THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

WHERE IS THE SUMMER GONE?

WHERE, O where is the summer gone?
For the summer is gone to-day;
I heard the crickets at early dawn
In the meadow not far away.
The north wind turns up the forest leaves,
The grass is brown on the lawn;
There's a mournful sigh at the cottage eaves;
O where is the summer gone?

Where is the summer gone, my dear?
We longed to enjoy it so;
We gave to its coming a wishful tear
In the time of the melting snow.
We would climb the hills of emerald green,
We would greet the sun at its dawn;
But, O how busy the months have been,
And now the summer is gone.

Where is the summer gone? O God,
I have kissed here and there a flower,
I have rested a moment upon the sod,
I have felt thy sunshine an hour;
Now the sod is brown and the flower dead,
And the golden light withdrawn:
The frosts of autumn are on my head;
O where is the summer gone?

Where is the summer gone? To-night
There's a hollow sound in the air,
The frosty stars have a wintry light,
There's a spirit step on the stair.
Hark, a baby laugh falls on my ear
Where the portal and darkness yawn,
But the dream is dispelled by a burning tear;
O where is the summer gone?

Where is the summer gone at last?
When the whirling leaves are dead;
And the rustling flowers before the blast
Their frozen petals shed;
When trees are bare and hills are brown,
And storms arise at the dawn;
When the snow-crowned head bends lowly down,
Then where is the summer gone?

The summer is gone to the source of light,
The flowers have gone to sleep,
The flush of youth and manhood's might
No power hath earth to keep.
Then turn, O Earth, to the waiting sun;
Then turn, O Soul, to the dawn;
In the Orient land all days are one,
And there's where the summer is gone.
—*A. T. Worden, in the Rochester Evening Express.*

ON A BLACKBOARD.

MILDRED PARMENTER sat in the little parlor beating her foot impatiently on the striped rag carpet. The August sun peered into the windows, and at the sides of the green paper curtains, perforated with pinholes and flapping in the breeze, she caught occasional glimpses of the mountains and the clouds which made a marvelous picture in front of the old Vermont farm house. Two neighbors had dropped in to see her aunt, and the three ladies, with knitting-work and occasional resort to their black *paper mache* snuff-boxes, were discussing the probable fate of a dissagreeable farmer in the vicinity whose theft of a "yearling" was the chief topic of conversation in all the farmhouses within the radius of half a dozen miles.

"An' they dew say,"—was one of the passing remarks that caught her ear,—"that they haint never had no idee up to Goshen what sort of a critter 'twas he stole, till ole Mis' Stevens, she said as haow she seen him agoin—"

Miss Mildred's attention wandered. she found the conversation dull, but she looked at the women with a new curiosity. "And this is their life," she was thinking, "a clean apron, a pinch of snuff, and a neighborly call after the dinner dishes are 'done up;' a discussion of old Mrs. Brown's paralytic stroke, Deacon Stebbins' third wife, Matilda Hines' success with her sage cheese, and the new bell on the town hall."

One of the thin, monotonous voices began again, "I'd jest sot out to go with Mary Ann, you know she lives two miles from that there ——"

Miss Mildred caught up her hat and sauntered out of the front door. Only a few rods away were the pine woods, cool, still, fragrant. She seated herself at the foot of a gigantic tree, and, leaning her head against the trunk, went off into one of the reveries which lately seemed to fill the waking hours of her life.

A wagon came rattling along the crooked, sandy road. Her uncle was returning from a trip to the village, and as he drove into the shed he called to her, "Letters, darter."

It was always his name for her, she was so like a daughter he had lost. She waited for the letters, not very impatiently, till he came by on his way to the house. There were only two of them. The one from her sister she opened first.

