THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

BRAVE KATE SHELLEY.

Oh, but the night was wild and dark, and the wind blew fierce and high!
Oh, but the lightning flashed and shot across the inky sky!
While the hurtling thunder cracked and rolled, till down the black clouds came,
And earth seemed nothing at all to sight but water, wind and flame.

Kate Shelley stands at her cottage door, and peers out into the night,
For she sees, slow creeping through the storm, the pilot-engine's light,
And it must cross the trestle-bridge above the swollen creek:
It stops—it runs—then down it drops, with one long fearsome shriek.

"Kate, stay!" the wailing mother cries; but the young soul rose high—
"Nay, mother, I must try to help, though I should fall or die."
She finds the wreck, but cannot save, yet from the deep below
A man shouts up two frightened words. She answers him: "I know."

The train! the train! the swift express! the crowded Western train!
How shall she quickest reach the wires? By Boone the hope is vain.
But to Moingona's but a mile, and yet so wild and drear,
To brave it through the stormy night the stoutest heart might fear.

Torn by the undergrowth, and drenched, the wind and rain defied,
She reached the raging Des Moines and the bridge that spans its tide:
A bridge not built for human tread, but "On!" her spirit cries—
A bridge of full four hundred feet, nothing but rails and ties.

No plank the daring steps to hold, and if a step should miss,
Down, fifty feet below her, rolls the watery abyss.
So on her hands and knees she creeps, fighting the wind and rain,
Staining the timbers with her blood, yet heeding not the pain.

Then on and on she bravely sped! Thick darkness rose round her law;
Save when the vivid lightning made a still more dreadful day;
Yet raging stream, and roaring wind, and fiercely beating rain
Delayed her not: one thought had she—to save the coming train.

At length the bridge is fairly crossed. Bleeding and out of breath,
She yet has half a mile to run—a fearful race with Death;
O'er fallen trees, o'er rocks, through creeks, until—O blessed sight!
She sees the way-side station-house and its ones glimmering light.

Then all forespent, with failing strength, she pushes wide the door:
With gleaming eyes and parted lips, she stands upon the floor:
"*The trestle's down! The engine's wrecked! Oh, stop the coming train.*"

The man springs to the saving wires—she has not come in vain.

Then tenderly they comfort her. They ask: "How did you come?"
And, hearing, lift their hearts and hats, and are a moment dumb.
No soul among them would have dared the passage dark and wild.
Ah! but God's angels had a charge to keep this noble child.

O brave Kate Shelley! though hard toil thy daily portion be,
Mothers, with happy pride, now name their daughters after thee:
And every child that hears thy tale shares in thy noble strain,
And dares that perilous pass with thee to save the coming train.

—*Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Young People.*

THE MYSTERY OF THE VILLAGE.

In the southern part of France, about seventy miles from the Mediterranean, is a place called T——. It is now hardly more than a small town, and possesses not above a thousand inhabitants; but in the latter part of the last century it was more than ten times its present size, and its church, now in ruins, was then one of the most beautiful ever seen in that part of the country.

This church was finished in the year 1795, and was, for a long time, the great object of curiosity for miles around. It was of the Gothic and Romanesque style of architecture, and was not only finely proportioned on the interior, but had, within, a magnificence of decoration that astonished one more and more, the longer he gazed upon it.

The church, unlike some of the older ones standing at that time, had a magnificent organ. This had been paid for by a separate subscription, raised in small sums by the common people, and, having been built by skillful workmen in Bordeaux, was at length set up in the church amid considerable enthusiasm and excitement.

But who should play this grand instrument?

How should a competent organist be selected?

The people were greatly interested in the matter, and discussed it on the corner of the *rues*, in the *brasseries*, or taverns, and for a period of six or eight weeks you might be sure, if you saw more than two people talking earnestly together, that they were deliberating upon the choice of an organist.

Since the people, both high and low, had so freely contributed for the purchase of the organ, it was thought very proper that they should be allowed to choose a person to play it. And the decision being thus left to the multitude, the most feasible plan that was suggested was that all should go, on an appointed day, to the church, and should then listen to the playing of the various candidates.

There were, in all, nearly a score of aspiring musicians in and near the town, and each of these, hoping for a favorable decision for himself, gave no end of little suppers and parties, so that the influential ones among the townsmen fared sumptuously from all.

But out of the entire number there were two, between whom the choice really lay. These were Baptiste Lacombe and Raoul Tegot.

The former of these had lived in the town only five years. He had come from Bruges, so he said, and although he astonished everybody by his skill, he had not been liked, from the first. He was very reserved and parsimonious, and his eye never met, frankly, the person with whom he talked. But no harm was known of him, and he found in Tranteique plenty of exercise for his art.

