THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

WAITING.

I can't believe my wedding day was fifty years ago!
This is the second day of March! The clock is ticking slow;
The sun shines in across the room. Just see the folks go by!
I can't remember half of them who nod so pleasantly.

The little English sparrows flit in the lilac bush outside;
I like to watch the busy things. There's one that's tried and tried
To break a string the children tied around a branch one day;
How hard he pulls it with his beak! Now he has flown away.

So it was fifty years ago! It doesn't seem so long.
I've felt my age more this last year, and yet I'm pretty strong.
I don't do much about the house, but still I know what's doin;
I know as well what's going on as Jane or any one.

Jane frets me dreadfully sometimes, and yet she's always kind.
She helps me when there is no need and has me on her mind;
She needn't think I'm past all use, or that I'm like to fall;
I've never missed my footing yet, though I'm so old and all.

But things don't seem to take my mind that happen nowadays.
I like the folks I used to know; I keep old-fashioned ways;
I read the Psalms and Book of John, and find them always new;
And I can knit, but I can't sew same as I used to do.

The young folks think they understand just how to manage life;
We old folks pity them; we've learnt its change, and loss, and strife.
Life is a fight, I tell you plain, it doesn't come to hand
Just as you want to have it come, or just as you have planned.

If you'd foretold me how it's been through all these fifty years
I should have been discouraged and had no lack of fears,
And wished I could lie down and die, but somehow I've had strength
That's come to me with every day all through my whole life's length.

I started fair my wedding day, for my dear man was kind
And always pleasant spoken; we were mostly of a mind.
Of course, we had our fallings out, but nothing that would last;
It always was my fault, for I was young and spoke too fast.

And John, you see, was older by some ten years than I,
At first I was afraid of him when we kept company.
He was a sort of man on whom you felt you could depend,
But very quiet in his ways. His mother was a Friend.

My hardest time was when he died. It seemed to me 'twas wrong
The Lord should take him out of life and let me drag along
As best I could, with little means and all my children small,
Just when we seemed to see our way and get ahead at all.

But God knows best. If it had been my life had us to I me;
If I had had an easy time and not known poverty,
I should have been a flighty thing without a bit of sense,
I turned my hand to everything—to knit or build a fence.

There weren't the folks to call on then that I could get to-day,
For help was scarce, the farms were few, and I'd no means to pay.
I went to work with all my might and tried my home to keep;
But I can tell you many a night I've cried myself to sleep.

I know the Lord has prospered me. I've done the best I could,
And I've stood in my lot and place as anybody should.
The farm had some folks would have sold I held, because I knew
Some day 'twould be good property, and all my hopes come true.

I've parted with it piece by piece—you see the town has grown,
Just as John always said it would. If other folks had known
And had the foresight that he had! Instead of that they told
How I should never get along unless the farm was sold.

My boys grew fast and soon took hold, and then my way was plain,
For all the money they had cost they soon brought back again;
And like a busy hive of bees we were from morn till night;
We had our health, the Lord be thanked! and that made work seem light.

The children all have settled down in good homes of their own,
Excepting Jane, and but for her I should be left alone;
She had her chances, too, but then she's not the marrying kind;
I couldn't do without her now, I'm glad she stayed behind.

I'm glad I'm mistress of my house; the children often say
I must break up, that Jane and I were better off to stay
With some of them, for I'm so old and Jane's not over strong;
But I won't listen to their plans; I've made my own too long.

My life seems like a book that's read and put up on the shelf;
I used to be a hurrying round; I don't feel like myself;
Sometimes I'm tired of keeping still, I want to be at work;
I see so many things to do, and I don't like to shirk.

I used to have to toil and plan, and now I have to wait,
And I suppose I mustn't fret, but in a future state
I shall be sure to find my place and be some use again,
For there we still shall serve the Lord—the Scripture says it plain.

So it's my golden wedding day, though we have been apart
For forty years, and yet John knows that he has kept my heart,
And I know that he looks for me and waits for me to come;
I've tried to do the best I could—and here or there it's home!

