THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

A "LONDON LYRIC."

AN IMITATION.

If you were eighteen, I were twenty;
If roses bloomed and it were spring;
If gold were scarce and hopes were plenty,
And life before stood welcoming;

If you, a cheerful young beginner,
With one wee maid at household care,
Should help to work the first small dinner
Which Ned—poor Ned!—dropped into share;

If he should toast us, waxing jolly,
Wish me an aldermanic gown,
And toast you, pay blushing Molly,
And laughing call you Lady Brown—

I think for this we'd shut the stable,
Drop latter, footmen, grooms and all,
And sit about that little table,
And never call the maid too small.

Some forty years and I more low willing
We'd let run back, my Lady Brown!
How gladly give their every shilling
If we might lay their burdens down;

If we might have the sunlight shining
Through cotton shades, as it shone then,
And, tired at night, sit down for dining
As simple and as glad as when

You were but eighteen, I was twenty,
And roses bloomed, for it was spring
When gold was scarce, but hopes were plenty,
And life before stood wide-wing.

—*Orlando Nolle Gregory, in Chicago Tribune.*

A RAILROAD ROMANCE.

The cars were crowded, and that made me a little cross. Why need all the men, women and children in the world be on the train every time I went down to Hammond to give my music lessons?

Ah! those music lessons. I was cross again when I thought of them.

Here was this lovely morning, bright with all the beauty and gladness of returning spring. A clear May sky, the songs of birds, and the sweet odors of green, growing things filled the air, and I longed with an unutterable longing to turn my back upon Hammond and the seven misses waiting me there, appointed by fate, and admirably fitted by nature to torture my music-loving soul.

I wanted this bright day all to myself. I had a new book I wanted to read. This was just the day to sit by an open window and read, either from the printed page, or open book whose characters were the springing grass, the unfolding leaf, and the tenderly blue sky. I had so little time for either kind of reading.

And then I had a dilapidated wardrobe I needed to renew. Every woman knows how the shabbiness of apparel comes to light in the face of spring sunshine. The dust and soil of a whole winter's wear stared me in the face; and though I had no special fondness for such work, I had a fondness for a becoming toilet, and knew that if I could only find time I could "turn" my few dresses upside down and inside out, and so renew and renovate them—bless the convenience and latitude of the fashions! that no son of Adam would ever know them.

I wanted to do anything and everything but what lay before me. I think, more than all, I wanted to be free; to do or not to do, as I chose.

But, instead of all that, my face was set Hammondward. I knew that at this moment each pupil was giving a last, and possibly the first, moments to the "execution" of her exercise, preparatory to my coming.

Of course I knew it was all wrong to be cross. I had read and believed that "virtue was its own reward." I had been brought up on the "be good and you'll be happy" principle, but in my inmost soul I revolted against that last venerable piece of wisdom. I was tempted to believe that the words needed transposing, and think so yet.

I had to look a little for a seat. The women who had whole seats to themselves spread their skirts out. They needn't have done it, for I didn't want to sit down by any of them. But at last a gentleman raised his eyes from the morning paper, and, rising, intimated that I might share a seat with him.

He let me sit next the window, for which I inwardly blessed and outwardly thanked him. Then I looked out of the window, and fell to studying the scenery. Presently he laid down his paper, and I saw or felt that he was about to speak to me; but I resolved that I would not be inveigled into making car acquaintances. He was a fine-looking man, and a goodly, with the gray-blue eyes and blonde beard in which my soul had hitherto delighted; but I was determined to be proof against his Saxon beauty. Pretty soon he said:

"I think you got on the cars at M—— did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you far to go?"

"No, sir."

"You are fortunate. This is too lovely a morning to spend in the cars. I have just come down from Maysville. That is one of the prettiest little towns in the State, and is looking beautifully now. Were you ever there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Beautiful, is it not? or, perhaps, you do not enjoy country places as I do?"

No reply.

