The Illuminator.

The existence of good feeling on the part of the French Nation for the people of this country is shown by the presentation of a colossal bronze figure of Freedom holding aloft the torch of Liberty. Beauty, with usefulness, is combined in this immense work of art, as the bright, blazing torch will serve the purpose of a beacon light in the harbor of New York. There is another figure which will challenge larger praise and admiration than even the great work above referred to. It is illustrated herewith, and represents the aged and worthy ST. JACOB, holding aloft in his hand that beacon which will guide aright all sailing upon the sea of life, whose waters abound with the shoals and dangerous places of sickness and disease. The light it casts is designed to show that ST. JACOBS OIL is the true and trusted means of keeping the body on its proper course, and of easing and "righting it should it be unfortunately cast upon the shoals of rheumatism or other painful ailments. Thousands of grateful ones throughout the world have proved the value and felt the good of this Great German Remedy, and are glad to recommend it to all needing the services of just such a remedy. In this connection Mr. John S. Briggs, a well known citizen of Omaha, Neb., told a newspaper man that he was terribly afflicted with an acute attack of rheumatism in his back. The disease, which had been preying upon him for years had drawn him out of shape. He resorted to every remedy known to physicians, but found no relief until he tried ST. JACOBS OIL, one bottle of which effected a complete and radical cure. Another case may justify reference:

A VETERAN SEAMAN'S TROUBLE.

Editor Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.: I send you this, feeling that the information conveyed will be of material benefit to many of your readers. One of our oldest citizens, Captain C. W. Boynton, the Government Light-house keeper at this point, is probably one of the oldest seamen in America, having sailed twenty-six years on salt water. After this forty-six years' service his eyesight failed him and he kept the Light at Chicago until the Government built the Gross Point Light here, when he was transferred. While seated in my store this morning the Captain volunteered the following written statement: "This is to certify that I have been afflicted with rheumatism for twenty (20) years, both in my side and limbs. I am happy to say that, after using less than two bottles of the ST. JACOBS OIL, I am entirely free from pain, though still limping somewhat when walking, from long force of habit. C. W. BOYNTON." Referring to the foregoing facts, I might allude to numerous similar cases that have come to my notice, but "a word to the wise is sufficient."

JOHN GOEBEL, Pharmacist, Evanston, Ill

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Or CHILLS and FEVER.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

MONOTONE.

He rose and gazed upon the day
  And said: "The wind is east again!"
And ere he went his wageful way
  In somber tones: "I fear 'twill rain."
She watched him far adown the road,
  With listless hand to listless head;
Her breast heaved with a weary load,
  And bitterly she said:
    "I care not if the wind be east,
      I know not if the wind be west,
    I care not if I starve or feast,
      Only I wish my life had zest."

He came with the returning night.
  She smiled with fond, receptive air;
His greeting was a formal slight,
  In tone that never warmth would bear.
So wearily the moments sped:
  From hopeful dawns to dreary dusks
Her craving, hungry soul asked bread—
  He gave her naught but husks.
    She sobbed: "Oh, depth of misery,
      That cannot know communion's rest,
    What is the hour or day to me?
      I only wish my life had zest."

The seasons sped like bitter tears,
  All spent in drudgery the while;
Her face, so fair in former years,
  Had long forgotten how to smile.
At last she laid her burden by;
  At last he wept, so cold before;
The old light glistened in her eye
  To light, alas, no more.
    He smoothed the faded hair above
      The brow that perfect peace expressed;
    He gave her tokens of his love—
      That could no more for her have zest.

We chill with dreary commonplace
  Fond hearts that yearn for sympathy,
The hard lines form upon the face—
  The soul forever leaves the eye.
Ah, man enwrapt with golden lures!
  No thousand, from your selfish pile
Can change that cruel work of yours,
  Her wistful, frozen smile;
    Who cares not if her lot be hard,
      Who minds not if she work or rest,
    If she but meet with kind regard,
      If but her life have heartful zest.

—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

THE TAIL OF A KITE,

And What Hung Therefrom.

