THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun lit all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft, green dell, by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old church-yard on a green hill-side,
Low lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west;
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

—Chambers' Journal.

"SHE."

Why the insignificant pronoun above-written was invariably used to designate a woman of such fine *personelle* was one of the unsolved mysteries to the good people of B——.

But though a mystery, it was nevertheless a fact; for while Mr. Hazlett had been wont to speak of his first wife familiarly as "Bess," he always referred to his second choice as "she."

When farmer Hazlett brought home his second wife there was much shaking of wise heads, and gloomy sighs for the memory of the gentle wife so speedily forgotten, many wise forebodings and prophecies about the ultimate fate of the poor children, now under the proverbial iron of a stepmother.

These children, be it remembered, were examples of infantile ignorance and childish worthlessness, held up by pious parents after much the same fashion of the mythical dunce in a backwoods school: to be pitied, laughed at, and held aloof from; to be talked of in whispers as a disgrace to the neighborhood, that such ignorance and rudeness could exist in its charmed precincts.

Their ignorance was deplorable. And though the children were miracles of rudeness, it was alone from neglect that they were so.

They had been allowed to run loose, and grew up wild as savages, as a matter of course. For the farmer was interested in no earthly pursuit of pleasure, but the growth and improvement of his South Downs, his Suffolk pigs and Alderney cows, and his trained horses and dogs. Too indolent, when he came into the house to rest, to utter a word of expostulation to his noisy children, they went unchided for their rudeness, and were untaught in the simplest things.

And his poor over-worked wife, whose fingers were so busy, and body so tired, she had not the spirit to teach them, the strength to correct, but worked her way through the turmoil laboriously; for the neighbors had been wont to observe that she had no knack of arranging her work, though she did it well. And so it happened, her rest never came, till the pulseless hands could no longer work.

To be sure, the children went to the district school when they pleased, and stayed at home when they willed. But the little they learned there was forgotten during the long vacations.

Besides, they did not like the school, and the scholars shrank away from them. This avoidance was due, in part, to their savage way of playing; but more from an aversion, which sprang up from this occurrence. Mike came to school one morning during his first term, unaccompanied by Jim. The teacher who had not learned the peculiarities of the family, thinking, perhaps, the boy was sick, asked kindly:

"Where is your brother, Michael?"

"Hey?"

"Where is your brother?" more distinctly.

"What d'yo say?"

"Where is your brother?"

"Is it my pap you want?"

And after, with childish arrogance and hauteur, the other scholars held themselves aloof as much as possible. There must be something uncanny about a boy who did not know what the word "brother" meant.

And the poor little waifs grew to hate the school, and shrink from the teachers. But of the many evidences of their ignorance, none was more widely known through the horrified neighborhood than the incident I am about to relate.

Of all things, to be forever treasured in their stunted minds, was the memory of a party given by their parents one winter. The Terpsichorean art never won braver plaudits nor awakened more sincere admiration than that felt by these poor little savages.

But that the memory of these festivities should crop out so unexpectedly, on the solemn occasion of a funeral, was horrifying in its absurdity. A baby brother of the elves died. The church was undergoing repairs, and it was thought best to have the services at the house. Noticing several arrivals, one of the boys asked gravely of the pastor:

"How soon are you expecting the dancers?"

They supposed every crowd must dance.

These uncouth savages numbered three: Jim, Mike and Pug; the latter christened Benjamin, but taking his name from the shape of his nose.

There was a young lady, Dolly, who had attended the academy, and was a welcome guest at the village parties. She had taken charge of the household after her mother's death. Dolly tried to keep the boys in check, but they scorned her poor show of authority, and she gave up in disgust, her interest in them diminishing in proportion to her increasing fancy for a mustached young clerk, who, be it known, was proportionately smitten with her charms.

Also two little ones, Nettie and Charlie; too young to be either noticeably ignorant, or more than ordinarily mischievous. Still they were a handsome family. Dolly was very pretty, with red lips, and rosy cheeks, and complexion clear as ivory. Her eyes were black as sloes, and her hair vied with the raven's wing. The two little ones were lovely little blondes, when their faces and bibs were clean. For the others it was a puzzle to guess what they might look like, with proper care. Their faces and hands were as free from traces of mother earth, their hair grew in all ways—one black, another's flaxen, the other a mass, red as coals of fire, bristling as so many brush-heaps—tangled and unkempt. They were tall and strong, and when pressed into service could work pretty well, though they were almost sure to manage to do more mischief than their work amounted to.

