THE RED-CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruit.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys!

And I kow that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night;
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;
Yet would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!

—Lancaster Examiner.

TRANNY.

Five o'clock in the morning in a North Carolina barren! The east streaked with crimson; mocking-birds making the wood alive with their capricious music, and dew heavy on the undergrowth among the pines. Accident has kept us here since midnight and seems likely to keep us longer, and, now that daylight has come, to examine the ground is the only resource for such hours as must still be spent in waiting. The solitary station, intended not so much for passengers as for stray bales of cotton or tobacco, holds no suggestion of interest. A negro cabin or so; a low-roofed house in the distance, and other cabins from which, as doors open, emerge the looming figures of one or two poor whites. Pigs, lean and lank as their owners, range the wood or smell about the track for possible bits of food from the caboose, and over the platform marches a long file of dignified geese, discussing in subdued tones the reasons of things in general. To follow them promises more excitement than any longer observation of the dreariness all about, and I pass down through the sliding sand of the roadway and up the narrow path to the low-roofed house, from which, as I near it, comes the sound of rattling plates and the smell of coffee and frizzling bacon. It is a true Southern house; the chimneys built outside, at either end, and all rather thrown than put together. An astonishingly red-faced man, in shirt and trousers, comes to the door with a bell in his hand and looks blankly at me before he rings. Three or four dogs run out barking, and some cows turn slowly to inquire if it may be on their account. The bell rings languidly, as if the red-faced man were not quite awake, or, if awake, had no interest in ringing—or anything else—and as he stands blinking toward the station the bell is suddenly taken, and a woman, lost to sight in her deep slat sun-bonnet, rings with an energy that, considering the horrible want of it in everything else, is as welcome as a north wind would be in this sultry and shut-in spot.

"You Silenus! you go in yonder," she interjects between the rings; "I reckon I'll get 'em yere if ringin' 'll fetch 'em."

Silenus, evidently well named, disappears. The conductor is seen coming toward breakfast with a speed which might almost be called hurry, and the passengers leave the car; the sickly-looking woman dragging along, hair loose, gown awry, and a sense of being held together by one pin which is just upon the verge of falling out. There is a long, low room, lighted only by three open doors; a large, round, oil-cloth-covered table, and, elevated a few inches above it, a smaller circle, also oil-clothed, on which various dishes stand. The conductor gives a twirl as he sits down. Our breakfast is to be on the tectotum principle, and to spin the thing round and round seems to be more desirable by far than to investigate the dishes it holds.

"'Pears like if you wasn't well set this mawnin'. Can't you eat nothin'? Have some cake? I reckon there's a snack, onless Silenus hez been after it. You Silenus! Fetch along some cake!"

"You've been about, I reckon; traveled a heap all over, may-be? You haven't never been to any o' the Sandwich Islands, may-be? Any one of 'em, or one like 'em?"

"No, never. Why do you wish to know?"

"It might be a comfort if you hed, that's all," Silenus answered, backing out; while the woman, who had looked at me with the same eagerness, sighed and half turned away.

"Folks go everywhar now," she said; "everywhar. I hoped—anyway you won't mind lookin' at Tranny. 'Twon't hurt you. An' if it should, couldn't you stand one seein' an' I seein' it day an' night? Day an' night! Oh, the long nights yere; yere in the woods, an' not a sight nor sound till they built the road. The road's a heap o' company. Come. You look willin', an' I must tell it out. It's only over yonder a step. Come."

"Yes, come an' please her, honey," said the colored woman, coaxingly. And Silenus, who had again looked in, added: "Yes, come an' please her. Thar's folks all round, an' you've no call to be skeered. I don't want yer half dollar. Anybody's welcome to more'n one breakfast that'll please Loreny."

The Ancient Mariner himself had not more compelling power than "Loreny." With only a backward glance toward the station and a look at the serious and unsmiling Midnight I followed silently across a narrow yard toward a small building which might be barn, or servants' quarters, or any one of the numerous outbuildings of a Southern plantation. Two or three hounds lay near and looked up suspiciously. Once more the woman turned, and this time her voice faltered, as she said again:

"You're sure you ain't skeered?" and, without waiting for answer, pushed open the door and drew me after her.