It was a particularly fascinating kite, to begin with. It was made of gay Japanese paper, ornamented with figures even more grotesque and charming than usual. A woman, who seemed to be dressed in a pink-and-yellow meal-bag, with a red parasol over her head, was blowing soap-bubbles from a queer, long pipe, while three or four children—apparently put together after the fashion of jumping-jacks, and experiencing no difficulty in extending their legs at right angles with their bodies—were capering, to show their delight, and five curious animals stood on their heads. In the distance a pink mountain stood on *its* head, and a sky-blue villa, tipsily askew, seemed on the point of falling into a yellow lake.

Roy was in a hurry to get the kite done, and he pasted the paper on the frame in a one-sided fashion, so that the figures were somewhat mixed up; but it was all right if you only looked at it rightly, which is the way with a great many things in this world. Roy thought he shouldn't mind that, and he hoped Teddy O'Brien wouldn't. The kite was for Teddy. It was "a swap." Teddy was Irish, but there was not a Yankee in Millville who could out-whittle him. He had whittled a vessel to which Roy had taken a great fancy, and which he had agreed to trade for a kite. Teddy might have made a kite for himself which would have rivaled any in Millville—he was hard to beat at anything—but he had broken his arm in the mill where he worked, and was not able to use it at all as yet. He had been confined to the house for more than a month, and, as he expressed it, "the hairt was worn out iv him intirely wid frett'n'." He thought it might be a little solace to sit in the door-way and fly a kite; for if Teddy had a weakness it was for kites.

Roy and Teddy were great friends, although Roy was the only son of the richest man in the town, the owner of the great mills, where hundreds of men and women were employed, and thousands of bales of cotton were turned into cloth, while Teddy was the oldest of the seven children of the "Widdy" O'Brien, whose chief worldly possessions were a poor little shanty, a "pratie" patch, and a pig. Then, too, Roy had plenty of time for play, having a tutor who was very indulgent in the matter of lessons, and almost every amusement that could be devised, while Teddy worked ten hours a day in the mill, and had no toys excepting those of his own make. Teddy was a little condescending to Roy, sometimes; he knew how to make and do so many things, while Roy had only things that came out of stores, and couldn't even turn a somersault without making his head ache. But Roy never thought of being condescending to Teddy, because he was rich and Teddy was poor; by which you will see that Roy was an uncommonly good and sensible boy, and Teddy—well, you will soon know what kind of a boy he was.

Roy was glad that there was one thing that he could make almost as well as Teddy—doubly glad that Teddy wanted a kite of his making. He would willingly have given it to him, but when Teddy offered the vessel he could not resist it; besides, Teddy would not have it otherwise; he "was afther do'n' business on the square," he said.

Now it was important that this beautiful kite should have a proportionately beautiful tail. Roy was of the opinion that the glory of a kite is its tail. No newspaper nor old rags might be used in the making of *this* kite's tail! He knew how to get to his sister Emily's store of finery, and she always had a great many pieces of bright-colored silk and gauze which would be just the things for this fine kite. Teddy might not appreciate this elegance; he was practical and wanted a "flier," above every thing, but Roy wanted it to be handsome, for his own credit and satisfaction.

He found one of his sister's bonnets in a bandbox on the top shelf of a closet, and this struck him as being exactly what he wanted. It was all covered with bows of fluffy lace, and red satin ribbon, and it had long strings of lace, which he thought would make beautiful streamers for the kite.

"It's a last summer's bonnet, nad I know that Emily don't want the old thing!" he said to himself, as he took possession; and in a very short space of time the bonnet, which had been a triumph of the miller's art, was degraded to the position of tail to a kite. I say degraded, but Roy and Teddy would both say elevated; it all depends upon whether you consider a beautiful bonnet or a beautiful kite the more important and useful thing.

It was a very fine kite, and Roy was proud and happy when he carried it to Teddy's house.