The idea of Farmer Hazlett marrying again had not occurred to any of his old neighbors until the deed was done. Then "Poor Dolly!" and "Those wretched boys!" was heard on every side. To be sure, there were not wanting those who had the courage to say, "And the poor woman who is to have charge of them!" But, as usual in all cases, the most of the sympathy was wasted on those who had least need of it.

Dolly took the matter quite philosophically. She had loved her mother dearly; still, having good sound sense, she saw that a woman's help was needed in her father's house, of all others. True, she had no hope for those boys, but could not bear to think the little ones would go to ruin by the same road and by the elder boys' guidance.

Then, too, the young clerk had an increase of salary; and, under the circumstances, what more natural than that their hearts should turn to a home all their own? So it happened Dolly was not averse to her father's marriage—on the whole, rather glad of it; and, when she met her step-mother for the first time each knew each other for a friend. The little ones welcomed the new member of the family with affection; but the boys held aloof, with curious glances and unfriendly airs. If this woman thought to have them in leading-strings she might as well find out her mistake at first.

Dolly's wedding occurred just two weeks after the home-coming of the new wife and mother, and it was the occasion of the first real outbreak on the boys' part.

Mrs. Hazlett was a tall, fine-looking woman, and they had been inspired at the first with a wholesome respect for her; still, as the days went on, and she seemed pleasant and kind, they came to think she would allow them their way, as their own mother had been glad to do.

Dolly invited her young friends, and Mrs. Hazlett determined the *cuisine* should be as near perfect as possible. So the preparations were made, and the cake was a very miracle of beauty. This Dolly put away carefully, under lock and key, and before Mrs. Hazlett retired, she viewed, with a satisfied air, the loads of dainties on the pantry shelves.

The morning dawned. The guests arrived, and soon the momentous hour came, when Dolly—sweet and fresh and fair, in her white robes and blossoms—was united to the man of her choice. Then followed the usual congratulations, and maybap a tear or two from the pretty eyes of the bridesmaids, and amid the buzz and bustle the housewife stole away, to oversee the completion of the wedding breakfast.

But with what amazement she glanced in the pantry, so daintily arranged the night before! A farmer's despairing glance over a wind-tossed field of ripening grain was scarcely a comparison.

Pies devoured, the flaky crust sprinkled over the ashen floor like rose petals, cake despoiled, and preserves dripping everywhere.

A long look of amazement, of silent consternation; but an old neighbor, looking over her shoulder, struck the key-note of the trouble at once.

"The boys have been helping themselves! Their mother never could keep sweetmeats from them."

But Mrs. Hazlett was not one to fold her hands in despair. Twenty minutes' swift work put all to rights; and, though the wedding breakfast was not as perfect as she had planned it, no one but herself, her help and those boys were the wiser. Luckily the bride's cake was safe. Dolly's forethought had saved that.

But if there was a turmoil in Mrs. Hazlett's mind, no one guessed it, looking at her calm and pleasant face.

The morning passed, and the young wedding pair departed, followed by kind wishes and pleasant jests; and after a while the guests went away, too, and the family were alone.

That evening Mrs. Hazlett took the boys to task for their misdemeanor. At first they seemed to regard the matter in the light of a good joke, then grew sullen. But she did not leave them in that mood. Her manner was earnest, yet kind; and before she was through with her lecture, their faces had lengthened to gravity, and they really seemed convinced that their actions had been wrong.

The discovery that their education had been sadly neglected was not long hidden from her keen mind.

The farmer assured her they would not go to school—their very ignorance was their greatest shame now. Her course was promptly decided.

The eldest could read tolerably. First, she coaxed him to read little scraps of news to her from the village paper, while she sewed in the evenings. Mike and Pug amused themselves, erewhile, by plying Puss with a broken spur—but grew drowsy. Even Jim yawned over the locals. But short sketches were introduced after an evening or two, and their interest in quiet pursuits gradually awakened.

After awhile she discovered she was growing somewhat rusty in grammar. Indeed, she feared she was forgetting what little arithmetic she had learned, and was sadly at a loss in geography.

The farmer did not see that it made any difference if she had. Secretly, he thought grammar would not help make the butter, and geography poor aid for a housekeeper.

But he wisely let his wife have her own way, without interference, since she permitted him to doze in his great chair during the exercises.

For she needed strong, young eyes to help her; besides, she must keep busy fingers at her sewing.

She was very stupid too—the boys would have to read a lesson to her several times, before she could repeat it; and then she would blunder, and have to be laughed at and corrected. This would have proved dull work to our young savages, but for these same blunders.