Raoul Tegot, on the contrary, was a native of the town; and, together with his young son, Francois, was beloved by all. He had married one of the village maidens, and had been so inconsolable at her death, which occurred when Francois was a baby, that he never thought more of marriage; but devoted himself to his child and his art.

He was certainly a very able musician, and, being so universally liked, many people urged that a public performance be dispensed with, and that he be elected at once. But although Baptiste Lacomb was not *liked*, his *skill* found many admirers; and, besides, it was flattering to the worthy country folk to think of sitting solemnly in judgment at the great church; and so the proposed plan was adhered to.

Finally, the weeks of anticipation came to an end, the appointed day was at hand, and, according to the arrangements previously made, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, the three great doors of the church were swung open and the throng, orderly and even dignified, entered and filled the edifice.

The seats, which, in French churches and cathedrals, are movable, had all been taken away, and the crowd quite filled the whole space. All male inhabitants of the town who were over twenty years of age were to vote, and each, the town-officials and the poorest artisan alike, had one ballot.

The great and beautiful organ took up nearly the whole of the large gallery over the entrance and extended up and into the clear-story until it was mingled with the supports of the roof.

In the organ-loft the candidates were crowded together in eager expectation, and the glances that passed from one to another were not the kindliest. Each of them had been allowed several hours, at some time during the week, for practice on the instrument, and each doubtless considered himself deserving of the position.

Presently, when all was still, Monseigneur Jules Emile Gautier, a very learned gentleman of the town, who had been chosen for that purpose, ascended two steps of the stairway which curved up and around the richly carved pulpit, and announced the name of the person who was to begin.

I should not be able to give, in detail, the progress of the trial, for the history of the affair is not minute enough for that. But suffice it to say, that the last name on the list was Raoul Tegot; and the name immediately preceding it was that of Baptiste Lacombe.

At length, in his turn, Monsieur Lacombe, his iron-gray hair disordered, his hands rubbing together nervously, and his eyes flashing—as was afterward remarked upon—with a malicious fire, stepped forward and along to the organ-seat, and, for a few moments, arranged his stops.

Then he began lightly and delicately, creeping up through the varied registers of the noble instrument, blending the beautiful sounds into wonderful combinations, now and then working in a sweet melody, and then again upward until the grand harmonies of the full organ rolled forth. There was something mysterious and awe-inspiring in the effort. It seemed to the people that they had never heard music before.

The music ceased. The people came back to their prosaic selves again, looked in each other's faces, and said, with one breath: "Wonderful!"

Gradually they recovered their sober judgment, and then, mingled with the murmurs of admiration were heard the remarks, "That is fine, but Raoul Tegot will make us forget it!" "Yes, wait until you hear Raoul Tegot!"

Soon Monseigneur Gautier ascended the two steps of the pulpit and called the name of their kind, generous townsman.

All waited breathlessly. All eyes were turned toward the organ-loft. The musicians there looked around and at each other. But poor Raoul Tegot could not be seen.

Where was he? The people waited and wondered, but he did not come. Monsieur Baptiste Lacombe was greatly excited, and was wiping the perspiration from his heated face. "Perhaps he was afraid to come," he ventured to remark to a man near him, at the same time looking out of a window.

Several noticed his agitation, but they only said, "Ah, Mon Dieu, how he did play! No wonder that he is nervous."

The disquiet and confusion in the nave and aisles increased. A messenger had been sent to look for the missing man, but he could not be found.

What was to be done?

Finally, some friends of Monsieur Lacombe made bold to urge his immediate election, declaring that he had far surpassed all competitors; and they even hinted at cowardice on the part of Raoul Tegot.

This insinuation was indignantly denied by Tegot's friends, who were very numerous but helpless; they knew their friend too well to believe him capable of such conduct. He was, they said, probably detained somewhere by an accident.

But wherever he was, he was *not* present; and when a vote was taken, hastily, by a showing of hands, Monsieur Baptiste Lacombe had ten times as many ballots as any other person, and, of course, poor Monsieur Tegot, not having competed, was not balloted for at all.

The people dispersed to their homes, some in vexation that their favorite had not appeared, others in a little alarm at his strange absence. Young Francois Tegot had not seen his father since early morning, and could not conjecture where he might be.

The next day the missing organist did not appear, and his friends began to inquire and to search for him. But they were wholly unsuccessful. A little boy said that he had seen him go into the church with Monsieur Lacombe early that morning; but Monsieur Lacombe said, very distinctly and with some vehemence that the missing man had left the church an hour later to go to a cottage at the edge of the town, where he was to give a lesson in singing.

