THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA

WIND FANTASIES.

O wild and woeful wind!
Cease for one moment thy complaining dreary,
And tell me if thou art not sad and weary,
And if thy travel is not long and eerie—
O wild and woeful wind!

O houseless, homeless wind!
It wrings my heart to hear thy sad lamenting;
Hast thou a wound whose pain knows no relenting,
Canst never lay thy burden by repenting?—
O houseless, homeless wind!

O sad and mournful wind!
From what wild depths of human pain and sorrow
Could st thou those tones of restless anguish borrow,
As of a soul that dreams of no to-morrow?—
O sad and mournful wind!

O solitary wind!
We know not whence thou com'st or whither goest,
When round our homes thy wizard blast thou blowest,
No home, nor shelter, thou, poor pilgrim, knowest—
O solitary wind!

Most melancholy wind!
Is thine a requiem o er the dead and dying,
Or art thou some despairing spirit sighing
O'er a lost Paradise behind thee lying?—
Most melancholy wind!

Tell me—I long to know—
Art thou a wild and weary penance doing,
Thro' the lone wilderness thy way pursuing,
Chased by the secret of thine own undoing?—
Tell me; I long to know.

Hast thou no other voice,
No words to whisper thy most grievous story,
Where thou did'st lose thine ancient crown of glory,
Ere thou wert banished to these deserts hoary?—
Hast thou no other voice?

O, thou art fierce and wild!
Thy nightly chariot through the black skies dashing,
The cloud-shapes round the mountain-summits dashing,
The waves of ocean round the wrecked bark crashing—
O, thou art fierce and wild!

Yet, art thou full of woe.
Perchance, thou wert Earth's angel, when was lighted
Sin's lurid torch, and all her bowers were blighted,
Thy poor heart by that awful shock benighted,
Thou art so full of woe.

Hast thou no hope, no hope?
That thy poor, weary, pinion thou art flinging
Against the star-paved floor, with echoes ringing
Of angel footsteps and their anthem singing—
Hast thou no hope, no hope?

And hast thou never heard
That Sin's wild torch is quenched in blood atoning,
And that in days to come Creation's groaning
Will cease, and rapture fill the place of moaning—
O, hast thou never heard?

But thou wilt one day hear!
For Heaven and Earth will stand in silent wonder,
When Love unites what Sin hath rent asunder,
Proclaiming victory in music-thunder—
And thou wilt that day hear,

In Heaven will all be joy,
And there thy wailing, too, will cease forever,
And thou, perchance, will float o'er Life's full river,
And join the melody that ceaseth never—
In Heaven, where all is joy!

—*London Spectator.*

THE FAITHFUL GHOST.

Some years ago, when I, Jack Hilward, was a school-boy, I became great friends with a young French fellow named Henri Dumas, who had been sent to England to learn English. He more than once spent his holidays at our house, for his gentlemanly manners and warm, honest heart made my parents as fond of him as I was, and they always made him welcome; and not only himself, but a large, beautiful spaniel, that he had brought from France as a puppy and kept in stables near the school all the time he was in England. "Fanchette," as he had named her, was his constant companion out of school hours, and the love between her and her master was so great that when Henri came to stay with us Fanchette was always included in the invitation.

But school-days, like other days, pass away, and Henri returned to France, and I went to Oxford with the intention of studying for the law. Henri and I exchanged letters for a while, but we both hated letter-writing, and gradually we gave up our correspondence—not, however, from any forgetfulness of each other, but simply because we were lazy with our pens. I left Oxford in due time, and it was arranged that I should spend a few months in traveling on the Continent. I went to Italy and Egypt, and on returning through France I remembered my old chum, Henri Dumas, and the promise I had always made to him, that if I went abroad I would pay him a visit at his parents' abode, at a place called Aimerville, not far from Toulouse. Thither, then, I turned my steps, hoping that I might be fortunate enough to find him at home, and feeling very secure, if so, of a welcome from him and his parents, who had been warm in their acknowledgments to mine of any attention shown by them to their son while in England.

