THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

ODE TO A BROOM.

THE MARCHING SONG OF THE BROOM BRIGADE.

At the broom drill in the First Congregational Church last Tuesday evening the following lines, written by Miss Alice Eddy, were read by Mrs. H. C. Sheldon:

O, you lasses of to-day, with your ruffles and your laces,
With your clear, young, ringing voices, and your fair and clever faces,
You would smile if I should tell you that you miss the best of graces,
When you turn away from handling of the broom!

You can 'broider dainty gowns till the lads are in a flutter,
And arrange your pretty chambers in a most æsthetic clutter,
And your rosy lips most charmingly Italian songs can utter;
You are quite above the handling of the broom.

Ah! but when your stately grandmamma was only pretty Polly,
She could drive your sober grandpa to a state of wildest folly,
With her dimpled arms a-flying, and her eyes, so bright and jolly,
Laughing out above the handle of her broom.

With a red and yellow 'kerchief tied about her shining tresses,
And her tucked-up, homespun petticoat—the loveliest of dresses—
He can see her at this moment, and full oft his stars he blesses
That he found her thus, a-handling of her broom.

O'er her cheek, with every motion, flew the red and white, together,
Like the changeful cloud and sunlight in the merry April weather,
And the heart of him who watched her floated upward like a feather,
Swept away before the magic of her broom.

And now, with sweet eyes smiling o'er the tops of gold-rimmed glasses,
Growing sweeter, growing fairer, with each happy year that passes,
Though her step, indeed, be slower, I am sure, my little lasses,
She could match you all in handling of the broom.

O, you maidens of to-day, you may sport your flimsy laces,
You may frizzle clouds of ringlets to set off your bonny faces,
You may gleam like floating thistle-down with pretty, idle graces,
You may scorn the honest handling of the broom;

But your blossomy sweet beauty will not have its crowning glory,
Till you learn the truth which, followed, makes all life a happy story,
That in service lies your queenship, and a royal light plays o'er ye,
When your pretty hands are busy with the broom.

Hark! a score of girlish voices, to my sage advice replying!
How they glow, the winsome faces, laughing down my foolish sighing!
With their joyous eyes upon me can I mourn that Time goes flying,
Sweeping old ideas before him with his broom?

"What!" they say, "O grave-faced rhymer, is our glory gone forever?
Borne a-down beneath the weight of years, as in a whelming river?
But we know the crown of girlhood will be lost or broken never,
Nor laid by with pretty Polly's worn-out broom.

"Year by year the same sweet flowers bloom the same sweet heavens under;
Girlish hearts in all ages are not very far asunder;
And we think that even grandmamma would open eyes of wonder,
At the sight of our maneuvres with the broom."

Heaven bless the bonny lasses, with the light of joy upon them,
Hard of heart and slow to mirth, must he be whose eyes could shun them!
Let them keep their merry hearts and let all sweet grace be done them,
I'll even sit down and watch them ply the broom.

—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

A True Incident.

"Nettie, Nettie!" cried a loud, eager voice, "come on now, I want your eyes."

And in obedience to this strange call, a little girl about ten years old, answering to the name of Nettie, ran hastily up-stairs to a small room, in which her brother Walter, a young boy several years older than herself, stood before a roughly-made easel, on which was stretched a canvas, bearing the outlines of a face.

"Now, sit right there," he said impetuously, pointing to a chair, and seizing an old veil, arranged it artistically about her head. "And *please* don't talk, but just sit still, and try to look like the Roman Lady we saw in the book."

And obedient little Nettie closed her lips at once, and opened her dark eyes very wide, trying her best to look as she fancied the Roman Lady did when having her picture taken, and thinking what a great boy her brother Walter was to be able to paint such pictures.

Walter had a talent for painting and drawing, but with such small means for cultivating it that neither his father nor mother encouraged his efforts, and his only help and sympathy came from the little sister who loved him better than anything in the world, and thought his paintings perfectly beautiful.