"And Mr. Elson came yesterday," ran one of the paragraphs. "We told him of your fancy to bury yourself all summer in the rural districts, but assured him you would join us for a week, at least, before we returned to New York. Of course that is the only thing that prevents him from leaving the Springs at once. By the way, he heard before he came up that it is all over between you and Oscar, and that Oscar is engaged to that cousin of his, Ella Hunt, who was always held up to us as a model of all the virtues. I don't doubt that she is exactly suited to him. Mamma is delighted that Mr. Elson is going to stay with us. You know, Milly, what she has set her heart on, and of course you won't disappoint us all. He has grown a little stouter than he was in the winter."

She threw the letter aside, unfinished, and sat perfectly still, her hands tightly clasped in her lap. Oscar Brant engaged to his cousin Ella! Well, that was according to the eternal fitness of things. Ella had an amiable disposition, was dignified, serene, ladylike always. She never acted on impulse, never gave way to a quick temper, and had never done or said, in her whole life, a thing she had reason to be sorry for. Yes, Mildred reflected, she was altogether the proper person for Oscar Brant, and with a queer little laugh she thought of the hopeless difference between herself and this most admirable woman. But the laugh was so nearly akin to a sob that she dared not trust herself to go on thinking. She caught up the other letter from a young lady sojourning at Saratoga. It was addressed in large, dashing hand, covering the whole envelope. "Why will she use violet ink?" was Mildred's thought as she opened it. It was as dashing inside as out.

"You are certainly a gay deceiver, my dear. To think that your health required rest and mountain air, so that you could neither give your family nor me the pleasure of your society! I understand it all now, and really I can't blame you. Oscar Brant is more entertaining than a hotel full of people, and handsomer than ever. I saw him for just a moment en route for Lake Champlain with his party. Camping out must be such fun! And to think you happened to have an uncle living so conveniently near. Of course you see Oscar every day or two."

There was a four-page description following of the costumes worn at a ball at the Grand Union. Mildred Parmenter to this day has never read a word of it.

"More news!" how little her Saratoga friend guessed at the truth in the case! And Oscar Brant was only four miles away. She could not help it now if the tears came. Why could they not let her alone? she thought. She had come up to the New England hills to gain some of the strength and peace she had lost after she and Oscar Brant had parted. She must try for it harder than ever, now that the time drew near for her to return to the city.

Her mother and sisters would wait for her at the Springs. Mr. Elson would wait, too; Mr. Elson, worth half a million, sixty years old, his head bald and shiny; a short, fat, fussy man, who had "grown a little stouter." Ugh! They would all go home together, to the fall fashions, and dinner parties, and formal calls. She thought suddenly of the stuffy parlor, and of the three ladies with their gossip about the new minister, and the neighborhood's mumps and measles. What was there to choose between these city and country lives? Life itself was intolerable everywhere. Despair at nineteen is a very hopeless sort of despair. Mildred laid her head on the ground with a great tearing sob. "Oh how can I bear it?"

She went back to the house presently. She would conquer this foolishness, so she told herself, as she kept saying over and over again the whole summer long. She would conquer her temper, too; grow humble, and docile, and patient. If she tried hard, perhaps, before she grew to be a very old woman—and forty to her was an immense age—she might be amiable, too—serene, self-poised and lovable. She was quite charmed with the ideal she imagined of herself. As for the great grief that had so worn upon her, it was righteous punishment for her pride and wilfulness. There was no one but herself to blame, and her sense of justice was keen. She must do her best to bear what she had brought upon herself.

Supper was nearly ready when she came in; a beautiful appeal to an artistic eye, with its heap of snow-white biscuits, deep, golden butter and purple grape jelly; but the flowers with which she always decked the table, she had forgotten that afternoon. She went at once into the garden, meeting her uncle as he passed by with the foaming milk-pails. "Don't forget my hollyhock, darter," he called out as he passed along. Hollyhocks were a standing joke between them. She nodded brightly. She had really a very sweet and sound nature, for all her faults and shortcomings, and in the peaceful twilight time, she fought a good fight, in which she was helped by every outward condition.