A puzzled expression overspread his handsome face, but he evidently did not intend to abandon the field. Just then we came in sight of a large and beautiful building situated on the bank of a lovely little lake.

"That is the State Insane Asylum, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever visited it?"

"No, sir."

"You do not know, then, whether it is full or not?"

"I presume there is room for one more."

A little smile shone in his eyes at my reply.

"Did I understand you to say that your home was in M——?"

"I do not know you understood me.

"I am acquainted there. Do you know the Hollis family?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is M—— a pleasant city and a prosperous one?"

"Yes, sir."

Then the obtuse book boy came along and offered us something to read. He took up one of George Eliott's novels, and asked:

"Have you ever read this?"

"Yes, sir."

"And like it?"

"Partly."

"She was a woman of remarkable genius. She read the very secrets of the human heart. Don't you think so?"

Here I was ashamed to return an idiotic "Yes, sir," so I turned around in the seat and commenced:

"I got on the cars at M——, and am going to Hammond, not for a two hour's ride; I go there to give music lessons—have seven pupils there, all girls. I have been at Maysville several times; think it a very pleasant little town. I like country places and solitude. It was the State Insane Asylum which we passed a few moments since. I have never visited it; find plenty outside who are insane enough for me. Do not know whether it is full or not; recommend you to Dr. Jacobs to find out. I live in M——. I lived there a long time. My [illegible] lives there. My father is dead. I'm a music[illegible] courage. I think she read the secrets of the human heart, but not always correctly. I think she was often morbid and unjust, particularly toward women, though perhaps she was right when she said that 'most women are fools. God Almighty having made them to match the men.'"

His face was a study while I talked. Amusement, annoyance, mortified vanity, with a decidedly gratified look, all shone in his countenance, and when I ended he laughed a quiet laugh that had no discourtesy, though a little bit of triumph in it.

I continued: "Now, since I have answered all your questions, may I ask you one?"

"Yes, ma'am," with a meek imitation of my manner.

"Why, in the name of all that's sensible, did you persist in talking to me, in the face of all the discouragements I offered?"

"Because I have a perverse fondness for overcoming obstacles, and because I saw plainly that you could talk if you would, and my persistence has proved that my intuitions were correct. But," he added, seriously, "I should be sorry to have you think me designedly rude. If you had been in sorrow, or had been a young inexperienced school-girl, I should not have annoyed you; but I saw you were cross rather than sad, and that your ridiculous 'yes sirs' and 'no sirs' were the result of perversity rather than diffidence. I am a gentleman, and eminently respectable, and you are very far from being afraid to talk with any one without the formality of an introduction. No, madam, you had not permitted the sunshine of this morning to enter your soul, or you would have been more genial and courteous. But I have not thanked you for your very succinct account of yourself, antecedents and surroundings. I am a lawyer, and cannot help thinking that you would make a splendid witness. I propose that you forgive me my inquisitiveness, and I forgive you your—your—well, your unsociality, and we 'make up,' or, more properly speaking, begin again."

I consented, and for the next twenty minutes tried my best to efface the first hour's work. I think I succeeded, and I who never talked to mortal man or woman about myself or my affairs, found myself talking to this stranger in a free, unconstrained manner, as remarkable as it was pleasant.

He was a cultivated gentleman, with a manner modest, and yet perfectly self-confident. I made some assertion, or expressed some opinion, from which he dissented, saying:

"You are wrong, and if I had time I could convince you that I have more correct views on this subject than you have."

I gave him a look of amazement.

"You thing I am a curious blending of impudence and egotism, don't you?" he asked.

"I think you have wonderful confidence in yourself and your own eloquence; but I have been called an egotist myself too many times to consider it at all a term of reproach. I find that one who understands himself and his own abilities, who possesses power, and knows it, is generally the one people call an egotist. One must believe in oneself who would win faith from others. You know Milton, writing Paradise Lost, said he was writing an immortal poem, and the people probably cried: 'What an egotist!'"