And now, in a few weeks, there was to be an art exhibition in the city, where any one might place his work on display or for sale; and, inspired by Nettie's urgent encouragement, Walter had really determined to try his best on a picture, with the fond but almost despairing hope of selling it for enough to help him begin the study of painting.

"You know, Walter," Nettie had said, "God always helps those who keep trying, and I do believe you will succeed."

So they had eagerly searched every picture book for a good subject, and after much discussion selected a pretty engraving of a beautiful Roman Lady with large, soft eyes, long, dark lashes, and rippling hair, half concealed by a graceful veil.

"That's the *very* thing!" Walter had cried, enthusiastically; "and, Nettie, your eyes are for all the world like hers, and you can sit for me; she is just lovely!"

A blush of pleased delight swept over Nettie's face, and a bright look came into her eyes, that were, indeed, soft and dark, not very unlike the Roman Lady's, though the resemblance did not extend further. And thus it was that, having lost no time in beginning the picture, Nettie was now sitting before him while I have been telling you all this. She was so pleased to think that she could do anything to help him; and, do you know, so earnestly were her hopes bent on his success, in her love and ambition for him, that every day she added to her prayers the petition that God would help him and bless his work.

As the exhibition was only three weeks distant, and he had not very many leisure hours for such work, Walter wasted not a moment, and labored with such industry that by the time the third week had only begun he and Nettie stood before the finished picture—she perfectly satisfied that no one could have done it better, he nervous and anxious, seeing faults which she denied; the Lady's face was too fat and round, her eyes had a stern, staring expression, and her hair just had ridges all over it instead of soft waves.

"But just see how the eyes follow me about, Walter," cried Nettie, proudly, "and you said that was something so hard to get right; don't you see, if I stand on this side she seems to be looking right at me, and now when I go on *this* side, it looks almost as if her eyes moved, too."

"Yes, that is true," said Walter more hopefully. "I have certainly succeeded well in that effect; and I believe," he continued, with a sigh of relief, "taking it altogether, it is the best picture I have ever made."

"I should say it is!" cried Nettie, decisively, "and you will see," she added, with a beautiful trusting faith in her dark eyes, "if it doesn't prove a grand success."

Everything in connection with the picture and exhibition had been kept a profound secret between Walter and Nettie, to be a proud surprise for their father and mother, if a success, and in case of a failure—why, the least said the better. And now, that it was finished, they hung it in Walter's room, having united all their little savings to buy as nice a frame as they could for it. Almost a week yet must elapse before the opening of the exhibition, and both Walter and Nettie wished it had been but a day, so full were their hearts of hopeful expectancy. Every night Walter fell asleep gazing at the Roman Lady, and his eyes turned with unfailing devotion on her first, when awakening.

Now, the only assistance employed by their mother in her household work was a poor colored girl, who was what is called "half-witted;" her vacant, expressionless face told how little of the mind had been given her that teaches one to act and think sensibly; but she was very obedient and harmless, notwithstanding the queer, foolish fancies that had given her the name, among children, of "Crazy Peggy." Once or twice only, in her life, she had been known to do strange things, and sometimes seemed possessed by foolish fears, making her timid and frightened of things in which no one else could imagine any cause for alarm.

It was one of Peggy's duties each morning to clean and dust Walter's room after he had gone to school for the day, and the very first morning after the picture had been hung, she stopped right before it, and gazed at it as if spell-bound; again she turned away to go about her work, but glancing back nervously all the time at the face on the wall with its great dark eyes, which seemed to the foolish girl to be staring fixedly at her, and following her wherever she went. From one side of the room to the other she moved, the eyes really appearing to move as she did, till, with her usual duties only half performed, poor Peggy hastily left the room, glad to escape from the eyes that seemed to disturb her so.

The following morning it was just the same, only the strange impression of fear had taken stronger hold on the foolish girl, and she hurried about, giving only a frightened glance now and then at the stern eyes that never seemed to cease their close watch of her, and away she sped, leaving a very imperfectly-cleaned room.