Railways were then unknown in those parts, except on great highways, so I took a lumbering sort of vehicle at Toulouse and drove for about four miles, when my driver pointed out the house to which we were going, at the same time informing me that it had been haunted of late, and that one or two servants had left in consequence. He said he had been told by one of them from her own lips that sheer terror had driven them away. I had heard that there was a good deal of superstition in this part of the country, and remembered various amusing tales Henri used to tell me when a school-boy about ghosts and spirits hovering about some ruins in their neighborhood—tales which used to make me always rather glad to keep close to my school-fellow at night after he had been story-telling.

As we approached the building, I saw it was an old chateau, part of which seemed to have been taken down and was in process of rebuilding.

We drove through a straight line of trees up to the front door, and I sent in my card by the old man-servant, who looked as ancient as the house.

In a few minutes I was ushered into a large sitting-room, and received the most cordial of welcomes from both Monsieur and Madame Dumas and their daughters. But what of my old friend Henri? I scarcely dared to say his name, for I saw tears falling from his mother's eyes, and they were all in deep mourning.

Alas! it was soon explained. Henri had met with an accident about six months before. A considerable part of the house was being rebuilt, and he had mounted on a high scaffolding to speak to a workman. His foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, and was taken up senseless. The head was so injured that recovery was hopeless. He lingered a week and then died, without having recovered consciousness.

I need not say how this news grieved me, and how truly I sympathized with the sorrowing parents and sisters. Feelings of delicacy made me propose to leave very soon, but they insisted on my remaining at least that night.

"We have but poor accommodations to offer you," said M. Dumas, "for the greater part of the house is uninhabitable at present, and we are driven into a few rooms in the east wing; but if you will take us as we are, we shall prize your company for the sake of our poor Henri, who often spoke of you, and of the kindness shown him by your parents."

So the carriage was dismissed, and I became the guest of Monsieur and Madame Dumas, though with a heart so sad that nothing but the fear of wounding their feelings could have induced me to remain.

"And now," said M. Dumas, "I must tell you that I have only the choice of two sleeping-rooms to offer you, neither of which will, I fear, be comfortable, for different reasons. One is that which belonged to our Henri, and in which he died; the other is a very small attic, scarcely fit for a visitor; yet, unwilling as I am to propose putting you here, you may perhaps prefer it to the other, when I tell you that ever since Henri's death it has been reputed to be haunted. Strange noises are heard there night after night. There is no denying this fact, for I have heard them myself from outside the door."

"And has no one slept there?" I asked.

"No one has courage to do so," replied M. Dumas. "In this part of the country the people are easily alarmed at such things; indeed, two of my domestics have left me in consequence of what I have mentioned."

"If you have no objection to my occupying poor Henri's room, I would rather have it than any other," I replied. The fact was, my curiosity, though not my fear, was aroused; the more so that I could not but see that my host was himself convinced that the room was haunted by his son's spirit, and however dear he had been to him in life, he had no desire to continue any intercourse of this nature.

"I will order it to be prepared then," he said; "I see you are a man of stout nerves."

"I am not in the least afraid," I replied, "and I shall like to sleep where Henri did. We were just like brothers at school, and he so often spoke to me of his home that I feel almost as if I were no stranger here."

My host took me into the grounds. During our walk Henri's old favorite spaniel, Fanchette, came up. I remembered her directly, and she appeared to recognize me in a manner, for she smelt my coat, and ended by licking my hands.

"Poor Fanchette!" said M. Dumas, "the blow of my son's death fell heavily on her; she has never been the same dog since he was carried to the grave. She was, as you know, his constant companion, and now she roams about caring for no one, and unable to rest anywhere for long together. She will not come into the house as formerly; it has no attraction for her now her master is gone. She prefers the stables, where she has attached herself to Henri's horse, by whose side she sleeps at night; for her howls were so distressing after we were all gone to bed, that she had to be sent every evening out of hearing.

I tried to coax the affectionate creature to follow us in our stroll, but she would not come, and walked off in another direction, with a languid, drooping air very unlike the buoyant, frisky Fanchette of former days.

M. Dumas pointed out to me various improvements he was making, especially in the house, where they were adding several rooms; but he remarked that he had comparatively little interest in what was being done, now that he had no son to inherit the property, which was entailed on male heirs, and would therefore go to a nephew of whom he had hitherto known but little.

When I was shown to my room I looked round me with very saddened feelings, for there were so many things to remind me of Henri—his caps; the picture of our school-house, where we had spent many happy days together; and, what was touching to me, a likeness of myself, framed and hung on the wall.