Teddy was sitting on the door-step, with Dan, his black-and-tan terrier, on one knee, and his yellow cat, Spitfire, on the other. The two were on the most amicable terms, although Dan tolerated no other cat, and Spitfire no other dog. Eight fat little pigs, every one with a quirk in his tail, burrowed in the dirt near by. A flock of noisy geese came waddling up from a muddy little pond; a strutting gobler paraded around, followed by a great flock of turkeys, little and big. There were lordly roosters and matronly hens, with broods of chickens of all sizes; there was a goat, and a tame squirrel, and last, but not least, there was a parrot—a demure-looking parrot, all in drab, save for a bit of scarlet, like a knot of ribbon, at her throat; she had a very wise expression of countenance, and was a very knowing bird.

The Widow O'Brien had a fondness for animals; but she was not satisfied with her collection. She was a sensible woman, in the main, yet the more she had the more she wanted. Now she wanted a cow. And it was not an unreasonable wish. The twins, Bartholomew and Rosy, her youngest and her darlings, were weak and ailing, and goat's milk did not agree with them; they must have cow's milk, the doctor said, and that was not easy to get in Millville unless one owned a cow.

Widow O'Brien at last determined to have a cow, and she and Teddy, together, had laid up just twenty-three dollars and sixty-seven cents toward the purchase when Teddy was brought home from the mill with his arm broken, and the doctor's bills swallowed up the savings. So Michael Dolan's cow, "the beautifulest baste" that the Widow O'Brien had "iver put the two eyes iv her on," which he wished to sell for only fifty dollars, was as far out of her reach as the cow that jumped over the moon. And her continual bewailings had had more to do with wearing the flesh off Teddy's bones than the pain of his broken arm. For he felt himself to be the man of the family, who ought to buy a cow, instead of breaking his arm, by carelessness, and perhaps thereby causing the death of Bart and Rosy, who, his mother assured him, were dying for the want of cow's milk.

Roy felt sad to see Teddy so pale and thin, but he thought that the kite could not fail to cheer him.

Roy was a favorite at the Widow O'Brien's. Dan frisked around his heels, Spitfire arched her back to be patted and smoothed, the squirrel ran up to his shoulder and perched there, and though the parrot screamed hoarsely: "Be off wid ye, ye raskill!"—it was probably because no more complimentary conversation was at her command, the "Widdy" having educated her with the view of making her a terror to the neighbors' children, who often deserved the uncomplimentary epithet. At all events, Roy always took it as a friendly greeting on Poll's part, and Poll was certainly a very friendly creature.

She sailed down from her perch above the doorway, now, and alighted on Roy's head, regardless of the squirrel, who seemed to consider it an infringement upon his rights, and scolded fiercely, until the kite absorbed his attention. He and Poll both regarded that with their heads on one side.

Teddy's pale face did brighten a little at the sight of that kite, and especially after he tried it. There was a good wind, and Roy had provided a very liberal allowance of string; the kite soared up, up, till it looked like the tiniest speck against the blue sky. But there was a cloud up there that was just the shape of the cow; it reminded Teddy of Michael Dolan's cow—such a bargain for fifty dollars!—which they had not the money to buy, and his heart sank as fast as the kite rose. He racked his brains for some way to obtain fifty dollars, until he forgot all about the kite, and Roy, feeling hurt that Teddy seemed to care so little for it, and was so silent, soon went home. Then Teddy wound up the string and let the kite float slowly down.

Fly as high as it might, it could not fly away with his trouble, he thought. He caught himself wishing that Michael Dolan's cow could be tied to the kite's tail, and carried up and dropped somewhere on the other side of the hills, so that his mother would never hear of her again. And while he was thinking that his mother came in at the gate, wiping her eyes on her apron.

"Oh, musha, musha! the likes o' that crathur niver was seen! Sure the milk she's afther givin' do be ivery dthrop crame, and the butther comes iv itself! It's prayin' prayers on us somebody must be—we do be that misfortunit'! If ye were not afther breakin' your arm, be your own carelessness, we'd have the money ag'in' this time, and Bart and Rosy'd not be starvin' wid the hunger, nor meself heart-sick wid longin' for the cow! Oh, Teddy, it's all your fault, ye raskill!"

