[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

"During my trip down the River Tagus, in Spain," said Captain Boyton to a representative of this journal in a recent conversation by the seashore, "I had to 'shoot' 165 waterfalls, the largest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although this was not very pleasant and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and easy and not cramped or benumbed I am all right. Of late I

carry a stock of St. Jacobs Oil, in my little boat—[The Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.]—and I have but little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they used the Oil and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it." The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of St. Jacobs Oil, and when we left him he was still citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

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.

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At this season, choirs are much in need of new Anthems. In the above five books will be found all that possibly can be needed, and of the very best quality. Excellent Anthems and easy Choruses will also be found in Emerson's new HERALD OF PRAISE ($1.00); in Tenney & Cobb's FESTIVAL CHORUS BOOK, ($1.25); in Zerr's BOUQUET ($1.00); in Tourjee's CHORUS CHOIR ($1.50); in Perkins' TEMPLE ($1.00); and in Emerson's VOICE OF WORSHIP ($1.00.)

—MUSICAL SOCIETIES—

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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THE EARLY DAYS.

Turn backward, Time—face right-about,
And take me back to life's bright May.
I know you ne'er reversed your route
And only paused for Joshua,
But oh, it seems by far too soon
For hair turned gray and failing sight,
That fondly turns toward life's forenoon,
From out this "early candle-light."

Let me but for a time exist
Once more a youth, light-hearted, free;
Caressed, advised and fondly kissed
By loved ones as I used to be.
Let night bring sleep with visions pure,
While rain-drops kiss the roof of old—
The simple, old-time water-cure
For wearied limbs and cares untold.

Oh, childhood's days, how brief ye seem
When looking backward o'er the years!
How strangely like a pleasant dream
Each recollected scene appears;
My first grand triumph with my kite,
The snow-ball charge I proudly led,
And, farther back, that blissful night
I wore my first new boots to bed!

I fain would hear the school-bell ring
As joyously as when, lang syne,
I from late buckwheat cakes would spring
Some minutes previous to nine;
Each feature of that time appears,
The stern-faced teacher in the van;
Instinctively, amid my tears,
I once more dodge his song rattan!

The old-time church! Let me once more,
Within the well-remembered pew,
Revive the faith I felt before
The seeds of doubt to ik root and grew.
I see the preacher, tall, erect—
I hear his thrilling words of fire;
He used no notes—in this respect
He'd no advantage of the choir.

Those happy days on Cameron's hill
In winter, when the crust was stiff!
The bracing air so pure and still—
'Twas worth a dollar, every whiff.
One lesson learned on that huge bank,
I comes to me o'er the years' dull span—
When coasting on a bemloxx plank
To note which way the slivers ran!

Can I forget the pleasant trips
With Polly Flammer o'er the farm—
Her kisses linger on my lips,
Her slender waist still haunts my arm.
Oh, cruel Fate, how could st thou knock
That night elopement on the head?
Poor child, for hours the nervous shock
Confined her to her trundle-bed!

Heigho! The old clock seems to say,
"Time's march is ever straight ahead;"
Ah, well, I'll not impede his way,
But seek the past in dreams, abed,
Hoping to tread those paths again,
In dreams, that boyhood's feet have trod,
I join the drowsy caravan
That night y seek the "land of Nod."

—*Century (Scribner's) Magazine.*

AN ASSASSINATION JOURNAL.

When that delightful newspaper *Le Vengeur des Opprimes* published its famous article advocating the assassination of all crowned heads, a shout of horror was raised by well-conducted journals, and the circulation of the *Vengeur*, which had till then been small, increased by thousands of copies. The editor, an oft-plucked medical student, named Blaise Fielin, at once received a summons from the Procureur de la Republique, and, after a summary examination by that Public Prosecutor, was committed to take his trial before the Correction Court of Paris; but meanwhile, agreeably to French custom in such cases, he was allowed to go at large without tendering bail. There was no reason for detaining him, as he had not the slightest wish to fly. He had his own peculiar reasons for desiring the notoriety which would accrue to him from a criminal trial, and he went out from the Public Prosecutor's presence laughing in his sleeve.