To have followed Alice in her passage through and "Behind the Looking Glass" could not have given stronger sense of unreality than those few steps from sunshine into the shadowy room, opening into one from which seemed to come the heavy, tropical scents one who has once known them can never forget; a mingling of spices and sandal-wood and the rich sweetness of musk blossoms, whose aroma seemed to take visible forms and to fill the air with a life all their own. A step farther, and the mystery, though evident now, held only a deeper bewilderment. What was this strange spot—the South Sea Islands in the heart of North Carolina? For grass-mats covered the walls and grass-cloth waved in curtains before the light wind through the half-opened window. Spears and arrows and gay quivers hung on the wall. Polished shells were o[illegible] ight canoe and oa[illegible]

For a moment she met my eyes steadily with an eager intentness, then, sighing deeply, turned away her face and sat silent.

"Tranny," the woman said, "it's company—company from a long way off. Don't you want to talk to her? She knows about all the places you think about; the places you want to get to."

She bent over anxiously and took the girl's hand, which lay for a moment passive, then seemed to fall away of itself.

"Tranny!" she went on. "Tranny! Why won't you say a word? I can't bar it. You're the same as dead; shut up in yourself, an' never a word for one of us that think about you an' pray for you day an' night. Can't you rouse a bit? Oh Tranny!"

"Hush!" the girl said, in a voice hardly more than a breath. "Hush! It must be quiet when he comes so that I can hear him. I thought I heard him once last night. The dogs barked, and there was a step, but the shell said it was not time."

"Then the shell knows," I said, as she lifted the left hand, in which lay a small pink shell, held tightly, as if some one might take it from her.

"Oh yes. The shell knows it all. How could I tell anything if I hadn't been told?"

"Come away," the mother said. "It's no use. Come an' sit yonder by the window an' I'll tell you the whole."

"But it will disturb her."

"No. You can't disturb her. She'll lie that way hours an' hours an' never stir. Many a time I've thought she was dead and leaned over to feel her breath. Sit there an' I'll tell how it was. You think me mighty strange, may-be, to want so to say a word, but I thought there was may-be just one chance you cou'd rouse her, or may-be you'd know some different way o' managin'. Ef she was yours, now—the only one out o' nine—an' lyin' there that way, an' you with no sense what you'd better do or what you hadn't, what would you do? Fifteen years now. You'd think her a child, but Tranny ain't but seventeen year's younger 'n me. Look at me. Would you reckon 'twas so?'

She threw off the slat sun-bonnet, as she spoke, and the face of a woman of fifty looked at me—a face which in its youth must have held not only almost beauty, but a life and expression not the portion of her class; the eyes still dark and clear, but the face still wrinkled and sallow, and troubled; deep lines of pain about the mouth, which while indicating a resolute endurance of the inevitable yet held an energy bent upon throwing off, if possible, the burden laid upon her. A curious change had come upon her. She sat erect. The accent which had at once to my mind established her place as one of the poor whites disappeared. She looked and spoke like a Southern lady in middle life, her eyes fixed on the motionless figure in the corner.

"You think I'm a cracker—a clay-eater, may be," she said, with a certain pride, "an' 'deed we live enough like 'em, but I'm not. I'm of good stock. There was a time when I thought much of it, but everything's changed. You wouldn't think I'd ever been pretty Lorena Domnick, toasted at dinners, and my sister Tranny and me so overrun with beaus we picked and chose just as we liked. I wasn't but sixteen when I married and came from the valley of Virginia down to Wilmington. I'd everything that heart could wish. We'd a plantation just outside the city—a little one, but well managed—and my husband, handsome an' proud, and thinking nothing too good for me. Then Tranny came. She's thirty now, though she looks fifteen as she lies there, and then all the others, till we had nine and didn't know which we loved the best. When Tranny—it's Melissa Tranquille Moore, the whole name—when Tranny was seventeen she was the wonder of us all. She didn't care for books—we'd had her at school an' she could play an' sing, but she didn't care for books—but all day long she was like a picture, with her skin like a rose leaf, and her hair below her knees and her eyes with a look in them she keeps now—like a baby just waking. I'd liked horseback riding and gay times when I was young, but she just hung about me all the time, or petted the other children. Now and then some one would ask if I felt just comfortable about her, she seemed so indifferent like, as if she was way off yonder all the time, and she wouldn't mind if she was all by her lone hours an' hours. She was quick enough when she chose, an' I said she'd wake up when the time came. I'd always the feeling she was a little nearer the angels than any of us, and in church often I've watched her, with her eyes set on the minister and a look as if there was a light inside shining out.