—*Sarah O. Jewett, in Our Continent.*

FALSE ECONOMY.

"Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents?"

Kate Landman spoke carefully, for she knew that her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert.

"I want to get some braid for my new dress."

"I thought you had all the material on hand for that."

"So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson both have a trimming of braid upon theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and adds very much to the beauty of a dress."

"Plague take these women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and thing-a-ma-jigs cost more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money when once a woman thinks of a new dress."

"I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can."

"It is a funny kind of economy at all events. But if you must have it I suppose you must."

And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted out seventy-five cents; but he gave it grudgingly, and when he put his wallet back into his pocket he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say he would not take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer door on his way to work he found the weather so threatening that he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon re-entering the sitting-room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact that she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act, and asked what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the husband, "I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Albert," said Kate, tremulously; "but you were so reluctant to grant me the favor. I was thinking how hard I had to work; I am tied to the house; how many little things I have to perplex me, then to think"—

"Pshaw! what do you want to be so foolish for?"

And away started Albert Landman a second time; but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall, he was met by his daughter Lizzie, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of ten years.

"O, papa, give me fifteen cents!"

"What?"

"O, I want fifteen cents. Do please give it to me."

"What in the world do you want with it? Are you changing school books again?"

"No, I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one, and so has Mary Buck and Sarah Allen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?"

"Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some ash barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the streets."

"Please, papa."

"No. I told you."

The blue eyes filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips.

This was in the morning. At noon when he came home to dinner there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even little Lizzie, usually gay and blithesome, was sad and silent.

But these things could not last long in that household, for the husband and wife really loved each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came home to his supper Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there, the husband might have fancied that he had done nothing wrong, and the cloud had been only the exhalation of a domestic ferment, for which no one was particularly responsible, and might have cherished the conviction that women's fashions were a nuisance and a humbug, as well as a frightful draft upon a husband's pocket.

After tea Albert did a few chores about the house, and then lighted a cigar and walked out. He had gone but a short distance when he met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop which she had taken from a dilapidated flour barrel, while with her left she was rubbing her red, swollen eyes. She was in deep grief, and was sobbing painfully. He stopped the child and asked what was the matter.

She answered, as well as her sobs would let her, that the other girls had laughed at her, and made fun of her hoop. They had nice, pretty hoops, while hers was ugly and homely.

"Never mind," said Albert, patting the little one on the head (for the child's grief touched him); "perhaps we'll have a hoop some time.

"Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's got one left—oh, such a pretty one!"

The sobbing had ceased, as the child caught her father's hand, eagerly.

"No, not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll think of it."

Sobbing again the child moved on toward home, dragging the old hoop after her.

At one of the stores Albert Landman met some of his old friends.

"Hello, Albert! What's up?"

"Nothing in particular."

"What do you say to a game of billiards, Albert?"

"Good! I'm in for that."

And away went Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked billiards. It was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no rough scuffs on his premises.

They had played four games. Albert had won two and his opponent had won two.

"That's two and two," cried Tom Piker. "What do you say to playing them off, Albert?"

"All right, go in," said Albert, full of animation.

And so they played the fifth game, and he who lost was to pay for the five games. It was an exciting contest. Both made capital runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by three points; and with a little laugh he went up to settle the bill. Five games, twenty cents a game—just one dollar. Not much for such sport; and he paid out the money with a grace, and never once seemed to feel that he could not afford it.

"Have a cigar?" said Tom.

"Yes."

They lighted their cigars and then sauntered down the hall to watch the others play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table at which some of his friends were playing, and close by stood two gentlemen, strangers to him, one of whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who had been making the explanation; "and certainly is one which has no evil tendency."

Albert heard the remarks very plainly; and he had a curiosity to hear what the other, who seemed unacquainted with billiards, would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment, and which is free from the attendant curse of gaming, is of itself an evil," remarked the second gentleman. "Such things are only evil so far as they excite and stimulate men beyond the bounds of healthy recreation."

"That result can scarcely follow such a game," said the first speaker.

But the other shook his head.

