THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

NORTH WIND IN AUTUMN.

I woke at midnight, when the moon was low
And every star shone strangely still and clear;
And my heart sank within me, love, to hear,
Over the breathless earth, that solemn, slow,
Mysterious, warm wind begin to blow.
Over vast plains it wanders, lifeless, sere,
Where no green thing remains; and to my ear
It is the wind of death. Some night I know
That wind will be a voice of utter woe,
When I lie staring out upon the drear,
Dead waste of life, where you are not. But oh,
You shall not go alone, and leave me here!
Lay your dear hand in mine, my love, and so
Let us go forth *together* when we go.

—*Anna Head, in Atlantic Monthly.*

THE CLOVERTOPS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

"Evenin', Mister Barnaby. Evenin', sir. 'Light an' come in,' won't ye? Miggles, git Mister Barnaby a cheer. Set ye down, sir. Powerful glad to see you; was afraid ye'd be gone back to Washin'ton afore we come home. Ye wouldn't hardly a knowed Miggles, would ye. She's growed awful stylish sinst we been down to the sea shore. An' her mother, sir? Well, I'm blest ef the old lady ain't nigh as bad as the daughter. The old man appears to be the only one in the lot that's the same old fool that he always was, an' is glad to get back to Nodaway County an' the farm.

"Yes, sir, we summered down to the sea shore. Miggles has just been wild to go for more'n three years back an' her mother has kept her agoin'. So along last July, airly in the month, things was lookin' well about the place an' luck had ben weth me all last year, an' so we packs up an' went. Stayed around down East thar a couple o' months or so.

"All the time we was to Boston I didn't see but one piece of ground big enough to put in any kind of a crop, and that was all put down in grass. Twasn't more nor half cleared, either. I don't suppose, Mr. Barnaby, thar'll be three hundred bushels of corn raised in all Boston this year.

"We got onto a steamboat thar, an' went down to Maine. Lemme tell you, Mister Barnaby, the Court-house at Maryville ain't a circumstance to that ar steamboat. Everything so white ye was afeared to touch it, an' niggers to wait on ye at every turn. We had supper right after we went on board, an' ef we didn't lay right into the fixin's thar's no snakes. I reckon we jest about tired two fellers clar out, carryin' hot cakes. Then we went out an' sot down an' watched the waves rollin' an' tumblin' around. Pleasant? Oh, yes, Mister Barnaby, it was kind o' pleasant, at fust.

"Bime-by, however, we sort o' quit talkin' and sot lookin' straight ahead, oneasy like. Ma began to look awful.

"'Ma,' I says, 'ain't you feelin' well? What appears to be the matter with you?'

"Well, ma she sayed she didn't jest know, she didn't feel well, she reckoned she'd better lay down for a while. An' I helped her to our room, an' I sw'ar to goodness I thought that woman was goin' to die. Out I run agin.

"'Miggles,' I sayed, 'You'll hev to go an' set weth your mother while I hunt up a doctor, she's ——'

"An' jest then I looked at Miggles.

"'Je-roo-zalem!'

"Says I, 'Miggles, what ails ye?'

"'Pa,' she says, 'Pa, I'se awful sick, I can't hold my head up a minnit longer; I don't know what ails me.'

"Well, I holp her to the room where ma was, and before I could turn around to go for a doctor, Mister Barnaby, sir, I hope to die right hyar, ef I didn't catch it myself.

"'Oh dear, oh dear,' groans ma, 'I'm goin' to die; oh, I'm goin' to die. It's them pesky cow cumbers! Oh dear, oh dear!'

"'Oh me, oh my,' wails poor Miggles, 'I'm dyin', oh I know I'm dyin', I'm dyin' I can't live an hour! Oh dear, oh dear. It's the ice cream, pa,' she says.

"'By George,' I hollered, 'I'm a dead man now, but I'll lay out the man that killed me fust—I know what's the matter!'