When bedtime came I saw looks exchanged between Monsieur and Madame Dumas, and he former asked me if I were sure I had no misgivings about sleeping in a haunted room, assuring me it was not too late to change my mind and go to the attic before named.

"I feel," said he, "as if it were scarcely hospitable to allow you to sleep in a room in which no member of this household would dare to do so. Remember, the sounds spoken of are no traditions which have come down from ancestors, and which may or may not be true, but they have been heard only since my son's death—not, it is true, every night, but so often that the chances are you will not sleep undisturbed."

I do not at this distance of time mind confessing that I felt less brave at this hour than I had done in broad daylight; but not for anything would I have owned this to M. Dumas, who, finding I was resolved, lighted my candle and accompanied me to the room to see that everything had been provided for my comfort. As soon as he was gone I examined the apartment minutely. It was of large size, with an old-fashioned French bedstead and curtains, a chest of drawers, and numerous chairs. There was a large folding screen at one end, and thither I carried my candle that I might look if any second door were behind it; but no, I could see nothing but the wall, which was papered with a dark green and yellow flock paper, making the room look somewhat gloomy in the light of two candles.

I was tired with my journey and not sorry to get into the very comfortable bed. I had had a momentary parley with myself as to whether I would keep the candles burning all night, but felt rather ashamed of letting it be seen that I had done so; yet I defy any one not to feel rather glad to draw the bed-clothes snugly over him when he first finds himself in the dark in a room reputed to be haunted!

I did not get to sleep immediately—I could not keep my thoughts from going back again and again to my school-days, and to many a well-remembered incident connected with my old friend; but at length I lost consciousness, for how long I do not know, but I was suddenly aroused by a noise in the room, and I was aware of the presence of some other than myself. I sat up in bed and listened. It was no dream, no fancy, that there were footsteps; they were in the direction of the great screen, and I fancied the sounds came from behind it. To say that my heart beat quite as calmly as usual would not be true; on the contrary, it went very fast, indeed, especially when a minute later I distinctly heard something breathe, and the steps approach nearer the bed. Another moment, and I felt the bed-curtain being not only touched, but, as it seemed to me, actually shaken, for the rings at the top rattled on their rod.

My situation at that moment was not an enviable one altogether, but I summoned up my courage and called out,

"Who are you?"

No reply, but I thought I heard the sound of footsteps as if retreating from the bedside; the next moment I felt something or somebody spring upon the bottom of the bed, out of which I as quickly darted, not being at all desirous of sharing it with my unknown visitor.

I struck a light, the candle burnt dimly for a moment, only allowing me to see that something black lay on the counterpane, quite motionless; but on approaching it the mystery was unraveled. My nocturnal guest was no other than poor Fanchette, who was crouching down on the bed and looking at me with a timid, suppliant air, as if to say—

"I know perfectly well I ought not to be here, but do not be angry with me."

How had she got in? I had so carefully searched the room in every corner that I felt certain she was not there when I first came to bed. Surely she must be the ghost that had so upset the nerves of the whole family. Yet M. Dumas had said she slept in the stable by the side of her friend the horse. How could she get through closed doors and windows?

However this might be, it was certainly a relief to find I had so harmless a companion. Fanchette licked my hands and settled herself still more resolutely on the bed, from which I had no wish to dislodge her. Again I put out the candle, and again I got into bed, and soon fell asleep, nor did I wake till early morning, when I was aroused by Fanchette jumping down on the floor and upsetting a little low stool, with a candle on it, which I had placed by the bedside. She made her way across the room to the screen, behind which she disappeared, and my curiosity made me follow her. To my surprise she made a sudden dart at the wall, which to my still sleepy eyes appeared to open and allow her to pass through, and then to close again. A minuter inspection showed me that there was a door there, covered with paper like the rest of the room, which worked on a spring, and though it opened easily with a sudden push, instantly closed again, and fitted so perfectly into the wall that its existence could scarcely be detected. It led to a flight of stone steps that a later exploration made known to me led into the courtyard of the house.

When I descended to the breakfast saloon I observed by the countenances of the family that it was a relief to them to see me appear alive and well.

"Have you been disturbed?" inquired M. Dumas, anxiously.

"I have had an adventure," was my reply; "nay, more than that, I have had a companion all night, but it was no one worse than poor Fanchette, who took up her quarters with me."