Teddy felt like the guiltiest rascal alive. He would have asked Michael Dolan to trust him for the cow, if he had not known it would be in vain. Michael never trusted anybody, and, besides, was short of money just then. Teddy could think of no way by which "the mother" could come into possession of the "crathur" which she coveted, and he felt almost despairing enough to throw himself into the muddy little goose-pond, when, as the kite came sailing down, and fluttered its streamers in his face, he suddenly caught sight of something glittering in their folds. He caught it hastily, but the glitter had disappeared. Then, feeling the kite-tail carefully, he discovered a hard substance inside one of the lace bows, which Roy had fastened on just as it came from the bonnet. He drew it out. An ear-ring lay in his hand, set with a stone which caught the light in myriads of flashing rays, and almost dazzled Teddy's eyes. A diamond! he was sure, and he knew that diamonds were valuable.

He clutched it tightly, and his eyes sparkled.

"It might be the price of the cow!" said he to himself. But he'd find out, he thought, before telling his mother what he had found; he would not raise her hopes only to have them disappointed.

There was a jeweler's store in the next village, three miles away. Teddy was still weak, but with such a hope to cheer him he was sure that he could walk there. He had got as far as the gate when, suddenly, his conscience raised a remonstrance. You may think it queer, but Teddy's conscience spoke with a brogue. It said: "It don't be yours at all, at all. All the business ye have wid it is to find out whose is it." Teddy had always been honest, and he was in the habit of heeding what his conscience said, but that cow seemed to be the one temptation that was too strong for him. He thought of his mother's tears, of Barty and Rosy's thin and pale little faces, and he started off in the direction of the jeweler's, as fast as he could go.

His fancy so far outran his footsteps that, before he came in sight of the village, he had seen Michael Dolan's fine cow snugly ensconced in his mother's shed, Barty and Rosy grown as broad as they were long, and with cheeks as red as Baldwin apples, like the little Japanese children on his kite, and his mother radiant with happiness, showing to all the neighbors great balls of golden butter, and declaring it to be "the likes iv the ould counthry butter itself."

It was no wonder that with such bright visions before his eyes he should have forgotten to listen to the "still, small voice" within him.

He forgot that he was weak until, as the village came in sight, and a few rods more would bring him to the jeweler's shop, he was forced to sit down and rest. As he sat there a voice came, whether from the heavens above, or the earth beneath, Teddy could not tell—a voice which cried, solemnly: "Go home wid ye! ye thafe iv the wurruld!"

It was one of Poll's remarks, but Teddy thought the voice much more solemn than Poll's, and what emphasis there was on the word "thafe!" It made Teddy blush, guiltily, while he looked about to discover whence the voice came. It could not possibly be his conscience that spoke so loud!

It came again—this time muffled and subdued—but hoarser, more dreadful! "Go home wid ye! Go home wid ye! ye thafe iv the wurruld!"

"I'm go'n'! I'm go'n', whoever ye are!" said Teddy, getting onto his feet, with his face turned homeward, though he trembled so that he could hardly stand. "It's a thafe I was m'anin' to be—the saints forgive me!—but I niver will be, niver! An' will ye kape quiet now, ye scrache-owl?" This latter clause Teddy muttered rather angrily, for his courage had risen with his resolve to be honest.

"Go home wid ye! Go home wid ye!" cried the voice, in answer. This time it was a shrill cackle, exactly like Poll's, but the offensive word, "thafe" was considerately left out.

Teddy looked up, and down, and all around, and then he pinched himself to see if he really were Teddy. "That bird bees too know'n', as the mother bees always sayin'!" And Teddy crossed himself as a protection against witches.

Something pinched his fingers sharply, and, looking down, he saw, sticking out of his coat-pocket, Poll's sleek, gray head!

Teddy felt a little ashamed that he had been so frightened, and a little angry with Poll; but, down deep in his heart, he was more ashamed of what he had been going to do, and thankful to Poll for having saved him from it. He scolded her at first, but he ended by patting her, and Poll cocked her head first on one side and then on the other, and if ever a parrot laughed with real enjoyment, Poll was that parrot!