"You are wrong here. The result can follow in two ways: First, it can lead men away from their business; it can lead men to spend money who have not money to spend. Whenever I visit a place of this kind I am led to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness of humanity as developed in our sex. For instance, observe that young man who is just settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say from his manner, and from the fact that he feels it his duty to go home at this hour, that he has a wife and children. I see by his face that he is kind-hearted and generous, and I should judge that he means to do as near right as he can. He has been beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some two hours' duration. If you observe you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! But how do you suppose it is in that young man's home? Suppose his wife had come to him this morning, and asked him for a dollar to spend for some trifling thing—some household ornament, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person—and suppose his little child put in a plea for forty cents to buy a paper and picture books with, what do you think he would have answered? Of fifty men just like him, would not forty and five men have declared that they had not the money to spare for any such purpose? And, moreover, they would have said so, feeling that they were telling the truth. Am I not right?"

"Upon my word," said the man who understood billiards, "you speak to the point. I know that young man who has paid his bill, and you have not misjudged him in a single particular. And what is more, I happen to have a fact at hand to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an excellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to take it, for it had become a genial companion in leisure moments, but he could not afford it. The club rate was one dollar and fifty cents a year."

"Aye, and so it goes," said the other gentleman. "Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had her paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year—for what? And yet how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor, sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands when they ask for a trifling sum of money, and how grudgingly the mite is handed over when it is given! What perfect floods of joy that dollar and forty cents might have poured upon the children of that unsuccessful billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where the money all goes."

They had finished at the nearest table. The two gentlemen moved on and Albert Landman arose from his seat and left the house. Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the same grouping of ideas. That very morning his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heart-sick because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzie had crept away to her home almost broken-hearted for the want of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed, and yet the sum of both their wants amounted to not as much as he had paid away that evening for billiard-playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home he stopped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and neatest hoop to be found, with driving stick painted red, white and blue, and in the morning, when he beheld his child's delight, and had received her grateful, happy kiss, the question came to his mind which was the best and happiest result—this or the five games of billiards? The hoop cost thirty cents. He could play two games of billiards less and be the absolute gainer of ten cents by the pleasant operation.

A few mornings after this, as Albert arose from the breakfast table, he detected an uneasy, wistful look upon his wife's face.

"Kate, what is it?"

"Albert, could you spare me half a dollar this morning?"

And out came the wallet and the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile.

What! Tears at that! Was it possible she had been so little used to such scenes on his part, that so simple an act of loving kindness thus affected her?

How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert carried with him that morning to the shop?

A very simple lesson, is it not? but how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed to the lesson?—*Home Companion.*

Full-Dress Toilettes.

The full-dress toilettes prepared at this season of the year are much simpler than those shown in the autumn. For the midsummer fetes at country houses and watering-places short dresses will be worn exclusively; hence at the largest furnishing houses not one trained dress was exhibited in the gaslighted room devoted to evening toilettes. Low corsages were also omitted, and the display consisted of many very bouffant short dresses of fine soft fabrics, with surplice or square neck elbow sleeves. The corsages fitted the figure smoothly below the hips, and abundant draperies were arranged there. Most of these dresses were fastened in front by hooks and eyes or very small buttons that were concealed by lace frills, and their trimmings were massed on the neck and arms, or if laid on the bodice, they were so smooth and flat that they added nothing to the apparent size; and in order to add to the look of slenderness these trimmings were brought into a sharp point at the waist line or just below it. There were, however, some corsages laced in the back, fitted by very few seams, having only one dart in front on sharply pointed waists, or with Jersey polonaises that had no side forms. Pink and white are the prevailing colors for such dresses, with a few pale blue tints for blondes, but none of the deep lemon yellow shades shown last year. The materials are either faille or the lustrous satin merveilleux for the foundation, with nuns' veiling, embroidered silk muslin, flowered gauze and Spanish lace for the drapery, richly trimmed with embroidery, lace, innumerable bows of narrow satin or velvet ribbon, and very few flowers. Pink satin surah for the foundation of a basque and skirt, covered entirely with white flowered gauze, makes a lovely dress; a great panier sash of the pink satin gives the necessary bouffant effect. A pale blue moire basque or close corsage is worn with white skirts or embroidered mull, or else silk muslin, and this is arranged to conceal the edge of the moire bodice; the only blue tints in the skirt are given by the blue silk foundation skirt, and its many small bows of satin ribbon without ends, or else with clusters of ends of ribbons cut in forked tongues without any bows or loops. Embroidered pale blue gauze as a Jersey polonaise over blue satin is one of the French fancies. White sheer muslin with small dots wrought very thickly upon it is made in a panier polonaise that fits the waist and hips smoothly over a blue lining; the panier fullness is shirred to the edge of this waist, draped in two deep festoons on the front and sides, and hangs very full and long, yet in a narrow space, behind, to the foot of the blue skirt, which is nearly covered in front with frills of embroidered muslin.