When she came in again, her uncle was carrying on a spasmodic conversation with his wife, who, out of sight in the buttery, was straining the milk.

"An' if they can't find some one to take the school," he was saying, "it'll hev to be shet up awhile."

"What school?" Mildred asked, caring less for the answer than for the effect of a great pansy she was settling among the China-asters.

"Here in our own deestrict. Teacher's sick, an' they can't seem to find no one to take her place."

Mildred had seen the teacher, a pale young girl, who went home every night by her uncle's house, with several little ones beside her. They were barefooted, to be sure, but bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked.

"How many scholars are there?" she asked, a sudden impulse taking possession of her.

"Not more'n twenty, I reckon. It's a summer school, so 'tain't never very large."

"Uncle, would they let me take it?"

"You, darter!"

"Yes, I believe I should enjoy it, and it would do me good, besides giving the teacher a little help. She looks as if she needed it."

So it came about that Mildred Parmenter, meeting the children in the road the next morning, introduced herself to them as the lady who would take care of them till their teacher got well; and, with the big key in her hand, went across the field with them with a more positive feeling of content and happiness than she had known for months.

It was a queer little log school-house to which they went, one of the primitive sort. From all the windows were magnificent views of the mountains, but Mildred improved even on that advantage, by occasionally having recitations out of doors, a departure from the orthodox fashion very gratifying to the youthful mind. She had had little contact with the country people, and the peculiar dialect, the homely simplicity of life, and marked characteristics of her pupils, continually amused her. Bobby Whitman, her youngest scholar, had a strong propensity for chewing gum, a habit which seriously interfered with a naturally defective articulation, but one which he sacrificed for the good graces of his teacher. With Maggie Wetherbee, her oldest pupil, she formed almost an intimacy, listening with interest to the long confidences twanged through a very pretty nose, of her trials in tending baby, picking "garden-sass," and laying down pickles.

Poor Maggie, she learned, was also the victim of an ardent attachment, severely disapproved at home, for "a hand" employed during haying on her father's farm. Between these two extremes in age, she found almost every variety of taste and disposition, realizing that she had entered on a fertile field of usefulness and enjoyment. She wrote to her sister a very comical account of her experiment, laughing aloud as she pictured the disgust of her lady mother, indulged in the wildest dreams of an independent career, and, in a few weeks, had become convinced that there was really a great deal in life worth living for.

It was little Harley Jones' turn that week to "rid up" the school-house, as he termed it, and Mildred wondered for two successive days at the cluster of flowers which she found on her desk. The great double geraniums seemed to flash their scarlet glory all over the room; and heliotrope too, her favorite flower, in masses of purple beauty, filled the air with its fragrance. A spray of it, with a few delicate ferns, another of her delights, was laid upon the Bible opened at the chapter with which she began the day's exercises. Harley Jones had certainly a taste and appreciation for which she had never given him credit.

He was vigorously cleaning the blackboard one morning, as she came in just in time to see the last few words as he erased them. The writing struck her peculiarly.

"What did you rub out, Harley?" she asked, hanging up her hat in the corner.

"Somethink you writ yesterday, Miss Carpenter. I was writin' it over." She smiled at the name. He never could get it right, but she corrected the other slips in his speech.

"You mean something, Harley, and you should say I wrote it. Can you remember?"

"He jest done it hisself," piped up a voice behind them. "I seen him when I come in."

"Oh, Johnnie Mack!" was the teacher's exclamation, "after I have told you so many times." Yet no possible mutilation of verbs seemed to affect her love for the offenders, or to diminish her patience with them, and in the course of the day she noticed that Harley Jones had really made vast improvement in his copybook. But she had occasion to reprove Maggie Wetherbee as they walked home together that night.

"I saw you talking with a man this morning, Maggie, when I came across the lot. Is it possible you meet any one in that way outside your father's house?"

"But 'twasn't him," stammered Maggie, growing red.

"Him! who?"