"Thank you," he said, "you plead my case nobly; and now," taking out his watch, "in five minutes we will be in Hammond, and I want to tell you something. I like you. I am interested in you, and I do not want this acquaintance to drop. I want you to give me your name and address, and permission to write to you. Will you?"

"No sir."

"Why?"

"Because, though you fancy that you are interested in me, I know it was only that I piqued your vanity, and have amused and filled an hour for you. You will forget that such a person exists by the time you reach home."

"Very well; if I forget you I shall not write. If I should happen to remember you, may I remind you of it by a letter?"

"You do not know but I am a married woman, with an invalid husband and nine small children."

"It is not written on your face."

"Well, then, perhaps I have a lover waiting somewhere for me."

"Then you will tell me so. Perfect frankness is true courtesy, and surely you would not jest when you can see that I am in earnest."

There was no withstanding his sincerity. I said:

"I am ashamed of my foolish jesting. I seem determined to do myself all possible injustice; and if your persistence astonished me at first, it amazes, bewilders me now."

"I see it does, and that expression, made up of pique, surprise and incredulity, is charming, really your most becoming one I think."

"It promises to be my only one while I talk with you," I retort.

"And I shall write to you, and you will write to me, and your name is——"

"Margaret Doyle," I said. "Write one, and be sorry for it, for promptness is my failing. When my first letter comes, you will read it with pleasure, and answer it soon; the second, you will say, 'Oh, another letter from that Miss Doyle,' the third, 'Bless me! this is getting to be monotonous, a bore, in fact—see if it is not so.'"

"Miss Doyle, we have reached Hammond. I want to thank you for the permission you have given. You do not know how sincerely I thank you. I have no faith in you as a prophetess. I shall write to you as soon as I reach home," and he helped me off the cars, gave my hand a warm, friendly clasp, and whispered, "Good-bye, Margaret Doyle." The next minute the cars swept on, and the fact that seven music scholars awaited me pressed itself upon my mind.

What a foolish, imprudent thing I had done! all day long I thought of it. His face looked up from the page of "Richardson," and above the false notes and discords that my pupils tortured out of the piano I heard his low pleasant tones. He had that rare possession, a cultivated voice. But somehow I could not feel any great remorse over my misconduct. The troubles of the morning were quite forgotten, and I made up my mind that the world wasn't such a bad, unhappy world, after all, and that even music-teaching had its bright side. The day went by, the week went by, and though I said I did not look for his letter, I did not succeed in deceiving myself. It came, a frank, honest epistle, full of strong thought, expressed in strong, simple words; it contained pleasant allusions to our strangely-begun acquaintance, and, without being in the least a love letter, was suggestive of more than mere friendly interest. It made me glad. I answered it. The next week's mail bore a letter to "Louis C. Hamilton, Box 139, St. Louis, Mo.," which was the address he gave, or which I read in his letter.

I prided myself on my letter-writing. I found that writing to this new friend was very pleasant.

In a short time another letter came. I thought the writing a trifle different from the first. Neither the manner nor the matter was of the same degree of excellence. If it had not been that I had the first in my possession, and so [illegible] proof positive of his [illegible] bright, inte[illegible]

Again I wrote, the replies still disappointing me, taking on a tone of flattery which was annoying in the extreme, and which made answering them very difficult. Over and over I said to myself: "How can a man who looks and talks like a demi-god write so like an idiot?" My acquaintance with demi-gods was then, and is still, very slight, in fact a mere fiction; but, nevertheless, I felt justified in being a trifle extravagant. If he had not written one letter which was just what a letter should be, I'd have wasted no more pen and ink upon him. With the laudable intent of reforming his style by adopting a widely different one, I hoped to bring him back to his senses.

After the fourth letter Mr. Louis C. Hamilton wrote to me no more. I was not surprised, nor really very sorry, only I was disappointed. At the same time that my confidence in his protestations, as well as in his skill in composition and orthography, was broken, my faith in my own prophetic powers was increased seven-fold. Did I not tell him so? But I owned to myself that I would gladly have been a false prophet—very, very gladly.

