THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

A TRADES "UNION."

'Tis sad to see a love be-trade
In which such splendid "strikes" are paid.

A man who'll undertaker life
Of wedded bliss should carry
These rules of how to treat tar wife—
Then runner waiter marry.

A woman is, you will ob-serve
Aut-irely as shoe-maker;
So you must moider with a nerve,
And be the mantua-maker.

You must sup-porter in her style;
Give her a purser money,
And rec-collecter pleasant smile
Will turner sweet as honey.

When she is scolding usher up,
But do not once a sailor;
Give us aurist!" may caulker up,
And curer woes that tailor.

To teller all must be your plan;
But questioner—oh, never!
Experience doth teacher man
The wisdom of this, ever.

On no accountant-ser when she
Is angry, for horse-shoer
As you reply you'll sorry be—
Agent-le word may woo her.

Bad drummer cobblers never drink,
Nor smoke tar-baker over.
If she's a lecturer don't think
To player sleep is clever.

Don't say you're broker-gain when she
Doth spinner yarn for money.
[illegible] writer weigher [illegible]
[illegible] jeweler make sunny.

[illegible] teller painter show
[illegible] milliner se-other;
[illegible] cutter waiter go
To doctor and her mother.

When she has soldier Sunday pants
In which you've butcher money,
Surveyor not with angry glances;
Just actor little funny.

You'll have a mother-in-lawyer know
Who'll often jolser daughter,
And when she takes your sculptor show
She's "boss" you will take water.

Do not make cooper lie for she'll
Detective one is spoken,
For try your artist to conceal—
You can't—thus trustees broken.

Keeper from auctioneer or far;
But should she driver bargain,
And buyer clerk or family jar,
Don't say "both cracked," and far grin.

Let your neat dress-maker respect;
Inspector own with pleasure.
Don't be a "mason" but select
The lodge that holds your treasure.

Keep gardener. If farmer-sails
To shield her is your duty.
Conductor safely through life's gales,
And helper keeper beauty.

When e'er you take carpenter wright
You must hand author letter,
For should you starter jailors spite
You'd washer hadn't met her.

Some merchant reason always set
When business makes slater
Your coming home. Don't make cadet.
Professor love nor hate her.

Bartender when you speak. Don't let
One barber-ous stone-cutter,
For men who've gilder wife, regret
With feelings too, too utter.

Another time, perhaps, wheelwright
Some other rules we know, sir,
But these it will not tutor slight,
If batter you would grocer.

—H. C. Dodge, in N. Y. Graphic.

THE YOUNG SUGAR-MAKERS.

A Story of Northern Indiana.

Forty years ago the upper portion of C—— County, in Northern Indiana, was comparatively a wilderness. The settlers were few and far between, and it was only after a ride of many miles, through forests and across prairies, that the traveler might find evidence of advancing civilization in the presence of a log cabin, planted on the edge of a clearing made by the pioneer's ax. Broad expanses of prairie lay to the north, without the sign of a human habitation, while vast forests of walnut, oak, maple, hickory, birch and other woods as yet furnished few signs that they had ever been penetrated by the adventurous white man, and these signs were principally the "blazed" paths, made by cutting through the bark to the white wood of the trees, a sign scarcely distinguishable after twilight set in. Here and there they had been marked out by hunters, or county surveyors, and they were always a welcome sight to one who found himself lost in the "trackless woods."

Occasionally the long-deserted camp of the departed Indian was met, adding to the sense of loneliness that fell upon the rover venturing to traverse these wilds, and what was still more startling was the appearance now and then, in some especially secluded spot, of a red man's grave. And yet it was not a grave in our sense of the word since the "untutored savage," in these instances, had not buried his dead, but had built an oblong pen of poles, some eight feet in length by four in width and three and one-half feet in height, in which the corpse was placed in one end in a sitting posture. Such a sight was not an agreeable one, as the body, or rather the skeleton, in those days, could be seen through the crevice of the enclosure, which frequently had been widened by the wolves in their frantic efforts to gnaw through and reach the remains of the warrior whose spirit was then far away on the happy hunting-grounds, oblivious of the peril to his abandoned flesh and bones.