The third morning came, and poor Peggy acted as though she had really grown desperate under the strange spell of the picture. Once she clinched her fist and shook it menacingly at the innocent Roman Lady, but dropped it again, quelled by the staring eyes. Slowly she walked to the bed, half crying now, and muttering to herself:

"I want that ar ooman to stop starin' at me;" and, glancing back nervously to meet only the same relentless gaze, the poor silly girl seemed actually to lose the little mind she had, and, rushing to the hearth, seized a poker sharpened at one end, and without a moment's delay was again before the picture exclaiming: "I'll fix yer," and the next instant *punch!* went the cruel poker through one eye, *punch!* through the other, and there hung the poor Roman Lady with only two round holes in her fair face where the dark eyes had been.

With a grunt of deep satisfaction, but a frightened glance at the havoc she had made, Peggy finished her cleaning, and left the room.

"Run up stairs, Nettie, and put these clothes in Walter's room," said her mother, as Nettie came in from school a half-hour earlier than her brother.

With never a thought of the dismay awaiting her, the little girl ran lightly up the steps, laid the articles in their proper places, and then turned for an admiring glance at the Roman Lady.

With a half-uttered cry, and a sudden terror-stricken clasping of her hands, Nettie stood like one petrified before the disfigured picture. She could not possibly believe her own eyes for a moment; not till she drew nearer, and, reaching up, actually placed her finger in the poor pierced eyes could she realize the terrible, mysterious catastrophe.

Lost in grief and bewilderment she stood, uncertain what to do, till suddenly Walter's voice from below broke the spell that seemed holding her. Instantly all her thought was turned to him; she must try to tell him gently what had happened that he might be spared the sudden shock experienced by her.

Hastening out of the rooms, she stood at the landing of the stairs as he came bounding up, her little face looking pale with grief, and her hands still clasped tightly together. Scarcely noticing her, Walter was passing hastily on, when she laid her hand detainingly on his arm, and said in a low, tremulous voice:

"O Walter, don't, don't go in there yet!"

Her brother stopped and looked at her as if he thought she was suddenly losing her mind. "What in the world is the matter, Nettie, you look as though you had seen something terrible?"

"O Walter," she repeated in reluctant, broken sentences, "the Lady—the Lady——"

In a moment the words had filled him with vague alarm.

"Tell me, Nettie!" he cried almost angrily, "what is it—what do you mean?"

"O Walter, the Roman Lady—has—has had her eyes put out!"

Walter paused only an instant, staring at Nettie in speechless amazement, and then, dashing past her into his room, his own face the next moment was reflecting the impression of hers.

"Who could have done it!" he cried, at last finding voice. Who has ruined my picture? Oh, Nettie, who, who could have done such a thing?"

"I have thought and thought," said Nettie, dejectedly, "and I know it could be no one but Crazy Peggy; I will go and speak to mother about it at once."

She was turning to leave the room when Walter caught her, almost rudely, by the arm. "Stop!" he cried. "I will not have you say anything about it; father and mother never cared about my paintings; everything and everybody is against me; I will never, never try again, and I don't want ever again to hear of my picture!"

Poor boy, grief and anger had taken full possession of him, and seizing the unhappy Roman Lady he hurled her under the bed out of his sight, then threw himself face downward on his pillow.

Nettie did not know what to do; the calamity seemed so great, destroying so suddenly their long-cherished hopes, that there appeared no room for comfort or cheer. But she could not see Walter in such grief without trying to do something for him, and kneeling down beside him she said gently:

"Do try to think it all best, Walter; I have prayed so much to God to let you succeed that I do not believe He means it all to be a failure; perhaps some good may come of it that we can't see!"

"Oh, Nettie, *please* hush!" cried Walter, almost crying in his comfortless grief; "you talk so foolishly, and I don't want to hear any of your own fancies; you see the harm is done and can't be undone, then what's the use of talking of some good that we can't see!"