The convenient fashion of wearing a bodice of one kind with skirts of another remains in style. Moire and the clinging soft satins are most used for these bodices; but instead of representing the coat-basque worn during the winter, they are the bodice with paniers like the blue moire and white embroidered silk muslin combination described above. Still a newer fancy for such combinations is a shirred surplice jacket of satin surah worn outside of a full muslin waist. For instance, a Parisian dress has ecru embroidered mull for the skirt, and for a high corsage with deep collar, but without sleeves. Over this waist, concealing all but the front of it, is a dark garnet satin surah jacket with surplice neck and elbow sleeves and great embroidered cuffs to match the collar. This is a blouse-jacket without side forms in the back, but shirred at the waist line and also in front, with a sash bow behind. Striped embroidery is used for plaited flounces on the skirt, and arranged so that an embroidered stripe is on top of each plait. This forms two very wide curved flounces across the front and sides, with plain mull shirred as flounces between, and edged with Florentine lace; the back is arranged in pouls, and three very narrow knife-plaitings trim the foot. Cream white surah skirts are being made in the same way to wear with cardinal or blue waists. Nuns' veiling for basque and paniers over a surah skirt is another combination that remains popular, especially white or pink veiling, with pink satin surah for the skirt. The foot of such a dress is most fluffily trimmed with fine lapping plaited frills—three in a cluster—with a lace frill laid over, and wide enough to cover them; then above this are other lace frills, under which pink tulle is gathered to bring out the pretty pattern of the lace.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—President Angel, of the University of Michigan, who was until recently United States Minister to China, thinks that the veto of the Chinese bill will have very little effect on Chinese immigration. He says: "The people do not generally know there is such a country as America. I suppose I could have asked a thousand Chinaman whom I would meet on the streets of Shanghai whether any such thing as Chinese immigration had been discussed by them, and they would not have known what I was talking about."

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—An amateur botanist in Wisconsin is said to have prepared 22[illegible] specimens of flowering plants, all of which have been identified.

—No class of real property is appreciating in value so rapidly as forest lands or well wood areas. They will also be rich legacies to future generations.

—The barberry is one of the prettiest of garden plants. It is very ornamental, especially when the fruit is ripe, and the latter makes an excellent sour sauce. —*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Salsify, or vegetable oyster, is cultivated the same as carrots or parsnips, and is considered by many as a luxury. It is used for soup, boiled, or can be sliced and fried in batter, when it makes a fair substitute for fried oysters.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Mouse holes in the walls and closets should be first filled with lime and afterward plastered over with plaster of Paris mixed with water. It is a good plan to keep a paper of the latter in every house, as it is useful in filling cracks, and in may other ways in household economy.

—Weights and Measures: It may be interesting to some housekeepers to know that one quart of wheat flour, or soft butter, or of broken loaf sugar makes a pound; a quart of corn meal, or of best brown sugar, one pound and two ounces; white sugar or powdered sugar, one pound and one ounce; ten eggs, one pound; sixteen large tablespoonfuls make one liquid half pint. A common sized tumbler holds half a gill. Sixty drops make one tablespoonful.