The winter of 184— had been unusually severe, the temperature frequently dropping below zero, and the snows that had fallen early in December lay upon the ground until the latter part of February. Everywhere the streams were locked in icy fetters and not earlier than the middle of March were they wholly free from their long and weary thralldom. But with the first month of spring the sun began to warm everything to life again, and the brooks leaped joyfully along, the birds returned to their accustomed haunts, and nature assumed once more something of her wonted appearance.

Among the settlers of the region, the greatest difficulty, in connection with the domestic and culinary departments of their homes, was the procuring of clothing and provisions. Game was abundant, it is true, and the rifle afforded them supplies of venison, wild turkey, geese, rabbits, etc., but to those who had enjoyed the luxuries of old Java, Rio and Mocha and refined sugar, there seemed to be a something lacking that could never be restored. Instead of the broadcloth and cassimere, the male portion of the household contented themselves with jeans or coarser fabrics, woven upon the hand-loom of some fortunate neighbor, and the women were satisfied with linsey-woolsey and calico, while parched wheat took the place in the coffee-pot of the fragrant berries from Arabia and Brazil; the sugar made from the sap of the rock maple, which grew in great numbers throughout the country, proved a sweet substitute for the more aristocratic and costly "loaf," then so highly esteemed in the older States.

With the genial sun and airs of March, the settlers began the manufacture of maple-sugar, and old and young partook of the fun engendered always in and about the "camp." The familiar distich:

"Be ready, for with the March sun
The maple trees begin to run,"

had been heeded, and innumerable hollow "spiles," made of the elder-bush, and troughs hewn out of the buckeye, and huge iron kettles, and vessels of every description were hauled to the scene of operations. The trees having been bored and the "spiles" inserted that were to convey the saccharine juice to the "troughs," they "began to run," and that so briskly, that in Howard Inskip's orchard of two hundred splendid maples they kept all hands busy for a full week, day and night, emptying the vessels, "boiling down," "stirring" to the required grain, or pouring the granulating substance into the basins and mould to harden and be broken up when wanted in the future.

Saturday afternoon arrived, and, the sap not flowing very freely, Mr. Inskip, with all employed, except his son, a lad of fifteen, and a lass his junior by some two years, left the camp for their respective homes, Harold being charged by his father to "look after things" and start with Jennie for home "before sundown."

"All right," replied Harold, "Jennie and I will be at the 'Hill' by the time it is dark, anyhow, if it is three miles, for you know we are both good walkers." And as Mr. Inskip and party disappeared in the forest, he fell to work righting affairs in the camp with the assistance of Jennie McMillan, a bright-haired, buxom and brave little girl, adopted as a daughter into the Inskip family, a favorite with all, and, perhaps, particularly so with Harold.

But there was more to arrange than was expected, and the sun had set and twilight come on, and the great forest through which they had to pass loomed up black, and the sky was hidden by clouds threatening to deprive them both of moon and starlight, while they had only a "blazed" path to follow through the dense and dark woods. It was not a pleasant walk in prospect for Jennie and Harold, but thus far in their bright and sunny lives they had learned nothing of fear. Their hearts were innocent, and guilt alone hath dread "of things seen and unseen."

"Come, Jennie," said Harold, "all is ready now to start, and I shall take my ax along."

"But you don't want it at home tonight, and it is so heavy you will get tired carrying it; besides you will want it here on Monday," urged Jennie.

"That's true, but I don't mind its weight; then some straggler might drop into camp and steal it. O, yes, I'll take it with me," and throwing it on his shoulder, and clasping Jennie's hand in his, they walked out of the dying campfire's light into the gloom of the darkness, and one following them at a rod's distance could not have discerned their out-lines; and for a few minutes they were as mute as the gigantic poplars and black walnuts, between whose trunks they groped their way.

"O, Harold, isn't this a dreadfully dark night?" asked Jennie, in an undertone, as if fearful of disturbing the awful hush above and about them.