The summer wore away. I was busier than ever, and found my work increasing daily. A large music class, with what other duties pressed upon me, left me very little time for idle repining, had that been one of my habits, which, thank fortune, it was not. The leisure that came to me was enjoyed as only those can enjoy who have hours of work to moments of rest.

I made two trips a week to Hammond, but avoided car acquaintances not avoided, either, for I was not the style of women to make travelers stare in wonder or admiration. While I found gentlemen courteous, I don't remember that any of them, save this one, ever insisted on talking to me whether I would or no.

October came, glorious queen of the Autumn! Day by day the year grew splendid; day by day the woods took on brighter, warmer hues. The ride from M—— to Hammond took me past lovely little clumps of trees, gorgeous with their wealth of color. Pleasant farm-houses, set in the midst of yellow fields, and over all the rich, ripened sunlight falling like a garment. Over all the golden haze, wrapping every object in a tremulous, tender beauty, the year was dying gloriously.

I was going home one evening after a day's work in Hammond, tired but still with a restful, contented feeling in my heart. A good deal of the sunshine of the day had entered into my soul. All the day I had had a strangely elate feeling; a sense of something about to happen. Only that my life was one of those in which "nothing ever happened," I should have said that some coming event cast its shadow before. I was not given to superstition, and so concluded that the delightful weather and good digestion were the secret of it all.

I entered the car. It was full as usual. People on their way home from their summer pleasuring. There were young people and old people, and people who were not young, and who would not be old. There was the inevitable commercial traveler, the crying baby, and the woman who had lost her trunk—she's always on hand, and there, right in front of me, as I passed down the aisle, sat Louis C. Hamilton. Our eyes met, and my cool recognition was acknowledged by a ready smile and an outstretched hand. I could not very well refuse to shake hands with a man simply because he did not write a good letter, and was uncertain in his spelling, and who had, after all, only done just what I said he would do. So I gave him my hand, and before I knew it was seated beside him, and we indulged in mutual stare for the next minute.

"Well," he said, "Fate throws us together again; why, I wonder."

"Fate!" said I, "otherwise the necessities and exigencies of business. I am going home from my day's work, and you are——"

"I am in search of a false prophet, one Margaret Doyle, and see how my perseverance is rewarded. Fate has played right into my hand. Margaret Doyle, why didn't you answer my letter?"

"I did answer them—every one. How dare you call me to account? You only proved my prophecy a true one. You may consider yourself quite free from blame." And I felt I was growing somewhat incoherent, and stopped.

"You are not very clear, and I remember you as remarkably so. What does it all mean? You said you would write to me."

"You said you would write to me. You are quite excusable for changing your mind."

"Wait a moment; don't give an opinion; confine yourself to facts."

"Well, then, I answered every letter I ever received from you."

"Never wrote you but one, and to that you replied no reply."

"Mr. Hamilton, this may be vastly amusing to you, but it's growing decidedly disagreeable to me."

"So 'tis to me."

"I received four or five letters from you, and answered them every one."

"Why, dear Miss Doyle, I tell you most sincerely that I never wrote you but one letter. I looked long and anxiously for a reply, and never received it. How disappointed I was you cannot imagine.

"I cannot reconcile your statement with the fact that I have letters from Louis C. Hamilton, four or five."

"Then I pronounce that you have been imposed upon. There must be some other man who has the honor of bearing the same name I do. How did you direct your letters?"

"Just as you told me—Box 139, St. Louis."

"You did? Well, then, just there lies the trouble. You should have directed to 138."

"I should have done just as I was told, and your letter said 139."

"Oh, dear! and it was all my mistake. Don't you know how easy it is to twist a 3 into an 8. I don't doubt I did it; and that other man has your letters meant for me. Was he a good correspondent? May be I'm intruding?"