"Then came the waking up. She hadn't cared not a thing for any one of the beaus that were about her, and there were as many and more than I had had in my time. But I knew the night it happened—the night that young Walter Bunsby came home. North Carolinians don't take to the sea often, but this boy did; and it came in a way you'd never think—from a book I have now, "Tybee." He was our next neighbor, in and out all day; and often he'd talk with me when he was little and say: 'Mrs. Moore, just as soon as I am big enough, I shall marry Tranny,' and Tranny always smiled a little, but never said a word.

"He'd sit and read to her and tell her things, but she never cared much, till one day he brought this book and began to tell her all about the strange trees and the wonderful things, and they read it day after day. And at last he said he must see it all. He should come back and settle down; but he had never seen anything, and he would go and bring back some of the strange things. And Tranny liked it and wanted him to, and he went in a ship that sailed from Charleston.

"She didn't seem to miss him, as I thought she might, but was just the same. He came back in a year and brought all those things which you see here, and many more, and they fixed up Tranny's room at home the way this is now, so that every one said I was crazy to let them. And then Tranny promised to marry him when he came back, for he had said he'd go once more. He was wild for the sea, and had asked her if she would not like to be a Captain's wife and sail all over the world, and Tranny said she didn't know, but she liked everything he had brought her. And then he went away, and she waited; but she was different—bright and interested and loving; oh, loving us all so! and more like an angel than ever.

"And then came the war. Oh, you can never know what that was like! My boys were too young—only sixteen, the oldest of them—but tall and strong; and before a year had gone two of them were in Virginia under Lee, and Tranny said: 'When Walter comes he must go, too.'

"My husband was gone the first day we knew men were wanted, and I waited at home. And then there were no more letters, no word of Walter. At first Tranny said: 'It is because he is coming, and is almost here;' but when the second year had nearly passed we could not [illegible] onger. And [illegible] beautiful boys [illegible] how to live [illegible] all shot [illegible] them.

her, and nearly starved with her, if I hadn't roused up at last and done all of a man's work I could. But, you see, it told on the children. They weren't strong. We lived in one end of the house and let the rest. We did without everything, and they pined. Low fever, the doctor said; and first Harry died, and then Johnny, and I knew the rest were going. And one day in '64—oh, I shall never forget!—a sailor came up the path. Tranny sat by the window, and she rose up suddenly and then sat down.

"I thought it was Walter,' she said. 'Perhaps he knows about Walter.'

"The sailor fixed his eyes on her as if he could not take them off, and then he told us. I could not stop him. He spoke right on, and Tranny seemed to make him, for with each word he seemed to stop, and with each word she faced him, and said: 'Go on.'

"And do you know what it was? Not common shipwreck, not drowning, not anything that could ever give anybody a thought of comfort that he was lying still and peaceful even if it must be at the bottom of the sea. No. They were ready to come home. Why they wanted to stop at another island no one could tell, but they had stopped, far out, and a boat gone ashore for fruit—Walter and five others. And these islanders were not quite like the others. They were there in ambush and rushed out upon them. Three got away. This man was one. Walter and the other dashed into the waves and tried to reach the boat. The air was full of their spears and arrows. They didn't get the boat. The savages had them, dead, we know, for a club had crushed in Walter's skull. And then, from the ship, when they had gained it and been pulled up, full of bleeding wounds, they saw fires on the beach, and dancing, and heard shouts, and they knew what it meant, for, don't you know, this was an island where they were cannibals!

"Tranny listened to every word, and when he stopped she dropped before him like dead. And in all the years since you can't get a word but the words you've heard to-day or words like them. At first I tried to take away everything that would remind her of Walter, but then she grew wild, and screamed and cried like she was mad; and the doctor said I should make her so, and she must just be let alone.