Poor little Nettie felt, indeed, that it was useless to try to comfort Walter just now, and while trying still to cling to her trust in God's promised help, her own little heart could but feel how forlorn a hope it seemed to looked for good from such apparent failure. She wished she could talk with her mother about it, but Walter was a peculiar boy, and when he said a thing was to be kept quiet, he always meant it, and Nettie knew it would not do to tell of the trouble that had come to them.

Walter was not ready for breakfast the next morning, strange to say, and Nettie, with a face still sad and troubled, went to his room to see what could detain him. The poor boy looked pale and sick.

"I don't want any breakfast, Nettie," said he, "just tell mother that I have a bad headache, and would like to lie still a little longer."

Ah, Nettie knew well enough what it was that was making Walter ill; what if he should break his heart, and never be well again! She had read of such things, and the thought was more than she could bear. Scarcely tasting her own breakfast, she went absently through her Saturday morning duties, followed closely by the longing thought that she *must* do something to help Walter. Had not the busy mother been so engrossed with her many cares, she would have seen something was wrong from the little girl's face.

But suddenly, in the very act of washing the dishes, a new, hopeful idea rushed into Nettie's troubled brain, and the very moment the task was done, away she flew up-stairs again to Walter's room, and crept in softly. Worn out with grief and a restless night, he was now sleeping heavily, and stooping very quietly, Nettie drew the picture from under the bed, and softly left the room.

Only a few squares distant, she had often noticed the sign of an artist's studio, and had sometimes seen beautiful pictures in the window below. Waiting for nothing more than her bonnet, away she hurried, carrying the precious picture in her arms, till arriving at the steps which led to the artist's rooms, she hastened up and, almost breathless, knocked at the door.

Nettie was naturally a very timid little girl, and when the strange gentleman answered immediately her knock, it seemed for a moment as though all her senses flew from her, and she stammered out:

"Please, sir, can you, do you think you can—do anything for a lady that has had her eyes punched out?"

It was very evident, notwithstanding the gentleman's kind and gentle face, that it was difficult for him to keep from smiling at this funny question, but he said encouragingly:

"Come in, my little girl, and let us see what is the matter."

Nettie felt a little better at this kindly invitation, and entering the room, turned toward him the unfortunate Roman Lady.

"Ah, I see," said the artist, another smile playing around his lips, but which he kindly tried to hide. "I see your picture has met with an accident?"

"O, yes, sir," cried Nettie, eagerly. "Walter, my brother, had painted it for the exhibition, and now that this has happened, he is in such trouble that he says he will never, never try again."

The good man looked at the troubled, eager little face before him, and asked sympathizingly:

"What were the eyes like?"

"Like mine, sir," answered Nettie, eagerly; just like mine; I sat for Walter while he painted them. O, sir, do you think you can do anything for us?"

"We'll try," was the kind answer, and, taking a piece of canvas, he skillfully cut two pieces the right size, and as skillfully, with strong mucilage, fastened them in the right place on the back of the canvas. "Now then," said he, turning to Nettie, "just sit still while I see what I can do."

Never had Nettie's dark eyes looked so beautiful as now, with the glad, eager hope beaming in them, making them soft and bright. And after a short time, during which the artist had silently worked, a thoughtful look in his gentle face, he called her to come forward and see the picture.

O, what a wonderful change had come over the Roman Lady! There were the eyes now in which only a close observer could detect anything peculiar, and no longer with the wide, staring expression that had before spoiled them, but soft and beautiful; a few skillful touches of the artist-brush had entirely altered the full, round look of the pretty face, and changed ridges in her hair to soft waves.

Nettie clasped her hands in an ecstasy of delight. "O, sir," she cried, "I don t know how to thank you, and I haven't any money now; but, if Walter sells the picture, I know he will pay you all you ask."

"Never mind about that, my little girl," replied the artist, kindly; "but tell me, has Walter ever had any one to teach him painting?"