"Yes, Jennie; but it won't be long until we reach that bit of prairie that runs into the wood, and then we will have some light. You don't feel afraid, do you?" and Harold pressed her hand encouragingly.

"No, but then, Harold, I though just now—There! hark! don't you hear? There's something following us!" and Jennie drew up closed to the side of her companion, who, pushing her quickly to the front, stepped back, and, peering into the darkness, saw but a few feet distant a black object.

"I see it," he replied, "it's only the big black dog that neighbor Houston brought from Pennsylvania last week. I'll call him. Here, Carlo! come here!"

As the supposed Newfoundland deigned no answer in any manner, Harold remarked: "He's a surly brute. We'll let him alone. Come, Jennie, we'll go ahead," and putting her arm through his, they moved forward, occasionally looking behind, and always finding that the intruder on their attention was still keeping them company.

At last the little space of prairie was reached. At the point where their path crossed its peninsular shape, it was not more than a couple of hundred yards in width, and the high grass and dead leaves had been beaten to the ground by the heavy snows of the past winter.

Having emerged from the thick gloom of the wood into the open light of the moon, which at that moment shone through a rift in the clouds, Harold turned to look at their four-footed companion, just as, half in shadow, half in light, it crouched backward and uttered a yell that rang out over the prairie, and echoed through the forest, and curdled the blood in the veins of the young sugar-makers.

Involuntarily Harold's hand swung his ax into the air, and recovering himself in an instant from his surprise and horror, he sprang forward, his uplifted weapon gleaming in the moonbeams, and seeming no weightier than a child's hatchet in his grasp.

"Do not run," he cried to Jennie; "'tis a black wolf, and there are others in the forest to whom he is calling. If we run, we are lost. Perhaps I may frighten him away;" and with that he rushed at the beast, whose eyes glared at him with an indescribable fury.

But the attempt was abortive; the shaggy and ravenous wolf only retreated to the bushes skirting the open ground, and when Harold and his frightened ward resumed their walk, it boldly came out, and by the time they reached the opposite wood had approached so near that, fearing it would leap upon them, Harold again sprang at the savage creature, brandishing his ax in its very face. Finding that it could do nothing safely alone, the wolf now set up a series of appalling yells that filled their hearts with terror and increased the anxiety of Harold, who knew that if the apparently half-famished animal was reinforced by one or two of his fierce species, they would not hesitate to make an attack. If they could only have time before the summoned succor came, they would reach "The Hill" in safety; but it was still a full mile and a half distant, and a deep ravine was to be crossed on a rude bridge not more than five feet in width, and this spot might be called the battle-ground, in case assistance came to their pursuer.

Harold thought of this contingency with alarm. The ravine was deep and dark, and on a narrow, unbalustraded bridge, the odds in a struggle would all be in favor of the wolves. He said nothing in regard to his anxiety, but urged with calmness the necessity of increasing their rate of speed, determined, if possible, to pass the dreaded spot before help arrived for their persisting and bloodthirsty enemy.

"Jennie," he said, "I have not heard any answers to those horrid yells; but let us walk faster, and then if they do follow us to 'The Hill,' why, you see, I will give one of them at least, and that is this old black villain behind us, a bullet that will make you re-christen 'Kill-buck,' and call it 'Kill-Wolf.'"

To this Jennie faintly replied: "I hope so, Harold; but here we are at this dreadful ravine. I wish we were over it in safety. Listen! what was that?" and, as she spoke, wild yells broke on their ears from two directions, and certainly from no great distance. They were answers, and announced help close at hand—help for the fangs eager to fasten upon the throats of their anticipated victims.

Harold's worst apprehensions were to be realized; no source of escape was open, and yet the frail structure which they had now reached might prove the means of their salvation. At the last halt, to face the wolf, Harold had cut a stout hickory club, and, hastily sharpening one end, he gave it to Jennie, telling her, in case of attack, to use it vigorously, keep close to his side, and by no means to become separated from him in the fight.