"Thirteen years ago. You wonder I am here, and I'll tell you how. It had all gone together—all I had or cared for but Tranny. I took in sewing. I nursed. I did all my hand could find to do, but what was it? And then Midnight had rheumatic fever, and there was nobody to help, for we were all poor and distressed together. And one day when I sat in the door, looking at everything gone to ruin, and wondering who I could go to for some corn-meal to keep us from starving, this man—I mean Silenus, my husband—came up. He was a poor white, it's true, but better than most, and had had a little place, and my husband had been good to him. And he said, and tears running down his face:

"'Mrs. Moore. I've watched you an' done what I could; but I reckon now there ain't but one way. You're all dyin' here together, an' I can't hev it. I've got a place just left me up near Hamlet, an' there's enough for us all to be comfortable; an' I've always said there wasn't a lady in North Carolina could come nigh you nor Miss Tranny; an' I feel so now. Marry me an' you sha'n't be troubled by me. I don't want nothin' but to take care o' you, an' make things easier. I ain't your ekal—I don't look to be—but I reckon I kin keep you comfortable.'

"It didn't seem to make any difference. I was stupid with trouble, and the next day I married him. He's a common man, and I was raised a lady. He drinks too much—you can see it plain—but there isn't a gentleman in Virginia—there isn't one in all the South—that could be kinder or more faithful. All my old life is dead. I am content here. He made this place for Tranny. He's always hoping she'll come out of it, and always planning some way to bring her out. He said this morning you looked somehow as if you could do something', an' I'd better take you in. But you can't. No one can but God, and His time seems slow. But I can wait. We are all going home together some time—His time."

A whistle sounded.

"Train's ready!" a brakeman shouted.

In a moment the deep sun-bonnet hid the tears that had slowly gathered and fallen. She bent over Tranny for an instant, then opened the door and we passed out without a word.

"If you're ever this way again," Silenus said, "you must stop and see us. Mrs. Moore, she'll be glad."

Twelve years' wife though she might be, the old title was still in force. Silenus' face had gained a new dignity. I could not smile. With the faint scent of the orange-blossoms still about us I turned away, looking for a moment, as the train steamed slowly off, at the low house hidden soon from sight, and wondering if any story as tragic lay shut in between the narrow walls of other homes all about.

Any life, no matter how commonplace, holds its pathos and power, the soul in it making it forever infinitely precious, but for the most the story remains untold, the soul meantime all ignorant of its own meaning and of life; and so Silenus, lost in the North Carolina woods, and dragging through the long days in which small incident will ever come, will hardly know, on this side, his own quality, though quite fixed, once for all, as to that of the women for whom he cares.—*Christian Union.*

Practical Knowledge in Farming.

It is a misfortune that the value to a farmer of what may be classed as theoretical knowledge—such as is gained by reading or hearing lectures, or the conversation of others, or by a process of reasoning—is often ignored or underestimated. This want of appreciation of such knowledge often arises from a lack of any clear idea of the relative places of "practical" and "theoretical" knowledge. As indicated above, practical knowledge—that gained by personal experience or observation—will enable a farmer to meet a difficulty in a simple manner, but the farmer who relies wholly on his own experience must necessarily be a narrow man, and a radical change in his circumstances will leave him helpless. A man who undertakes farming with only theoretical knowledge will almost certainly make many mistakes, and be justly liable to the charge of being "visionary." Such a man, however, will often become a more successful farmer than his purely practical neighbor, when practice has led him to modify and adjust his theories to his circumstances. What is needed, of course, is a due amount of each of the two kinds of knowledge.

It is often sneeringly said that agricultural colleges "cannot make successful farmers." This is true in the same sense that it is true that no professional school can "make" a successful minister, lawyer or physician. Each can do much to help a young man in acquiring practical knowledge, and in better fitting him to apply such knowledge when gained.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

—"Another pus cavity," as Jones remarked when he looked at his consumptive wallet.

—The extremely healthy man's [illegible] —"I have never had [illegible]"

The Emperors at Dantzic.