Although he was so tired, Teddy quickly made his way to Roy's house. He did not even dare to think of Michael Dolan's cow, lest he should yield again to temptation.

He gave the ear-ring to Roy, and told him that he had found it fastened to the tail of the kite.

"Oh, that's Emily's diamond ear-ring, that she lost last summer, and made such a fuss about!" said Roy. "We hunted everywhere, and at last papa offered fifty dollars reward for it—they are big diamonds, and cost an awful lot, and Emily felt so bad. It must have caught in her bonnet-strings, and inside the bow, so she never saw it. Emily will be awful glad, and it's lucky for you, Teddy, for I'll get papa to give you the fifty dollars right away!"

But when Roy's father appeared, Teddy confessed, with shame, how near he had come to stealing the ear-rings, and he would not take the fifty dollars. Yet, when he was urged, how could he resist? It was just the price of Michael Dolan's cow!

The Widow O'Brien sought far and near for Teddy, who had never been outside the gate since he broke his arm, and she wept and wrung her hands, fearing that her reproaches had driven him to some desperate deed. She called upon all the neighbors to witness that there was not the "'a pill" of Teddy "for a dacent, honest bye, in North Ameriky," and that she "had kilt him and broken the hairt iv him intirely wid her impidence." And she was making preparations to have the muddy little goose-pond dragged, when Teddy appeared, driving home in triumph Michael Dolan's cow.

Teddy's bright visions were more than realized. Bart and Rosy grew so fat that the little "Japs" on the kite looked actually thin by comparison, and the butter that his mother made was the wonder and delight of the whole town. And the satisfaction of the Widow O'Brien was beyond the power of words to express.

But, after all, Teddy's great and lasting satisfaction seemed to be that he was not a "thafe."

"I'd be glad I didn't stale it if I didn't get the cow at all, at all!" he said to himself, very often.

And he and Poll were greater friends than ever.

The Widow O'Brien says: "This is a quare wurruld, and ye niver know what'll happen, since Teddy is afther findin' the foinest cow in the counthry hangin' to the tail iv a kite!"—*Sophie Sweet, in St. Nicholas.*

Home Saints or Parlor Ornaments?

"The young lady who rises early, and in a neat simple morning dress goes to the kitchen to assist in getting breakfast—or gets it herself, if need be—and afterward cheerfully and smilingly puts the house in order, without leaving it for her mother to do, is worth a dozen parlor beauties who sit languidly on sofa or easy-chair, fanning, fanning, or for a few moments drum on the piano, then take up a book, find no interest in it, and for want of really healthy exercise half die from sheer indolence."

The former will make a good wife and mother, and her home will be a paradise where husband and children will find rest and amusement far more satisfactory than can be found in parties or genteel dissipations, while they hourly call her blessed who has made home the sweetest spot on earth. But the latter—how sad the thought!—can be but a pretty, useless piece of furniture. In that which she thinks genteel to do—and she will by no means stoop to do anything that is not—can she find real peace and true enjoyment? Restless, dissatisfied and fretful all the morning, the hour for receiving calls arrives, she finds a kind of pleasure in dressing for the occasion, or anticipating the frivolous entertainment she looks forward to. Yet how often these anticipations prove a failure. How often among these callers, over whom she wastes many hours, there will be one marplot, so uncongenial to herself and those other friends who may call, that the morning's expected pleasure, meager as it may be, is a source of keen annoyance, perhaps in part atoned for after the offensive guest departs in the low and rude satisfaction of turning the unfortunate one into ridicule.

If this hot-house plant decides to leave the house and make a round of senseless calls herself, how much pleasure will she be likely to secure? How often a few words of silly gossip rouse an envious or jealous spirit in her breast that is a source of keen torture to her for days.

