to the window (it was a ground floor) and looked in. Near the window was a table, and at it were seated two ruffianly looking men with Charles and Estabrook. They all had cards in their hands, and it only needed one glance at my brother's inflamed face, and eyes flashing with drunken rage, to make my heart sink with shame and grief. A revolver lay on the table before one of the men.

"'He's a cheat, a thief,' cried Estabrook, trying to rise on his unsteady legs. 'I say, Charles,' with a terrible oath, 'that scoundrel drew the card from his sleeve. I saw him. Let's go into 'em.'

"'You scoundrels!' cried my brother, grasping the man nearest him by the shoulder. It was the man before whom the pistol lay. He stretched out his hand to seize it, but Charles had caught it before him. I sprang through the low window, but Ormond by that time had reached the struggling men. I saw him throw himself upon Charles, and then almost instantly I heard the flash and report of the pistol. The crowd fell back with exclamations of horror.

"'He's shot him. He's shot his best friend,' I heard somebody say, as, blind with terror, I strove to make my way amongst the surging crowd. Who was shot? What words can paint my feelings! Was my brother killed?

"Then I heard a faint voice say, 'It was an accident. He never meant it. The pistol went off. I know, Charles, you did not see me.'

"Those were his last words. Yes, there lay noble Will Ormond, and my brother kneeling over him, very white now, and with a look of horror in his eyes which never quite left them until I closed the lids over them a few short months afterward.

"He never spoke one word in defense or extenuation of his act. It was easily proved that the pistol went off in the struggle, as Ormond tried to wrest it from my brother's hand. Crazed with drink, he did not even know who was trying to take it from him, nor how the trigger was pulled. But from that hour he held himself the guiltiest wretch on earth.

"A stronger and more stubborn nature would have resisted and conquered the despairing consequences of this dreadful accident. But my poor brother drifted as unresistingly on this sea of misery as he had done on a sea of pleasure. Drink numbed the pain of remorse, so he fled to it for relief. He did not drink among boon companions, nor was he ever excited in the slightest degree by the liquor. He poured it down to stupefy himself when he was alone, and grew more and more silent after every glass.

"I remonstrated with him. I showed him how our poor stern old father's heart was almost broken by this suicidal course of the son of whose brilliant career he had such hopes. I implored him not to let a woful accident, for an accident it was, destroy all power of will.

"'I never had any,' he answered, with a pitiful smile, 'or, at least, if I had, it was feeble, and it is too late to strengthen it. You can't turn a reed all at once into an oak, can you? I try to spare my father's pride, for if I am a drunkard, no one sees it but you and these four walls. It's easier for me to drift in this numbed state out of life than to face the world again with this weight on my heart always. You know I always do what is easiest.'

"The end was not long coming. His sensitive frame soon gave way to the cruel poison. But his mind, unobscured by liquor, was clearer a few hours before his death than it had been since that fatal night.

"'It's nearly over, Harry,' he said, feebly, 'and I've been all wrong, all wrong. I've drifted to the end I've been craving, but what lies beyond? Well, it's too late now to worry. Perhaps God may have mercy on the creature He made so weak, and who made himself so selfish and wicked.' So then he closed his eyes, and in a little hour drifted from time to eternity.

"Do you wonder, Max, why I was so shocked at your thoughtless words? Of late I have seen in you some of your uncle's traits; not his brilliant genius, but his susceptibility to all outward impressions, and his easy indolence in surrendering himself to them. Nothing else would have induced me to open the old wound by telling his story, and by laying bare his faults before you. I loved him so dearly. I have mourned him so faithfully, that after all these years I cannot hear that word 'drifting' without seeing him before me in all his wonderful beauty. Sitting as you do now in the sunset, and then!—but let the curtain be drawn over that picture forever."—*M. B. Williams, in Youth's Companion.*

A Patent Alarm Bed.