Before the middle of the bridge was attained a fierce howl at the western end warned them that they were to contend with the wolves in front as well as in the rear.

"Stand firm! Do not move to either side, Jennie," shouted Harold, as he struck a tremendous blow at the savage beast which leaped at his breast, and, receiving the full force of the keen weapon, fell over the edge of the bridge into the roaring torrent below them

"That rascal will trouble me no more. Look out, Jennie. How many are in front of you? I can see two or three here," and at that moment Harold was again beset by the infuriated beasts, but dealt his blows so rapidly and with such effect that they could not reach his person. Standing with her back to Harold's, Jennie was bravely facing the foe, wielding her spear-like club, and striking to the right and left, when suddenly she exclaimed:

"Harold, help! there are too many. Oh, my arm!" Quick as a lightning's flash, Harold turned, and with a blow crushed the skull of the ferocious monster that had fastened his teeth upon her left arm, and was striving to drag her to the earth.

But they were not to be baffled of their prey thus easily, and the remaining wolves, gnashing their teeth and uttering howls of rage, again dashed furiously forward, their green eyes flashing like baleful fires. Two had already been dispatched, yet the number seemed increasing, and that gave them renewed boldness. Harold felt that the strength of himself and his heroic little companion could not much longer sustain the impetuous attacks of their tireless and unyielding adversaries.

"Jennie, dear Jennie," he cried, "don't despair; we will yet beat them;" and as another brutish fiend sprang at his face and fell crippled and howling on the footway, the pack seemed for a moment staggered and confounded. But it was only for a moment, and, to Jennie's horror, she discovered the dark forms of their new recruits stealing up on the end of the bridge.

"Mercy, mercy! Harold, what shall we do? I can swing this club no longer. Oh, help! help! help!" and her despairing cry rang out above the snappings and howls and yells of the beleaguering wolves like the last wail of exhausted agony—the final importunate call of expiring hope.

It appeared as though she had uttered her own death-knell, for the sound had not died away among the shrinking echoes of the ravine, ere the wolves made another and more desperate rush, but were met with unabated courage and obviously fresh strength in the arms of the attacked. Thick and fast the blows were rained around, and furiously the maddened beasts were pressing the youthful defenders for their lives, when suddenly a rifle report from the western slope of the hollow was heard, surmounting the confusion and noise of the conflict, now plainly revealed by the light of the moon bursting upon the scene.

"Saved!" saved!" cried Harold; and the next instant, down on the bridge like a tempest, dashed Inskip with a half a dozen stalwart and armed hunters, who had stopped at "The Hill" on their return home after nightfall, and, learning the apprehensions felt at the non-appearance of Harold and Jennie, had offered to accompany Inskip and ascertain the cause.

So impetuous was their charge on hearing Jennie's despairing cry, that the wolves were taken by surprise, and those confronting her were either crushed by the clubbed rifles or hurled into the swollen and tumbling torrent at the bottom of the gorge. Harold, in the excitement and wild joy of relief, flung his bloody ax at the last retreating wolf with a "there, take that for a parting blow," and had the gratification of seeing the baffled brute disappear in the bushes dragging away his hinder legs, broken by the well-aimed blade, while Jennie fell into the strong arms of her foster father, and wept silently upon his manly and faithful bosom tears of gratitude to Heaven and him for deliverance from a hideous death.

Those wilds of C—— County now "blossom like the rose." The vast forests have disappeared. Thriving towns and villages have sprung up in scores, and well-tilled and magnificent farms are evidences of contentment and prosperity. The iron horse awakes the echo of its hills, and its white plume floats over its prairies, while peace, plenty and intelligence combine to render happy its well-to-do and hospitable citizens.

Harold and Jennie long since repaid each other's faithfulness on that eventful night, by linking their hands and hearts together for life, while often, by the evening's cosy fireside, have the rosy-cheeked children of the sugar-makers of 184— begged papa or mamma "to tell again that story about the wolves."

Philadelphia Day.

A Plea for English Opera.