Then I described all that had passed, and how the dog had taken her departure early through the invisible door in the wall.

"I had forgotten the existence of that door," said M. Dumas, "nor had I any idea that it was unlocked. It has been unused for years. It was made by a former occupant of this house, who used that room, and wished to be able to get from it direct into the garden without disturbing the family, as he was a very early riser, and liked to be out at sunrise."

"I suspect," said I, "that Fanchette has been the night disturber of the house, for by the way in which she came in and settled herself I am sure it was not her first visit."

We examined the door. The woodwork was old, and had so crumbled away around the part into which the lock shot that it no longer confined the bolt. Although the key was turned, the door opened with a push; and as the door was a swing one, it closed instantly again, fitting so close that no stranger's eye would detect its being there at all.

"I think I understand it all now," said M. Dumas. "Fanchette used to sleep here always with my poor son, but was not allowed to come into the room after he died because she howled so much after him. But we were assured by the man who has charge of the stables that he locked her in every night with the horse and released her in the morning—how, then, can she have been here?"

Anxious to unravel the mystery, we went to the stables and spoke to the man, who told us that Fanchette was almost always in the stall with the horse when he closed the door for the night and in the same place when he came in the morning.

"And is there no way, no outlet, by which she could go out and in?" I asked.

"None, sir," was the reply.

But adjoining the stable was a sort of barn or house in which hay was kept, and at the back of a great pile of hay I noticed a window with a wooden shutter drawn only half across, and while I was conjecturing whether it would be possible for Fanchette to squeeze herself through, she decided the question herself by suddenly appearing and springing through the window on to the hay. The case was clear now. Turned out from her beloved master's room into the stable, the affectionate animal had discovered the door in the wall by which she could go to her old quarters unobserved under cover of the night. She had doubtless gone late for fear of being discovered and turned out, and the same instinct made her return to the stable early in the morning. The noises in the bed-chamber that had caused so much alarm were doubtless occasioned by Fanchette walking about and shaking the brass rings on the rod round the bed, as was the case when she sprang on the bed or moved in her sleep. Henri's slippers and boots had now and then been found pulled out of a cupboard, and one or two other things belonging to him had been moved from their places, much to the dismay of the terrified *femme-de-chambre*, who was convinced it was the work of spirits.

Little had it been supposed that the panic was caused by the sorrowing animal clinging to the spot where her loved master used to sleep, and where everything reminded her of him. Who can say what pangs of grief were felt by her when she took out the shoes and boots, no longer in use, yet well remembered as being on the feet at which she had so often lain? It is, indeed, impossible to sound the depths of a dog's nature.

So the mystery was cleared up, greatly to the satisfaction of the whole family. I had to leave them in the afternoon, and the last that I bade adieu to was poor Fanchette, who was standing at the gate as I drove out, looking up wistfully at the carriage, as though she had a hope her lost master might be in it. I saw M. Dumas about two years afterward in Paris. He told me that Fanchette was dead. She was suffered to spend her nights in the room she loved, but she gradually drooped and pined away, and at last caught a severe cold, which, in her weakened state, ended her life. I could not but feel glad that her devoted heart had ceased to beat.—*Weekly Welcome.*

Rooting a Branch.

The following is said to be a Chinese method of rooting a limb or branch too high from the ground for the ordinary plan of layering:

Strip a ring of bark one inch wide from the branch or cion to be rooted, surround the ring with a ball of rich earth, over which suspend a vessel of water. Let the vessel be so pierced that the water will escape drop by drop and fall upon the ball of earth; keep the vessel supplied with water until the branch has rooted, which will be in the autumn, if the work was done in the spring. Then cut the new plant from the old branch just below the ball and transplant. In this menner the Chinese root bearing branches and have diminutive fruit-bearing trees in boxes.

To make this work more certain of good results, bear in mind that the ball of earth must not be kept wet, but only moist, and a single drop of water every minute would keep moist a ball of earth as large as a man's head, even in dry weather. The puncture in the vessel, therefore, must be very small, only a leak. The ball of earth should be proportioned to the size of the branch to be rooted; but no ball, we should say, smaller than four or six inches in diameter. The ball may be made by resting the branch upon a flat board on the end of a pole cut the proper length to reach up to the place; then with the earth on the board, pack it in a moist state around the mound, and sew around it a piece of coarse cloth or bagging, or it may be padded with moss and wrapped with twine. If too high for ground work, the operator will be mounted upon a movable platform or table.