—A Missouri paper notes that "the sheep interest and the sheep-killing dog interest are as antagonistic as fire and water. The two cannot exist together. One or the other must go. The sheep is always a valuable animal in every section adapted to its nature and habits. The sheep-killing dog is not valuable in a community where sheep are kept. When the domesticated dog forsakes his civilized habits and returns to those of his ancestor, the wolf, he ought to be treated as a wolf. So far as he is a midnight marauder upon the shepherd's flocks, he ought to be trapped, shot or poisoned, in any way that is most convenient to the sheep owner."

—Root Beer: For each gallon of water to be used take hops, burdock, yellow-dock, sarsaparilla, dandelion and spikenard roots each one-half ounce; bruise and boil twenty minutes; strain; while hot add eight or ten drops oils of spruce and sassafras mixed. When cool enough not to scald your hand, add two or three tablespoonfuls yeast, half pint of molasses or half pound white sugar. Keep these preparations for as many gallons as you wish to make. It is best to get the dry roots, or dig and dry; you may add other roots which you know to be possessed of the qualities desired. After all is mixed let it stand in a jar with a cloth thrown over it to work about two hours; then bottle and set in a cool place.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Poultry in Large Flocks.

For a given amount of capital invested there is more profit in poultry when rightly managed than anything else on the farm. It is well-known, however, that small flocks pay a greater proportional return than larger ones. This is partly because small flocks receive more attention, and partly because fowls will not thrive when kept together in large numbers. In venturing into the poultry business beginners should understand that if it is intended to keep the fowls in large flocks, even when well attended, bountifully fed, and the full range of the farm given, success cannot be assured. This experiment has been tried over and over again, and to-day there is but one farm in the United States devoted to poultry in large numbers, and that one is conducted on a different plan from that to which farmers are accustomed.

Poultry-raising should be encouraged. It can be so managed as to give light employment to women and children, and is within the reach of those with limited means. Long before Americans discovered that there was a great secret in poultry-raising the French put in operation a method that enables them to ship eggs to England, Germany and Austria, as well as to supply a large demand at home. It is often remarked that the French are the most successful poulterers in the world, but we can do all they can do in the matter, and more, too, for they have no home-raised Indian corn to assist them. They divide their fowls into flocks of not more than one dozen. Each flock has a small fowl house, 10x10 feet, and a yard of about one hundred feet deep, divided in the middle. The houses stand separately in the center of the yards, which are thirty feet wide. Each house has thus a 50x30 feet yard in front, and the same in the rear. An acre of ground will allow fourteen of these houses and yards. The fourteen yards, with one dozen fowls each, will accommodate 168 fowls. This is a large number for an acre of ground, but they are kept healthy by changing them frequently from one vacant yard to another. The partition fences are built very cheaply, sometimes of wire, and again of lath. To make this system plainer to the reader, it should be known that two flocks of fowls are never in adjoining yards, as perfect seclusion from other flocks must be enjoyed by each of the small flocks. Thus, while one flock is running in the yard at the front of its house, the adjoining yard on the left and right is empty, as the next lot of fowls will be running in the rear of their quarters, or, to illustrate by means of a checker-board, the dark spaces representing the occupied yards and the white spaces the vacant ones.

As soon as the fowls are placed in one of the yards (the front one, for instance) the rear one is spaded up and seeded to grass, oats, rye, quick-growing vegetables having good large tops, or anything else that will afford plenty of green food. When a fair growth has been secured the fowls are turned into the rear yard, and the front one is in turn spaded up and seeded down. The frequent spading of the ground not only keeps the yard fresh and clean, but their fertility is greatly increased by the rich droppings of the fowls.

There is another important matter connected with the French system of poultry-raising—they are particular in regard to breeds. Unlike the American farmer, any and every sort of fowl will not do for them. They are partial to the non-setters, and believe eggs to be more profitable than chicks, although some are beginning to alter their opinions in this respect. They have demonstrated one fact in poultry-raising, which has been verified by Englishmen and Americans, and that is that an acre of ground will support nearly 200 hens. With a margin of one dollar profit on each hen, which is not by any means a large estimate, the reader can calculate for himself the advantage of this kind of poultry-raising.