"An' weth that I rushed out, or rether tumbled out of the room, and set up a yell for the Captain. Everybody come runnin' to me, an' bime-by a man all covered with gold tape and brass buttons wanted to know what was the matter.

"'Matter enough!' I yells. 'Pizen! Rank pizen, thet's what's the matter! I'm pizened right on this boat! Me an' my family has been pizened right at your table, an' I want a doctor for ma an' Miggles mighty quick!'

"Well, sir, Mister Barnaby, ef that man didn't stand there an' laugh at me.

"'Oh, yes,' he says, kind o' soothin' an unbelievin' like, 'I guess ye ain't pizened. I et at the same table,' says he, 'an' I ain't a bit sick!'

"Well, somehow, his laffin riled me.

"'Ye can't fool me!' I roared; 'ye can't play no old man Bender on me! I know pizen when I see it workin', an' I know a hull family that hain't spent two dollars for medicine in sixteen year ain't goin to be took deathly sick all at the same time, an' in the same way, lets'n thar's pizen in their vittles! Says I, 'this ain't no milk sick!' 'Send me the doctor for ma and Miggles mighty quick,' says I, 'tell him to run every step of the way.'

"The Captain he turned around an' as well as he could for laffin', fer I could see he was nearly chokin' weth it, an' told a man to go an' ask Doctor Bolus to come here right away.

"'An tell him to fetch his stommik pump along!' I hollered after him; 'tell him to bring along his stommik pump! The biggest and strongest one he's got!'

"'An', sir, ef you'd a heered the passengers an' that brute of a Captain yell! They hollered an' laft an' fell down on the sofys and helt their sides an' laffed till I was mad enough to fight, on'y I couldn't stand on my feet long enough to hit anybody.

"'My good fellow,' says the Captain, 'never mind that; they won't need any stommik pump,' says he, 'they can get along very well without it,' he says, an' then he breaks out laffin, wuss'n any o' the rest on 'em.

"Land of jedgement, Mister Barnaby, sir, but I was howlin' mad. I was that mad I nigh forgot how sick I was, and the madder I got, the wurs they laffed. Bime-by the doctor he come an' sayed we was only sea sick an' they wan't no help fer us at all, we'd jest hev to grin an' bear it till it got th'ue weth us, he said, an that's all the doctor done for us.

"Well, we was all well enough in the mornin', though I sw'ar I wouldn't o' give an acre of goose paster for our lives any time thet night, an' ef they's any difference between sea sick an' arsenic pisen, it's on'y in the result, for either one of 'em is a thunderin sight wuss'n the other. But the Captain was right about the stommik pump; none of us seemed to need it very much.

"We went in bathin', in the surf, of course. Miggles went in frequent, but ma an' me we got enough out of one surf bath to last us the rest of the summer. Ye see, Mr. Barnaby, there's a great cable rope stretched from a post in the sand out to a buoy in the water, an' ef ye caint swim, ye hold on to that rope an' stand still an' let the big waves, higher'n a rail fence, break over ye. Well, we put on our bathin' things, an' went down over the sand to the water, weth more'n one thousand four hundred people gazin' at us, an' such figgers as we was in them bathin' toggery. Mister Barnaby, I was ashamed of my family, an' I was ashamed of myself, when I see how we looked. I ain't been the same man sinst. When I come out of the water that day, I took to drink; me, that ain't so much as tasted even a glass of beer in thirty-two years, an' a leadin' member of the temperance society. I tuck to drink an' tried to drown the reckolection of what I looked like, an' got b'lin' drunk afore I succeeded. Well, Miggles she scolded because I went along lookin' so sneakin', and ma she said I never did have any pride or style about me, an' so I braced up, an' went along, lookin' as bold as a sheep. When we got down nigh the water, ma, her nerves give way, an' she caught a holt of the rope, about five foot above high water mark, an' helt on to it like it was a matter of life an' death, an' she squat down in the dry sand, whar the water couldn't reach her at all, an' thar she sot, an' we couldn't make her budge. Such a figger! She hed on a gray dress, not half long enough for her, with red stripes runnin' round an' round it, an' a pair o' gray trousers that looked like they had been made for the man in the moon an' was a misfit, an' no socks, an' a pair of great flat straw shoes, an' then she hed a oilskin cap on her head to keep her hair dry. An' thar she was, squattin' in the dry sand, holdin' on to that rope as though she was goin' to drown every minnit, and no water within six feet of her. Miggles scolded an' I coaxed, but she only jest sot thar an' shook her head. Bime-by I lost all patience an' grabbed her by the wrist an' pulled her down a little nigher the water, she a 'holdin' back an' kickin' sand all the time. Purty soon thar came a wave that wet her feet, an' you should have heard that woman yell.