"Why, Bill, that I told you about. I didn't expect to meet him," she added, growing redder with the consciousness of how easily the stranger could make her false to Bill. "He's boarding somewhere round, and just asked me how soon school would be out. He's drawing a picture of our school-house—and that's all. He had lot's of pictures in a big flat book."

A strolling artist, Mildred thought. She knew nothing about artists, but had an idea they were rather inoffensive people. Still she determined to watch Maggie. She must not drift into any danger.

Mildred went earlier to school the next morning, earlier even than Harley Jones. Fresh flowers were on the desk again, but with a great start she saw the figure of a man at the blackboard writing. "I am here," were the words he was rapidly tracing with the chalk, "and must see you if—" Just then he turned, conscious of a presence,—but not before she had recovered her self-possession.

"Good morning" she said, quietly, extending her hand, and with a smile glanced from his face to the blackboard.

He caught her hand and held it.

"Mildred, are you ready to forgive me yet?"

She drew her hand away and stepped back.

"I have nothing to forgive in you, Oscar. I was angry when I saw you last, but I was the one to blame. Forgive me."

He looked at her in astonishment; she seemed so utterly unlike herself.

"And have you got over your love as well as your anger, Mildred?"

The quick color flashed all over her face. She looked like herself once more, as she answered:

"That question is in poor taste, Oscar Brant. I have not congratulated you on your engagement to your cousin Ella. I do so heartily," she went on, plunging along into a chaos of words, lest she should break down utterly; "she is good and gentle and—and everything that I am not. She—" her voice failed her after all.

"Why Mildred, what in this world are you talking about?" His arms were around her. She was sobbing on his shoulder. "Where did you hear such a ridiculous story?"

Maggie Wetherbee entered breathlessly. "Miss Parmenter—" then stopped bewildered at the sight before her eyes. Bobby Whitman and Harley Jones had been quarreling. They came up behind Maggie each eager to exonerate himself. But the wet eyes and flushed face of their teacher made friends of them instantly. "Is it her beau?" whispered Harley as he nudged Bobby: but Maggie hustled them both out of the room without ceremony, hurrying after them herself, and before the teacher recalled them the question appeared to have been satisfactorily answered.

It was well that the regular teacher resumed her duties the next week, for by that time Mildred was abundantly willing to give them up. Yet she always declared that teaching was the most delightful work in the world, and that she found the happiness of her life on a blackboard.—*Woman's Journal.*

Know My Boy Bill!

AS THE overland express was snorting through Alameda yesterday, on its way to New York, the engineer suddenly whistled down brakes, the conductor frantically shouted and jerked the signal line, and with many a jar and squeak the long line of cars was brought to a stop.

The cause of this "sudden fetchup" was a fat old lady with a red face and a green parasol, who had planted herself squarely in front of the engine, and was making the most frantic signals for it to pause.

"What's the matter? Anything on the track?" said the engineer, excitedly.

"Nothing but me," said the old lady, stiffly.

"Has there been a smash up? Is there—there a drawbridge open?"

"Don't poke fun at me, young man. I want to see the proprietor."

"The what?"

"The man who runs this thing—the captain—or whatever you call him."

"What do you want with the conductor?"

"None of your business. I want to see the head man—the boss—and to onct."

"Well, ma'am," said that functionary, running up, watch in hand, "what's up? What can I do for you?"

"You go through Chicago, don't you?"

"Why, of course. What of it?"

"Know my son Bill—Bill Skinderson—there?"

"No. For Heaven's sake get off the track, you old—

"Don't sass me, you red-nosed gorilla, or I'll inform on you. Deary me, I thought everybody knew my boy Bill—prominent man there—runs the biggest fruit stand in town, and—hands off, you rascal. Don't dare to tech me. I'll move when I'm good and ready."

"Well, hurry up. What do you want?"