But to do as the French do, there must be some person willing to give all his time to the care of the hens. It will not do to attend to the horses, cows and pigs and give an occasional look at the poultry. Some particular person must have the care of them, to see that they are fed regularly; that plenty of fresh, clean water is kept within their reach all the time; that ground or broken oyster shells, gravel, a little box of sulphur, charcoal and bones or scraps of meat is given liberally. Perfect cleanliness and ventilation are always to be looked out for. In winter there must be no cracks in the houses to admit the wind. There is a demand always for eggs and poultry, and there is no danger of overstocking the market.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Traveling in the East.

A palanquin for a sick person is a box in which a bed can be made. One side is open when the person is laid in, and is closed again and fastened. The box has a roof and a window, sometimes one at each end, for light and ventilation. It is fastened to two poles, which project both in front and rear of the box, and between these projecting poles at each end a mule is made to walk, to whose saddle the poles are attached. The mule in front can see well enough, but the one behind has a hard time, because his face is close to the rear of the box, and only the best and most sure-footed animals are selected for that difficult position. Even then he is liable to stumble a good deal, to bruise his legs, and what is worse, to shake and jar the sick person. The sick man would roll from side to side, which would cause the palanquin to turn, so that often two men, and always one, had to walk by the side of the box to keep it steady. Sometimes it would strike against a projecting rock or the branches of a tree and be almost upset. The path, which was an unusually good one for Syria, often went along the edge of a precipice, with ragged rocks above and a frightful gorge hundreds of feet beneath. What if the mules should make a misstep here! Such was always my thought as I watched the palanquin and the man steadying it while passing those dangerous places. We were, however, providentially spared from any such accident and its consequent calamity. We stopped but once during the night, except to give our friend water, and that was only for twenty or thirty minutes, in a narrow place, to let a long procession of camels and mules pass. The moon was bright, and giant hills, massive rocks, and deep, dark gorges with the water rushing at the bottom, dense patches of oleanders along the banks of the stream, with here and there the fire of a Bedouin encampment, made up the scenery along the route of our night march, until we reached the Jordan, at 6:30 in the morning. It has been a long, anxious night.—*East of the Jordan.*

—Albert King, a notably handsome and polite young man, was a favorite guest for three months at a Hot Springs hotel. He did not pay his board bill, and his pocket money was provided by means of loans; yet he remained popular and lived luxuriously. At lenth the landlord peremptorily demanded pay. That night King stole some watches, jewelry and wallets and fled the town. He had not used a dollar of his own money during his stay, and got off with about $300 worth of plunder.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A man named Rosenbloom, says the Reno (Nev.) *Gazette*, owns a forty-acre lot on the hillside near the English mill, northeast of town, and recently he plowed up ten acres for a garden. A subsequent wind blew the ten acres of plowed land away and left nothing but rocks.

Vegetable or Mineral.

A physician writing to a journal of medicine, not long ago, proclaimed against the use of mineral poisons in curing diseases, on the ground that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred more mischief than benefit was the result. In his practice he dispensed entirely with the use of mercury, etc., and attributed his success mostly to his prescribing vegetable and herb medicines only. In the face of these facts, every invalid should take warning. Tone up the system and give strength to the various organs of life by using such a remedy as Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Its soothing and refreshing influence will drive away all physical and mental distress. It is especially strengthening to the urinary and digestive organs. A single bottle will prove its merit. It is very pleasant to take.

Miss Dickinson is a noble-hearted woman, say what they will. She is always ready to take a man's part.—*Boston Transcript.*

A young man signing himself J. L. D., writes as follows: "Six months ago I felt all broke up, I was very nervous. The least excitement caused my heart to thump like an engine, at other times it seemed to cease beating altogether. I also had dyspepsia bad, and at night I was very restless, and had disturbing dreams. My whole system seemed out of fix, and pimples and sores troubled me greatly. I was advised by a druggist to try Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It has restored me to perfect health."