Now here are two paths, either of which our young girls may choose, and on that choice the happiness or misery of their whole lives may depend. Here comes in the mother's most solemn work; for in the influence their example or teaching may have in determining that choice the mothers must be held responsible. It will rest almost wholly with the mother whether these young girls, just looking toward womanhood, shall learn to seek their sweetest pleasures at home, in useful employment and the refined companionship sensible parents will seek to bring about them, or shall learn to seek amusement in fashionable society and dissipation, anywhere, anyhow, but at home!

With the first class of parents we look to see our young girls develop into genuine home saints; with the second class, how can we expect anything but girls who spend their young maidenhood in seeking those pleasures that perish in the using, and fill their hearts with discontent and bitterness, and after marriage scorn the idea of being housekeepers; preferring to seek the only homes they will ever know in fashionable boarding-houses or the giddy whirl of hotel life?—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in Christian Union.*

* * *

—The potato was discussed recently at the Central New York Farmers' Club. The fact developed in the experience of farmers present was, that, though soil and season unquestionably have much to do with the flavor of potatoes, the late potatoes retain their flavor over winter and into spring better than early sorts. Prof. Roberts found that, under the same conditions, small potatoes for seed gave the poorest result, the middle part of large potatoes next, the seed end next, and the stem end the best. A whole large potato with a single eye is the best possible seed. More work is needed, but a better crop secured, by cultivating in rows or drills, rather than in hills.

* * *

—Lamp shades of ground glass should be cleaned with soap or pearlash; these will not injure or discolo them.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Too many varieties of fruit is one of the dangers of the novice in fruit culture. For home use a variety is well enough, but for market only a very few are wanted.

—Never allow a mudhole to remain about a well. If your water is muddy and impure throw in a peck of lime to purify it. If animalcule appear in the water throw in a half gallon of salt to make them settle to the bottom.

—Straw matting may be cleaned with a large coarse cloth, dipped in salt and water, and then wiped dry. The salt prevents the straw from turning yellow.

—Puff Paste with Milk.—Mix with a spoon three-fourths of a pound of butter with one pound of flour, then add milk enough to moisten the whole, so as to roll easily. Do not mold it with the hands at all, or as little as possible, and the crust will be found much nicer made this way than by the old methods requiring more labor.

—Wagons need to be painted every year, especially the wheels, in which all the cracks should be well filled with putty. Red lead and boiled linseed oil make a good body paint for the running gear of wagons. Another good paint is asphalt varnish, mixed with oil. A dark reddish brown is a good color for wagon wheels, as it is pretty near mud color. For finishing the wheels of a wagon the mineral paints will be found durable and cheap.

—In boiling a ham, if the ham is not required hot, let it get cold in the liquor in which it has been boiled. If you place a boiled ham on a dish to get cold, you will find a quantity of jelly has run out of it and has got cold on the dish. If you let the ham get cold in its liquor, this jelly will settle in the ham, which will consequently be juicy instead of dry, as is too often the case with cold ham. Let the vessel in which it gets cold be uncovered, and it is as well to take off the scum when it is hot.

—Rice-Cake With Peaches.—Cook some rice in a steamer with milk and while it is still hot add a little butter, sugar and two eggs. Butter a plain pudding mold, strew the butter with bread-crumbs and put in a layer of rice half an inch thick; then a layer of peaches, and continue the alternate layers of each until the mold is full. Bake this for about fifteen or twenty minutes in an oven; when done turn the cake out of the mold and pour into the bottom of the dish a boiled custard sauce flavored with anything preferred.

—Suet Pudding.—One cup finely-chopped suet, two-thirds cup good sirup, one cup sweet milk with half a teaspoonful soda dissolved in it, one cup stoned raisins, one teaspoonful cream tartar sifted with flour enough to make a stiff batter. Boil in a pail set in a kettle of water, or steam in a steamer if preferred, two hours, and serve with a sauce prepared as follows: One teacup sugar, butter the size of an egg, a large tablespoonful of flour, all stirred together. On this mixture pour nearly a pint of boiling water. Let it cook a few minutes, and season with nutmeg or to taste.

Shade and Water in Pastures.