"No, sir; no one at all," answered Nettie. "He just loves it so, he tries it all the time by himself."

"Well, suppose you ask him to come to see me, sometime," said the artist, and scarcely waiting longer than to say another earnest "thank you," away Nettie hurried.

She had been absent about two hours when again she crept softly into Walter's room, and to her surprise and delight, found him still sleeping. Climbing noiselessly upon a chair, she hung the lady in her former place, and then sat down beside Walter's bed. Already he was stirring, and, with a groan, opened his eyes; mechanically they turned, as if from habit, to the wall where they had rested so often during those hopeful days; and now, with a great start, he sprang up in bed, exclaiming: "Why, Nettie, what does it all mean, have I been dreaming?" And then, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, Nettie told him her story, ending with the artist's kind message.

And the Roman Lady took her place as proudly as any on the following Monday morning in the great hall, and will you believe it, was actually bought, not for a very great sum, but by a lady who said: "I want that picture just for the earnest, beautiful eyes."

But better than all this, Walter went to study with the kind artist, and when, in time, he, too, became a fine painter, he and Nettie used often to speak of the good that had come from what seemed so great an evil to the dear Roman Lady.
N. Y. Observer.

Canals on the Planet Mars.

A curious discovery, made by Signor Schiaparelli, Director of the Royal Observatory at Milan, seems to start again that old and unanswerable question: "Are the planets inhabited?" This Italian astronomer is one of the most assiduous watchers of the planet Mars. It was he who, in 1877-8, first detected the many dusky bands which traverse and subdivide the ruddy portions of the martial orb. Again, in 1879-80, when the position of the planet was favorable, he reidentified these strange lines; but during last January and February he has been able to observe and map out in more than twenty instances duplications of the dark streaks "covering the equatorial region of Mars with a mysterious network, to which there is nothing remotely analogous on the earth." The Italian astronomer has styled them "canals," for they bear the appearance of long sea-ways, dug through the martial continents, as if a mania for short cuts had seized the inhabitants of the planet, and everybody residing there had become an active M. de Lesseps.—*London Telegraph.*

—Robert Browning has no appreciation of his own incomprehensibility. Several years ago he informed an American publisher that he had written a new poem that was very simple and clear—that *everybody* could understand. The pleased and excited publisher begged the poet to forward it immediately. When it came it turned out to be "The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country"—perhaps the most puzzling of all Browning's mystic productions.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Skilled Farm Hands.

Unskillfulness is scarcely less among hired hands than it is among owners or renters of farms. But nine cases out of ten the failures in farming can be attributed to want of knowledge of business engaged in. It is not difficult to find a man who can do an honest day's work as a drudge—as a human machine. There are a vast number of these human machines attempting to run farms, or to be employed by the month to aid in running one. They are, however, sadly deficient in interest, intelligence and judgment. They can in no respect be called skilled workmen as every farmer, or every one who hires out as a farmer, ought to be. In other business a hand has to serve a time for instruction or insight for which he receives limited wages. But a farm hand who has strong arms, no matter how much he may lack in the knowledge requisite to make him a safe and useful man in the care of stock, teams and the science of crop farming, he demands the highest wages. Men also boldly enter upon the ownership and management of a farm, with all of its intricate business, with less strength than the drudge, and less intelligence as to the profitable management of the farm, than the novice. Of course these are defects, disappointments and disasters.

There is a great error committed toward bright, intelligent farm hands, who have a love for and take an interest in the business and prosperity of the farm. There is not a sufficient distinction made nor a proper social position given on the farm to the worthy and intelligent young man, above that of the drudge who always intends to remain in his present position. Farmers who manage large or smaller farms do not make a difference sufficient in their monthly wages paid between the active, skilled and faithful hand and the one who does not know anything and never wants to. If the latter gets $18 per month, it is considered a sufficient reward of merit to give the other $20 per month. This pittance of reward to the bright young man who has a love for and a pride in his work, and who is worth twice or thrice that of the drudge in the safety of the farm and its stock, drives our brightest boys into other business, and their enterprise and intelligence is forever lost to this branch of industry. The boy or man who can be trusted, who is faithful wherever placed, and who intends to excel in his business, can at once get $35 to $45 per month in any place where true integrity always is rewarded. Farming can afford to pay it as well as other branches of industry.