The following is a copy of a letter sent by Silas G. Pratt, the composer, to a gentleman eminent in musical circles, regarding Mr. Pratt's opera "Zenobia," which is to be produced at Chicago in June, with Cary and Litta in leading roles, supported by a chorus of 200 voices and an orchestra of 60 performers. The letter will be of exceptional interest to musicians in all parts of the country:

"The great interest you have shown in the opera 'Zenobia' and its success encourages me to speak plainly and earnestly with regard to the lyrical drama in America, and the causes and hopes that have led to the conception and completeness of the work. It is known that opera in a strange tongue is enjoyed to a very limited degree, only those parts that are melodic and beautiful without words holding the listeners' attention. Dramatic work based upon the thought solely is lost, for if one seeks to get the sense (pathos, love, hate, or whatever sentiment it may be intended to portray) by following the translation, the action and appropriateness of the music are unnoticed. And if one looks at the action, one must guess at the word, and in the puzzle the syllabic power, the thrill of sense, the beauty and strength of musical treatment are unheard. The prejudice against the English language musically has passed away, having been based upon an improper use of it, rather than from any deficiency of euphony inherent in the speech itself; because, also, the translations of Italian operas in the main were absurd, at times even disgusting, the fault being as much with the original text, however, as with the translator. It is a fact that Germany to-day possesses a national opera, and France may also claim a similar distinction; and when it is known that the vernacular of both these countries possesses all the unmusical qualities of our own, and many in addition (as the guttural ch in ich, dich, mich, the z in zart, the tz, the sch as in schon, etc., in the former, and the nasal peculiarities so well known in the latter), the English-speaking nations may justly hope for a like result in their mother tongue. Again, the paucity of poetical thought, the shallowness of plot, in Italian opera more especially, in many instances giving situations that appeal to the baser passions, encouraged me to attempt a higher standard of characters with appropriate ideas. These reasons, with the desire to give our country a work that might claim the respect of the musical people, the hope of contributing something to the establishment of American opera, and the wish to enter a protest against the immoral tone of many grand operas, with the firm belief that the public in general will sustain any sincere effort at elevating the standard of the lyric drama in our country, have been the incentives holding me to the work of completion, the drudgery of detail and the task of revising and correcting. May I not hope for a kindly reception at the hands of my own countrymen, and while desiring no favors on account of nationality, except that in considering its merits they will put aside the prejudice so prevalent against American composers, and treat the subject as fairly as though it were written by a citizen of some foreign land, that it may not be said it is a misfortune, in music to be born in America."

How to Save Seed.

The following excellent advice is from the pen of Dr. G. F. Needham, Washington, D. C., and is alike applicable to all sections of the country: How to prevent seed from deteriorating is a most important question lying at the foundation of all agricultural and horticultural prosperity. Nature's law is to "multiply and replenish," no matter as to the particular quality, but everything as to quantity. The survival of the fittest" governs the result. But Nature's operations are too slow for our short lives, so the business of the cultivator is to aid mother Nature, and thus reach the best results in the shortest periods. It is a fact too well known that, ordinarily, crops deteriorate, and this, for one reason, because the seed becomes weakened. The story of "Deere's Improved Lima Beans" will illustrate the idea and explain the whole *modus operandi* of saving seed.

Some years again gardener asked our Mr. Saunders how he could improve the Lima bean. He was told to find, if possible, a pod having at least four beans; the next season to plant the one, the largest and best of these; the next season to select as before one bean, the one which not only seemed to the eye the largest and best, but the one that could weigh the most, and then to pursue this method for several years. The result we all know is a really great improvement of that delicious vegetable.

One has asked why are our melons so inferior nowadays. The answer is that pains are not taken in saving the seed. There is a variety of musk melons sold by one of our seedsmen, the "Hunter" melon, which illustrates this point. A Mr. Hunter received, some years since, from abroad, seeds of a very choice melon. These were planted and the seed of only the very best were saved. In this manner has the seed been selected, and now, after more than twenty years, this variety commands the highest price in our markets, and the seed sells for three dollars per pound, while other varieties can be had for fifty cents, and are dear at that.