So the affair lay wrapt in mystery. There were many surmises, but nothing definite was known. A few expressed suspicion of the rival candidate, but the suspicion was too great to be thrown rashly upon anybody. Thus no progress in the inquiry was made. A human life did not mean so much in those stormy days after the Revolution as formerly, and the mysterious disappearance, without being in the least cleared up, gradually faded from men's minds and passed out of their conversation.

Months and years passed away, and nothing was known of the young man. His son, now come to the years of manhood, always declared that his father would not have been absent from the trial willingly, and he firmly believed that he had met with a violent death. More than this he would not say; but sometimes when he looked toward Monsieur Baptiste Lacombe—still the respected organist of the church—his eyes were observed to flash meaningly.

There was to be a grand *fête* in the church, and a great preparation was made. As the organ needed repairs, it was decided to repair it thoroughly; and one of the builders from Bordeaux was sent for.

He was to come on Thursday; but he chanced to arrive the day before, and was to begin work early the following morning. That night, a light glimmered out of the darkness of the gallery of the church.

Two days passed. The repairing of the organ went on, but there was much to be done and it might take a week. One afternoon, as Francois passed through the center of the village, two men came hurriedly out of the town-house and hastened away toward the church. It was the organ-builder, very much excited, and one of the officials of the town. The young man, venturing on his well-known skill as an organist, followed them; and the three entered the building. A few worshippers were at the great altar, and the sacred edifice seemed unusually quiet and peaceful.

The organ-builder seemed too agitated to answer the questions that the town official asked him, but led the way quickly to the organ-loft. "Put your foot on that pedal!" he said, excitedly, pointing to a particular one of the scale.

The official was too bewildered to comply, and Francois did it for him.

"Now try the next one!" said he.

Francois did so, but no sound came; only a queer, intermittent rumbling like a bounding and rebounding.

"It does not sound," said the organ-builder. "Follow me and I will show you why."

"It never has sounded since the great trial-day, years ago," muttered the young man. But he followed on.

They clambered up a rickety staircase, a still more rickety ladder, and came to a platform at a level with the top of the organ; and all around them, reaching up out of the dim light below, were the open pipes. Passing hurriedly around on a narrow plank to the back of the organ, their agitated guide paused before a row of immense pedal pipes, and without allowing his own eyes to look, he held the light that he carried for the others.

Both looked down into the cavernous tube that he indicated, and both started back in surprise and fear.

"It is a man's legs!" gasped the frightened town official.

After the first moment of surprise had passed, they began to get back their wits; and the young man advised that they send for several strong men and lift out the pipe.

This seemed sensible, and in a half hour the men were at hand and the pipe was drawn down to the level of the organ-loft and laid horizontally. The workmen had been informed of the nature of their work, and all were under intense excitement. The pipe was very long, and the body was at least five feet from the top. One of the workmen reached in a pole having a hook at the end, and the next minute drew forth the dead body of the sinister old organist, Baptiste Lacombe.

There was a pause of silent horror. Nobody cared particularly for the dead man, but the manner of his death was terrible.

"How did it happen?" whispered one.

"Perhaps it was suicide," answered another.

They began to more closely examine the large tube. Francois Tegot, who, although thus far cooler than the others, now seemed unable to stand, pointed to the hand of the dead man, which was tightly clenched upon a small cord. One of the workmen approached, and with some difficulty drew out the line; and a new thrill of expectation went through the silent company when they saw, attached to the end of the line, an old leather bundle covered with dust.

Young Tegot now seemed to master himself by a great effort, and, motioning the workman back, he advanced, and, lifting the bag tenderly out into a more convenient position, he said, solemnly, as if to himself, "I have long suspected something was wrong, and now I shall know."

Then he examined the bag, and at length took from his pocket a knife and carefully cut open one side.

Despite the fact that he expected the revelation that now came, he started a little back, for the opening revealed a piece of cloth, a coat, which even the town official could recollect to be the coat of the long-lost organist, Raoul Tegot, Francois' father.

The young man stepped back and sank again into his seat, and the others, coming forward, laid the bag quite open, and drew forth a watch and an embroidered vest; in a pocket of the coat was found a purse. "Here is an odd treasure," said one of the workmen, holding up a locket of dull gold.

Francois seized it and opened it. The color forsook his face and his eyes filled with tears. He simply said:

"My mother."

The town official now whispered to the surprised organ-builder that the villainous Lacombe had killed poor Tegot on the morning of the trial, and had secreted the body in some unknown place and hidden the valuables here. Frightened by the fear of discovery, he had attempted to remove the treasures, and had fallen into the pipe and had thus met a horrible death. "There is nothing secret," said Franco's, "but shall be revealed. Sin is its own detector, and its secrets cannot rest."