"'Oh, ma,' said Miggles, 'everybody's laughin' at us!'

"'Hev some forchichude, ma,' I says, 'ye can't drown'd here.'

"But every time a wave came clust enough to wet her feet, blamed ef that misguided woman wouldn't rise and stand straight up an' yell like a Comanche Injin. But we coaxed and rastled with her, and edged her down cluster an' cluster to the low-water mark, when all of a suddent, ker sworsh! cums a wave that buried the hull caboodle of us in a perfeck cyclone of sand, sea-weed an' brine. Poor Miggles was stood straight up onto her head. I was landed high an' dry up on the sand, a layin' on my back in the shape of a letter X, an' ma!—

"Well, sir, Mr. Barnaby, that woman helt on to the rope like grim death till that wave went back, an' then she opened her mouth, blew out a gust of salt water, shook the sand out of her eyes, raised a war-whoop that would jest ha' made your hair stand on end, an' lit out acrost the sand for the bath-house, straddling along at a 2:40 gait, an' hollerin' like all creation every jump. Mr. Barnaby, sir, I'll never forget that awful, inhuman spectacle ef I live to be a thousand years old. I didn't know whether to cry, 'r laff, 'r sw'ar. I follered along to the bath house, an' put my head in at the door.

"'Ma,' I says, 'ma, thur's no fool like a old fool, is there?'

"An' ma she jest lifted up an' hit me such a swipe acrost the head with that soakin' ridikulous bathin' dress of hers, thet fer a minit I thought the end o' the house had fallen in on me.

"Well, sir, Mr. Barnaby, we didn't go into the surf no more, ma an' me didn't. We lolled around down thar mebbe six weeks longer, an' got into a few more fool scrapes, an' when we lit out fur home at last it was like comin' to Paradise, an' I don't want to get outside of Nodaway County agin fur the next ten year."—*R. J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

From the Talmud.

"Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot." "He who sacrifices a whole offering shall be rewarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt offering shall have the reward of a burnt offering; but he who offers humility to God and man shall be rewarded as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the world." "There are four characters in scholars: Quick to hear and quick to forget, his gain is canceled by his loss; slow to hear and slow to forget, his loss is canceled by his gain; quick to hear and slow to forget is wise; slow to hear and quick to forget, this is an evil lot." "There are four characters in those who sit under the wise: a sponge, a funnel, a strainer, and a bolt-sieve. A sponge, which sucks up all; a funnel, which lets in here and lets out there; a strainer, which lets out the wine and keeps back the dregs; a bolt-sieve, which lets out the pollard and keeps back the flour." "He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; while he whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a tree with many roots and fewer branches, but which all the winds of heaven cannot uproot." "If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper in her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him, has, as it were, been present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself—around him the world grows dark." "He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him." "Rabbi Jose said, I never call my wife 'wife,' but 'home,' for she indeed, makes my home." "Underneath the wings of the seraphim are stretched the arms of the divine mercy, ever ready to receive sinners."—*University Magazine.*

Dengue, or "Broken Bone Fever."