A dispatch to the New York *Herald* from Dantzic says: When it became known that the Czar would land, all the towns turned out, despite the wretchedly wet weather. Bells pealed from all the churches, the batteries fired minute guns, regimental bands played the "Russian National Hymn." At five o'clock the cortege made its way slowly from the harbor to the Government House amid loud hurrahs and the utmost excitement. A large force of mounted police led the way. In two gala carriages drawn by four horses, brought expressly from Berlin, sat the two Emperors and the Crown Prince, with the two brothers of the Czar, Princes Vladimir and Alexis Alexandrowitch. The Czar wore the uniform of the Prussian regiment of Uhlans and the ribbon of the Black Eagle. Though rather pale, he looked pleased, and gazed with seeming wonder at the crowd enthusiastically hurrahing his carriage. The Emperor of Germany, the Crown Prince and their guest drove straight to the house of the Russian Consul General. The Czar went inside. A guard of Grenadiers was left at the door, the band playing the Russian National Hymn. The Emperor William and Crown Prince returned immediately to the Government House. After resting and taking a warm bath, the Czar drove through the town in a close carriage, and saw as much of it as the downpouring rain would allow. Then he and his brothers went to dine with the Emperor William, who had invited all the suite and the principal authorities of the town, with their wives. Prince Bismarck donned the magnificent uniform of the Blue Cuirassiers, and his tall frame towering above the heads of all present made him very conspicuous. The Czar conversed for ten minutes with Prince Bismarck before dinner. The table was horseshoe shaped. The ancient dining-hall was surrounded with massive silver plate, reflecting the brilliant light of torches and lamps with the flickering flames of burning spirits. There was a profuse quantity of flowers and flags. The array of powdered footmen in the Czar's livery, standing motionless while the two Emperors conversed, and the company, which stood at a little distance, in rich uniforms, all ablaze with gold and jewels, helped to make a very impressive tableau. Meanwhile, the band of the Fourth Regiment of Grenadiers played a hymn of welcome. The master of the ceremonies stepped forward and invited the noble guests to take their seats, and the two monarchs, side by side, stepped down to the middle of the horseshoe table. According to the German custom, the Russian Czar, before sitting down, shook hands with Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, wishing them a pleasant meal. The Crown Prince sat on the right of the Czar, while Emperor William sat on his left. By the side of the Crown Prince sat Prince Alexis; beside Emperor William sat Prince Vladimir; Prince Bismarck sat next to Prince Alexis. By the special request of Emperor William the band was silent during dinner, as it interfered with conversation. When the roast dishes were on the table Emperor William rose, and, holding a glass of champagne in his hand, said: "I drink to the health of his Imperial Majesty, my brother, the Czar of Russia. May he live long and happily." The toast was received with load cheering. The Czar returned the compliment. These were the only toasts exchanged. Meanwhile the population had been making a desperate effort to illuminate the town. The rain ceased about ten o'clock, and, rather tardily, the people began to light the gas with colored gas lamps and grease poles. At eight o'clock the dinner was over in the Artushof, and the two monarchs, accompanied by their suites, drove through the town to the railway station. Emperor William conducted the Czar into the saloon carriage and went with the train as far as the port. The only other occupant of the saloon carriage was Prince Bismarck, the other Princes being in a second saloon carriage. The Czar went on board his yacht, and the Emperor returned immediately to Berlin without coming again into the town.

How They Salt a Claim.

"I wish you would explain to me all about this salting of claims that I hear so much about," said a meek-eyed tenderfoot to a grizzly old miner who was panning about six ounces of pulverized quartz. "I don't see what they want to salt a claim for, and I don't understand how they do it."

"Well, you see, a hot season like this they have to salt a claim lots of times to keep it. A fresh claim is good enough for a fresh tenderfoot, but old-timers won't look at anything but a pickled claim. "You know what quartz is, probably?"

"No."

"Well, every claim has quartz. Some more and some less. You find out how many quartz there are, and then put in so many pounds of salt to the quart. Wild-cat claims require more salt, because the wild-cat spoils quicker than anything else.

"Sometimes you catch a sucker, too, and you have to put him in brine pretty plenty or you will lose him. That's one reason why they salt a claim.

"Then, again, you often grub stake a man—"

"But what is a grub stake?"

"Well, a grub stake is a stake that the boys hang their grub on so they can carry it. Lots of mining men have been knocked cold by a blow from a grub stake.

"What I wanted to say, though, was this: You will probably at first strike free-milling poverty, with indications of something else. Then you will no doubt sink till you strike bed-rock, or a true fissure gopher hole, with traces of disappointment.

"That's the time to put in your salt. You can shoot it into the shaft with a double-barreled shot-gun, or wet it and apply it with a whitewash brush. If people turn up their noses at your claim then, and say it is a snide, and that they think there is something rotten in Denmark, you can tell them that they are clear off, and that you have salted your claim and that you know it is all right."

The last seen of the tenderfoot he was buying a double-barreled shot-gun and ten pounds of rock salt.