"I don't mind telling you now, seeing 'tis as 'tis,' that he was stupid to an alarming degree—only original in the matter of spelling. I noticed a slight difference in the writing, and a decided difference in the style of composition; but thought, of course, that you were you, and so kept my part of the contract till that other man grew disgusted, evidently, for he dropped the correspondence. Who is he, I wonder, and what possessed him to appropriate another man's letter?"

"They probably came to his box. His name on the outside, and not being troubled with any foolish notions of honor, he saw no impropriety in taking what was apparently his property. It was probably 'fun' to him. I'll look him up when I go back and thrash him."

"You'll do no such thing."

"But you knew the Hollis family; you could have found out something about me if you had tried. Found out if I was a gay deceiver, and all that."

"You assume that I could, and I own to good care; but if your nearest friend had been my next-door neighbor, and I could have found out all about you, your antecedents, your present and your future, I'd have asked no questions. I did not want my faith in you bolstered up by the Hollis family. I trust my friends wholly, or not at all. Rather, I have no friends whom I do not trust. [illegible] right. I begin to think [illegible] suppose because [illegible] you would [illegible] But we [illegible] home," he said, and began to pick up my packages and his own.

"I suppose you go to Maysville?" I said.

"No, madam. I stop at M——. Do you suppose I am going to leave you in your ignorance and inexperience, to fall a prey to any other Louis C. Hamilton? A woman who don't know a 3 from an 8 wants looking after. I want to convince you that I am I. Don't affect to misunderstand me, Margaret dear. Your face has haunted me night and day for six months. I sought you again because I could not bear to give you up. Now, that this stupid blunder is explained, I will not give you up unless you bid me do so. Shall I get off here or shall I go to Maysville? I wait your orders."

"Mr. Hamilton, if you could just let go my hand a minute I'd try and put on my hat, and you go to Maysville at your peril."

He, you know who he is, looks over my shoulder and says:

"Be sure you add, little wife, that this is a true story."—*Carlotta Perry, in St. Louis Magazine.*

Grass.

When we speak or think of grass it is, generally, as the heritage which covers the meadows and pastures, the roadsides and the lawns and door-yards, and which gives the delightful coating of verdure to the earth which so much pleases and refreshes the eye. But in considering grass we should miss the most interesting part of the subject if we forgot to think of the other grasses which are so different from these lowly forms of it as to be rarely thought of merely as grass.

The botanist describes grass as a plant having a jointed and generally hollow stem, with long, slender, alternate leaves and bearing its flowers and seed in spikes or panicles. Some of these terms we cannot now stop to explain, but in passing may say that a wheat ear or a timothy head is a spike, while the heads of June grass and oats are panicles. Now, if we could see a gigantic bamboo cane growing we should recognize it at once as a grass, although the stem might be a foot thick and eighty feet high; for the stem is, as we all know, hollow and divided by joints into sections and the leaves as some know, are long, narrow and much like those of corn. So we should recognize the splendid Southern sugar-cane which grows twenty-four feet high and three or four inches thick, as a grass; our own familiar corn, too, is a grass, the tassel being a panicle and the ear a spike, and although the stem is not hollow, yet every child knows that it is jointed, and that from these joints the long, narrow leaves spring. Wheat is a grass, too, and so are rye, barley, oats, millet, Hungarian grass, and the beautiful, tall water plant which grows on the banks of rivers and lakes known as wild rice, and so is the cultivated rice a grass. But clover is not grass, although some farmers consider it as such. Its stem is not hollow or jointed; the leaves are not long and narrow, and the seed is borne upon neither spikes nor panicles. Therefore one who calls clover grass, is mistaken.