—An old woman died the other day at a village in Forfarshire, Scotland, who for fifteen years had been in receipt of parochial relief. After her death nearly $2,000 were discovered in her cottage and several valuable articles of plate.

Spring Hats and Bonnets.

Pokes of medium size, some small bonnets, and very large flaring round hats make up the bulk of the first importations of spring bonnets. The pattern bonnets shown are meant for the earliest spring days, and are of the closely woven Tuscan and Leghorn braids, or the split Belgian straws, rather than the open lace-like fancy straws that will be used when summer comes. The pokes are not extravagantly large, and are of much better shape than those worn in the autumn; the front projects very slightly, the ears are short, and the crown is quite close, with either a revers turned up on it, or else a very close curtain band. The novelty in such bonnets is the return to face trimmings for them, arranged in the styles of a hundred years ago, and the use of ribbons and soft satin trimmings that are reproductions of fabrics made at Lyons and at St. Etienne at the same period. A tiny bouquet of roses just inside the brim is very becoming to a young face; sometimes this is omitted, and there is a soft puff of satin merveilleux forming a face trimming, while in others the satin is a smooth lining on which wide white lace is pleated and sewed flat; quaintest of all is a coquettish bow of ribbon inside, quite far back in the poke, with the ends rolled like a curl, and sewed down each side, then coming out at the ears to form strings. A great deal of ribbon is used for trimming pokes, and this is from five to seven inches wide; especially is it wide for strings, and all pokes have strings. A flat effect is given in trimming pokes, though sometimes an exaggerated bow, somewhat in Alsacian style, is placed directly on top, with sharply notched ends hanging down on the sides. Feathers and flowers are also largely used. Ostrich feathers have taken the place of the fancy feathers of the winter. Two demi-long plumes begin on the left side of the poke, and cross the top to the right, resting there flatly in the way now seen on the Bernhardt pokes; sometimes a single plume begins on the right side, and hangs almost straight down behind, while in other casee a very long plume surrounds the crown. Straw gimp edges the brim of smooth pokes, or sometimes beaded lace is used, or beaded galloon binds the edge, or else tinsel lace is pleated on, and studded with one or two rows of silver or gold faceted beads that are as large as bullets. Flowers are most often placed close against the left side, and quite low down; a smaller cluster then peers from beneath the brim, and is repeated on the strings.

The small bonnets shown are very similar in shape to those with broad flat crowns worn during the winter, and are meant for dress hats. They are laden with trimmings that take on the Alsacian bow shape; for instance, a Tuscan straw bonnet has two loops of Tuscan braid (lined with satin and with Mechlin lace) forming one side of an Alsacian bow, while the other side of this bow is made of the loveliest white ostrich tips. A faceted gold clasp forms the center of the bow; the curtain band turns up like a revers, and has lace upon it; similar lace is pleated inside the brim, and this distinguished little bonnet is completed by white satin merveilleux ribbon strings six inches wide, and more than a yard long. Another small bonnet is made up of some of the newest fancy materials, and although silver net and jet are introduced, the prevailing color is red—the new Vandyck red—as this appears in the satin merveilleux which is pleated on the foundation beneath the jet and silver lace, and also in the strings of *ombre* red satin, shaded from deepest Vandyck up to pink. A cluster of shaded poppies trims the back of the crown like a comb. Another little bonnet, scarcely more than a fanchon, of silver lace, has for its only trimming a monture of red poppies, branched to show four shades, arranged in a huge bow, and tied in the center with striped grass.