The excitement among the townspeople was for many days even greater than it had been at the time of Tegot's disappearance, and many and bitter were the reproaches heaped upon the wicked organist's memory.

Francois was immediately chosen organist, and held the position during his entire life.—*Youth's Companion.*

How Two Heroic Boys Saved the Lives of Shipwrecked Sailors.

There was a picturesque scene yesterday morning on the bluff above Hovious' beach where lies the hull of the wrecked Alice Buck. The incident most talked about was the saving of the lives of three of the wrecked crew by two young men, Silas Hovious and Frank Hale, each aged nineteen years, and sons of neighboring ranchers. The story of their adventures is one of simple heroism, and is one that should gain for the young men some suitable recognition. It seems that two of the sailors managed to reach shore unassisted and found their way to the house of Hovious. When they had told the story of the wreck and were being warmed and fed by Mrs. Hovious, the boy Silas and his father ran to the edge of the bluff, where Mrs. Hovious and others soon followed. Some time before any human form was distinguished in the surf pitiful cries for assistance were heard. Silas at last, by standing on the edge of the bluff and looking down its hundred feet of almost straight sides, discovered a man clinging to a plank and being tossed about in the breakers. He told of his discovery, but none of the men dared to attempt the descent of the cliff, to the forlorn hope of rescuing the man. Silas, after waiting a moment, said: "Mother, I can't bear to hear that man's cries," and before he could be stopped threw off his coat and swung himself over the edge of the bluff. He was instantly joined by young Hale. Standing on the beach, yesterday, Mrs. Hovious told a *Call* reporter the rest of the story. "How those boys got down there, I don't know. You can see for yourself that a goat couldn't climb there. But somehow or other they reached that narrow ledge of rock you see down there over which the waves break. Frank Hale picked up a piece of rope thrown upon the rock by a wave, and the boys together threw one end of it to the sailor. He made a grab for it but missed it, and the back current carried him out of reach. The next wave brought him in almost to their feet, but he missed the rope again. I was afraid he would clutch at the boys' ankles and drag one of them out with him. I begged one of the men standing about to go down there and help the boys. One man standing near me was a sailor, but none of them dared to make the attempt. Once more the waves brought the man in, looking more dead than alive. This time the boys took hold of the middle of the rope and each threw out an end. The sailor caught the rope this time, but the boys hadn't strength to pull him out of the water, and he hadn't strength to drag himself up to the ledge, where they were standing. But the boys somehow crept along the slippery steep rocks, until they reached that spot down there where you see the beach begins. Then they dragged him out of the water and he was taken up to our house. We thought for a long time he would die, but a warm fire-place and hard rubbing brought him around at last. The boys brought two more men up to the house soon after that."—*San Francisco Call.*

—Two prisoners were charged in a London police court with exchanging sentences of imprisonment by each answering to the other's name. This is not an uncommon thing in India, where a native jailer had been known to allow a prisoner to go out to get married and spend his honeymoon in the city so long as he found a friendly substitute willing to endure incarceration in the mean time.

—A roll of an invisible drum is heard at Airlie Castle, in Scotland, as a warning of the death of the head of the house. So runs the tradition, and in 1849, when the Lord Airlie of that day died, several persons declared that they heard the mysterious drum beat. Of course it is now said that a similar occurrence preceded the news of Lord Airlie's death in Colorado.

—Fresh eggs have a lime-like appearance to their shells, whereas the outer covering of stale eggs is glossy and smooth.

—Coal-tar makes a good protective covering for wounds of trees.

Science the Farmer's Friend.

Mankind grows more enlightened and sensible as the world grows older, but, notwithstanding, waves of ignorance dash upon the evergreen shores of education, and make unsightly spots on the disk of the world of science. One man, who for forty years has tilled the soil and earned an honest living by plowing and sowing, reaping and mowing, still has the weakness to assert that science is a nuisance, book learning a fraud, and newspapers but an invention of the "old boy" to cheat farmers out of a little money. When you know he has never taken a newspaper, never attends church, don't know how to read or write, your astonishment ceases, and you pity the poor man from the bottom of your heart. Such men as this believe in moon farming, butchering by the moon, in charms, and evil spirits only a little less powerful than our Creator. They are full of the strangest notions, the most preposterous superstitions, and the clear reasonings of the scientist make no impression on them, because they do not understand the reasonings that prove the truth of the proposition. They are the next door to barbarism, and all that saves them is their living in the midst of education and scientific minds, and absorb, as it were, the dews of example, and almost unconsciously practice the precepts of civilization. The farmer is instructed by science that the continual raising of one kind of grain from the same piece of ground takes from it the peculiar elements necessary to the growth of the grain, and so the quantity raised per acre diminishes until the crop no longer pays for raising. Science points out what special elements have been used, and as science can tell the particular kinds of manure required to supply the loss there need be no loss of time experimenting, or vainly trying to raise the same crop on the exhausted soil. Silica and lime for wheat, ammoniacal and nitrogenous manures for corn, and so on, but as a general thing barnyard manure, especially for corn and grass, is sufficient, and will increase the corn crop from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty bushels to the acre, while the meadow is correspondingly benefited. Manure in any quantity is never wasted on corn ground, but for an oat crop on our prairie soil it will almost certainly cause such rank growth as to cause it to lodge and spoil one-half of the crop.