But the lack of farm managers, or fathers of noble sons to appreciate integrity is driving the flower and intelligence of the rural districts to other fields, where genius, talents and integrity are appreciated. We regret this state of affairs, but cannot shut our eyes to the fatal influence it is constantly having upon the intellectual and moral standing of the agricultural class. The skilled farmer is not retained on the farm by not fully appreciating his worth. There is not a sufficient incentive held out to the young man to become proficient as a farmer. Nor do a sufficient number of young men on the farm wake up to all of the possibilities of their future life. Too many are content with the dull routine of the drudge or the dolt.

There is an immense demand for bright, faithful, skilled young men on the farm, and in all other departments of industry and science. Such men are the rarest and scarcest article in the market. Wake up, young men on the farm, and your merits and usefulness will not go unrewarded. There is an urgent demand for you in the world, and you will as certainly attain to the position which you deserve as that water will seek its level.—*Iowa State Register.*

Cattle Feeding.

The nitrogenous elements of food are what make flesh, skin, hair, etc., and the carbonaceous elements are used first for the production of heat, and what remains to produce fat. Nitrogenous foods, or foods that are rich in nitrogen are flesh or muscle formers and carbonaceous foods, or foods that are rich in carbon, are fat formers. In addition to these, mineral elements are needed to form bone and cartilages. It will be seen also from this, how necessary it is to know the character of the food which we are feeding with definite purpose in view. The composition of the most common grains and foods is known, or should be, and when anything is to be fed whose chemical composition we are ignorant of, a resort should be had to chemistry to determine just what it is good for.

The principal nitrogenous foods, or flesh formers, are wheat, bran, oats, clover, linseed meal and oil cake. The principal carbonaceous foods, or fat formers, are corn, starch, sugar and oil. When the food contains much gum, mucilage and albumen, it is rich in nitrogen, and called an albuminoid. When a food is rich in sugar, starch or gum, it is chiefly composed of carbon and hydrogen, and is called a carbohydrate.

With this understanding of the composition of foods, feeding them becomes intelligent. What is the object sought? Is it a young animal? If so, the object is to make flesh or muscle, and not fat, and therefore that food which contains a large per cent. of albuminoids is necessary. If fat is desired, the percentage must be in favor of the carbohydrates. Real scientific feeding requires that the nitrogenous and carbonaceous elements should be in proper proportion, and experiment has demonstrated that the proper ratio of albuminoids to carbo-hydrates is one to five for grown animals, and one to three for young animals. Hay generally contains about eight and a-half per cent. of albuminoids and forty-three per cent. of carbo-hydrates, and grass contains three per cent. of albuminoids and fifteen per cent. of carbo-hydrates. These are natural foods, and staple. But as these have to be supplemented with other foods, we give below the relative proportion of albuminoids to carbo-hydrates in a number of foods: Linseed meal about twenty-eight per cent. of albuminoids and forty-one per cent. of carbo-hydrates; corn ten per cent. of the former and sixty-eight per cent. of the latter; oats ten per cent of the former and fifty per cent. of the latter; barley nine per cent. of the former and sixty-five per cent. of the latter; bran fourteen per cent. of the former and fifty per cent. of the latter; clover thirteen per cent. of the former, thirty per cent. of the latter; dry corn fodder, three per cent. of the former and thirty per cent. of the latter; oat straw three per cent. of the former and thirty-eight per cent. of the latter; sugar beets one per cent. of the former and fifteen per cent. of the latter; mangolds, one per cent. of the former and nine per cent. of the latter; potatoes, two per cent. of the former and twenty-one per cent. of the latter.