Grass is thus seen to be a very important class of plants. Indeed, without grass we should have neither bread of any kind, nor sugar, milk, butter, meat, leather or woolen cloth or clothing. But if we confine our thoughts to the humbler grasses which cover the meadows and pasture with verdure, we should even then find these indispensable to our comfort and happiness. The farmer could not live without grass, and its culture is one of the first parts of his business which he should be familiar with. Usually we are too apt to think that grass will grow without any care and merely by casting the seed upon the ground and leaving it to its fate. This is one of the farmers greatest mistakes, and it causes him a good deal of trouble and disappointment. For in spring he procures some seed and sows it over the wheat or rye in the hope of having a meadow to cut for hay the next year and to pasture the year after that. But when the grain is cut and taken from the field he goes in search of the tiny blades from which he hopes for so much, and finds none, where he expected to find the ground covered with them. Then he discovers how mistaken he has been in supposing that grass needed only the seed to be cast over the ground to spring up and grow vigorously.

In fact, grass is a crop which needs the greatest of care, a good soil, well prepared and enriched with manure. Any soil so prepared and enriched will produce grass of some kind; for there are some grasses which thrive on moist clays; some upon low, peaty, wet ground; some upon sandy soil and some upon wood lands and under the shade of trees. For instance, Timothy grass grows best on a moist clay soil, although it will grow well upon a lighter and dryer kind if it is rich and well manured; orchard grass thrives upon dry, light soils; Blue grass upon limestone, gravelly land and Red Top upon low, wet ground. In choosing the right grass therefore it is necessary that the nature of the soil and the character of the grass should both be known and that these should be adapted to each other.

The seeds of grass are very small. One ounce of the seed of Red Top contains 500,000 grains or sufficient to give nearly twelve seeds to every square foot of ground over one acre, and yet in sowing Red Top we use more than twenty pounds or 320 ounces to the acre, and this quantity would give more than twenty-five seeds to every square inch of surface. Blue grass or June grass has 250,000 seeds in one ounce; Timothy has about 75,000 to the ounce, and orchard grass 49,000 in an ounce. If one should figure up how many seeds are sown to the square foot when twelve pounds of Timothy and twenty pounds of Orchard grass or twenty of Red Top are scattered over an acre of ground and then count up how many young plants can be found on that space, we should begin to realize that merely sowing seed is not sufficient for the successful growth of grass.

When a farmer intends to seed a field to grass he needs to begin to prepare for it at least two years before he is ready. The ground should be cleared of weeds by growing a crop that needs good cultivation, as corn, roots or potatoes. It is then to be thoroughly plowed and broken up and made fine; then well manured and made rich and then the grass seed is sown in the best season, either in the fall or spring, but at such times and in such weather as will help the seed best to germinate and grow.

The choice of seed is also quite important. As a rule a mixture of seed is better than to use only one kind. For hay the best grass is Timothy; the next best is Orchard grass and the next is Red Top, but the best hay is from a mixture of several grasses and of clover. For pasture we cannot have too many grasses, because each one comes to its best state at a different time and thus the herbage is continually growing, and remains in good condition. And for a pasture one should choose those kinds which spread from the roots and grow thickly, covering the ground and forming a close, thick sod.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

—A Connecticut farmer seeing some railroad surveyors getting ready to run their line straight through the center of his barn remonstrated with them. "I want you to understand," said he, "that I'm a mighty humbin' sort of else, too. Besides, carpin' out new open and shut them doors every time a train wants to go threw." But, being monarch of all they surveyed, they went right on just the same.

A Bishop Charged with Murder.