Ornithology teaches us that thrushes and many other birds are great lovers of worms and caterpillars, and that each bird makes away with an hundred or more of them every day as long as they abound, and thus are the means of saving fruit and flowers for our use. The unscientific and ignorant, instead of encouraging the birds to stay and eat what fruit they want, load their old shot guns and with malice aforethought murder the innocents. We see in this case that science protects while ignorance kills. Zoology teaches us what are our enemies, and experiments and experience points out what cases the shot gun, traps or poison is best adapted to rid us of the pests. Geology unearths the fossil remains of extinct animals in regions where now no cognate species exist, and the leaves of plants have left their everlasting impression upon stone, and the different formations of earth and rocks which have been elevated by volcanic power bring together links of prehistoric history which makes our earth venerable with age, say a hundred thousand years, since God set it in its place among the innumerable host that lights up the blue vault above us. Geology shows us how water, air and chemical changes form the soil which is a rich inheritance from our Father in Heaven. Mineralogy and metallurgy have unearthed the precious metals and converted them to the uses of man. The rich vintage of Europe is drank from gold and silver goblets in the mansions of the rich—our money is made of them, and ornaments of great value set with precious stones grace the arms, ears and fingers of belles and mothers whose frivolity leads to ornament rather than usefulness. But the science of entomology, which embraces the whole list of insects injurious to vegetable or animal life, is of vast importance to the farmer; for, unless he understands it in part, he cannot always discriminate between his enemies and friends; and hence, to act aright under all circumstances he wants to know their individual history, habits, and their changes from larva to pupa and from pupa to the perfect insect—the time they remain in their different states. We want to know their enemies, and the best method of producing them in numbers sufficient to annihilate the enemy, or at least render them comparatively harmless by reduction of their numbers. The quail eats millions of chinch bugs, and therefore should be fed and raised in numerous flocks, protected by stringent laws. The lady bug destroys large quantities of the Colorado beetle's eggs and young larvæ; and young ducks in sufficient numbers will clean out a potato patch in a few days. The science of entomology as applied to the interests of the farmer is yet in its infancy, and we believe its thorough knowledge is destined to work remarkable changes in the treatment of animal diseases. Let the boys and girls too, begin its study now, and their minds will have healthful and useful employment for life.—*Cor. Western Rural.*

Another Illusion Dispelled.

Recent research proves all to clearly that the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, the hero of the "Arabian Nights," was by no means the perfect character we have been led to believe him. In proof of this, scores of anecdotes, authentic and otherwise, are related of the Caliph, but we have room for but two or three. He sentenced a pieman to have his ears nailed to a door and his pies to be thrown outside of the gates, as a penalty for making his pies unfit to eat; and a baker to be burned alive in his own oven for his adulterations and short weights. On being remonstrated with at the severity of the sentence, "I have, perhaps, been a little too hasty," said Haroun, and ordered some new regulations for the city tradesmen. He was greatly troubled at the prediction of a Jewish astrologer that he would die within a year. His vizier sent for the astrologer and asked him how long he, the astrologer himself, would live. He replied that his art told him until a good old age. At the vizier's suggestion the Caliph had the man's head cut off. "Your Majesty now sees what his predictions are worth," said the minister. One day Mesrur, the executioner, suddenly burst out laughing at the recollection of a man whom he saw amusing the crowd on the banks of the Tigris the day before. The Caliph being menancholy ordered him to bring the jester to the palace. Mesrur bargained on the way that the fellow should give him two-thirds of what he received from the Caliph. He tried all his drolleries upon the Caliph, whom he failed to move with laughter, but who on the contrary began beating the jester with a leathern bag filled with large pebbles, as he had promised he would do three times, unless he made him laugh. The man howled with pain at the blow, and begged the Caliph to send for Mesrur, and telling him the bargain, insisted that Mesrur should receive the other two blows in accordance with their agreement. As soon as Mesrur received one blow he said: "Oh, Prince of the Faithful, the third is enough for me; give him the two-thirds." This restored the Caliph's good temper, and laughing heartily he rewarded them both. These are a few of the caprices of "the good, the just," Haroun.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Ice-Cream Cake.—Make good sponge cake, bake half an inch thick in jelly pans and let get cold. Whip a pint of thick, sweet cream, until it looks like ice-cream, sweeten and flavor with vanilla. Blanch and chop a pound of almonds, stir into the cream and spread very thick between the cakes.