No more perfect food than wheat bran can be found for young animals as it contains a ratio of thirteen to fifty or one to three and a half. For maturer animals oats are a perfect food, containing a ratio of twelve to sixty or one to five. By combining the richer with the poorer foods, we can have just what we want.—*Western Rural.*

—At Magnolia, Miss., a bear went to the house of Eli Crawford, and, walking in at the open door, took a two-year-old baby and started off with it. The other children and the dog made such lively protest that he dropped the prize, but just as he left the door picked up another, which he also lost by the lag of a little hickbone.—*Chicago Journal.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—An Ogdensburgh (N. Y.) florist has a solitaire rose bush which has over five hundred feet of branches trained in three green houses. It yields about twenty buds a day.

—Black cotton gloves should be treated to a bath of scalding hot salt and water before wearing. Hang them up to dry without wringing, and when they are almost dry, put them on the hand to stretch them and get them in proper shape.—*Denver Tribune.*

—One of the most extensive rice-planters near Georgetown, S. C., has planted his entire crop this year by machinery. This is said to be perhaps the first instance in South Carolina, if not in the entire South, in which a whole rice crop has been planted with machines.

—If our fruit raisers will in years of abundance turn their attention to converting the surplus fresh fruits into dried products, a large market for the same may be developed in Europe. Already millions of pounds of dried apples are exported annually.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Here is a hint for the careful housewife who wishes to make the most of everything. When your red tablecloth is too much worn in spots to use any longer on the table, cut the good parts in the shape of napkins, fringe them out for about an inch, if inclined to ravel easily overcast them, and it will be many a long day before any member of your family will discover that they are not regular "boughten" fruit napkins.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A safe and almost sure remedy for an inflamed eye is to bathe the afflicted member in lukewarm water, into which a small quantity of common table salt has been dissolved. Hold the eyes open while bathing, and immediately relief will be experienced. Bathing the eyes morning and night in cold water is an excellent practice for those who are obliged to use their eyes to any extent. The water acts like a tonic, and strengthens and brightens the eyes. The eyes should be kept open as much as possible during the process of bathing them.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—In gardens poisonous plants are few in number, and of no great value for decorative purposes. A very large proportion of the flowers that are in highest repute for beauty, such as the rose, dahlia, pelargonium, begonia, wallflower, stock, carnation and primula, are altogether harmless, although for the most part of no value whatever as articles of food. But as there are so many decorative plants that will not injure, even if eaten, it is easy to exclude from the garden a certain few that are noxious, and that have sometimes been associated with sad fatalities. The rooting out of the great blue aconite or monkshood, the root of which contains a virulent poison, and has yet been many times served on the table as horseradish, is therefore recommended.—*Denver Tribune.*

The Shearing Floor.

The steady annual increase in weight of fleece that is noticeable each shearing time, bears fitting testimony to the intelligence and liberality of American breeders, who already have a record that will lose nothing in comparison with that of their most fortunate predecessors. A careful study of the shearing returns of the present year, and their comparison with those made a few years ago, will reveal the interesting fact that the increase in the aggregate production of wool in the United States is due, in a greater degree, to an augmented yield from each animal, than to the increase in numbers of sheep. The average yield of wool from each sheep, in 1881, was more than 50 per cent. above that of 1860, or about 5½ pounds per head in the former, as against 3¼ pounds per head in the latter year. These figures possess great significance. They demonstrate not only that more than 1½ pounds of wool is now growing where, with the same food and labor, but one grew before, but that it is of superior quality—as the strength and uniformity of fiber is largely dependent upon the vigor and steadiness of its growth. But the measure of improvement is not fully indicated by the shearing record. The high physical development necessary for securing a good fleece record, insures an increased meat production, which finds ready welcome in the best markets on either side of the Atlantic.