"Oh! thought you'd change yer tune. Well, I wish you'd just stop over a day or two at Chicago and look up Bill and tell him that little Mariah Jane's janders have kinder worked round into fits and there's more hopes. She's sorter—"

"Start her up, Jimmy!" yelled the furious conductor; and if the old lady hadn't hustled up her skirts and humped herself, she would have had a first-class case of damages against the company. After that she stood apoplectic with rage, shaking her parasol at the disappearing train, and announcing her determination to go right over "and see Governor Standard the very minute the dishes were washed."—*San Francisco Post.*

Fathers on the Bench and Sons at the Bar.

The London *Law Times* says: "An incident in the Briston County Court raises a question which we think is of the utmost moment to the bench and the bar. A son of the Judge appeared as counsel before him and the counsel on the other side declined to go on with the case, as we gather, on that ground alone. We think the Judge was wrong in suggesting that this step could in any sense be an insult to him." The London *Law Journal* says on the same incident: "In the United States the impression has taken so deep a hold that an attempt has actually been made to pronounce a father disqualified, on the ground of interest, to try a case in which his son is engaged. Such views of the situation are, it is needless to say, altogether without foundation. Judges' sons cannot be ostracised from the bar because their fathers were eminent lawyers before them. We do not for a moment believe that a single case on record has been decided in favor of a particular party because that party happened to be represented by the Judge's son." But both journals agree in the conclusion that the constant practice would be improper. The *Times* says: "To say that a barrister should never appear in a court presided over by his father may be unreasonable. But we most emphatically condemn the practice of barristers adopting a court in which to practice over which their fathers do preside or may preside alone." And the *Journal* says: "This appearance is not of sufficient importance to be taken into account in ordinary cases; but still, if a son attach himself constantly to the court of his father as a Queen's counsel in equity attaches himself to a Vice-Chancellor, it must be admitted that an impropriety is committed."

The difficulty in the case is four-fold: first, that a Judge will always be presumed by the populace to lean in favor of his son; second, that the son will get business from the force of this presumption; third, that the Judge will unconsciously be biased in his favor; or fourth, that the Judge will do his son's client injustice from the fear of such bias. However pure, the Judge and the son will always stand in danger.—*Albany Law Journal.*

"WHAT do you do for sleeplessness?" a nervous man asked his physician "Set the alarm for five o'clock," replied the medicine man. And the stupid patient couldn't imagine what that had to do with it.—*Hawkeye.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

ALL bulbs and plants that die down to the ground in autumn may be protected by covering with leaves, straw and manure, but plants that retain their leaves in winter will not bear such protection.

IF the census could be taken of those men in large cities who are most prosperous in business it would be found that a large proportion of them look forward to a home upon a farm as a resting place after the toil of years. There is a feeling of security in owning a farm, which is not enjoyed by those engaged in traffic, and therefore farm life is growing more popular with men city-born and bred.

PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Rice, large pearl sago, and tapioca are best when the pudding is made without eggs. Sprinkle a little of any one of the above at the bottom of a pudding dish, add a little sugar, and fill up with milk. Stir well before placing in the oven. To the sago add a small piece of cinnamon, broken up. The rice must bake quite four hours, the sago and tapioca about three. Skim milk will do if you cannot spare the new milk.

THE spread of noxious weeds is often owing to their undisturbed growth on the public highways. If there was a general law making it obligatory on farmers to suppress their growth on the public roads bounding their properties, it would no doubt be beneficial to all concerned. While some farmers voluntarily do so at present, there are many who allow them to mature and scatter their seeds and thus "increase and multiply."

AT this time of the year, says the New York *Times*, that very precious herb tarragon can be obtained in the market, and to make tarragon vinegar for home use is exceedingly easy. Take a bunch of tarragon, which can be had for twenty-five cents, divide it in two, and put each half of it in a quart bottle of wine vinegar; let it remain there for about two weeks, and you have an excellent tarragon vinegar, quite as good as can be bought in the shops. This is for use in making salads, and adds much to the flavor thereof.