MR. WASHTUB is the name of the gentleman who won't stop at an up-country hotel again. It seems that the clerk had to get up very early in the morning, and finding difficulty in waking, built a patent alarm bed in accordance with plans given him by Mr. Edison, who once stopped at his house. The bed had a powerful clock-work attachment, and at a set hour it would arouse any man who wasn't dead. The day after they got the thing set up in the house there was a great rush of guests, and the clerk in order to accommodate Mr. Washtub gave up his bed to him. He also forgot to shut off the alarm, and the result was that about four o'clok in the morning Washtub was aronsed by a most terrible racket. He open his eyes and sat up in bed, and then he heard a voice, which came from a phonograph attachment to the bed, exclaim: "You old mucker, pile out!" If he had understood the thing he would have hopped out of bed and shut off the alarm. But he didn't and thought it was burglars. So he lay down again and pulled the covers over his head, and he bed began to shake violently, and he thought it was an earthquake, and was terribly scared. The bed shook so that he had to cling to the mattress to keep in, and finally the bed seemed to rise up right under him, and he was hurled violently to the floor. He tried to rise, and just then the mattress came off upon him with great force and floored him again. He had a terrible time getting out from under them, and just as he did so, and gave a wild yell for help, a shower of ice water came upon him, and then the slats of the bed began to whack at him, and as he could see but little in the dim light of the room, he thought he must have gone to sleep in a threshing machine, and some one had started it. His yells finally brought the landlord, who stopped the machine, and tried to calm the terrified guest by explaining the thing to him. But the explanation only made matters worse, for the victim lost two trains stopping over to lay for the clerk, who had found out what he had done, and kept out of the way.—*Boston Post.*

A REMARKABLE family of fat children live in Barren county, Ky. The father, Smithland Chambers, weighs 130 pounds, and his wife only 112 pounds, but a six-year-old daughter weighs 230 pounds. The latter is about as tall as other girls of her age, but measures eighty-four inches about the waist. A son died when five years old weighing 200 pounds, and some younger members of the family are growing fat rapidly.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

IF a farmer expects to make money by his business he must see how it is himself.

TO PEEL PEACHES.—Dip them a minute in hot water, then in cool, and the skin peels off readily.

CUCUMBERS, if sliced into cold water, will be made crisp and brittle, even if not perfectly fresh.

A "BROODY HEN," shut up three days without food or water, will, it is said, emerge so "run mad hungry" as to banish all thought of her former intentions.

GOOD feed and good care have made all our improved breeds of domestic animals what they are. Proper selection in breeding has no doubt laid the foundation for all improvements, but had not this been followed up and sustained by the best of care the breeding would have amounted to nothing.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—One peck of green tomatoes, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice, and one of white mustard seed, all ground. Lay the tomatoes, sliced, with a little salt between the layers, over night; then drain off the water, cover with vinegar, add spices and sugar, and boil a few minutes, stirring to prevent burning.

CANNED TOMATOES AND CORN.—Boil the corn on the cob, when it is in nice order for roasting, twenty minutes over a good fire, and cut off while hot. Have your tomatoes skinned and rubbed to a smooth pulp: put in two measures of them for every one of the cut corn; salt as for the table, stirring it well in, and bring to a hard boil. Then can quickly, and as soon as they are cold set away in a cool dark place.

CANNED PLUMS.—Prick with a needle to prevent bursting; prepare a sirup, allowing a gill of pure water and a quarter of a pound of sugar to every three quarts of fruit. When the sugar is dissolved and the water blood-warm, put in the plums; heat slowly to a boil; let them boil five minutes; fill up the jars with plums, pour in the scalding sirup until it runs down the sides, and seal. Green gages are very fine put up the same way; also damsons for pies.

A LABOR-SAVING invention is to have one long cake-tin divided in the middle. When making cake put half the quantity in one end of the tin. Add to the remainder, spices, raisins, etc., according to taste, and put in the other end of the tin. This saves time in making and baking. The result will be two kinds of cake for the basket, and if the family is small one is less likely to have dry cake on hand than if two large cakes are made at the same time.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Ten pounds fruit, pared; four and a half pounds sugar, one quart vinegar, mace, cinnamon and cloves to taste. Lay the peaches in the sugar for an hour; drain off every drop of sirup, and put over the fire with about a cup of water. Boil until the scum ceases to rise. Skim; put in the fruit and boil five minutes. Take out the peaches with a perforated skimmer, and spread upon dishes to cool; add the vinegar and spices to the sirup; boil fifteen minutes, and pour over the fruit in glass jars.

CHOW-CHOW.—One quart of small cucumbers, one pint of onions, one quart of green tomatoes (sliced), one cauliflower (cut in strips), three red peppers (sliced); scald in salt and water. After draining pour over it hot vinegar and let it stand two or three days; then drain off the old vinegar. Take one package of English mustard, one quart of vinegar, one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar, and one-half cupful of flour; boil the vinegar; mix up the other ingredients in a little cold vinegar, and pour into the hot; let it boil up, and pour (while hot) over the pickles.