But she amused them, and then they grew interested, and before the winter was ended, the evening lessons were looked forward to eagerly; for they began study in earnest, and of their own accord.

She had been acquiring gradually a great influence over them, and a hint now, and a word then, which had all the force, and yet was not a command, had brought their manners up to a civilized stand-point.

The winter had been close and cold; and these evenings with their books had kept them at home.

Their presence at spelling-schools was much missed by the clique whose leaders in mischief they avowedly were.

But spring found them much sobered down, and conscious of having an aim in life.

Mrs. Hazlett was not a fair-weather Christian, by any means. But she had stayed at home from church for months, ostensibly, that part of the time the roads were almost impassable; really, that she dared not leave the boys to their own devices, her work in their reformation but incomplete, lest they undo the most of their behaviour. neither did she wish to leave her till she was more certain of their behaviour.

But one pleasant morning in April Mrs. Hazlett signified her desire to go to the village to church.

The farmer started. He liked his Sunday nap, but Jim, Mike and Pug ran to the barn and gave the horse extra care. This church-going had been held up as a treat for some time. They knew of the neat new suits hanging in the closet, to be donned for the first time this morning.

No one knew better the curse of false pride than his wise woman. But she also knew it was quite necessary to instill a modente spice of vanity in the minds of these lads, trusting her own good sense to guide and direct.

So, in due time, the carriage was brought to the door, and the farmer, his wife and little ones, seated carefully, the boys taking the first seat, that they might drive.

The villagers stared half amazed. These manly lads looking so handsome and neat, and who behaved as decorously, were scarcely to be recognized as the same young renegades, who were wont, of old, to be in the middle of every melee.

Dick and Ned Carlyle, their whilom intimates, who lurked outside the church door, stared in wonder, too; they dared not expect support from these boys who noticed them only with a cool nod.

After that they were never missed from the family pew. Farmer Hazlett was fain to defer his Sunday nap till after dinner.

Under Mrs. Hazlett's tutelage, they mastered one study after another, till, first Jim, and a year later Mike and Benny, no longer "Pug," were declared ready for college, where they acquitted themselves with great credit.

And a proud woman is Mrs. Hazlett to-day. Proud of the noble fellows who delight in consulting mother at every turn. Proud, too, in the praise from husband and friends.

Charlie will soon graduate, too, and and a noble boy he is, for his training was easy as the molding of wax. He had nothing to unlearn when she took charge of him. As for Nettie, she is a sweet, fair maiden, but soon to leave the paternal roof; but no fears of her cake being despoiled, or kept safe by lock and key, no fears of her dainties, for her wedding breakfast being pillaged.

And Father Hazlett looks with pride upon the tall forms of his comely sons.

James is a surgeon of great promise, and Michael and Benjamin have all the clients they can attend to. Charlie is studying for the ministry, a calling his gentle disposition peculiarly fits him for.

Dolly, a fair, pleasant-faced matron, says softly:

"I can't understand however the boys came to this!"

"It is her work, Dolly," the father says, with emphasis: "She is a wonderful woman! And that my boys did not go to utter ruin is alone due to her exertions. She is a noble woman!"

And Dr. Jim, who has listened unawares, slips behind the mother's chair, in the room beyond, and, stooping, kisses her cheek.

"Why, what possesses you?" she asks, wonderingly.

"I never can thank you enough for what you have done for me and my brothers!"

"Nonsense! The ring of the true metal was in yourselves! God only made me a humble help along the way."

But a tear glistened in her eye.

No praise so sweet to her ears as that from the lips of the reclaimed.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

The Disagreeable Work Performed by a Female Prison Attache.

Perhaps searching female prisoners is not one of the most grateful tasks in the world, but that is the vocation of a lady who resides in the Hawley Block, and has lived there steadily in the same suite of rooms for sixteen years. Mrs. Hoose, the lady in question, is a pleasant looking woman, still young. Nothing in her appearance would indicate any unusual strength or determination. She was not at all averse to being interviewed, nor did she seem to think there was anything unusual or unpleasant in her calling.

"I don't mind it at all," she said, "when the ladies are sober, but when they have been drinking they sometimes make me a good deal of trouble. They are all innocent, every one of them, at least they say they are, and when I find the goods on them, they wonder how they could have got there. I searched two colored girls the other day who were accused of stealing $1,500 from a man who strayed into their den. They laughed at me and asked if I thought they wouldn't be smart to carry the money around with them. Anyhow, they didn't have it."