CRABAPPLE JELLY.—Wipe them clean, cut in two and core them; put in a kettle, add enough water to come up around them nicely, cover and stew until tender, then take from the fire, pour into a cloth and strain, hang up and let them drain, but do not press them lest the pulp come through. When all the juice has drained from them put the pulp through a sieve; then add one pound of sugar to two of fruit. This makes very nice marmalade. Cook a little while and can, then you have the juice for jelly. Add sugar to it pound for pound and simmer a little while and you have the finest of jelly.

THE *Country Gentleman* says: "The real profit arising from farming consists in the attention to details. He who looks closely after small things is the one who finds farming pays, for neglect in small things leads to carelessness in large ones. It is the last item which is added to any given product that yields the profit." Yet it is not always advisable to strike for the largest crop which a piece of land can be made to produce, for the exhaustion of the soil may be so great as to more than counterbalance the value secured. Some of the artificial fertilizers operate upon the human system, producing a temporary excitement to be followed by a corresponding reaction.

BORAX.—Lady readers who have not tested the magic properties of borax have been losing a great help and comfort. If once used, you will never be without a bottle on your toilet-table. It removes stains and dirt from the hands better than soap, and at the same time softens and smoothes the skin. It is splendid for washing the hair, and will, without injury, cleanse brushes and combs in a few moments. For washing purposes it saves both soap and labor. It will extract the dirt from articles of delicate texture without rubbing, it being only necessary to put the articles to soak with a solution of borax over night, and need only to be rinsed in the morning. Two tablespoonfuls of pulverized borax dissolved in a quart of water, to which water enough is added to cover a pair of blankets, will cleanse them beautifully. It also saves great labor in washing paint. It is said to drive away ants and roaches, if sprinkled on the shelves of safes and pantries.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

The Spirit of Improvement.

EVERY neglect of the farm, every missed opportunity for improvement, every neglected fence, or half-cultured field, and every other fixture of farm labor that is contrary to the spirit of improvement now so dominant in the agricultural world, is covered over with the mantle of charity, i. e., the "want of time."

If time is of any value, and the cost of these improvements were put into the balance against it, it would be found in a majority of cases that the greater number of these actually-demanded improvements would cost but very little, if any, more than this time which is counted so valuable. The primary cost of these improvements can never be exactly ascertained until they are put in operation and their value determined by use and comparison with old methods that they have superseded; and when their superiority is demonstrated, the precious time that first stood in the way of their introduction will be found to have been either largely wasted in getting along with old-time tools or methods, or largely over-estimated.

If the spirit of improvement is to become a factor in farm labor, it is a valuable feature to study out and know in advance exactly what is needed or what line of labor is necessary to put in practice the particular improvement that is desired. When it is determined upon, do not allow any side issue to supplant the idea, and finish it up and perfect it before leaving it or neglecting it for some other plan that has come in to dispute occupancy.

If this spirit of improvement is once begun, it will enlarge as the farmer sees new results and finds that farming is an exact science rather than an experimental business of doubtful result. If disaster comes from this spirit it will be the result of over-reaching and attempting too much rather than a lack of realizing upon any thorough and well-worked plan, and it is from this, rather than the former, that the farmer must guard himself. The adoption and perfecting of one plan or method at a time is a safe way, and the amount of improvement and adornment that will follow as one year is compared with another will be a surprise, and the additional labor with the increased income derived therefrom, without calling for more hours of labor, or greater exertions to perform it will be the complete answer for participation in the spirit of progress.

This spirit has an effect upon the family for good. The improvement of house, barns, machinery, lands, and general beautifying and lending additional attractions, will inspire a refined taste in the family that will not be confined within that circle, but will extend and show its influence over wider areas and enter other circles. This spirit once put in operation would be controlled by judgment, and directed by a systematic course of study that will promote this desirable quality so essential to a higher farm life, and guard and protect against its extreme extravagance and unrestricted outlays, against which no farm revenue can contend, but if wisely used will promote the happiness and inspire the intelligence that stamps the farmer as a true "sovereign of the soil."—*Exchange.*

Farming Not a Risky Business.