The round hats are made in large picturesque shapes, with soft brims not wired, and lined with a pleated lace frill, or else fully-puffed satin; or in contrast to this there is a stiff brim rolled to flare all around, lined with velvet, edged with beaded laces and great faceted beads, and half hidden by the small nodding plumes that fall over it from the crown. The feathers on such hats are massed in profusion that exceeds even the styles of the winter; both small tips and large shaded plumes are used. A novelty in such hats has a Marie Stuart point in front. Flowers are mixed with feathers on hats, a wreath sometimes passing along the brim on the inside and sometimes outside. White Mechlin and Languedoc laces edging net or mull form scarfs for trimming light hats that have pompons of flowers finished with feathers, or else they are trimmed on one side with six or eight tiny ostrich tips. Again, there are large scarfs of satin merveilleux shaded in stripes and plaids of Madras colors, with bars of gold, silver or steel; these are used also on dark bonnets for traveling and for morning shopping. For black round hats there are steel trimmings and voluminous scarfs of Spanish lace put on to cover nearly all the top of the crown, as well as to surround it. The *acajou*, or mahogany red shades, are seen in the Tuscan straw and ostrich trimmings of very expensive round hats. There are other straws colored the stylish condor brown, which is one of the new golden brown shades, and made into large hats that require the ombre satin merveilleux scarfs of yellow, shading from maize into brown for trimming; a little straw-colored lace and some condor brown velvet trim the brim, and there is a long shaded plume on the left side.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Broom Drill by Lowell Girls.

The attractive programme presented by the ladies of the First Universalist Church last evening drew together a large audience. Tea was served from six to seven, after which an hour was spent in sociability. The attraction of the evening was "the broom drill." The squad consisted of twelve young ladies armed with brooms and uniformed appropriately, red, white and blue alternating in the ranks, under the command of Captain Cora V. Barnard, with Miss May Dunlap as drummer. The brooms were all decorated with red, white and blue ribbons, and as the ladies marched with gay colors flying, keeping perfect time with the tap of the drum, they presented quite a warlike appearance and fairly took the house by storm. After the usual military tactics by the word of command, an exhibition of the silent drill showed a proficiency which was truly surprising. At the close of the drill the brooms were sold by auction, bringing from 50 cents to $1.50.—*Lowell (Mass.) Courier.*

—The burg of Maryhill, Scotland, is overrun with rats. The are actually running about by thousands. One shopkeeper killed 135 in his shop in a fortnight. A dairy keeper says that the rats have killed and eaten fourteen young pigs and forty fowls belonging to him, leaving nothing behind but a few well-picked bones.

—The first Greek Testament printed on this continent was published by a noted old printer, Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., in 1800. The Worcester City Library has a copy of it, and by an interesting coincidence it once belonged to Emerson and has in it his autograph.

—New York City time has been made made by law the standard for railroad use in Connecticut, and it is thought that the example will be followed soon in several other New England States.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—To make paint dry rapidly use a large amount of Japan varnish in mixing.

—Slow baking of meats, says Mis Corson, and baking accomplished by irregular heat, are sources of great waste of nutriment and flavor.

—Bleeding Wart.—Touch over the bleeding surface of wart with diluted nitric acid. Apply with a feather or camel's hair brush once every other day or once daily if found necessary.—*N. Y. World.*

—If you begin pruning fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery while young, and follow it up each year, you can form just such a top as you want. If your tree needs spreading out, cut the young shoots off just above a bud on the outside of the shoot, and if you want to train upward, leave a bud on the upper side of the limb where you cut it off.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

—Vinegar Candy—Three cups white sugar; one and one-half cups clear vinegar; stir the sugar into the vinegar until thoroughly dissolved; heat to a gentle boil, and stew uncovered until it ropes from the tip of the spoon. Turn out upon broad dishes, well buttered, and cool, and, as soon as it can be handled, pull. It can be pulled beautifully white and porous.

—Velvet Pudding.—Beat the whites and yelks of six eggs separately. Sift one-half pound of wheat flour, make a smooth batter, stir in the yelks and a little salt, then the remainder of the quart of milk, and the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Bake half an hour in a buttered pan. Serve with a sauce, colored with a little cochineal. I know of no pudding more delicate and appropriate after a heavy dinner.

—One of the most satisfactory ways to cook beets is to bake them; when boiled, even if their jackets are left on, a great deal of the best part of the beet is dissolved and so lost; it will, of course, take a little longer to bake than to boil them, but this is no objection; allow from fifteen to twenty minutes more for baking; slice them and heat them as you would if they were boiled. One nice way to serve them is to chop them fine. After they are cooked, season with pepper, salt and butter.