A foolish old woman, being one evening at a party, was greatly at a loss for something to say. At length she ventured to inquire of a gentleman who sat next her whether his mother had any children. The gentleman politely pointed out the absurdity of her inquiry. "I beg pardon," exclaimed the old lady, perceiving her mistake; don't you "understand me. I wish to inquire whether your grandmother had any children."

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

"Oh, for a better half!" said the sorrowing widower when he found a counterfeit fifty-cent piece among his change.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

"Dragging Pains."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc.,

A. J. Huyck, Deposit, N. Y.

Ryan, the pugilist, is fond of "Pinafore," it is said. We cannot believe this, as he has shown no desire recently to face Sullivan's music.—*The Score.*

Suicide Made Easy.

Let your liver complaint take its own course and DON'T take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

We'd like to be introduced to the man who knew enough to keep happiness when he once got hold of it.—*Boston Star.*

A slip of the tongue: She (encouragingly): "Your step suits mine exactly." He (nervously): "So glad to hear you say so; I know I'm such a bad waltzer."—*Judy.*

Old Slobson was raking in the front yard yesterday when he noticed a boy gazing through the picket fence in a most earnest manner. "What are you doing," asked the old man. "Watching the Rake's Progress," replied the boy, as he dodged just in time.—*Rochester Express.*

A Tennessee negro ate two raw mackerel, two dozen hard boiled eggs, and drank two buckets of water. Make him sick? Oh, no! He wanted more. You see he was a week doing it.—*Boston Post.*

"Do you admire the principles of Jefferson?" asked an enthusiastic politician of a society friend. "I really don't know much about his principles," was the reply, "but he plays 'Rip Van Winkle' superbly."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

An eminent scientist says that when a lady cannot sit down without her nose becoming red, it shows that there is imperfect circulation of the blood, caused by tight lacing. Same with gentlemen. A red nose is a sure sign of tightness somewhere.

If you would retain the love of your affianced, young man, do not permit her to lavishly run into an ice-cream saloon. If you do a coolness will soon exist between you.

At the annual session of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, Theodore Gill read a paper on "The Development of Cirropterygium from the Ichthyopterigium." There was not a dry eye in the house.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I think the goose has the advantage of you," said a lady to an inexpert boarder who was carving. "Guess it has, mum—in age," was the withering retort.

Tyndall's theory that heat is simply motion in another form must be true. Strike a piece of iron and it becomes hot. Strike a man and he immediately boils over. There is, however, one exception to the rule. Strike a warm friend for a short loan and he at once becomes as cold as an iceberg.—*Philadelphia News.*

Dr. France's "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. France's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

A gentleman who was asked for his marriage certificate quietly took off his hat and pointed to a bald spot. The evidence was conclusive.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn cases of female weakness.

Customer—"Give me some fish." Waiter—"What will you take, sir, bluefish?" Customer—"It makes no difference; I am color blind."—*Puck.*

"A doubtful friend is worse than a certain enemy." And one sense a certain friend is infinitely better than a doubtful enemy. Thus Kidney-Wort is an incomparably better friend to the human race than whole catalogues full of doubtful nostrums. It is an unfailing remedy for that tormenting disease, piles. It moves the bowels gently and freely, and thus removes the cause. Do not fail to try it faithfully either in dry or liquid form.

When a murderer is reprieved twenty minutes before the performance is to take place, a playful way to put it is, that he "skipped the rope."—*Texas Siftings.*

The fairest faces are sometimes marred by myriads of pimples, and markings of tetter or freckles, which are readily removed by a popular toilet dressing, known as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Even scrofulous ulcers yield to it. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have a wide reputation as the best, safest and cheapest remedy extant, for all nervous diseases and headaches.

Why would coal dealers make good lawyers? Because they know all about coke and little tom.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

☞ In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given for 15 cents than in any 15 or 25-cent dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors.

Some of the young ladies who go to Florida bring home young alligators. Others secure husbands.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

It is a sad astronomical fact that during the terrible thunder storm the other night the milky way became sour.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Bright's Disease." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1, at Druggists.

A good time to offer your hand to a lady—when she is getting out of an omnibus.

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