THE risks in farming are comparatively few. There is no danger of ruin arising from competition; there is none arising from the treachery of business associates. The farm, under ordinary circumstances, is sure to furnish enough to make the family comfortable, and extraordinary circumstances, which are of a providential character always, are not very apt to exist. The farmer is engaged in the production of articles which the public must have. It makes no difference what else the people do without, they must have bread. They can wear their old clothes, but they must have new flour, and while a depression of the times may limit the demand, it can not wholly destroy it. Thus is the farmer engaged in a business which is always active. If other kinds of business are flourishing, agriculture must be on the very topmost round; if other kinds of business are depressed, agriculture must still be on a round a little above any other business.

In mercantile or purely speculative business, there is no certainty of safety for a week and scarcely for an hour. Financial panics may come and swallow up values until the merchant is ruined, and the speculator stranded; competition may bankrupt one, ten or scores of mechanics. A. T. Stewart, with his immense fortune, could at any time ruin a house that was carrying a large line of goods, and he often did. But A. T. Stewart with all his millions could never have ruined a farmer who owned a rich farm, and was out of debt. Within a couple of weeks a prominent member of the Chicago Board of Trade has gone to pieces. Every one was surprised. There was nothing in his failure to cause surprise; it is a surprise that more do not go. But if news should come that a farmer who had for years been entirely free from debt, and had been raising good crops all the time, had gone into bankruptcy, it would astonish every one, except that they could account for it upon the grounds of outside speculation. Farming is a pretty sure business, and if it can be relieved of some of the unjust burdens that are pressing it down, the farmer can afford to be content.—*Western Rural.*

STRANGE new birds have appeared in Georgia. A St. Simons letter to the Brunswick *Advertiser* says: "Last week this island was full of beautiful little birds, the name of which seems to be unknown. We are told that for many years they have been recognized as the very first advance guard of the large flocks of birds going South at the end of summer. These beautiful little harbingers seem to be so exceedingly sensitive in their delicate organization as to render them eminently befitting barometers, betokening afar off the very first breath of sere autumn. They are beautifully striped, longitudinally, with alternate layers of black and white, and about the size of a tomtit. They stopped with us a few days, seemed busy feeding upon insects on the trees, and their exit was as quiet and sudden as their coming."

—An Italian correspondent of the *Savant* calls attention to an insidious and frightfully fatal disease, called "*pellagra*," of which no less than ninety-seven thousand Italians are said to be dying at the present time, the number of the victims representing 3.62 per thousand of the whole population, and in the infected Departments, especially in Lombardy and Venice, a higher proportion than has ever occurred during the worst cholera epidemic in France. The disease usually runs a slow course, like consumption. Its cause is believed to be the exclusive consumption of maize in a deteriorated condition, and the unhealthy state of the hovels in which the rustics live.

—Prof. Jas. Law cites many facts to show that birds may be the victims of small-pox and be the carriers of this contagion from one place to another. Pigeons and poultry in Europe and Hindostan are quite subject to variola. If it really be possible for the chickens belonging to a family in which there is small-pox to pick up the disease and carry it to some neighbor's poultry-yard, then the neighbors of all small-pox cases are really subject to a very insidious method of infection.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for October.*

—According to recent returns, railway traveling in Prussia is very safe. During 1878 only twelve passengers were killed, or one in 5,700,000; and only 46 were injured—or one in every 2,300,000. The trains do not run fast enough ordinarily to get off the track. But they manage to kill and injure a frightfully large number of employees. Among "officials and railway servants," there was an accident to one in every 171, and among "railway laborers" the proportion was one in every 20.