I have seen a stalk of corn bearing ten ears. Of course, this ninefold increase came from selecting the seed, at first, of a stalk that bore two good ears, then there would be a few with three ears, and so on until the grand result was reached. I know that many farmers say that if they can get one good ear off each stalk they will be satisfied. Well, such are not very particular, and will buy corn from a neighbor's crib and plant the best of this. Of course they get only an ordinary crop. Is not this the reason that growing Indian corn has become such a poor and unpaying business? For my part, I will let the idiots grow this corn, and I will purchase it in the fall for less than two dollars per barrel.

We have many new varieties of wheat, but if I were growing it I would screen out from one hundred bushels say one bushel of the largest and plumpest berries, and sowing this would the next season do likewise, and would ultimately get the very best seed wheat. There is one other idea involved in this matter, to which we all need to take heed. It is the seed that impoverishes the soil. The more seed the greater the drain, and therefore the greater need of more fertilizing.

Well, brother farmers, let us be wide awake, intelligent and teachable, and thus make our business the noblest and grandest in the world.

Annual Lessons.

Every year's experience teaches the farmer many valuable lessons. The question of seed corn has been repeated about every third year since the State was settled. Sometimes it has been emphasized in a way it seems as if it would never again be forgotten. After last year's expensive experience it would appear to be useless for an editor for the present generation to beg the farmers to carefully test their seed corn before planting time. And yet thousands even this year will proceed blindly in the same way they have heretofore. And when they are defeated will satisfy their conscience and creditors by saying: "I thought it would grow." A farmer ought to *know* without relying in so important a matter on his thoughts.

Last year a third of the wheat in the State was badly damaged, and much of it totally destroyed by bad stacking. The owner *thought* he was stacking it right. There is no excuse for having a stack of grain get wet inside. If the grain slants the right way the water always follows the inclination of the straw. This is an invariable law, and if a farmer is so stupid as to stack his grain so that the inclination is in instead of out, he should not be astonished if his year's labor has been all in vain. There has not been a single year in the last twenty-five but millions of dollars worth of grain has been ruined in Iowa by bad stacking. And there is only one defect, and the error is so simple that any one can comprehend and avoid it, and yet we suppose it will go on as long as grain is raised.

Another serious matter is letting the work on the farm get a week behind. After corn is planted, if it be kept a week too long before harrowing no ingenuity can ever repair the damage. In the growing season, if the weeds and grass, by a week's delay, get the start of the corn, all of the improved machinery in the world cannot regain what is lost. If the corn is not clean and thoroughly cultivated by the time hay, wheat and oats have to be cut, it is impossible to do justice to all of them at once. A week behind at harvest means a defeat of the profits of the year's crop. If thrashing is not done before corn gathering, the latter is pushed into the cold and disagreeable weather, the boys are cross, sour and disgusted with farming. The corn is left in the field all winter, stock and wild animals and birds destroy one-half, and the mortgage on the farm is not paid off. All these evils and vexations and losses grow out of being a week behind. And a farmer who has lived one miserable year on this account ought to commence right this year, and be always up with the times.—*Iowa State Register.*

Launched by Electricity.

In launching the gigantic English turret-ship, appropriately named Colossus, recently, electricity was employed by means of an ingenious contrivance which connected the dog-shores with a large magnet; and in a similar manner the christening was performed. Simultaneously with the breaking of the bottle over the ship's nose, a musical instrument inside an ornamented box was set at work, and "Rule Britannia" was the result. By this time the course was reported clear, and as the ship gave evidence of anxiety to leave the cradle it was deemed advisable, though ten minutes before time, to let her go. The pressure of the launching button was followed by a heavy thud. The weight had fallen, and the dog-shores had been knocked away. The ship moved instantly, and the huge mass of 4,420 tons—the heaviest ever launched from the Portsmouth yard—glided gracefully down the inclined plane into the harbor, amid the music of the bands and the enthusiastic cheers of the multitude.