Dengue, or broken-bone fever, also known as "dandy fever," "bucket fever," and "bouquet fever," is said to have made its first appearance as a malady in the West Indies in 1827, at which time it was also communicated to the southern part of the United States. The disease, as has previously been stated, received the name "dengue" from the Spaniards of the West India Islands, from their word dengue, denoting prudery, which expresses stiffness—a pain in the bones and stiffness of the body being the principal features of the sickening disease.

During the past few months reports have come from every quarter in the Southern States regarding the prevalence of this troublesome but not necessarily fatal disease. But few, if any, deaths have been made known from its effects. Nearly every citizen of Savannah has had a touch—some light, some severe—of the malady, and not one of them can give a definite explanation of the tortures of the disease. It has spared no one—adults, children, little men, large men, black men, white men, colored men, business men, sporting men, printers, editors, lawyers, every one being subject to its fond embrace.

As for a cure or a preventive for the little nuisance, we are not prepared to say what is good or what is not good in either case, but leave the matter to the physicians, who, by the way, have been reaping a rich harvest from the unlucky victims of the disease. Some persons have gone so far as to say that the fever is more violent on those who have defied it before falling into its clutches; but for this we cannot vouch. We can say, however, that any one, sooner or later, who is among its victims, does not wish a second battle in which to show better fight. Probably for the above reason more than anything else—that is, its severity on those who defy it—we do not wish to agitate Mr. Fever, as our ranks have already been visited by the merciless monster, and to his majesty we say farewell.—*Savannah News.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Early fattened poultry is the most profitable.

Waffles.—One quart of milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful each of butter and sugar, and flour enough to make rather a stiff batter. Bake in waffle irons.

Land in grass should be protected the first year from the merciless tramping of stock. In wet weather the grass is much injured, both from the tramping and close grazing.

Reflection from Lamps.—Never set the lamp upon a red table cover; if you can not find time to make a green lamp mat, put a piece of green card-board under the lamp and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the eyes than that from the red cover.

Apple-batter Pudding.—Six apples, half pound sugar, three eggs, one quart of milk, flour enough to make a batter. Pare and core the apples, and stew them till soft. Strain through a colander and sweeten. Make a stiff batter of the flour, eggs and milk; add the apples. Bake in a buttered pudding dish in a hot oven. Serve with sweet sauce.

Gold Balloons for Desert.—Take one ounce of sweet almonds, blanched and pounded smooth, three tablespoonfuls peach marmalade, or any other kind of jam, two ounces of fine bread crumbs and two well-beaten eggs. Beat well together, then add one ounce of of butter melted to the consistency of cream. Half fill some buttered cups with the mixture and bake twenty minutes in a slow oven.

Mince Pies with Meat.—Two pounds of fresh roast beef chopped fine; four pounds of chopped greening apples; two pounds of chopped raisins, one pound not cut, one pound of finely-chopped suet, one pound of sugar, a quart of sweet pickle with juice; a pint of maple sirup boiled with one quart of cider down to half; tablespoonful of cinnamon, dessert-spoonful powdered cloves and a grated nutmeg; salt.

To take bruises out of furniture wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it in warm water, and lay it on the place; apply on that a warm, but not hot, flat-iron, till the moisture is evaporated. If the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. After two or three applications the dent or bruise will be raised to the surface. If the bruise be small, merely soak it with warm water and hold a red-hot iron near the surface, keeping the surface continually wet—the bruise will soon disappear.

Children's Pudding.—Cut up a loaf of stale bread the day before it is required and put to soak in a pan of cold water. When going to mix, squeeze the water out through a colander, put the bread in a pan with two ounces of suet chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of flour, some grated ginger, a little mixed spice, beat well up with a fork, mix half a pound of molasses with a little warm milk, then stir all together and boil three hours in cloth, basin or mold. This will make a large pudding much liked by children.