—Chopped onion and potatoes make a nice breakfast relish. Take boiled potatoes that are a little under-done, and chop them fine; add a boiled onion well minced. Put a large coffeecupful of milk into a saucepan or spider; let it boil up and add a piece of butter as large as an egg; let it melt and turn in the onion and potatoes, and let them cook until they look creamy—perhaps twelve or fifteen minutes. Serve very hot. Omit the onion if not to your taste.

—Horses cough more at this season on account of dusty hay than from any other cause. The remedy is very simple. Cut the fodder and wet it and mix the meal with it. The cost of the cutting-machine and the labor is well repaid by the saving in fodder and grain. If with the cough the horse has a staring coat and a tight skin, he is suffering from indigestion or from cold, or both, and should have a pint of linseed-oil, and feed cut and wetted with warm water for a few days.

—In reply to one who desires a recipe for making grafting wax that will not melt in summer nor crack in winter, we would say that three parts resin, three parts beeswax, and two parts tallow, will make an excellent grafting wax. A cheaper wax, that has given us good satisfaction, is made by melting together four parts good, clear resin, two parts beeswax and one part tallow. When the ingredients are all melted and mixed, pour into a pail of cold water when the wax will harden sufficiently to be worked and pulled, as in working molasses candy. If used in cool weather, it will be necessary to keep it in warm water, and in hot weather, cold water will be needed. For nursery grafting, this wax is sometimes melted and spread on narrow strips of cloth which are wound around the graft.—*New England Farmer.*

The Poison Habit.

Under all circumstances, make a firm stand against the poison habit. It is best to call things by their right names. The effect upon the animal economy of every stimulant is strictly that of a poison, and every poison may become a stimulant. There is no bane in the South American swamps, no virulent compound in the North American drug stores—chemistry knows no deadliest poison—whose gradual and persistent obtrusion on the human organism will not create an unnatural craving after a repetition of the lethal dose, a morbid appetency in every way analogous to the hankering of the toper after his favorite tipple. Swallow a tablespoonful of laudanum, or a few grains of arsenious acid every night; at first your physical conscience protests by every means in its power; nausea, gripes, gastric spasms and nervous headaches warn you again and again; the struggle of the digestive organs against the fell intruder convulses your whole system. But you continue the dose, and nature, true to her highest law to preserve life at any price, finally adapts herself to an abnormal condition—adapts your system to the poison at whatever cost of health, strength and happiness. Your body becomes an opium-machine, an arsenic-mill, a physiological engine moved by poison, and performing its vital functions only under the spur of the unnatural stimulus. But by-and-by the jaded system fails to respond to the spur, your strength gives way, and, alarmed at the symptoms of rapid *delíquium*, you resolve to remedy the evil by removing the cause. You try to renounce stimulation, and rely once more on the unaided strength of the *vis vitæ*. But that strength is almost exhausted. The oil that should have fed the flame of life has been wasted on a health-consuming fire. Before you can regain strength and happiness, your system must *readapt* itself to the normal condition, and the difficulty of that rearrangement will be proportioned to the degree of the present disarrangement; the further you have strayed from Nature, the longer it will take you to retrace your steps.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Cultivating Spinach.

A person may go into half a dozen country gardens, where every kind of easy-growing, wholesome, necessary and desirable vegetable ought to be grown, and not see a bed of spinach, incomparably the best of everything coming under the head of "greens." How often we see both women and men searching along old worm-fence corners, and the edges of woods where leaves have collected, for the young shoots of the "poke," to be used as greens, and how greatly it is enjoyed at a season when it is difficult to get fresh young vegetables; and yet how much inferior it is to the garden spinach, which can be grown for seven to eight months in the year. A bed can be sown as early in the spring as the ground can be worked, and by sowing at intervals through the season a dish of it can be had upon the table whenever it may be desired. The last crop to be used early in spring before it can be grown as a spring-crop, and which will begin to grow the moment the frost is out of the ground, should be sown, say the beginning of October, and when freezing weather comes it should be lightly covered with straw and a few bean poles laid upon the straw to prevent the wind from blowing it away. The "Bloomdale Spinach," which is a new and improved variety, is preferable to any other variety that we have grown.—*Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph.*

A Ghost in a Picture Gallery.