Many pastures in the West consist of a level piece of prairie land covered with a few varieties of grass and surrounded by a fence of barbed wire. There is no water except that found in natural depressions of the earth after a heavy rain. Milch cows are allowed water in the yard twice a day at milking time. Calves, colts and stock cattle are driven to a pond, creek or watering trough once in every twenty-four hours to quench their thirst. Sheep often are not treated as well as this. It is a favorite idea of some farmers that sheep will get along well enough on dew. They are fond of reading stories of sheep that lived for months on ocean islands that contained no fresh water, or in acid regions in the far West where there are no springs or streams.

It is true that most kinds of farm stock will exist for several months on a scant supply of food and water, and with very little to add to their comfort. The animals will exist, but they will not be profitable to their owners. Cows will give little milk, sheep will afford but a small amount of wool, stock intended for the butchers will lay on but little fat, and young animals will make a very slow growth. Stock kept during several generations in this way will "run out." They will diminish in size and productiveness. They will be far less profitable to their owners than animals that have had their material wants well supplied and have had attention paid to their comfort. Some animals, like human beings, will only do their best when they are well fed and cared for.

Every pasture should contain a perpetual supply of cool, fresh water, to which animals can have access at all times. If the pasture is large, then there should be several drinking places. Animals should not be subjected to the hardship of walking half a mile to obtain a drink in a hot day in July or August. If they are compelled to do this, they will often remain thirsty for several hours, and will then find their way to the water, and drink immoderately. Abstinence from water for a considerable period, or a long walk in the scalding sun in order to obtain it, will result in the loss of milk, flesh and fat. Water, next to air, is the cheapest article that is consumed by animals, and they should have it in abundance and within easy reach at all times.

Many farmers are very negligent in utilizing natural supplies of water. They take no pains to keep up the flow of water in springs, or to conduct the water they afford through pipes to different parts of a large pasture. The fall necessary to conduct water is very small. Pipes of wood, iron or lead are cheap, and are easily placed below the frost line. Once in position, they will last a life-time, and require no repairs. It is often the case that a supply of water can be obtained from a spring located on an adjoining farm, or on the public highway. If there is no spring, stream or lake from which water can be obtained, resort must be had to wells and wind-mills, or to artesian wells. One of these wells will often furnish sufficient water to supply several farms.

Every pasture should contain some means of shelter from the sun. If there are no trees they should be planted as soon as circumstances will permit. It may be advisable to plant quick-growing varieties, as linden and willow, for present purposes, but more substantial kinds should be set out for affording shade in the future. It is best to plant the trees in the higher portions of the pasture, as they are more exposed to breezes, and are the most comfortable for animals to lie in. Grasses on low land are likely to abound with troublesome insects. It is desirable to plant trees in several places, so that stock of different kinds and ages may not trouble the others. Cattle will often drive sheep, calves, and colts from their resting places.

Excellent shade may be secured by making frames of timber and covering them with wild vines. The woodbine and several varieties of wild grapes may be obtained without cost in most parts of the West, and transplanted with little trouble. They are hardy, and make a rapid growth. The Clinton grapevine may also be employed for covering their arbors. The fruit, though not of the best quality, is, when well-ripened, of very fair quality. Since wire may be used, if desired, for supporting the vines, shelters for immediate use may be covered with long straw, rushes, or meadow-grass. Shelters made in this manner are desirable to protect stock against storms as well as against the sun. —*Chicago Times.*

—What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint and the hero—the wise, the good, and the great man—very often lie hid and concealed under a plebian surface, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.

FROM the Atlanta (Ga.) *Sunday Phonograph*: The editor of the Pikes County *News* has been cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

MANY a man thinks it is principle that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. Be grateful, and do not mistake potatoes for principle.

THE New York *Clipper* lately cited the case of Captain Jacob Schmidt, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., who had been a great sufferer with rheumatism for many years. He used St. Jacobs Oil with splendid success.

WHY must an old-man-of-war's-man who has lost a leg in the service of his country become a retailer, should he go into trade?—Because he could not be a whole sailor.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column.—*Buffalo Express.*

A ST. LOUIS paper says: "When a Chicago preacher wants a new church all his own, and a big congregation, he has himself convicted of heresy."