"Have you many shop-lifters?"

"Yes; they are my best customers. One was brought to me not long ago, who pleaded pitifully. She said she would give me all she had in the world if I would only let her go; that her husband was a respectable man and it would break his heart. I had to search her, and I found concealed under each arm-pit a splendid silk and bead cord and tassel. One smuggler whom I searched had no underwear on, but whole pieces of goods were rolled around her; her hair was very thick and I found several pairs of kid gloves twisted up in it. Her husband never came near her, but her brother tried his best to get her cleared."

"Do the women you search belong to a very low class?"

"I search the worst and the best. Many cases never get into the papers. Well-dressed and respectable women get drunk and disorderly, and are brought in, and they send for me to go to the station and search their pockets for their names and address, and for morphine, as these women are all morphine chewers.

"If a husband is sent for to take his wife home and pay a fine he always lays her wrong-doing to morphine. There is another class of women; old maids who work in shops by the day who once or twice a year go out on a spree with some gentlemen friends who are sure to accuse them of stealing the pocket-books. One man dropped his pocket-book on the street and had a lad arrested whom he said had picked it up. I searched her but found nothing, and she was let go."

"Are they very much frighted when you examine them?"

"Yes, and they offer me everything to let them go; but I tell them I must do my duty, and usually coax them a little: but if they resist they know I would use main force. Sometimes I have such hard characters to search that the policemen who bring them in are afraid to let me go in a room alone with them. But they never offer me any harm. Some of them are dressed beautifully and with good taste, too. It is not allowable for the men to search them; but one respectable lady who was brought in for shoplifting or 'kleptomania,' as they call it now, refused to have me search her, and the Captain of the Precinct searched her. I tell you it would melt a heart of stone sometimes to hear them cry and go on. The old ones get hardened to it and don't mind, but those that are new at it, just as soon as I find the goods, will right down."

"What do they steal principally?"

"Everything. There was a gang of Polish women who went round taking all they could lay their hands on. I found children's agates and marbles in their pockets; shoes, clothing and general dry goods; but mostly luxuries. It is a very rare case that any one steals from necessity."

It would seem as if nothing sustains this class of humanity like the "blessed consciousness of guilt." They who are tyros in the art of stealing suffer pangs of shame and conscience which the searcher, if she has a missionary spirit, might turn to their future good. At fifty cents a head, however, she has all she can do to attend to their corporal situation.

The room in which she conducts this searching operation is furnished with apertures which give the police the opportunity to watch both the inspector and inspected, thus destroying any possible chance of collusion.—*Detroit Post.*

—During the White Pine excitement of 1868 Hamilton, Nev., had a population of thousands, two large daily newspapers and all evidences of prosperity. To-day it does not contain sixty souls.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—It has been pretty clearly established that it pays thirty per cent. more on the investment to have steers ready for market at two years old than it does at three years.

—Simple Dessert.—Put eight crackers into a deep dish and pour on enough boiling water to cover. Let them stand till soaked, and then grate over them nutmeg and white sugar, with sweet cream enough to make a nice sauce.

—Oyster Pie.—Line a deep dish with puff paste, dredge the crust with flour, pour in the oysters, season well with bits of butter, salt and pepper, and sprinkle flour over; pour on some of the oyster liquor and cover with a crust having an opening in the center to allow the steam to escape. One pint of oysters will make this pie.

—Apple butter is made by boiling sliced apples, first pared and cored, in sweet cider. The cider is boiled down to about one-half its bulk before the apples are stewed in it. The butter is packed in kegs, jars, or bottles, and will keep a long time. A large quantity is made for use on sea-going vessels. Any kind of flavoring spice may be used, but no sugar is required.

—Snow Cake.—Four cupfuls of fine white sugar, and a heaping cupful of butter, beaten together till fine and smooth. While beating, add gradually two-thirds of a cupful of milk, and then add the whites of twelve eggs beaten to a good foam. Sift three cupfuls of flour, a cup two-thirds full of cornstarch, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder together, and stir in gradually.

—Mustard Pickle.—One ounce each of cloves, allspice, black pepper and tumeric, one pound mustard, one gallon vinegar, of which reserve one quart to mix with the mustasd. Put the spice in a thin cloth and boil in the vinegar, then take out the spice and stir the turmeric and mustard smoothly into the boiling vinegar. Pour this on the pickles. Bottle and cork tightly.