Blaise Fielin had a handsome suite of apartments in the Rue de Rivoli, and lived there like a man who is easy in his circumstances. He was an ugly, puny young fellow, who wore a double eyeglass and had a bilious face; there was also in his countenance an expression of mingled conceit, cunning and fear. He would look nervously at strangers who accosted him as though he were afraid of being killed, but when reassured as to their peaceful intentions, he gave himself cock-a-whoop airs and talked of his "un-hakable convictions." He was always well dressed, frequented good restaurants, and braced his nerves several times a day by drinking absinthe, vermouth and little glasses of brandy.

Fielin's chambers in the Rue de Rivoli were only known to his private friends; the clerks at his office were not allowed to send there any persons who called to see the editor on business. Such visitors, who were numerous, and who mostly came to beg or borrow on the strength of being "down-trodden," were always shown into a waiting-room adorned with some red flags and the photographs of political murderers pasted onto sheets of paper, with black borders and surmounted by mortuary wreaths. After kicking their heels about for a suitable time in this chamber, they were shown into a frowzy room, where Fielin sat amid a litter of papers and in his shirt sleeves, correcting proofs. He used to wear a red Phrygian bonnet in guise of a smoking cap; and a revolver on his table did duty for a paper weight. To prevent accidents, this weapon was not loaded; but Fielin was fond of saying that he kept it there to shoot the hired myrmidons of any despot who should be sent to molest him.

A couple of days after his appearance before the Public Prosecutor Fielin was seated in his sanctum smoking cigarettes, which he made for himself with strong-smelling *caporal*, when his office boy brought him a slip of paper on which was penciled the name Cora Follalier. Fielin had never heard the name, but he was gallant to the fair sex and ordered her to be shown in. Next minute there stalked across the threshold a wild and sallow female, with a large mouth, small glittering eyes and a crop of ill-dressed black hair. She was attired in shabby-genteel style, with soiled collar and cuffs, and boots down at heel. She wore no gloves, and the top joints of all her fingers were scarred with little sore marks, which showed that she was in the habit of nibbling the skin off. This attractive person plumped down in a seat opposite the editor and stared at him in a way that caused him to shift his position a little uneasily.

"Citizen," she began in a voice like a croak, "I have read your article on the assassination of tyrants, and I approve of it. I have come to ask you to lend me a hundred francs to buy a revolver."

"What do you want with such a weapon?" asked Fielen, whose face lengthened.

"I am going to purge this earth of the Minister of Finance," answered Madame Follalier, her eyes glowing. "We are agreed that tyrants should be exterminated, and there is no worse tyrant than this man, who has refused to give me a tobacco-office. Why does he refuse me this boon? Am I not as worthy as those minions of his on whom he bestows his corrupt patronage?"

"The number of tobacco-offices is limited," remarked Fielin, trying to evade the responsibility of a pecuniary loan. "Besides, I do not call yours a public grievance."

"What is it then?" growled the Minister's enemy, gnawing at her nails. "Is not a wrong done to one citizen a wrong done to all? In what respects am I worse than other women on whom tobacco-shops are conferred every day?"

"Before I can answer that question I must know who you are," responded Fielin, who did not like his visitor at all. He felt sure she was mad, rather because she had asked him for money than because she talked insanely.

"I am judicially separated from my husband," replied Madame Follalier, excitedly. "He is a Government clerk and a fool. He makes me a small allowance, and I despise him. I have no trade or profession and I live as I can. My life in fact is [illegible] that I thank the people. Now, if you are true to your principles and no Jesuit in disguise, you will lend me a hundred francs."

Saying this the female held out her paw and glanced menacingly at the editor. Fielin hesitated a moment; then asked her for her address. When this had been given him he drew a hundred-franc note from his purse and handed it to her without a word. The crazy creature was evidently surprised at getting her money so easily, and her fingers clutched the paper greedily.