WHILE it may be desirable to save the first seeds of some of our vegetables, such as sweet corn, peas and beans, it is not best to make such a selection from all kinds. The first tomatoes that ripen are generally small and ill-shapen, and it would be undesirable to select seeds from these, as they would soon deteriorate the variety; but the best plan is to wait till large, smooth specimens are produced, and from these select seed for future crops. By doing this for a few years you will find that you have wonderfully improved the tomato; and to secure improvement of any kind of vegetable it is absolutely necessary to select the best specimens of every kind. Deterioration ought to have no place in the farmer's vocabulary.

SMUT IN CORN.—Corn smut is a fungus which grows from the substance of the plant, the seed being carried into the roots from the soil and from the roots into the stalks, ears and other parts of the plant. The seed or spores are in the soil, and may be carried there in manure made from animals fed upon corn-fodder or corn ears infested with smut. Or the spores, which are as fine and as light as the finest dust, may be carried to the soil by the wind and washed into it by rains. At any rate it is there. It only makes the matter worse to bury the smut; this should be burned. If buried it remains in the soil, and will infest a crop after some time has elapsed. The only thing that can be done is to steep the seed in strong brine or solution of blue vitriol (four ounces in a gallon of water,) to be sure the seed is pure, and then if smut appears from infested ground, to cut out every smutty stalk and burn it.

Fixing Up Around the House.

IF farmers would give a little more time to "fixing up" around their houses, they would make their homes much more attractive to themselves, to their children, and even to passers by. A few grape vines tastefully trained, a few pear and peach trees, a few rose trees and shrubs and flowers—these are the things that give beauty and an air of comfort and prosperity to any house. Many people who live in villages and cities even will so improve a few feet of land as not only to add greatly to the beauty but the value of their property. The farmer and his boys would soon be as much pleased and interested in this kind of home decoration as the mother or sisters. It would relieve your thoughts from the harder part of farm work. Like music and poetry and narrative to the student, you would find constant rest and refreshment thereby. In the poultry department a little variety is also pleasant to an artistic eye. I have noticed that our more wide awake and prosperous farmers often have a few geese or ducks or guinea hens, or even a peacock, as a sort of "figure head" to the poultry yard. A few swarms of bees on a farm are always suggestive to me of efficiency and skill on the part of the owner. A true artistic taste is worthy of cultivation to some extent in any calling, and people are giving much more attention to this law in every direction than they did a few years ago. It requires but a little more care and skill to conform to this law than to do everything with utter disregard to that which pleases the eye. A person with any love for the beautiful in nature or art will work with much more ease and pleasure on anything where this law is regarded than where it is ignored. If you should hire a raw Irishman to do your work, we venture to say he would do it enough better if your farm and garden are laid out with an eye to beauty as well as utility to more than compensate you for the skill expended on the matter of art.—*Exchange.*

A WOMAN who has four sons, all sailors, compares herself with a year, because she has four seasons.

Enriching Orchards.

THE farmer who has been accustomed to raising apples and has been uniformly successful, will doubtless say that if he expects to get good crops he treats the orchard as he does for any other crop—he manures it, and he finds that a manure that will do for most other crops will do for the crop of apples. It is the neglect to manure orchards at all that causes them to bear so poorly and the trees to look in bad condition. There is nothing better than wood-ashes for orchards, if we had the ashes; but nearly every body burns coal except in certain out-of-the-way sections, and we must therefore resort to something else. Next to wood-ashes there is no other fertilizer better than barnyard manure. A liberal application of this, if only once in three years, with careful pruning and scraping of the trees, and ferreting-out the borers and other insects which lie concealed under the bark, will soon make a change in the productiveness of the orchard. October and November are the best months to apply the manure and to give the trunks of the trees a good scraping-off of all old bark. If the trunks were washed with whale-oil soap, say one pound to an ordinary-sized bucket of water, there would not be many insects left alive after the operation.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Two tourists from America say, in a letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, that they easily made their way by bribery into the gallery of the British House of Commons. "There appeared, in plain black clothes, a clerical, lobbyist-looking man, who said: 'Gentlemen, you want to go into the gallery of the House. Follow me right in. Look about you as if you were familiar with the place, as if if you had been summoned in by a member, or by the Speaker.' So we followed on, meek as sheep in spirit, but spruce and indifferent as possible, and when we finally crossed the barrier of the last lobby, and stood in the octagon space right at the door of Commons, we saw a lunch counter and several Peers chewing and a good many policemen, and here our man, to whom we had meantime slipped half a crown, or sixty-two and one-half cents, said again: 'Remain here. Keep your eye on me. Look round as if you had a right here.' In a half minute more we got the wink from Her Majesty's civil service representative, and walked across the octagon to where an old son of sin in red and green clothes was sitting in a big chair at the foot of a staircase. 'Walk up, gentlemen,' he says. And we dart, leaving beneath us all forms of majesty, and, bold as brass, we slip into one of the leather pews and watch old John Bright, full of fat and white hairs, sitting on the ministerial bench, and hear somebody speak on the Hares and Rabbits bill."