YOUNG and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT is somewhat paradoxical that the man who worries most about his health is the man who has none.

The Dead Cannot be Raised,

nor if your lungs are badly wasted away can you be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is, however, unequaled as a tonic, alterative and nutritive, and readily cures the most obstinate cases of bronchitis, coughs, colds, and incipient consumption, far surpassing in efficacy cod liver oil. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

FENDERSON says he wishes he was a rumor for a rumor soon gains currency, and that he has never been able to do.

"Female Complaints."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging-down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything to do me so much good in my life. I advise every sick lady to take it. MRS. EMILY RHOADS, McBrides, Mich.

HORSE sausages are made and sold in England. John Bull always did love the horse.

Nature's Sluice-Way.

The kidneys are nature's sluice-way to wash out the debris of our constantly changing bodies. If they do not work properly the trouble is felt everywhere. Then be wise and as soon as you see signs of disorder get a package of Kindey-Wort.—*Constitution.*

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

Trade-Marks.

The importance of a law that would protect trade-marks is receiving marked attention from the business public as well as from Congress, the brands on some goods adding largely to their commercial value, because their merit is known to the consumer, and the buyer looks to trade-mark as constituting his security. Thus the Gorham trade-mark on sterling silverware; Colgates' mark to indicate the various grades of their soaps and toilet goods, has also very high commercial value. The CHARTER OAK STOVE has a peculiar value of its own which so distinguishes it from all others that it has acquired very large commercial value. Lorillard Tobaccos are goods that the consumer asks for in the same way. The law cannot be too severe in protecting honest manufacturers. The burning of the great stove works gave dealers some excuse for substituting other stoves for the CHARTER OAK, but now that the CHARTER OAK factory is at work again turning out over 200 stoves a day, the trade can get their orders filled promptly; and the year 1881 bids fair to surpass all previous years in the demand for the famous CHARTER OAK make. (4-28)

"TANSILL'S PUNCH," made by Tansill & Co., Chicago, is the best 5c. Cigar on earth. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs, 15c.

"AS GOOD as represented," is what everybody says of Frazer's Axle Grease. Try it.

TO HAVE good bread use National Yeast.

AN important gathering—a boil.

SOME wag remarks truly when he says that "popularity in politics is to see your name in large type posted to a fence. Somebody will inquire as to who you are, and when the first rain comes you will disappear."

"I DON'T know why it is, Charlie," she remarked, pensively, "but whenever I look at your mustache, it makes me think of autumn." It was apparently an innocent remark, but it cost Charlie one dollar and fifty cents for a fresh bottle of hair dye.

THE bashful young man who asked a lady on the beach "if he could see her home" was much surprised to hear her reply "that he could go up and see if he wanted to, but she didn't think her father wanted to sell;" then she coolly walked off with the man of her choice.

NO MAN can tell another's feelings. A stalwart Irish laborer was one day begging from a gentleman, who requested a medical man present to examine the said laborer. The laborer had enforced his plea with: "Yer hanner, I can't work." "I can find nothing the matter with you to prevent your working, my man," said the doctor. "Ah, that's thrue for you," replied Pat; "but then, yer hanner can't tell how lazy I feel."

A DAMSEL who lived in Dubuque,
Was ambitious to marry a duque:
But as none came to woo her,
She accepted a goober
Young fellow whose first name was Luque.

The bride was led up the broad aisle,
Got up in the most killing staisle,
When asked if she'd be
A true wife to be,
She promptly replied: "I should smaisle."

"THERE'S some things as old as the hills, anyhow," said old Uncle Reuben. "What are they?" asked his niece. "They're the valleys between 'em, child," solemnly answered the old man.

LESSONS for young housekeepers—"How can you tell a young fowl from an old one?" "By the teeth!" "By the teeth! But fowls have no teeth!" "I know they haven't, but I have!"

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LIVER COMPLAINTS,

PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

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Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!

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