"Mind, I don't want to know what you are going to do with the money," observed Fielin, with prudence. "You have asked me for a hundred francs, and I give them, that's all."

"I shall not disgrace your confidence, citizen," answered Madame Follalier, and she left the office with somewhat suspicious haste. If she had been going for a dinner, she could not have stepped faster.

But she was hardly gone when Fielin touched a hand-bell and summoned one of his clerks. "Take this to Martin," he whispered, "and have the woman watched; she says she means mischief to the Finance Minister. I gave her a hundred francs which must go to my account." The clerk, a beetle-browed person, with curiously sharp eyes, winked and withdrew.

Now the man Martin, to whom Fielin's clerk was going on the above errand, was not a member of any Revolutionary Mutual Espionage Association, but simply a head center among the secret agents of the Prefecture de Police. He served as intermediary between the Prefecture and those private spies or informers, who, for different reasons, could not correspond directly with that institution. He was by trade a publican, and anybody could enter his shop, whisper to him over his pewter counter, or talk to him in his back parlor, without incurring the suspicion of holding intercourse with a *mouchard*. Martin himself never went to the Prefecture. He communicated with the chiefs of the political section of the police either by letter or through a man who called occasionally at his shop, and was supposed to be a commercial traveler in the wine trade. A very downy person was M. Martin.

The result of the clerk's visit to this gentleman was that Madame Follalier was watched, and, being found one day lurking near the Finance Minister's office, was apprehended and clapped quietly into an asylum. The miserable creature shrieked and stormed, demanding to be publicly tried in order that she might make a rumpus in the Assize Court; but she had not the faintest suspicion that it was Blaise Fielin who had betrayed her. None among his many dupes did suspect this able editor. In due time Fielin himself appeared before the Correctional Court, made a sensational speech to his Judges, and was sentenced to a fine of 5,000 f. and a year's imprisonment. The punishment seemed heavy, and Fielin left the court amidst a sympathizing throng of acquaintances who vowed that the oppressed of all nations would never forget the sufferings he was manfully going to endure for their sakes. In France, political prisoners are not conducted to prison immediately after sentence, as in England; they are allowed a few days to make their arrangements, and they receive a notice from the Procurator as to the date when they must surrender. In the interval between his sentence and the receipt of his notice Blaise Fielin conducted his *Vengeur* as usual, avoiding articles that might draw down on him a new prosecution, but always writing in such wise as to bring the desperate of all classes and nations to lay their grievance before him. He received crowds of visitors who brought him tales of affliction and oppression, some of which he published; and many important secrets concerning the plans of conspirators were confided to his honor. How could his visitors suspect a man who was always ready (though poor, as it was believed) to give alms to revolutionists needier than himself, and who had actually been sentenced to a harsh fine and imprisonment for the good cause? Blaise Fielin was enrolled in several secret societies, one of which had for its object the manufacture of explosive shells, and he freely allowed his newspaper to be used for clandestine correspondence in cypher between revolutionists who were scattered abroad, and who could not always correspond by post. All this time Martin, the publican, found plenty of work. He and the commercial traveler in the wine trade were often closeted together, and the latter was enabled to keep the Prefecture de Police amply supplied with information which came to him from the office of the *Vengeur*.

The day arrived when Blaise Fielin received his notice to surrender. The guileless Public Prosecutor who sent it was, like the Judges who had sentenced the prisoner, fully persuaded that Fielin was a *bone-fide* criminal, and they would have been not too well pleased, perhaps, if they could have seen how this gentleman was dealt with by the authorities. As a preliminary to incarceration Fielin had let his chambers in the Rue de Rivoli; he had accepted a testimonial from some poor, misguided wretches who believed in his honesty, and who had subscribed to pay his fine of £200; and he had given a modest breakfast at which he introduced to his guests (a polyglot conclave of fanatics and simpletons) the new editor of the *Vengeur*, a man named Vuileux, who was likewise known to Martin the publican. After this Fielin went to the Prefecture, escorted by a troop of admiring friends, whose hands he sadly but cordially shook as he crossed the threshold of the gloomy building, and the friends left him, saying to one another: "He is a true man, that Fielin."