There's no doubt but a mining camp is the place to send a young man who wants to acquire knowledge and fill his system full of information that will be useful to him so long as he lives.—*Bill Nye.*

—One of the last numbers of the suppressed *Golos* reports the massacre of the family of a Jewish innkeeper near Wassikow, in the Government of Kieff. Mordko Rykleman, the innkeeper, was awakened in the middle of the night by a knocking at the door of the house and by voices demanding admission. Looking out of the window and seeing a band of peasants armed with cudgels, he refused to open. The peasants then burst the door and murdered the innkeeper's father, wife and six children. Rykleman himself escaped to Wassikow, but when he returned to the inn with a company of soldiers they found only the corpses of his family. The murderers had carried off everything of value from the house, and were about [illegible] it on fire, when they took alarm at the approach of the soldiers. [illegible]ts were detected soon after dividing some of the stolen [illegible] were lodged in prison. [illegible] be tried by a military court.

[illegible] presumed that the man [illegible]ornet was educated at

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—It is now generally believed that apples keep better in moist or damp cellars than in dry ones.

—There is but one proper way of using tea pots and coffee pots made of tin, and that is to empty them after every meal and wash them out thoroughly. The acids and salts in the tea and coffee will act on the tin and so spoil the flavor of the beverage.

—A good way to use up bits of cold roast beef is to chop them fine and add about a third of the quantity of cracker or bread crumbs, stir in enough milk or water to moisten it, season well with pepper and salt, then roll in balls or flat cakes, dip in egg and fry in butter.

—Quince Preserves.—Pare, core and quarter fine, large quinces. Lay aside all inferior and badly shaped pieces. Cook the fruit in water enough to cover, having first weighed it. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and a cup of water for each pound of sugar. Make this into a clear sirup, and when the fruit is easily pierced with a straw, drain it from the water and put it, while still hot, into the boiling sirup; seal up in air-tight jars. Can quinces in the same manner, using less sugar.

—Chow-Chow Pickle.—One peck of green tomatoes, two quarts of vinegar, one cup of sugar, half pint of mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of cloves, half dozen green peppers, one dozen of onions. Chop the tomatoes; add salt, first a layer of tomatoes, then salt; let it stand all night. In the morning drain off the brine and add the above ingredients, cutting the green peppers and onions fine. Let it all boil till quite tender. Put in jars and cover tightly.

—To Stop Nose-Bleed.—The *Scientific American* gives the following novel plan: The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleason in one of his lectures, is in the vigorous motion of the jaws as if in the act of chewing. In the case of a child a wad of paper should be placed in its mouth, and the child should be instructed to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. The remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it never has been known to fail in a single instance, even in very severe cases.

—Tomato Catsup.—Over-ripe tomatoes make a flavorless catsup. They must be in prime condition and sound. Take two pecks of tomatoes, slice them, and put in a porcelain kettle; iron pots make black catsup; boil to a pulp, then strain and pass through a sieve; then return the juice to the kettle; add to it two ounces of salt, two of mace, two tablespoonfuls of whole black pepper, one teaspoonful of cayenne, one-half tablespoonful of ground cloves, six tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, one-quarter of a clove of garlic, and an ounce of celery-seed; boil three hours. When it is cooling add a tumblerful of strong vinegar. Put in bottles and cork tight.

—Ophthalmia or inflammation of the eyes in cattle is sometimes general throughout a district. It may be caused by some prevalent condition, such as the weather or the presence of pollen in the air, which irritates the organ, or by dust or other impurities which have the same effect. The proper treatment would be to wash the eyes with some stimulating solution to cause them to throw off the offending matter; sulphate of zinc, one dram, dissolved in a quart of water, may be injected into the organ with a syringe. The disease may also be a result of catarrh resulting from either of the above causes, in which case the wash for the eyes may be used, and half an ounce of chlorate of potash may be given daily for three or four days.—*N. Y. Times.*

—To Preserve Green Crab Apples.—Select full-grown crab apples, wash them and cover the sides and bottom of your preserving kettle with grapevine leaves, and fill it with the apples, spreading a thick layer of vine leaves over it. Fill up the kettle with cold water, and set over a slow fire; let them simmer, but not boil. When they are quite yellow take them out, peel off the skins with a penknife and extract the cores very neatly. Put them again into the kettle with fresh vine leaves and water, and set them over a slow fire; do not let them boil. When they have become green, take them out with a skimmer, weigh them and allow one pound of sugar to every pound of fruit and a scant half pint of water to every pound. Put the sugar and water into the kettle and let it boil until the scum ceases to rise, when add the fruit and let it boil slowly till all are transparent. You may put the grated yellow rinds and the juice of some lemons in them. When done, spread out in large dishes to cool, then tie them up in glass jars, after putting a piece of tissue paper over them wet with the white of an egg.