—"Adolphus, my dear," said she, "it's nearly a year since you first began to call." "Yes, I believe so," nervously. "And we've talked about books and music every night." "Y-y-e-s, I think so," more nervous than before. "Well, I, I—don't you think a change would be agreeable?" There was a "change" in a few weeks' time. The pastor made it.—*New Haven Register.*

—"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked the hunter of the farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturalist: "there's a drive-well man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a candidate out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stock yard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels and sail in."—*Hawkeye.*

—"A thing of beauty," remarked the dentist, looking into the patient's mouth, "is a joy forever. A dollar and fifty cents, please." P. S.—That is what makes it so beautiful.

"REST assured," said the life-insurance agent to his victim.—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

"TEACH your boy to think for himself!" exclaims Bob Ingersoll. Don't you do it, bub. The minute you differ with the old man he'll boot-jack you.

INDIAN war whoops are on the outskirts of civilization.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THERE was a very poetical man lived out on South Hill, who has since died, to the great delight of his neighbors. When he was engaged he laughed with joy and said it was the noon tide of his happiness. Then when he was married he said it was the moon tide, and by and by when she got her divorce, because he was always saying things like that, he said it was untied. And that is the reason why his neighbors were all glad when he soon died.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE youth who permits his sweetheart to rule him is a miss-guided young man.—*Somerville Journal.*

TELL me, lady, what is sweetest—
What, of all things, the completest?
'Tis the kiss of him we love most.
Nay, 'tis the kiss of her we love most.
Nay, 'tis two kisses. Here true bliss is.
This, fair lady, is the sweetest—
This, of all things, the completest.
—*Scribner's Bric-a-brac.*

WHAT will be the popular puzzle this winter?—*Troy Times.* Guess it will be how to stand the coal man off.

"DARLING, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the done half, love."—*Puck.*

A THEATRICAL criticism in the London *Times* contains this interesting piece of grammatical construction: "Her success would, in his opinion, cast a stain upon the good name of the girl whom he desires to make his wife that could never be wiped out."

ONE swallow may not make a spring, but too many swallows, in one direction, will cause a fall.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IT is very sad to know that Mr. Tennyson, who writes so beautifully about the sweet-smelling violets and blushing roses, chews plug tobacco, but he does.

[Albany Evening Mail.]

A Fatal Quietude.

"Do you know that neither of the platforms suits me," said one of our old subscribers to us the other day. "As both parties seem to want health, strength and long life more than anything else, they cannot do better than have the Hamburg Drops and St. Jacobs Oil planks included. With these they can weather all storms, political and domestic as well as dyspeptic and rheumatic." His logic was good and convinced us.

—Children love to torment. When they grow up, the boy gives his propensity free rein in hunting game. The girl torments the men.

[Allentown Democrat.]

LAUBACH, the Hamilton street druggist, last week sold at retail ten hundred and thirteen bottles of the celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, whose curative powers over Rheumatism the papers say so much of now-a-days.

"And the Leaves Were for the Healing of the Nations."

This is fully exemplified in the demonstration that so common a pasture weed as smartweed, or water-pepper, possesses medicinal properties which when combined with essence of Jamaica Ginger and other efficacious vegetable extracts as in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart Weed. It constitutes a most potent remedy for bowel affections as diarrhœa, dysentery, &c., etc. It is also an efficacious medicine for colds, and to break up fevers and inflammatory attacks, and for the alleviation of pain. Every family should keep a supply of it. 50 cents by druggists.

A Happy Restoration.

I can truly say that I owe my present existence and happy restoration to the hopes and joys of life, to the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and I say to every one suffering from any manner of kidney, liver or urinary trouble, "Use this remedy and recover." W. E. SANFORD.
HOLLEY, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1880.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, CONSULTING PHYSICIAN to the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, of Buffalo, N. Y., has resigned his seat in Congress that he may hereafter devote his whole time and attention to those applying to the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION for the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

THE sales of the Frazer Axle Grease are increasing every day, because it is as good as represented.

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

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