The same evening, after a private conversation with one of the chiefs of the Prefecture, by whom certain moneys were paid him, Blaize Fielin, slightly disguised, might have been seen taking train at the Gare du Nord, en route for St. Petersburg, whither he was being sent on a confidential police mission. The delusion as to his imprisonment was so well maintained, however, that many of Fielin's friends could have sworn for a certainty that he was in jail. They received letters from him bearing the stamp of the prison of Mazas; and once a month, when the prisoner was allowed to receive visits, they were admitted to see him through a grating. Fielin even complained that his incarceration was being rendered unusually rigorous. He was not allowed to write for his newspaper, he said; he was suffering from bronchitis, and yet the doctor would not put him in the infirmary. These assertions naturally tended to make Fielin more and more interesting in the eyes of his dupes, who had no means of guessing that the editor of the *Vengeur* only entered the prison of Mazas on visiting days and spent the rest of his time discharging the duties of hired spy for the Prefecture and traveling from city to city, always out of France.

Among the men who visited Fielin at Mazas was a poor Polish professor named Malinski, a refugee and a conspirator of the tranquil, self-contained sort. He spoke little, but reflected much; and that always struck Fielin as an uncommonly dangerous person, who might some day take a violent resolve in private and carry it out with implacable resolution, without adm[illegible] any body into his confidence. [illegible] occasion of his visiting M[illegible] to the prisoner in his usual [illegible] dreamy tone; but on [illegible] took a somew[illegible] him. "Go[illegible] you for the courage which your writings have put into my heart."

"Why do you say that? Are you going to Russia?" asked Fielin in an eager whisper through the grating.

"I don't know; but life is uncertain," answered Malinski, mysteriously; "perhaps we shall meet again, perhaps not. At all events, good-bye!"

"Good-bye," answered Fielin; and, as may be imagined, he lost no time in letting the police know that Malinski was "simmering," as they say in police slang. The Pole was already under surveillance; but from that time he was ceaselessly watched; and on leaving France for Poland a couple of days later, he was accompanied (though he knew it not) by a detective.

It so happened that at this juncture Fielin was sent to Poland, too. Not having been informed of Malinski's movements, he found himself at Warsaw at the same time as this conspirator; and by an untoward hazard, he chanced to be at the Central Police Office at the very moment when Malinski was brought in there handcuffed. Malinski knew him at once, and stood transfixed with astonishment as he beheld him. Fielin turned deadly pale, and thought for a moment of trumping up some story to account for his presence there; but he promptly reflected that such a proceeding would be utterly useless, so he decided to brazen it out.

"Well, Malinski, we have caught you," he said with a nervous laugh.

"Reptile!" was the Pole's only reply, and, striding forward, he spat in the Frenchman's face.

Fielin trembled from head to foot—not from shame; such men can feel none, but with terror. The glance of Malinski's eyes had been murderous. Wiping his countenance as the prisoner was led away, Fielin turned to one of the police officials who spoke French, and said, in agony: "If that rascal is publicly tried, I am a lost man."

"Don't be afraid," answered the official, soothingly; "he will never be free again."

"Yes, but he must not be tried in public," replied Fielin, his knees knocking together with fright. "He will declare in the dock that I am a spy; the thing will get known, and I shall be assassinated. I could hope for no mercy."

"Those are chances which every member of our profession is bound to take," answered the official in a rather canting tone. Then he mused and exchanged a glance with Fielin. "What is your life worth, my friend?"

"I am not rich," faltered the terrified Frenchman. "I am appealing to you on grounds of good-fellowship. We ought to stand by one another."

"I am not rich either," replied the Russian, drily. "If one of our prisoners fell ill, or was found dead in his cell, for instance, I and the jailers might be called to account, and Malinski, too, is a very important prisoner.