The Farm Implements.

We have in mind, just now, a farm on which may be found thousands of dollars worth of implements in a perfectly useless condition, and which have been rusted and rotted out by exposure to a far greater degree than they have been worn out by use. It is quite needless to say that the owner, or the ostensible owner of the farm, is poor. No man can practice waste to the extent of exposing all the implements and machinery necessary to carry on a large farm to the weather from one year's end to another, without losing ground financially all the time, and if he lives long enough he will become a prominent candidate for the poor-house. The cause of the neglect to take proper care of the farm implements and machinery, is not always an inherent recklessness in business methods, but quite as often habit as anything else. We leave these things unhoused one winter, and it is easier to do it the next; we leave an implement where we last used it once, and it will be much easier to leave it the next time. The man who intends to keep perfect control of himself will recognize the necessity of preserving the utmost order and regularity in his everyday life, and in order to maintain and strengthen the habit of putting things in their places, when done with them, will put himself greatly out of the way to do it, if necessary. Carelessness becomes habitual and so does method.

The time wasted in spring in repairing machinery and tools which have become out of order through exposure during the winter is enormous, and yet it is repeated season after season. Now suppose we turn over a new leaf in this matter, if we are among the guilty. This is a good time to begin to reform. If we have not houses or covering sufficient to protect all our machinery, it will not cost much either in time or money to erect them. Leave nothing out. We farmers spend a great deal of money for farm machinery under the most favorable circumstances. Every machine is covered up with a patent, and is owned by those who intend to make the most out of us that they possibly can, and, when we unnecessarily expose our machinery to destructive influences, we rather show our willingness to help these fellows add to their fortunes which they have already got of us. Personally we have always been tolerably careful of implements and machinery, but we have not been so thoroughly so that we cannot make some improvements, and we mean to profit by the advice which we are giving to others. Saving on the farm is a good virtue whenever practiced, and never better than when it is practiced in connection with machinery.—*Western Laurel.*

—There was a "hog car" in the middle of a passenger train in Peoria lately. The father instructed the youngsters how to rush quickly for the car as soon as the gate was open, and each one of them (five) turn over the back of a seat so as to secure four seats apiece on the shady side. This they did, and when the whole party of ten, including nurse and baby, got in, they spread themselves over the whole twenty-six seats on that side of the car, except the end benches. No one else could get a seat on that side without an ugly dispute with both parents and children. The father and mother had four seats, two of them being for their traps and their wraps, and for their feet; two little boys had four seats for themselves and their bird cages and rabbit boxes; a grown-up son and a "young lady" daughter each had four seats; the nurse and baby had four, and so it went through the family.

—If you play with a fool at home, he will play with you abroad.

One cannot but admire the unassuming modesty of tough, stringy ham. The way it hides away in the dim recesses of the sandwich is quite pathetic.

The Queen of England is worth 180,000,000. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God." No wonder that they say "God save the Queen!"

The discoverer of the last comet got $200 for it, and he didn't have to deliver the goods either. That's the kind of business to go into, young man; no outlay required, no stock of goods to carry, no taxes or insurance, no delivery charges. All you've got to say is: "There's your comet, take it," and pocket the $200. Next to the apothecary business, it's the best paying thing we know of.—*Boston Herald.*

Our neighbor boasts that his cabinet organ has sixteen stops. But it is not the stops that we object to; it is the beginnings and continuances.—*Dodge Transcript.*

Carrie was six years old and quite a model of propriety; but one day she shocked her mother by doing something very much like ordinary naughty children. "Why, Carrie!" exclaimed Mrs. B., "how could you do such a thing?" "Now little girls do so," replied Carrie. "But that doesn't make it right, does it?" asked Mrs. B. "No," answered Carrie, with deliberation, "but it makes it a good deal more comfable."