An ecclesiastical scandal of a painful kind is creating a "sensation" in Armenia. A Bishop is about to be tried on a charge of willful murder. The alleged murderer is the Bishop of Bashkale, and the preliminary inquiry, according to an Armenian journal (which, however, does not give details of the crime), was conducted before the local *medjlis*, and the minutes of the case, showing strong *prima facie* evidence against the Bishop, were forwarded to the Sublime Porte, the result being that the Armenian patriarchate has been requested to divest the accused of his sacerdotal character in order that he may be brought up for trial. It is only due to Bishops to admit that whatever may be their shortcomings they are rarely, in this country at least, charged with the commission of crimes of violence. An "offense against the person" by a Bishop is indeed an unknown incident. But some few years ago what appeared to be a Bishop was seen being carried through the streets by the police on a stretcher. This turned out to be not really a Bishop, but a pickpocket in Episcopal garments, who, on being detected, refused to walk to the station.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Female Lawyer.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, of the Washington bar, seems to be no better than a man and a brother. It seems that a Mrs. Fanny Kelly Gordon sued Mrs. Belva Lockwood as joint maker with one Elizabeth C. Clark of a promissory note for $1,500, whereupon Mrs. Lockwood promptly pleaded, "I am married, and my note is void." To this plea followed divers replications and surrebutters, which brought before Justice McArthur, who held the court at the Federal capital, the fact that the note had some relations with Mrs. Belva Lockwood's practice as a lawyer. Then the Justice, waxing wroth, and speaking out with a decision that should shame his brother, Judge Cox, told Mrs. Lockwood that her plea was probably good, but that it was a fraudulent one as regarded her standing as a lawyer, and that unless she withdrew the plea he would not allow her to practice as if she were a single woman. Mrs. Belva Lockwood, according to the local journals, "talked back" at the Judge after the fashion of her sex, but she withdrew her plea all the same. Justice McArthur is a sensible man. If a woman can be "husbandless" enough to be a practicing lawyer, she ought to consider herself "husbandless" whenever her professional debts are concerned.—*N. Y. World.*

Exhausting the Timber Supplies.

The now well-known fact is that we are rapidly exhausting, largely by reckless and improvident waste, our supplies of timber in the Northern States. The demand for it increases at the rate of thirty per cent. a year, and even those who are interested in high prices and immediate sales of what is left of it admit that in twenty years or sooner building timber will be extremely scarce, and that in many parts of the country, yet supplied in part from their own soil, it will have entirely disappeared. It is stated on good authority that more than 65,000 establishments, employing 800,000 persons, and using material to the value of over $850,000,000 a year, are engaged in the United States in manufacturing articles entirely from wood, in addition to 8,000,000 persons partly employed on wood or using that material yearly to the value of $6,000,000. No country can be or ever has been despoiled of her timber and flourish.—*United States Economist.*

Success in Farming.

To be successful in farming one must always be careful in selecting his seeds, use good judgment in selecting animals, keep his farm well cultivated and free from weeds, keep fences in order, and take good care of tools. He must also, as an exchange says, be one who keeps out of debt, and has a contented mind; sends his children to school, and takes one or more good papers devoted to farm and stock interests. A farmer who never reads is like a machine that is never oiled—it wears. He wears himself out, exhausts his land, and dies poor. One good suggestion found in a paper or book is worth to men more than half a life of trials, when not made intelligently. Don't be afraid to read and acknowledge that you can learn from others. No one knows it all. Somebody knows something you don't. Let your aim be to acquire everything anyone can teach you, and it will put money in your purse, brains in your head, and influence in your presence.—*Christian at Work.*

—The ancient device of pouring oil upon the troubled waters is to be revived. A Mr. Shields of Perth has invented a piece of apparatus for the smoothing of broken seas by means of oil, and a few days ago the contrivance was tried at Peterhead, in Scotland, with considerable success. The oil was conveyed to the North Harbor entrance by means of a pipe 200 yards long. The pumping soon took effect on a piece of rough water. The oil spread and rendered the harbor quite smooth over a large area.

—The Dutch are sending pioneer expeditions into high latitudes year after year for the purpose of ascertaining the movements of the ice and other particulars very necessary to be known before going to the expense of equipping a costly vessel or two which might prove a costly failure. They are the only people who are pursuing arctic research in a sane and scientific spirit.