A Hint to Horsemen.—The man who has been exposed to heat and fatigue, and is suffering from thirst, dares not indulge freely in the use of cold water. He calls for tea or coffee, the hotter the better, and is soon refreshed. But the poor horse, reeking at every pore, cannot call for drink. The careful owner wisely withholds the cooling draught till the animal has had time to cool. A livery man, who has had a long and successful experience, finds it wise to treat his horses as he would himself be treated, not with a cup of tea, but with copious draughts of warm water. This allays thirst with no possible danger, since it is not the water that harms the horse, but the violent change, caused by the sudden lowering of temperature by swallowing cold water.

A correspondent of the New York *World* says: "I have recently learned what appears to me to be the true method of coloring and striping a rag-carpet before it goes to the weavers; a method which insures against the necessity of adding every few days more rags to make up the right amount. The rule for twenty-five yards is, one pound of cotton rags for one thread on each side of the stripe. Two pounds will make two threads on each side, and four threads require four pounds. Weigh the rags previous to coloring them, and then stripe according to the weight. Observe the same rule for the plain stripe; if you want thirty threads you will need fifteen pounds. Wind your own stripe. I advise lady readers to try this plan, for it will save them much trouble after the carpet has been taken to the weavers."

Choice of Articles of Food.

Beef.—The grain of ox beef, when good, is loose, the meat red and inclining to yellow. Cow beef, on the contrary, has a closer grain, a whiter fat, but meat scarcely as red as that of ox beef. Inferior beef, which is meat obtained from ill-fed animals or from those which had become too old for food, may be known by a hard, skinny fat, a dark red lean, and, in old animals, a line of horny texture running through the meat of the ribs. When meat pressed by the fingers rises up quickly, it may be considered as that of an animal which was in its prime; when the dent made by the pressure returns slowly, or remains visible, the animal had probably passed its prime, and the meat consequently must be of inferior quality. Veal should be delicately white, though it is often juicy and well-flavored when rather dark in color. Butchers, it is said, bleed calves purposely before killing them, with a view to make the flesh white, but this also makes it dry and flavorless. On examining the loins, if the fat enveloping the kidney be white and firm-looking, the meat will probably be prime and recently killed. Veal will not keep so long as an older meat, especially in hot weather; when young the fat becomes soft and moist, the meats flabby and spotted and somewhat porous, like sponge. Large, overgrown veal is inferior to small, delicate, yet fat veal. The fillets of a cow-calf is known by the softness of the skin; it is preferable to the veal of a bull-calf.

Mutton.—The meat should be firm and close in grain, and red in color, the fat white and firm. Mutton is in its prime when the sheep is about five years old, though it is often killed much younger. If too young, the flesh feels tender when pinched; if too old, on being pinched it wrinkles up, and so remains. In young mutton, the fat readily separates; in old, it is held together by strings of skin. In sheep diseased of the rot, the flesh is very pale-colored, the fat inclining to yellow; the meat appears loose from the bone, and if squeezed, drops of water ooze out from the grains; after cooking the meat drops clear away from the bones. Wether mutton is preferred to that of the ewe; it may be known by the lump of fat on the inside of the thigh.

Lamb.—This meat will not keep long after it is killed. The large vein in the neck is bluish in color when the fore-quarter is fresh, green when becoming stale, In the hind-quarter, if not recently killed, the fat of the kidneys will have a slight smell, and the knuckle will have lost its firmness.—*Cor. Burlington Hawk-eye.*

The emigration from Canada to this country is probably greater than is generally supposed. In 1874 the number arriving was 32,560; in 1875, 24,051; in 1877, 21,916; in 1878, 25,568, and in 1879, 31,268.

Cooking a Turkey.