"Will twenty thousand francs do?" asked Fielin, in dismay."

"It isn't much for such a job," answered the official. However, after a little haggling he consented to strike a bargain, and even made a joke on the subject. "There's many a sovereign would be glad to pay that to be rid of the fear of assassination."

The next day Fielin heard, to his intense relief, that Malinski had hanged himself in his cell. When the preacher of assassination concluded his business at Warsaw he went on to St. Petersburg, and eventually returned to Paris. His term of imprisonment was ended at that time, and he resumed his editorship of the *Vengeur des Opprimes*. He edits that organ still.—*London Truth.*

Carving.

In carving fowls, as the legs are always bent inwards and tucked into the belly before it is put on the table, the skewers by which they are secured ought to be removed. The fowls should be laid on the carver's plate and the joints as they are cut off placed on the dish. In taking off the wing, the joint only must be divided with the knife, for by lifting up the pinion of the wing with the fork, and then drawing it toward the legs the muscles will separate in a much better form than you can effect by cutting with a knife. Next place the knife between the leg and body and cut to the bone; turn the leg back with the fork and the joint will give way if the fowl be young and well done; the neck bones are taken off by putting in the knife and pressing it under the long, hard part of the bone; then lift the neck-bone and break it off from the part that sticks to the breast. The breast itself has now to be divided from the body by cutting through the tender ribs close to the breast quite down to the tail; then lay the back upwards, put the knife into the bone half way from the neck to the rump, and on raising it the lower end will readily separate. The first thing to be done is to turn the rump from you and neatly to take off the two sides. Each part should be neatly arranged on the dish, or served out as desired by the guests. A turkey should not be divided until the breast is disposed of. Begin cutting close to the breast bone, scooping round, so as to leave the mere pinions. Each slice should carry with it a portion of the stuffing or force meat, with which the craw is stuffed.

Partridges are carved like fowls, but the breast and wing are not often divided, the bird being small. Pigeons may be cut in two, either from one end to the other of the bird or across. A goose or duck should be cut with as many slices from the breast as possible, and served with a portion of the dressing to each plate. When the meat is all carved, and not till then, cut off the joints; but, observe the joints of water fowls are wide spread and go further back than those of land fowls.

A roast pig is generally slit down the middle in the kitchen, and the cook garnishes the dish with the jaws and ears. Separate a shoulder from the carcass on one side and then do the same thing with the leg. Divide the ribs, which are frequently considered the most choice part, into two or three helpings, presenting an ear or jaw as far as they will go, and plenty of sauce. Some persons prefer the leg because not so rich or luscious as the ribs. The neck end, between the shoulders, is also sometimes preferred. The joints may be divided into two each, or pieces may be cut from them.

In carving beef, mutton, lamb and veal thin, smooth and neat slices are desirable; cut across the grain, taking care to pass the knife through to the bones of the meat.

A ham may be carved in several ways. First, by cutting long, delicate slices, through the thick fat, in the center, down to the bone; or by running the point of the knife in the circle of the middle and cutting thin, circular slices, thus keeping the ham moist, and last and most economically, by beginning at the knuckle and slicing upward.

A tongue should be carved as thin as a wafer, its delicacy depending a great deal on this, and a well-cut tongue will tempt the most fastidious. A beef's heart should also be cut in the same way.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Chocolate Jelly-Cake.—Take six ounces of butter and eight of sugar and rub them to a cream; stir into it eight well-beaten eggs and a pound of sifted flour; add the gra[illegible] rind and juice of [illegible] lemon, a[illegible] turn the mixture on [illegible] tin [illegible] that have been well [illegible] The cakes should not be [illegible] than a quarter of an inch thick on [illegible] plates. Bake them immediately in [illegible] till of a light brown; pile [illegible] with a layer of choco[illegible] on the top of each.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Clabbered milk is better than water for freshening salt fish.

—Soda or baking-powder biscuits must be handled as little and made as rapidly as possible.

—A little lard or butter improves bread or cake made of Graham or Indian meal—it makes them more light and tender.