—An instructive experiment is that reported of a farmer who plowed in a quantity of cornstalks on an acre of land, and burned an equal quantity on another acre. Both acres being planted with corn, the burned one gave the best start, but the acre of the plowed-in stalks eventually caught up, ran past, and completed the best crop. Results would vary with light or heavy soils, but would doubtless show most profit on the same side in all.

—Pop Overs.—Make a batter with two cups of sifted flour, two eggs, two cups of milk and a little salt. Beat the eggs to a foam and the batter like sixty; don't use any baking powder or anything else to make it light; the beating is to do that. Have the muffin tins well buttered and piping hot, put in the batter as quickly as possible and bake in a very hot oven. They will puff up most astonishingly and be as light as a feather if they are well made and baked.

—Fried Steak and Onions—Melt a lump of butter in a frying pan; cover the bottom of the pan with onions sliced very thin; then lay the steak over them; when the onions are fried until they are tender, put the beef on the bottom of the pan and cover it with the onions; add butter or lard as you need it. Liver cooked in this way is nice also. When it is done lay it on a platter and heap the onions on the meat. A very little gravy made in the pan in which you have cooked the meat and onions is an addition, but make only a little and turn over the meat, seasoning it well with salt and pepper.

—Potato Soup.—Take a slice of half fat pickled pork four inches square, and without freshening fry it crisp in the kettle in which the soup is to be made. If one dislikes pork, three tablespoonfuls of slightly browned butter will answer the same purpose. Then add three pints of boiling water and one and a half pints of sliced potato and half a dozen sliced onions. Boil thirty minutes; season with salt and pepper to suit the taste, and add some pieces of toast or some bread and cracker crumbs. If one desires the soup clear it can be strained and the vegetables removed, although I think it no improvement.

—Soiled under-garments or the wash clothes should not be put into a closet, ventilated or not ventilated. They should be placed in a large bag made for the purpose, or a roomy basket, and then put into a well-aired room at some distance from the family. Having thus excluded one of the fertile sources of bad odors in closets, the next point is to see that the closets are properly ventilated. It matters not how clean the clothing in the closet may be; if there is no ventilation that clothing will not be what it should be. Any garments after being worn for a while will absorb more or less of the exhalations which arise from the body, and thus contain an amount of foreign—it may be hurtful matter, which free circulation of pure air can soon remove.

Making Coffee.

I wish it were possible to impress every cook with the convictions I hold upon the subject of boiling. More mistakes can be made in carrying on this process than almost any other; things that ought not to be boiled are boiled, and things that ought to be are not. It is easy to make these mistakes; there comes a time in baking, frying or boiling when injured nature revolts and burns up. But a thing may boil until not a vestige of its original condition remains, and unless the water evaporates it may go on boiling for hours without reminding one by smell or smoke that it is spoiled. Nothing suffers more from this treatment than coffee. To make the ideal cup of coffee—the almost unattainable—brown and grind the berry at home; it is more trouble, but the result is so satisfactory that you will be more than paid for your labors. Then have the water boiling when it is poured over the coffee. If you use the ordinary tin coffee-pot be sure to stuff something in the nose to keep in the steam and fragrance (and, by the way, do not try to use one of these for a lifetime). Our own coffee-pot being sent to the tin shop to be repaired, we tried the experiment of making coffee in a new tin pail with a tightly-fitting cover, and such coffee have we had that the tin pail has been in use a month. It is of course a little extra trouble to pour it into a presentable pot for the table, but it is enough better to pay. There is nothing so nice to settle the coffee as an egg. Mix the egg with the ground coffee before pouring hot water on. If eggs are expensive, you may economize by measuring the coffee for two mornings and dividing the egg; or mix the coffee, adding a little cold water, and divide this, taking great care to cover that which is left very closely. Cream adds the crowning excellence, not only to the taste but to the good looks also. There is something magical in the rapidity with which the dark, uninviting liquid is changed into a lovely brown by a generous spoonful of cream. Those unfortunate beings who cannot get it must use scalded milk in which the well-beaten white of an egg has been stirred.—*Cor. N. Y. Post.*

—In the pulpit of the Episcopal Church at Shrewsbury, N. J., there is a Bible which was printed in 1717, and presented to the church in 1752. It is in good order, and is regularly used by the rector in the church services. A quaint memento of Revolutionary days surmounts the steeple. It is an iron crown of George III. It is marked by bullet holes shot through it by the patriot soldiers as tokens of disrespect to his Majesty. The church is nearly 160 years old.