MOSES HOW, Esq., of Haverhill, Mass., strongly indorses St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, etc., from the observation of its effects in his factory as also in his own family—so we see from one of our Massachusetts exchanges.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.*

THE Harvard students are like widows—they are always trying to take advantage of a fresh man.—*Texas Siftings.*

AN old sailor was observed to be always hanging about the door of a church when a marriage was taking place. He explained that he liked to see the tide going out.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY," urges a recent poem. Hundreds of young men can comply with this request by simply holding her good night two or three hours earlier on Sunday nights.—*Morristown Herald.*

"WHERE did you dine yesterday, Pendry?" "Oh, at the lamb." "Good lamb?" "Yaaas. O, yaaas; I dined on such a lovely swimming with a geranium for dessert. With these I took a glass of the delicious fragrance of a sweet, sparkling allah winkel." "How precious!" "Yaaa. It was crush so uttahly soul-satisfying and so supreme."

LIFE is the game. "But I pass," said a minister meekly, in dismissing one theme of his sermon to take up another. Then I make it spade," yelled a man from the gallery, who was spending the happy hours away in an impromptu game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

WHEN RAGBAG was only twenty-three when he lost his sin was born. We remember the event well. We congratulated him. But he didn't seem very jolly. Not but what it was a fine boy, and Ragbag was wealthy, so a family was no burden to him. But he said, "Good Lord, old friend, just think of it! Here at the age of twenty-three I've got to begin setting a good example!"—*Boston Post.*

"THE muses kiss with lips of flame," says a recent poet of the new order. Then we are thankful that we are not courting any of the muses just now. We don't wish to have our best winter mustache burned off until later in the season.—*New Haven Register.*

AN affectionate mother, noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked what her handkerchief was for, and received for answer: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street. That's what papa goes with his."

A Picture Worth Beholding.

Hanging between two small windows, and catching the light from a larger one opposite, in one of the offices of Adams Express company, at 59 Broadway, New York—the office occupied by Mr. W. H. Hall, head of the delivery department—is a plain Bristol board nearly framed chromo about eighteen feet in size, which is looked upon by hundreds of people daily, on account of its having a wonderful and salutary effect. It represents a flight of half a dozen rough stone steps leading from the wooded bank of a pond, close to a little rustic temple set in the ragged side of the mountain which rises in stupendous proportions in the background all covered with a rank luxuriant growth of foliage, brush and tree. In the open door of this little temple stands a half concealed figure, with an arm and hand extended holding forth a small, dimly defined package, while standing the sward at the foot of the steps an aged pilgrim, barefooted, lame and decrepit, bears a staff in one hand, and in the other holds before his dim eyes a small bottle, whose label he carefully scans. This label bears the words, "St. Jacobs Oil the Great German Remedy." Simple as this little chromo appears in its unpretentious position, it has an influence which it would be difficult to estimate. "It is to that picture and the persuasions of Mr. Hall," said Mr. Edward J. Dougherty, a gentleman connected with Mr. Hall's department, "that I owe my present ability to perform my work. Some weeks ago I was violently attacked with sciatic rheumatism, and hour by hour I grew worse, and nothing my family or the doctor could do gave me any relief. I began to think in a few days that my case was hopeless and that I was doomed to be an invalid and helpless cripple for life. But at last I remembered that picture which I had seen so often passed with but little interest, and then Mr. Hall came to my bedside, and telling me how St. Jacobs Oil had cured him of a worse and longer standing case than mine, urged me to try the same remedy. I did so that very night, directing my wife not to spare it. But to apply it thoroughly according to the directions, this she did with a large piece of flannel cloth saturated with the oil, and then bound the cloth to the affected parts. The next morning I was free from pain, and although a little sore in the hip, was able to dress myself, and the next day resumed my duties in the office as sound as a dollar. Now I am now in full health and strength, having had no touch of rheumatism or other pain since. Wherever I see one of our drivers or any other person who shows any symptoms of lameness or stiffness, I point him to the picture in Mr. Hall's office, and then direct him to go for St. Jacobs Oil at once."—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

FACULTIES practiced medicine even when an infant, which gave rise to the song, "M. D. is the cradle."—*Louisville Saturday Night.*

"WHAT is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent minded student answered, "Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and gal for two hours."

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