—Farmers are too apt to be stingy of both milk and cream in their own families, and it has come to be a familiar saying that the poorest place in the world to get either milk, cream or good cheese, is at the table of a regular dairy farmer.—*Ohio Herald.*

—It is a common error that the roots of trees extend only as far from the trunk as the length of the branches; the truth is that they are usually longer on each side than the entire height of the tree. A tree thirty feet high forms a circle of roots more than sixty feet in diameter.—*Country Gentleman.*

—Soft Soap.—Cut two-thirds of a four-pound bar common soap in small pieces, put in large kettle with half wood pail cold water and one pound washing soda; let stand and simmer several hours until dissolved, stirring occasionally; pour into large stone pot and add half-pail cold water, stirring thoroughly.

—How to Make Meat Tender.—Cut the steaks the day before into slices about two inches thick, rub them over with a small quantity of soda; wash off next morning, cut into suitable thickness and cook as you choose. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, etc. Try, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

—An attractive and economical teacake, and one which might appropriately be called "children's delight," is made by taking enough white bread-dough to make a small loaf; knead into it a tablespoonful of butter or lard, two tablespoonfuls of English currants; let it rise until it is very light, then bake in a moderately hot oven. If you have any of the tin cans in which tomatoes are put up, use one of them for a baking tin, and bake this cake in it. You will have a pretty, round loaf, and the size and appearance of the slices is also pleasing. Graham bread seems actually to taste better if baked in one of these tins.

—Saving Seed Corn.—A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* picks his seed corn and hangs it up in the smoke-house and smokes it just as he does his meat. He builds a good smoke every day until both corn and cob are perfectly dry. He is not afraid of getting it too dry, he says. It must be kept in a dry place until planting time, and where there is plenty of air. He is careful not to let it heat in the shock before getting it hung up. When the weather is warm, corn will heat in a heap so as to injure the germ. He has saved his seed corn in this way for the past twenty years, and it never fails to grow.

—Cocoanut cake made from this recipe is as nice cake as one need wish to make. Take the white of five eggs, one small cup of sweet milk, one cup and two thirds of another of granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, about three cups of sifted flour, flavor with almond extract, bake in layers. Beat the whites of two or three eggs to a frost, add pulverized sugar enough to make rather thin frosting and put between the layers; on this scatter cocoanut; put on enough to make a nice layer; for the top and sides of the cake the frosting should be a little thicker. I think the best way to get the cocoanut on the sides is to put it on with your hand; you can press it gently upon the frosting and make it stick to it.

—Sweet Potato Pie.—Take a half a pound of sweet potatoes, wash them, and put them into a pot with very little water, barely enough to keep them from burning. Let them simmer slowly about half an hour. They must be only parboiled, otherwise they will be soft and may make the pie heavy. When they are half done, take them out, peel them, and when cold grate them. Stir together to a cream one-quarter of a pound of butter and six ounces of sugar; add a grated nutmeg, a large teaspoonful of cinnamon, and half a teaspoon'ul of beaten mace; also the juice and grated peel of a lemon, a wine-glass of rosewater. Stir these ingredients well together. Beat eight eggs very light, and stir them into the mixture, in turn with the sweet potatoes, a little of each at a time. Having stirred the whole very hard at the last, put it in your pie-plates, which you have lined with puff-paste. Bake in rather a slow oven. To be eaten cold. Carrot and white potatoe pie may be made in the same manner.

Improving Stock.