—The death of Wood Hite, Jesse James' pal, who was killed near Richmond, Kan., the same day that Jesse James was buried in Missouri, was brought about, the Coroner's Jury said, by unknown persons. He was buried as a pauper, the officiating minister remarking by way of eulogy that the character of the dead man was so well known that comment was unnecessary.—*Detroit Post.*

"MAGNIFICENT promises sometimes end in paltry performances." A magnificent exception to this is found in Kidney-Wort which invariably performs even more than it promises. Here is a single instance: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it has completely cured her liver complaint."

MR. JOHNS came to a hotel in Bismarck with a cheap-looking trunk, worth about $7. The clerk sized him up and gave him a back room, just under the roof, with a dormer window, a camp bed and a tin basin for furniture. The porter snubbed him, and he was the last man waited on at the table, and was always seated where he couldn't reach the bread and the castor. He went away on business, was gone six weeks, and left his room door open. And then when he came back and opened that old trunk, and took $12,000 in gold out of it, the landlord pulled out all of his hair for mortification, and went and got roaring drunk for five days; the clerk forgot to paste down his front hair, and went one whole day without changing his eight-inch cuffs, and the porter went out in the woods and lay down and died. Moral: Never disdain to go through a trunk because it looks cheap. You can't tell what it may assay.—*Chicago Times.*

Save Your Wives.

When a man has been so fortunate as to wed a bright-eyed, joyous, happy-faced girl, he should be especially careful of her health. An invalid wife or mother is greatly to be pitied; and yet, sometimes, in spite of love, and care, and tenderness, our women-folks do get sick. Beginning with irregularities and dyspepsia, the general health begins to fail, and weakness, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, etc., make life miserable. The cheeks become pale, the eyes grow listless, the heart's action enfeebled, the pulse weak, and decay of the pulmonary, digestive and urinary organs is the result. For restoring sickly women to health and strength, Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla excels all other medicines. It is a true tonic. Its principal ingredients are Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Buchu, Celery and Calisaya bark. It builds up the female system, and will positively cure falling of the womb, irregularities, leucorrhœa, dyspepsia, etc.

OLEOMARGARINE, despite its high-sounding name, is butter fraud after all.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

MR. ARTHUR B. COBENS, of Newport, Ky., writes: "I wish to speak a good word for Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. My wife suffered greatly from a complication of diseases, ending in a miscarriage, which for months confined her to her bed. She had never fully recovered, and at times complained severely of a feeling of bearing down, while her periods were very irregular and gave her great pain. Her physician seemed to be doing her no good whatever. A friend recommended Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. From the first dose she began to improve, and is now as healthy and strong as a young girl. I think it the best medicine in the world."

"UNCLE," said a young rascal to his worthy relative, "that man over there wants to see you." "What does he want?" "Dunno; didn't ask him." So uncle sauntered over to where the stranger sat, and said: "Did you wish to see me, sir?" "No, sir." "I beg pardon, but I was told by that young man over there that you wanted to see me." "So I do, so I do. I've been blind these ten years, and I want to see anybody."

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Argus.*

RESTAURANTS are using fine shavings for cold slaw, because cabbage is too high.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

☞ Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists. Give them one trial and you will always use them.

WHAT kind of a field is older than you are? One that is pasturage.

WRITE to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints.

THE more that fun is poked at the poke bonnet the more the poke bonnet seems to be poked into public assemblages.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Could Hardly Stand on Her Feet.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I *must* tell you what your medicine has done for me. Before taking your "Favorite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but, by following your advice, I am perfectly cured. The "Favorite Prescription" is a wonderful medicine for debilitated and nervous females. I cannot express how thankful I am to you for your advice. Yours truly,
MRS. CORNELIA ALLISON, Peosta, Ia.

THE American kiss, it is announced, is to be the subject of a book to be published soon. As Dr. Holmes would say, the shape of the volume should be e-lip-tickle.

"Their Occupation Gone."

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and general giving away of the whole system. Failing to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, nine-tenths of the doctors would, like Othello, find their occupation gone. Yours truly, L. B. MCMILLAN, M. D., Bressport, N. Y.