A MARYLAND exchange refers to Mr. Thos. G. Forward, of Belair, that State, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism. —*Rochester (N. Y.) Sunday Morning Tribune.*

IT kind of broke up the temperance man from down East when he went into the rooms of the Deadwood Total Abstinence Club to find the club believed in total abstinence from water.

MR. E. G. GARTMAN, the business manager of the *Evening Dispatch*, of York, Pa., was cured of neuralgia by three applications of St. Jacobs Oil.—*Boston (Mass.) Saturday Evening Express.*

LADY LODGER—"Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night." Male lodger—"Indeed! Well, he might do worse than that; he might play the piano all day."

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women, 96 pages, sent for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

"Accept Our Gratitude."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured my boy of a fever sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude.

Yours truly,
HENRY WHITING, Boston, Mass.

GLASS windows were first introduced into England in the eight century.

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.

THE *Courier-Journal* says that "one of the most pressing needs of Louisville is a zoological garden stocked with animals that eat cats.

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.

Why Should It Live?

Because it cures more cases of consumption than any other medicine. Because it cures a cough quicker than any other medicine. It helps all. It harms none. This is said of PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

A. A. Snyder, of Wolcottville, Ind., says: "I have sold Piso's Cure for Consumption for fifteen years; have used it in my own family with good results."

Thoroughly Reliable.

We commend the COMPANION offer in this paper as every way trustworthy. Every family wants it; 200,000 take it now.

"WHY Asthma can be cured," in last week's issue, was copied from editorial columns of the Cincinnati *Herald and Freeholder*, Nov. 2.

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

A Chicago druggist retailed 14,000 of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar during September.

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

NATIONAL YEAST is the best. Use it.

THE strongest man living—the man who moves the house by his tears.—*New York Book-keeper.* How about the farmer who moved a cord of wood by his steers?

A PRAIRIE CITY girl went into a drug store to buy some taffy-tulu chewing-gum. The clerk, who wanted to be sociable, remarked to her: "It's a pretty warm day." "You bother life?" she exclaimed. "I heered it was 20 degrees below zero."

A FARMER, on being asked to write a testimonial for a patent clothes-wringer, produced the following: "I bought your clothes-wringer, and am hugely pleased with it. I bought a jag of wood which proved too green and unfit to burn; I ran the whole load through your wringer, and have used the wood for kindling ever since."

SUE jammed a hairpin in her head
It made it feel quite sore;
She murmured, in an undertone,
"I won't hairpin any more."
Her lover heard this dreadful jest,
And cried, in deep distress;
"That pain, my darling, 'pon my word,
Has wrecked my hairpiness."

IT was a Boston girl who asked: "Why is it that two souls, mated in the impenetrable mystery of their nativity, float by each other on the ocean currents of existence without being instinctively drawn together, blended and beautified in the assimilated alembic of eternal love?" That is an easy one. It is because butter is forty-five cents a pound and a good seal-skin sacque cost as high as $500. The necessaries of life must experience a fall in price before two souls will readily blend in the assimilated alembic, and so forth.—*Norristown Herald.*

SAID Mrs. Smith, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again Edith?" Edith—"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad, too!" Mrs. Smith—"Is she?" Edith—"Yes, m'm; she said she hoped you'd come to-day, and have it over with."

MEYERS has a bad voice, but it is all the time humming a snatch of some song. The other day he was talking to Gilkerson about himself, saying "that he would cultivate his voice." "That's right," said Gilkerson, "plant it deep."

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Or CHILLS and FEVER.

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FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the most improved article of all appliances for human comfort, the shape being now as it was in those youthful days of the world. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession—the last one who gets it owns it. The following facts about umbrellas—especially the last one—may serve every reader a specially purpose sooner or later: To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but drippings of the rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye-opener will be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies that "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella signifies that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella in a rain storm shows I am sure of getting Heaven, and will have to use St. Jacobs Oil to get well." To keep a fine umbrella for your own use and a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, always in the house, in case of rheumatism or accident, would signify that you are real philosopher.

The following communication to the editor of the Salem (Mass.) *Register* shows how an artist treated his visitor: "I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived on Friday, and without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hatch's coal scuttles had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and put on a great many airs, making himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving no power in my feeble and poor self. Last winter he came and stayed two months. I then decided that the next time he came I would change his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of ST. JACOBS OIL—morning, noon and night. This sure enough disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by express to-morrow or to-day, says he cannot stop any longer, as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he intends visiting some of our Salem friends if he does, just give him the same fare that I did, and he won't stop long. J. S. LEFAVOUR."

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