There may be some housekeepers who would like to profit by an old housewife's experience in cooking turkeys. A nice stuffed turkey is one of the most tempting dishes that can be placed on a dinner-table. It must be served with vegetables and cranberry sauce. Take a good sized bird and wash it thoroughly, then soak for two hours in salt and water. Cut off the legs at the joint, and put the joints of the wings under the shoulder joint. Take two quarts of bread, chopped fine, a quarter of a pound of salt pork, a teaspoonful of black pepper, two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sage, and three eggs; mix well together; if not moist enough to knead into a hard roll, add water; fill the turkey as full of the dressing as it can be pressed. Take the gizzard and fasten over the dressing by taking a few stitches with a needle and twine; tie the legs firmly together; then rub the entire surface with a thin coating of melted butter; sprinkle flour over it and lay it upon its side in the dripping-pan; pour three pints of water into the pan and set it in the oven. Let it cook slowly and turn it over two or three times. Dip the gravy over it from time to time with a spoon. A young, tender bird will cook in two hours; if older, it takes longer. During the last hour it needs a brisk fire so as to brown the surface without scorching it.

Lay it whole upon the platter when ready to be served; add more flour to the gravy it was baked in, and stir smoothly till it comes to a boil. It used to be thought essential to parboil a turkey before stuffing, but the flesh is sweeter and much nicer to omit boiling. When carved, cut the meat from one side of the bird clean. If more is needed, it can be cut from the other side, and what is left is in good form for another meal. It is equally as nice on the second day as when first cooked. The dressing can be dipped out with a spoon; it will be found very nice, the eggs giving it solidity, and keeping it from falling into bits over the plates. Dressing prepared in this way is equally as good for a goose or a duck, and they can be cooked in the same manner, only varying the length of time it is being cooked, according to the size of the fowl.

As the cold weather comes on, the various kinds of poultry make a very pleasant change of diet from the meats and fish that have been used during warm weather. If nicely cooked, poultry is a nice dish for dinner, with changes of vegetables to give a relish. Some persons like onions chopped up with the dressing; such can add them to suit their taste, but as they are objectionable to many, it must be left to the cook's discretion. If sage is indigestible, the addition of a teaspoonful of pulverized mustard to the dressing will be of use, as it will also in sausage meat, and it really makes the sausage better for the addition.—*Farmer's Wife, in Country Gentleman.*

—The suicide of Robert Low at West Albany, Minn., was the upshot of a long struggle between good and bad nature in the man. He was from his boyhood of a peculiarly morose and vindictive disposition. As a man, he quarreled and fought with his neighbors, was cruel to dumb animals, and became an object of general aversion. The community was astonished when Mrs. Gray, an amiable and pious widow, consented to become his wife. She was strongly advised against the step; but she was certain that Low loved her sincerely, and believed that she could reform him. For awhile after the marriage he was a different man, and it was thought that his wife's influence was powerful enough to keep him in good behavior. But at length he fell back into his old ways of violence. She parted from him, and began proceedings for divorce. He went to her residence, and begged her to give him another trial. He protested that he wanted to be a kind husband, and felt sure that he could conquer his temper. She repulsed him decisively. He had struck her and her son, and she considered him incorrigible. Thereupon he shot her through the heart, killed the son and then himself.

—The bridegroom of a Waukegan wedding was a Baptist and the bride a Methodist. They had agreed that, immediately after the ceremony, they would decide by chance which should embrace the other's religion. The officiating clergyman declined to toss up a cent, partly because he would not countenance such a proceeding, and partly because, being a Methodist, he might be accused of fraud if the bride won. The bride herself finally threw the coin, and lost. When she went to join the Baptists, however, they rejected her because she did not believe in close communion. That displeased the husband, and he went over with her to the Methodists.

—A woman died at Minneapolis on Friday, and friends had begun to arrive for the funeral, on Sunday, when the corpse showed signs of life. The color returned to the face and the limbs and body seemed to become soft and flexible as in life. The funeral was abandoned and a physician called, but, no further signs of life appearing, the remains were buried on Monday afternoon.

—Three locomotives were wrecked at the Denver and Rio Grande shops in Denver, a few days since, by the scoundrelism of some miserable fellow, who opened the throttle and sent a locomotive flying down the track. At the shops it collided with two other locomotives on the track, and the three lay in a heap badly damaged.