The time has been in this country, and not a great number of years ago, when many farmers found almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of the introduction of good stock; but that time has passed away. Obstacles which presented themselves disappeared, and it is no longer an open question whether or not it is good policy to breed, grow and fatten the best. The great cost of thoroughbred stock, at one time, was a barrier in the way of its general use, but breeding has now grown to be a vast industry, and prices of good individual sires and dams have been so reduced as to place them nearer the reach of all than ever before. The hard times of a few years back prevented many farmers from weeding out trashy breeding stock; the means for making desirable substitution being actually unprocurable; but this difficulty is now removed. The generally unremunerative condition of the fat stock trade was another impediment to those desiring to raise their standard of breeding; but this trouble no longer exists. There actually are no obstacles in the way of general improvements at this time which are worth considering. On the contrary, there is an incentive to the introduction of good blood. It is one of the urgent demands of the day, and, if the American people would become, as they can, the regular feeders of Europe, it must be heeded. The standard quality of the stock on our fat stock markets can, with proper effort, be raised fifty per cent. within the next two years' time, without any financial trouble whatever.—*Pittsburgh Stockman.*

Celic in Horses.

This disease always comes on suddenly and is very dangerous. It is as likely to attack the animal away from home, on the road, and where remedies cannot be had, as at home. Animals while in harness, say hauling grain to market, if attacked get down and not unfrequently die.

I have had some experience in such cases, have never used any kind of medicine, and have never had a fatal case, nor one that has lasted over half an hour. While the horse is down (and if he does not lie down get him down) on his side, as soon as possible get behind him and begin vigorously to knead his stomach between the short ribs and the hind leg with the double fists, exactly as if kneading bread, and dig in pretty hard.

Almost instantly it will give him relief, in most cases air will pass from the bowels, and in five minutes or less the horse will get up cured. I have used this plan with my own stock, and have recommended it to others, and once saved the life of an animal entirely given up by the owner and his neighbors. I happened to drive to his house just as they were about to leave the animal to die, and in twenty minutes he was on his feet eating grass. The people thought I was a wizard.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

—There is no truth that our young men have to learn more important than this—that to admire that which is right is one thing, but to do what is right is another.—*Robertson.*

—Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purpose of sense or happiness.

THE Des Moines (Iowa) Tri-Weekly Tribune says: "A Harrisburg, Pa., journal mentions that Mr. D. Bensinger, No. 4 Market Square, that city, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of a violent attack of rheumatism.

IT rains alike on the just and the unjust—and on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

IT is useless to groan with rheumatism when a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil will cure it, as everybody knows.—*Columbus (Ohio) Daily Times.*

A NEVADA paper recently stated that a prominent citizen was "greatly troubled with insomnia." After the editor had got out of the hospital, he decided to never again use anything but plain language in writing of his fellow townsmen.

Snakes as Life Destroyers.

The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thousands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to cleanse the blood of the scrofulous impurities, for tubercular consumption is only a form of scrofulous disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all forms of scrofulous disease, or king's-evil, such as tumors, white swellings, fever sores, scrofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin diseases. By druggists.

NO MAN can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb has it very tersely: "A man can't bite the bottom out of a frying pan without smutting his nose."

Taken Out of Bed.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house.

Respectfully,
AMANDA K. ENNIS, Fulton, Mich.

A SCHOOL TEACHER asked: "What bird is large enough to carry off a man?" Nobody knew; but one little girl suggested "a lark." And then she exclaimed: "Mamma said papa wouldn't be home until Monday, because he had gone off on a lark."

Fits, Fits, Fits,

successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. MIXER being called into court as a witness, got vexed at the lawyer, and declared: "If you don't stop asking questions, I'll leave!" and then added: "You're the most inquisitive man I ever saw in all the days of my life."

Why Asthma Can Be Cured.

The chief reason for believing that Asthma can be cured is found in the nature of the disease itself. It lacks many conditions that are present in diseases classed by all authorities as incurable. There is in Asthma no irreparable waste of tissue or of substance, as in pulmonary consumption, or in various other forms of atrophy. There is no irremediable enlargement of a vital organ, nor is there change of structure, as in ossification, or the transformation of muscle into bone. Post mortem examinations of asthmatic subjects usually reveal a normal condition of the lungs and lower respiratory passages. Where Asthma is uncomplicated with other diseases, the usual testimony of patients is that, except when suffering from paroxysms, the ordinary functions of life are performed with the same regularity and comfort as in reasonable health. Appetite, digestion and sleep follow in their appointed succession, and in harmony with the laws of human existence. It is only when the disease throttles its subject, and compels distressing and violent efforts for that air without which he must die, that he is made alarmingly conscious of the difference between himself and others. With cessation of the attack there is resumption of normal physical conditions.