—Choice hay, laid by upon scaffolds directly over stables, receives irreparable damage. Such a practice is to be discouraged, since hay thus situated absorbs the stench from the animals beneath, unless, perhaps, a tight floor be provided between the stables and the hay above.

—The potato was discussed recently at the Central New York Farmers' Club. The facts developed in the experience of farmers present were 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.

—Honey Cakes.—Three and one-half pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of honey, one half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, half a nutmeg, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda; roll thin and cut in small cakes; bake in a quick oven, cover tight and let stand till moist. They will keep a long time. This recipe has been used in our family twenty-five years. Soft ginger cake can be made with honey instead of molasses, except that you use some more honey and leave out the eggs.

—Here is a good washing fluid. Take one pound crystal potash, one ounce ammonia, one ounce borax and one gallon soft water; use one-half cupful, and about one inch shaved off an ordinary bar of soap to a boiler of clothes. Soak your clothes over night, wring them out in the morning and boil without rubbing; rinse thoroughly, and you will be delighted to see how white your wash will be. The suds improve rather than injure the colors of printed fabric, which is not often the case with washing fluid.—*Exchange.*

—The following quantities of simple medicines may be given at a dose to a full-grown animal, viz.: Purgatives—Linseed-oil, one pint; epsom or glauber salts, twelve to sixteen ounces; aloes, half an ounce; castor-oil, one pint. Diuretics—Saltpeter, one ounce; sweet spirits of niter, one to two ounces; resin, one-half ounce; turpentine, one ounce. Tonics—Sulphate of iron, two to four drams; Peruvian bark, one to two ounces; gentian root, one-half ounce. Antiseptics—Chlorate of potash, one to four drams; hyposulphite of soda, one ounce; carbolic acid, one-half to one dram. For young animals these may be reduced to one-half, one-fourth or one-eighth, according to the age.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Beef Tea and Rice.—During war times I was always making this for the invalided men whose appetites were returning. Take an ounce of Carolina rice, wash it carefully in two waters, and pick out the grit or bleaks; put it in a pie plate with half a pint of cold beef tea, or beef broth, and let it swell over night; next day bake just as it is until well done; forty minutes in a quick oven does it; watch it, however, and add more broth if it gets hard; boil the third of a pint of milk, and when it is cool beat an egg into it; then mix this with your rice; season with a very little salt and but a few grains of pepper; let it be put back in the oven and bake again slowly for an hour. This is highly nutritive and easily digested.—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

—Ambrosia Cake.—Pour a pint of boiled custard, hot, over one pound of nice sponge-cake sliced in a shallow dish; when cold, take two smooth molds or forms holding about one pint each: put into each a layer of the cake, then a sprinkling of almonds blanched and sliced (of which you must have two ounces), and bits of preserved fruit, then another layer of cake, almonds and fruit till the molds are full; then cover with the cake. Let it stand on ice an hour, then turn from the molds and serve. You may use a variety of nuts and fruit; the latter must be rich and well drained from the sirup.

—Ornamental shrubs, planted about dwellings, are often neglected year after year, and become distorted in shape and stunted in growth. They may be greatly improved by manure and pruning. The manure should be applied in autumn as a top-dressing, extending at least as far from the stem on each side as the height of the shrub. The soluble parts of the manure will soak into the ground and accelerate growth next season. The mulching effect of the fibrous parts will be useful. Next spring, before growth begins, cut back the longer shoots at a fork, taking the longer or larger portion of the branch and leaving the smaller, which will avoid any stump. Bring the shrub thus into handsome shape. If the growth is too thick anywhere, thin it out. If there are any crooked or dead shoots or branches, cut them off.

Bay Windows and Piazza Greenhouses.

There is yet a great want in connection with country-houses which perhaps some ingenious inventor might supply if the matter was laid before him, and we thought we might try to do so.

Every one has plants and flowers they wish to keep through the winter, and at this season every nook and corner from cellar to garret is searched for some frost-proof place to keep them in. If we could only keep them in some nice light and warm spot where they might grow on and blossom, how much our home pleasures would be increased! Room-culture is very often a failure near our large cities, either from the fumes of burning gas, from heaters, or perhaps from both. To grow plants we will have to cut them off from gas-lighted rooms, and of course we separate them from the warmed atmosphere also. They want some place quite by themselves to do well.