Waynesville is in a fervent excitement over a haunted photograph gallery. For more than a week the artist, Mr. W. Slater, has been unable to take a picture, owing to the appearance of the figure of an old gentleman behind the sitters. Until to-day he failed to hold the shadow on the negative, but he is now able to print the ghost, who looks like a fine old man of fifty, dressed in an old style. The artist's bottles and negatives have been shaken, his lamp blown out, etc., and he is so scared that nothing would induce him to spend the night there. Old residents revive the story of a peddlar being murdered fifty years ago in the building in which the gallery is; in fact, they say his body was thrown into a well which is immediately under the gallery. But those who have seen the ghost's picture say that he was never a peddlar when in the flesh.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—A young man in this city described a taxidermist to a bevy of young girls as one who sort o' upholsters animals! He took the cake.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Clinton (Iowa) Herald.

James Butler, Esq., Clerk of the Roxbury Carpet Co., Boston, Mass., employing eight hundred hands, in a late communication concerning the admirable working of an article introduced into the factory, says: "The famous old German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, has effected several cures among our men, who have been badly hurt in working in the factory, and they pronounce it a success every time.

THE decline in eggs is attributed to the fact that hens are shedding out more freely.

(Jackson Daily Patriot.)

Happy Friends.

REV. F. M. Winburne, Pastor M. E. Church, Mexia, Texas, writes as follows: Several months since I received a supply of St. Jacobs Oil. Retaining two bottles, I distributed the rest among friends. It is a most excellent remedy for pains and aches of various kinds, especially neuralgia and rheumatic affections.

BECAUSE a man says he lives on faith you must not infer that he will refuse a good dinner.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had pooh'ed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—THE PARENTS.—*Telegram.*

EVERY business man likes to be patronized, provided his patron does not patronize him in a patronizing manner.—*Rome Sentinel.*

RENDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, etc.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, 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 FIFTEEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humor there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by RICHARDSON & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

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.

BRASS Bands LOOK Field Marshal March, arr. J. B. Cole ... Polka Militaire, ... Sent for all Brass Instruments. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Fry-date. L. E. WHITING, 46 Winter St., Boston.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels ... the dead, with a dull sensation ... in part, Pain under the shoulder blade, ... ness after eating, with a disinclination for exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine & CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, PRICE 25 CENTS. OFFICE, 39 Murray Street, New York.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids who have lost but are recovering vital strength, desire in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, it corrects an irregular and state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

BUGGIES ENTERPRISE CARRIAGE CO. CINTI, O. Territory given. Catalogue free.

$10 A DAY. How to make it. Something New for AGENTS. COX, YONGE & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LADY Canvassers wanted for a new article, CORONET CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.

HAIR and Whiskers G. D. Dyeing, Wholesale and Retail. Price list free. Goods guaranteed. R. H. STRAHL, 181 Wabash av., Chicago.

LAND Warrants and Soldiers' Additional Homestead Rights bought and sold. Highest price paid. N. W. Fitzgerald, Land Atty. Box 818, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Copyrighted Book. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $1. A Gross Chase Pub. Co., Toledo, O.

AGENTS Wanted—In every city or town. Address, with reference, GARDEN CITY GRAIN EXCHANGE, Chicago, Ill.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! Best selling of Articles in the world. Samples free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

DRUNKENNESS And the OPIUM HABIT CURED By LESLIE E. KEELY M. D. Dwight, Ill. Books free.

WELL BORING AND ROCK DRILLING MACHINES. Tools for all kinds of Well Boring. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

Johnson's COMMERCIAL College. For circulars write to J. W. JOHNSON, Pres't, St. Louis.

YOUNG MEN WANTED IMMEDIATELY to learn telegraphing and take charge of offices when qualified. Good situations guaranteed. Ad's Western Tel. Institute, Sedalia, Mo.

TEACHERS WANTED $65 to $150 per Month. Steady work all Spring and Summer. For full particulars, address J. C. McCURDY & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents Wanted. $5 a Day made selling our PLATFORM FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Retail price, $2.50. Terms and price to Agents, free. SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD, ... Gold Violin, Guitar & Banjo Strings, 10c. each; Guitars, 125c. ... Catalogue sent free with first cash order. HURLBERT BROS., Wholesale Music Dealers, St. Louis.

RIDGE'S FOOD for INFANTS AND INVALIDS. Is put up in air-tight glass cans, and will keep in any climate. Sold by druggists everywhere. Full directions on each can, and has the signature of WOOLRICH & CO.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trademark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.