Failure in the treatment of Asthma hitherto may be ascribed to the the fact that physicians misapprehended its true character. They did not reflect upon the absence of those manifestations usual in incurable diseases, but, finding it obdurate against common remedies and their methods of application, they assigned it a place among those maladies for which nothing better than palliation could be hoped. In this error their patients shared. They regarded themselves as beyond cure, accepted such treatment as afforded temporary relief, and resigned themselves to the conviction that their life must be borne to the close of life.

The medical knowledge of to-day rejects a conclusion so devoid of hope. It regards Asthma as susceptible of thorough, complete eradication. Patient investigation has been rewarded by the discovery that difficulty of breathing, or a closing of the passages to the lungs, is not merely a local disturbance, but the visible sign of a disease that has its origin elsewhere. This knowledge gained, it became evident that inhalants, and all form of local medication, were wrong in principle and fruitless as to permanent results. The next step in investigation led to a comparison of the blood constituents of asthmatic persons with those of persons in health. Here microscopic science was called upon for aid, and revealed unerringly a vitiated condition of blood in all subjects of Asthma. Attention drawn in this direction, remedial agents were sought to effect a restoration of the proper blood elements. The search was tedious and discouraging, but never abandoned. The true cause of the disease having been found, it was argued that there must be in the treasury of nature its antidote. That faith has been justified. Asthma has been conquered and forever taken from the category of incurable afflictions.

The reasons for believing that Asthma can be cured, it will thus be seen, are deduced from the facts that the disease itself presents no evidences of incurability; that erroneous theories of its causes have been abandoned; that its origin has been clearly discovered; and last, that medical science has combined remedial agents whose effects are in harmony with the latest developments in medical discovery.

These reflections have been suggested through the success that has attended the treatment of Asthma by Cone's Asthma Conqueror. Its efficacy in cases of notable obstinacy and supposed incurability has elicited much interest and comment, both among subjects of the disease and men of acknowledged skill in medical science. The evidence adduced in behalf of the remedy is so voluminous and of so respectable a character as to force conviction of its merits and its power to accomplish all that is promised. Hence this matter has been deemed worthy more than usual comment.

A valuable treatise relative to Asthma and the diseases with which it is often complicated will be found interesting to the afflicted. It may be had, and advice by letter in cases of special difficulty, by addressing the Cone Asthma Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Words and Their Uses.

Richard Grant White has written a good deal concerning the origin and various meanings of several old English words and phrases, and many of his remarks are very instructive and interesting. Primarily, words were designed to express ideas, and not, as Tallyrand said, to conceal them. If a genuine autograph of Shakespeare, Milton, Swift or Pope could be found, how it would be prized and appreciated by the fortunate finder!

The old Charter Oak at Hartford is justly cared for, and its history is prized beyond anything else in Connecticut; and the public throughout the United States have a vague idea that it must have some intrinsic merit, because the words "Charter Oak" have been used as a trade-mark by the largest stove factory in the world. For our own part, we like to see ambitious manufacturers stamp their goods so that buyers will know them on sight. The CHARTER OAK STOVE rather adds to the claims for veneration of the old Charter Oak at Hartford, and will be likely to perpetuate it long after the original tree is entirely forgotten. This is the way of the world. (5-26)

How to Secure Health.

It seems strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILLS' SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore health to the physical organization. It is pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. As a health renewer, it ACTS LIKE A CHARM.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man and Beast. Use externally and internally.

DR. ROGER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP instantly destroys worms and removes all the Secretions which cause them.

"We Shall Publish

A great offer from the YOUTHS' COMPANION next week. It is a splendid paper and has over 200,000 subscribers.

"Rough on Rats."

Ask Druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, vermin, insects, 15c.

THE present demand for "Tansill