—A case which has recently been decided by the Tribunal of the Seine is worthy the attention of anybody about to enter into the bonds of holy matrimony with a Frenchman or French woman. The French law takes no cognizance of a marriage entered into by a Frenchman or French woman in foreign countries unless it is contracted according to French rules. As the latter are very intricate, and as it is perhaps too much to ask an eager bridegroom or a blushing bride to study the Code Napoleon, the only safe method is to be married at the French Consulate. In the case alluded to the husband and wife had been married in London four years before, and several children were born of the union. The marriage was contracted in entire accordance with the laws of England, but the French tribunal held it to be null and void. The marriage law of France is the direct outcome of the horror of a *mesalliance* which was so strong under the old regime, and the new order of things ought to bring a more cosmopolitan view into favor.

—A clergyman gave a St. Louis congregation, the other Sunday, a thrilling account of his terrible experience as an opium-eater, telling how from 1847 to 1860 he practiced medicine in the Mississippi Valley, and having to ride night and day for at least four months of the year, exposed to malaria, commenced to take quinine in from five to ten grain doses. He then added morphine to the quinine, and after a time began to drink whisky. In 1865 he fully consecrated himself to the ministry, and in 1867 was appointed pastor of the First Methodist Church of St. Louis. There he remained until he was sent to Lexington, Mo. In the latter part of 1870 trouble came upon him, and he began to use opium and whisky to excess. One grain of opium was found insufficient, and be increased the dose until he found himself taking twenty-five grains. His description of his sufferings during this period filled his audience with the deepest sympathy.

—Not long ago a new railway was opened in the Highlands. A Highlander named Donald heard of it, and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was about half the distance to the next station when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown into a park. After recovering his senses he made the best of his way home, when the neighbors asked him how he liked his drive. "Oh," replied Donald, "I liked it fine, but they had an awfu' quick way of puttin' me oot."

—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* informs us that the hop men and brewers are at lager heads.

—Some topers drink hearty at night, because water will taste so good next day.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Brooklyn's Beautiful Buildings.

David Acker, Esq., Sup't of Building Dep't, Brooklyn, N. Y., certifies that among his men the St. Jacobs Oil has been used for various complaints with the highest satisfaction.

ALL respectable dealers sell Frazer Axle Grease, because it is the Genuine and gives perfect satisfaction.

DOES a person become stone blind who is petrified with astonishment?

"NOT much, but every little helps," says the Philadelphia newspaper man who has been left $700,000. That amount of money would look large to almost everyboly except newspaper men, who make as much every week of their lives.—*Chicago Times.*

NO PUMPKIN which thinks anything of its size will fail to attend the State Fair.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE other morning a Galveston merchant was seen standing in his store with his face tied up and smiling like a house on fire. "What are you grinning for?" asked a passer-by. "I choost sold out all mine old umprellas, and I feel so glad ash never vash. Dish rainy vedder was a plessing." "What's the matter with your jaw?" "My tooths ache so pad I vants to die. Dot rainy vedder always makes dot." And as his thoughts went back to the sale of the umbrellas he put his hand up to the jaw and laughed, and swore and stamped and smiled until people passing mistook him for a lunatic.—*Galveston News.*

A SHILLING'S worth of pork is of more real value than a dollar's worth of flattery.

WHY we travel.—X. returns from a month's jaunt, gets out of his dusty clothing, puts on his dressing-gown, and falls luxuriously into his easy-chair with the remark: "My son, I have traveled 1,300 miles for this one minute."—*French Paper.*

IS IT good morals to file the teeth of a seventeen-year-old horse and sell him for a nine-year-old?

ONE-HALF of the road belongs to the other wagon.

PEOPLE often get mad at those who cut them on the street. This is getting angry for a slight cause.—*Boston Post.*

THE man who knows his own rights will never trespass upon those of his neighbor.

A DISHONEST fruit dealer's aim is to pack six quarts of peaches in a four-quart basket and sell them for a peck.

[Hoboken Democrat.]

Headaches of To-day.