Now, our piazzas are little used in winter. They are chiefly to ward off the summer's sun. If we could affix temporary sash to them and fill the space with plants, we should have an exceedingly enjoyable winter scene. The sash, indeed, can be so fixed, but the trouble comes in with the heating arrangements. Nothing has been invented that is simple enough. We have asked some of the best florists for their views, and all suggestions seem to be these: One says place a small "water-back" behind the kitchen-range and connect the conservatory with it by hot-water pipes. Another would have simply a heat-flue from the regular furnace in the cellar. Another thinks a common stove, with care to keep out, or rather in, dust and gas, would answer in small places. We have known all these plans to be tried and all have proved failures. The gas and dust from a common stove will not stay in, as a friend who depended on it last year found to his sorrow, as his plants before spring were worse than in former years when they were housed in a cellar. Arrangements from the heater or "water-back" fail generally because we have to keep up a good fire to heat the distant part, which the piazza generally is, when we do not generally keep up so heavy a fire in the heater in the night-time. It is in the cold nights when our plants need the most heat and there is no saving in keeping a roaring fire, enough for a large mansion, merely to accomodate a few dozen plants. None of these plants are cheap enough for the million; yet if some cheap and portable plan for heating such places could be invented, there is little doubt but the million would patronize it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Nearly three years ago, at Salem, O., a young girl, aged 17, was hired or forced to wed a man aged 84 years. He had no property, no place to keep her, and no way to provide for her. Her grandfather had made a will so that she would have $1,000 upon her marriage or on arriving at the age of 21. Her father secured the unnatural marriage. Her husband soon went to the poor-house, and now the young wife sues for a divorce, and she probably will get it.

Mr. George Drake, 48 Oak street, Indianapolis, Ind., suffered terribly with 'water' rheumatism. He used St. Jacobs Oil and was entirely cured.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

There was a young man named Hughes
Who had a bad fit of the blughes;
He tore out his eyes,
And ate seven pepes,
And danced till he wore out his shughes.

A Holyoke, Mass., exchange alludes to the cure of D. O. Judd, Esq., U. S. Supervisor of Postal Card Manufactory, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism and neuralgia.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.*

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, but mighty few of them ever learn the trade.

To Consumptives.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated, potent alterative, or blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions from all who use it for any humor, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling, or ulcer. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration, yield to its benign influences. Consumption, which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, may, in its early stages, be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III. of the World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets, costs two one cent stamps, post-paid. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Neighbor's pretty daughter: "How much is this a yard?" Draper's son (desperate "spoons" on her): "Only one kiss." "If it is so cheap I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you."

A Lady Wants to Know

the latest Parisian style of dress and bonnet; a new way to arrange the hair. Millions are expended for artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the fact that emaciation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is sold under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, *art* can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

What State is round on both sides and high in the middle? Ohio.

A Mistake May be Fatal.

You are not consumptive, but if you "let a cough alone" you are in danger of the worst disease on earth. Piso's Cure will cure consumption, but much easier and quicker when in the early stage and only a cough. Sold by druggists at 25c. and $1.00.

—Mike: "It's the Irish that does all the invinting in these days, sure." Jonathan: "Irish be darned; the Irish don't invent anything to speak of; it's the Americans that invent everything." Mike: "Thin perhaps yez can tell me why the Irishman's name, Pat, is always next to the date on all the new invintions? Divil of an American name can ye find on wan, at all, at all!"

—Garner up pleasant thoughts in your mind, for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives. Try to see all you can of the good and the beautiful, so that bright, cheerful pictures may be impressed upon memory's tablets, and give you materials of which to think sunny and lovely thoughts.

—Truth takes the stamp of the soul it enters. It is vigorous and rough in arid souls, but tempers and softens itself in loving natures.

—How industriously the good grows and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of evil.

Paradoxical.—The best time to catch soft water is when it is raining hard.

Some men swear off; others swear off and on; and others, again, pretty much everywhere.

Two old ladies, evidently from out of town, were walking along the street one day last week, when one of them discovered a bunch of bananas. Stopping to look at them, she adjusted her glasses and exclaimed: "Well, I do declare, if them ain't bigger string beans than I ever saw in my life."

Said the teacher: "'And it came to pass, when King Hezekiah heard it, that he rent his clothes.' Now, what does that mean, children, 'he rent his clothes?'" Up went a little hand. "Well, if you know, tell us." "Please, ma'am," said the child, timidly, "I s'pose he hired 'em out."

There was a young Indian Sioux
Who said to his comrades: "Oh, phioux
Are thy numbers, my braves,
But we still can fill graves
With the Yankees, without much adioux."