Jay Gould controls $600,000,000, but he always thumps a watermelon before buying it, and insists on down weight when purchasing a pound of sugar.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An inquisitive old gent poked his head in a printing office door and asked: "Who is dead?" The man at the wheel answered: "Nobody that I have heard of." The old gent asked: "What is this crape on the door for?" The boss then went out and found that the "devil" had hung the job office towel on the door knob while he chased a lame pigeon up an alley.

The Menasha (Wis.) *Press* says: A. Granger, Esq., of this city, uses St. Jacobs Oil on his horses with decided success and profit.

A maiden wants to know how to avoid having a mustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions.

The *Sunday Argus*, Louisville (Ky.) observes: A Woodbury (N. J.) paper mentions the cure of the wife of Mr. Jos. H. Mills, of that place, by St. Jacobs Oil. She had rheumatism.

Don't judge a man too hastily when you see him coming out of a public house wiping his mouth. His action is an inn-significant one.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

It must have been dull music for Adam in his garden home, with no one to talk with about the crops, the cattle, the hens, ducks and geese.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have advised many ladies to try your "Favorite Prescription" and never see it fail to do more than you advertise.
Yours truly, Mrs. A. M. Rankin,
141 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.

The *Paper-Trade Journal* says making coffins of paper is rather running the thing into the ground.

Young, middle aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send two stamps for large treatise, giving successful treatment. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

To remove fat. A great many recipes have been given; but the quickest way is to call the soap-grease man.—*Boston Transcript.*

Beautifers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.—*Telegraph.*

The boy who has been as lively as a cricket all summer suddenly shows a predilection for headache at the first sound of the school bell.

Special Dispatch from Detroit.

The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well-known wholesale Druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form.—*Post and Tribune.*

Bed-bugs, Roaches,

Rats, cats, mice, ants, flies, insects, cleared out by "Rough on Rats" 15c. druggists.

Redding's Russia Salve, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

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

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and ACUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

The genuine SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP must have DR. JOHN BULL'S private stamp on each bottle. DR. JOHN BULL only has the right to manufacture and sell the original JOHN J. SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, of Louisville, Ky. Examine well the label on each bottle. If my private stamp is not on each bottle do not purchase, or you will be deceived.

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Principal Office, 930 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

HAIR! [illegible]

$10 A DAY. [illegible]

$66 A WEEK. [illegible]

WHAT IS GOOD FOR MAN IS GOOD FOR BEAST.

Mr. J. A. Walton is one of the most prominent stable proprietors and livery-keepers in the northern part of the city of Philadelphia. [illegible] Twelfth street. Mr. W. has devoted the best years of his life to the study and training of horses, and he is considered an authority in all matters pertaining to horseflesh. Feeling the stress of bearing what he had to say in properly persons regarding the merits of St. Jacobs Oil, as a remedy for some of the ills that horseflesh is heir to, the writer resolved to go direct to Mr. Walton's stables for the purpose of interviewing him on the subject. Mr. Walton talked freely upon the matter and said: "After many years active experience I can safely say that I consider St. Jacobs Oil a remarkably good liniment for horses for anything like [illegible] speaks in the highest terms and seems to have a great affection for it. I have used St. Jacobs Oil on dozens of horses, and can state that I never saw about six months since I first commenced using that Oil on my horses, and I shall continue to use it. I happened to commence using St. Jacobs Oil on horses in this way. My father is over eighty years of age and is subject to many of the ailments incident to old age. Among other things he has Rheumatic attacks, pains in his limbs and joints and aches in different parts of his body. He commenced using St. Jacobs Oil several months since, and after rubbing himself freely with the liniment night and morning, according to the printed directions, he obtained the most decided relief. Whenever he has any pain now he uses St. Jacobs Oil, and it always drives the pain away. So I fully know from personal observation that 'What is good for man is good for beast.'"—Further reports bring the gratifying intelligence that Aristides Welsh, Esq., of Robertson Stock Farm, near Philadelphia, Pa., the breeder of that famed racer, Duquesne, where was presented, uses and strongly endorses St. Jacobs Oil, as a wonderful remedy in its effects upon his stock. His experience with the great German Remedy justified him in giving his unqualified indorsement of it, and in saying that his other grooms should always use it on the farm.

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

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For Chills and Fever
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