—In response to a note purporting to come from her new lover, a Richmond (Ind.) girl put on her best bonnet and went to meet him at a designated street corner. There she found a female rival, who pounced upon her furiously, snatched the bonnet from her head and tore it into bits.

Cambridge, Mass., will celebrate its 250th anniversary on the 28th of next December.

Lewis C. Wilson, of Washington Borough, Pa., killed a large copperhead snake, which, when opened, was found to contain sixty young ones.

'**Have** a blotting pad, sir?'' asked a peripatetic dealer, reaching out one of these absorbents. "How do you fasten the thing on?" inquired Jones, after turning it over and over. "Fasten it on!" exclaimed the peddler, "what do you mean?" "What do you mean?" cried Jones, looking up. "Young man, I've had experience in this pad business. I've bought them for the head, stomach and liver, and this is the first one I ever saw with no tackle on it. No, I don't want it. Good day." The man saw it was no use to argue with Jones.—*Boston Transcript.*

Why is it that the circus elephant never kills the clown or the lemonade man?

A Philadelphia man died the other day and impartially divided his property among his three widows. Each was surprised to learn of the existence of the others.

"Do you attend the fair?" she said,
And tossed her pretty little head.
He spake up with a roguish glance,
"Yes, always, when I get a chance."

She blushed and said, "Now don't be green;
You know quite well, sir, what I mean;
There's only one fair in the town."
Said he, "That's what I said to Brown."

"Charles, I shall have to box your ears."
The lovely eyes were full of tears.
"You know what fair; will you take me?"
"For better or worse!'' said Charles, in glee.

"All's fair in love or war," and they
A family ticket bought next day.
Now Charles looks into her sparkling eyes
And swears he has carried off the prize.

—*Rochester Express.*

Question for a country debating society—Which most needs shingling, the long-haired man or the bald-headed one?—*Boston Transcript.*

The foot of a bear, with natural fur on it, and gilt or silver claws, is a new and odd ornament for a bonnet.

—An aged and wealthy Milwaukee widower found a wife by a queer method. In a coffee-grinding mill in Chicago a female packer placed in several bundles of coffee a card saying that any gentleman matrimonially inclined might address her. This widower found the card while preparing his lonely breakfast after a quarrel with his housekeeper, and now the Chicago girl is Mrs. ——.

—Green striped stockings nearly caused the death of Mary Dick of Chicago by poisoning her legs. There was arsenic in the dye.

—A Quincy (Ill.) tobacconist has shipped 10,000 cigars to Russia, and if the experiment proves successful it will be followed up.

—People who take moonlight strolls on railroad tracks shouldn't be offended if the Coroner doesn't recognize them.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Just So.

It pays to follow good advice. Mr. C. W. Braun, in Eureka Springs, Ark., sends the following item: I had been a sufferer with Dyspepsia for the past three years. Advised by a friend, I used Hamburg Drops. At once, after the first dose, I experienced relief. I continued its use for one month and found myself completely cured. There are so many suffering with indigestion that my advice to such would be: Do as I have done—take the Hamburg Drops and get cured.

A SPORTSMAN at Dahlonega, Ga., failing in his attempts to shoot a wild turkey, threw down his gun and overtook the bird after a chase of two hundred yards.

[The Lawrenceburg (Ind.) Register.]

OUR compliments to St. Jacob; we have tried the celebrated St. Jacobs Oil on our rheumatic foot and experienced great relief therefrom. The Saint is a public benefactor.

WHILE the daughter of Alfred M. Page, of China, Me., was watching at the bedside of a sick sister, a spotted adder over three feet in length passed over her feet. It was killed by her father in the sitting-room.

Answer This.

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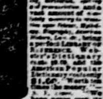

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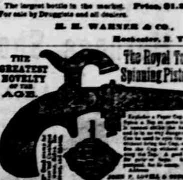

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