A Frenchman learning the English language complained of the irregularity of the verb "to go," the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: "I go; thou startest; he departs; we lay tracks; you cut sticks; thou absquatulate or skedaddle."

Somebody slung a lot of cucumbers into a Vermont man's cider mill when he wasn't looking, and the wild look in that man's eye, as he lay tangled upon the floor after drinking the cider, will haunt the perpetrator of the deed to the grave.

There are some experiences in life which make us feel like the boy who, when he stubbed his toe against a sharp stone, said he was too big to cry and too badly hurt to laugh.

A German saying relates that "talking comes by nature, while silence comes of the understanding."

A good housewife's affairs are like a motion to adjourn—"always in order."

The Laclede Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

Messrs. J. L. Griswold and W. F. Sperry, well-known and experienced hotel men, have recently purchased the above property and have redecorated, refurnished and reappointed the hotel at an expenditure of $40,000.

The plumbing and sewerage has received especial attention. All improvements have been successfully embodied to secure the most perfect sanitary conditions. The house is supplied with the electric light, electric bells, hot and cold water, new passenger elevator, telegraph and ticket offices, and contains 300 rooms, and has the most central location in the city, situated on Chestnut, extending from Fifth to Sixth Streets. Being owners of the property, with no rent to pay, Messrs. Griswold & Sperry are prepared to cater to the public at the low prices of $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per day.

CONSUMPTION.

Important to the Public as well as the Medical Profession.

Hall's Journal of Health, referring to Consumption, makes the following important statement:

"Consumption usually begins with a slight, dry cough in the morning, then, on going to bed, getting more and more frequent, with more and more phlegm, increasing debility, thinness of flesh, shortness of breath, and quickness of pulse. In fatal cases its average course is about two years; hence the importance of arresting the disease at as early a stage as possible, and the sooner rational means are employed for this purpose the greater the chance of success. The disease is owing to an irritation commencing in the throat and extending to the lungs, so that their action is interfered with, and the blood does not receive sufficient oxygen to purify it. The most marked sign of lung disease is emaciation; and the most positive indication of returning health is increase in weight."

So speaks *Hall's Journal of Health*, and we may add that in desperate cases, and, in fact, in all cases of Consumption, or troubles of the throat and lungs, immediate relief may be obtained and a permanent cure effected by the use of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, a medicine known for more than thirty-five years as an unfailing remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary and pectoral diseases. That the worst cases of Consumption have been cured by the use of Hall's Balsam has been attested to by the thousands who have used it, or have been cognizant of its wonderful remedial efficacy.

What's most in demand.

Washington will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

Names seem to have lost their significance. Christian Johnson is under arrest in Detroit, Mich., on the charge of burglary, and Christian Angel for refusing to support his family.

Bed-bugs, Roaches,

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

Old smokers declare that Turrill's Punch 5c. Cigars are better than most ten-centers.

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

COMFORT BY THE WAY.

The small boy's idea of peculiar comfort and happiness was to be patched into a pair of ice-cream freezers made of sponge cake. His misery was the absence of these delicious substances. That boy simply represents humanity. Misery is experienced by contrast—we enjoy a thing in proportion to our appreciation of the disadvantages of our deprivation. This applies to material things as well as to immaterial considerations. The bride, whose appearance in the wintry wind and frost-bite sends the shiver of discomfort through the frame, and sees good reason for the course taken in the hot and sultry days of the summer season. And in both seasons—that in which the bride furnishes best in her dress—she is liable to be subjectress—the most miserable of all miseries—the victim of a lingering and painful ailment. The fellow from the Rochester (Ind.) Sentinel shows how some people amused their sorrow. He says: "Mrs. Jones has gone home, and we had a real old-fashioned telegraphed his little wife: 'What have you for breakfast, dear?' Back came the reply: 'Nervous prostration and neuralgia.' Not a bad, practical and suggestive reply. But what about cakes and the mission. We have the report of a case in our midst, not where mission was in the mill at all, but where acute rheumatism confined Mr. J. Dawson, the well-known Rochester druggist, to his room for a long period. It was stated recently by reporters to the Sentinel. The senior member of this firm was attacked with acute rheumatism about December 30th last, and for four weeks was confined to his room, and scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling not much the worse for his recent affliction. The inference is conclusive. The line which St. Jacobs Oil is having, is one say, unprecedented, and the article is rapidly displacing all other rheumatic remedies as fast as its virtues become known.

"Edgar T. Paige, Esq., druggist, writes us from Chicopee Falls, says he springfield (Mass.) Republican, that Mr. Albert Guenther, under Wild's Hotel, has used that remarkable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, for a severe case of rheumatism, and it cured him as if by magic."

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,