SOXO of the cheese—"Will you love me when I mould?"—*El. Ry. Journal.*

I HAVE the utmost confidence in the mails. Enclose $1 for two boxes, or $2.50 post-office order for six boxes of Celery and Chamomile pills and I will take all risk for money and goods. Dr. C. W. Benson, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Also proprietor of his new remedy and favorite prescription, known as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, recognized everywhere as the only safe and sure remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Scalp.

"TAKE back the heart thou gavest," He was a butcher, and she wanted liver. They don't speak now.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

THE World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., destroyed by fire a year ago, is rebuilt and full of patients. For "Invalid's Guide Book," giving particulars and terms of treatment, address, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIAT'N, Buffalo, N.Y.

THIRTY years is said to be the life of a locomotive. Possibly they would live longer if they did not smoke so much.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

THE boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell bound.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

THE palmy days of a boy's life are those in which he gets properly spanked by his mother.

FARMERS, teamsters, don't experiment, but use Fraser Axle Grease. It is the best.

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

"IT'S no use to feel of me wrist, doother," said Pat, when the physician began taking his pulse; "the pain is not there, surr; it's in me kid entirely."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Boston *Globe* is authority for the statement that a Chicago belle recently found it impossible to disguise herself in male attire because she could not get her feet through the trousers.

A MAN may under certain circumstances be taken for another and yet not look in the very least like him. "I know I don't resemble him," said a very wise and sad man, "still in an unguarded moment I in-lorsed the fellow's note, and I was taken for him—by the Sheriff."—*N. Y. Herald.*

MRS. SMITH (emphatically)—"Poor Mrs. Siron. They say that she has been ordered to a warmer climate. Do you think she will go?" Mrs. Brown (grimly)—"No, not while she lives."—*Grip.*

BERTHA MILLER, of New York, aged only sixteen years, has succeeded in swallowing a ten dollar gold piece. Here's your savings-bank, young gentlemen.—*Elmira Free Press.*

AN exchange announces a new story, "Written in Blood." If any one sends to this office a story written in blood, it will go into the waste basket instanter. A story written in purple ink is bad enough.—*Detroit Post.*

IT does aggravate a man to think that, while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him and nearly yank his head off, she is madly terrorized by a cow that he can chase out of the yard at any time.

A PRINTER who has been paying a visit to Constantinople said he knew all about hair-spaces, but that there they had hair-cuts. A map of this joke will be furnished on application to our composing room.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A TEXAS paper alleges that Dallas uses 50,000 gallons of water a day. We had no idea there was such an influx of strangers at Dallas. We thought it was only when press conventions were in town that there was such a demand for water.—*Texas Siftings.*

Dolmonico's Advice to a Young Man About to Open a Restaurant.

A young man who had been assistant cook in a Chicago Hotel, having saved a little money, concluded he would go to New York and try his fortune. He reasoned with himself that Delmonico would not live always, and fancied that he might one day become the future Delmonico of New York. On reaching the city he sent his letter of introduction to the famous restaurant keeper and solicited advice. Delmonico listened attentively to the young man's inquiries, and finally told him: "Get, first, a good location, then get the best cook you can hire, see that your waiters are attentive and polite, and buy only the best in the market. And still all of this you can do and not give satisfaction. Be your own superintendent; get the best quality of the new CHARTER OAK COOKING RANGE, and if you don't succeed in your undertaking, you will have the satisfaction of doing your best to merit it." (3-22)

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

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NEW RICH BLOOD! PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Send everywhere for them. Sent by mail for 6 letter stamps. J. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass. (formerly Bangor, Me.)

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$1000 REWARD For any machine built up as most clover seed in 1 day as the VICTOR Double Huller Clover Machine can, with 4 men. 150 Bushels in ONE DAY. All sizes and not enough to supply the demand could not be supplied. Circular containing this mailed free. Send for it. NEWARK MACHINE COMPANY, Newark, Ohio. Owners of Patents and the only Manufacturers in the world.

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