We refer to those peculiar, throbbing pains, which seem to fill the head to the exclusion of everything else. Such a headache troubled Mrs. A. Ettanger, Plainfield, N. J. She says: I suffered for sixteen years with a painful nervous headache, and I consulted many physicians in vain. Some time ago I received by chance a *Hamburg Family Almanac*, read the testimonials in favor of Hamburg Drops and bought a bottle for trial. The effect was so beneficial that I continued its use. Before many weeks had passed I was cured, and now keep this wonderful remedy constantly on hand.

Made New Again.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.:

I have used your Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—"made new again," are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I can never be too thankful to those who recommended your medicines, for I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work. I desire to make this statement in order that those suffering may not despair until they have given your remedies a trial.

Yours truly, MRS. WM. D. RUKEMAN.

The Most Desirable Stove to Buy.

All our customers agree in saying that the CHARTER OAK is without doubt the best Cook Stove they ever used or sold, and believe its large high oven, ample warming closet, and an excellent Reservoir, make it the most desirable stove that a housekeeper can buy.

Evidence Corroborated.

The Sun, Indianapolis, Ind., has the following: "Testimonials not numbered by hundreds, but by thousands, are in hands of H. H. Warner & Co., all furnishing ample corroborative evidence that as a curative, for specific diseases for which recommended, Warner's Safe Remedies are an unqualified and pronounced success."

Bakes Perfectly.

The CHARTER OAK COOK STOVE now in my kitchen has been used ten years. It bakes perfectly with less fuel than any stove that I know of; is perfectly clean, no dust or ashes escape into the room, and I cheerfully recommend it to any housekeeper wanting a first-rate stove.

Ladies.

Ladies who have been to mark should use Payson's Indelible Ink. It is the best. Inquire of any Druggist or Stationer, or a sample can be sent you for 50c. post-paid by addressing F. H. Stoddard & Co., Northampton, Mass.

Best Stove We Ever Used.

After many years' trial, we are satisfied that the CHARTER OAK is the best Stove we ever used, and cheerfully testify that it is the best adapted to the wants of the general public of any stove in the market.

"MALT BITTERS" are a Blood, Brain and Nerve Food, peculiarly adapted to, and warmly recommended by, our clergymen and physicians for General Debility, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Hysteria, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Emaciation and Dropsy.

Facts and Figures.

Every one of the more than 400,000 CHARTER OAK STOVES now in the hands of as many housekeepers have proved eminently practicable, easily kept in order, doing all kinds of cooking quickly, cleanly and with great economy of fuel and labor.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of Redding's Russia Salve is its power to reduce inflammation.

WILBOFF'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

THE ladies' best friend. National Yeast.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

"A MEDICINE WITHOUT A RIVAL."

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE GREATEST

KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE

EVER KNOWN.

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and restored health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease, and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength, and the blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For Sale by all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I. Price, 75 cents, and $1.25 (large size).

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL MORMONISM UNVEILED.

The most COMPLETE and OVERWHELMING exposé of the CRIMES AND SECRET PRACTICES of Mormonism. Includes the Life and Confessions of the Mormon Bishop, John D. Lee, and Brigham Young; STARTLING AND THRILLING REVELATIONS!! PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. Sell's to best anything. Address, H. P. SCAMMELL & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

AGENTS WANTED. SOMETHING NEW. Cox, Tenge & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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

Books by Mail.

1. SIX LITTLE COOKS.

By MISS KIRKLAND. Price $1.50.

"This book is really an interesting narrative in itself. It delightfully teaches girls how to follow Josephine's old Dominion New York.

2. DORA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

By MISS KIRKLAND. Price $1.50.

"To complete a kitchen garden field in literature, and girls and their mothers will be equally delighted with it."—The Advance, Chicago.

3. ODD OR EVEN.

By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. 16 mo. Houghton, Osgood & Co. Price, $1.50.

"'Odd or Even,' is not the novel of a day or a season, but a romance, it is a capital novel forever."—Chicago Times.

4. CAPTAIN FRACASSE.

From the French of THEOPHILE GAUTIER. 16mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Paper, 50c.; cloth, $1.25.

"In this delightful work Gautier surpassed himself and produced the model of picturesque romance."—Henry James, Jr.

Any of the above books sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price named.

A. N. KELLOGG,

77 Jackson Street, Chicago.

AGENTS Can make money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Over 70 other good things. By mail, $1. Address Chase Publ'g Co., Toledo, O.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! Best selling articles in the world. 4 samples free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

The Miniature Gun, only $1

The barrel and stock are be