The relation that the shearing floor sustains to the breeding pen is such that the aspiring breeder can rarely afford to study the one disassociated with the other. Speculation as to the shearing qualities of the shepherd's favorites must tarry at the threshold of the barn, while they are subjected to the inexorable test of the shears and scales. As the glamour of distinguished ancestry, however much it may avail, must here pale or glow under friction of the crucial test, the flock manager should spend most of the day on the shearing floor, noting such animals as show a variation from the average of the flock standard, so that the better can be retained, while the inferior ones are relegated to the shambles, or some less exacting ownership. Weight of fleece should not be the only desideratum—though when estimated with reference to the percentage of scoured wool it will yield, weight is a prime consideration in a flock designed for wool growing. Uniformity of fiber, as regards both length and diameter throughout the entire fleece, enhances its marketable value. This value may be still further enhanced by securing uniformity in all the fleeces, so that the examination of a few will enable the buyer to form a conclusion as to the entire lot. Thus, by a few years of intelligent oversight, the flock owner can secure a reputation for his wool that will insure him ready sales at the highest ruling prices, while his less careful neighbors are holding and complaining of unsatisfactory offerings from reluctant buyers. Competition in the wool manufacture has forced buyers of raw material into a more intelligent discrimination than characterized their transactions a few years ago; and while there is not yet so broad a line between really meritorious clips and those thrown upon the market in a slovenly or deceptive condition, there is a yearly brightening prospect for those who strive to secure something more than reputation for good work through a careful oversight of the shearing floor.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Raising the Sunflower for Its Seed.

For a year or two the subject of feeding the seed of sunflowers to fowls has been referred to in poultry journals, frequently with approval, and we have seen no word in opposition. Although this flower, if it can be so called, has come into favor even among ladies and some pantaloon creatures who are said to be of the male gender, it is by no means an attractive floral attribute. It is something among flowers that the elephant is among beasts, huge and uncouth. Still, if it possesses the merit of producing wholesome food for the feathered tribe, it is to that extent so much beyond flowers in solid value.

But it being proved that it is a plant of more or less value for its seed, and being very hardy in its nature, it substitutes usefulness for beauty; and as it will grow in every out-of-the-way corner and place, where scarcely anything else can be cultivated, it can be honestly recommended to the keeper of fowls to appropriate such plots of ground to the raising of it for its seed. It would not require much space to produce from three to five bushels of seed, which would be a substantial addition to the winter season's supply of chicken-food.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Champion Needle Story.

A lady living in the vicinity of Blairsville has had a somewhat remarkable experience. When a little girl, she put a sewing-needle in her mouth, which got into her throat. As it entered the throat crosswise it lodged, and her mother made an attempt to get it out, but it disappeared. The family were greatly alarmed and called in a physician, but as the needle could not be seen nothing could be done, and just fears were entertained of serious consequences. In a short time, however, the injury the throat had sustained healed, and as no further inconvenience was experienced the matter was forgotten or recalled only as a strange affair. The little girl grew to womanhood, married, and became a mother, enjoying all the while excellent health. A few days ago she began to experience a jagging sensation in one of her thighs, which became at times very annoying and painful. Finally the end of a needle made its appearance through the flesh, which she caught and extracted—beyond all doubt the identical needle swallowed years ago. To the uninitiated, at least, it seems very strange that a sewing-needle should spend more than a dozen of years in making such a pilgrimage through a human body without giving greater inconvenience or pain than in this case.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Commercial.*

Mosquitoes and Elephants.

Thick as is an elephant's skin, no living creature suffers more from flies, mosquitoes, leeches and other vermin than he. The pores are very large, and gadflies and mosquitoes, etc., worm themselves into the hollow and suck to repletion. Thus the whole day long they are constantly throwing up dirt, squirting saliva or water, to get rid of these pests, to the great annoyance of their riders. They snore a good deal when asleep, and I have often seen them resting their heads on an outstretched foot lying down. They are very human-like in many of their ways. They get a piece of wood and use it as a toothpick. They scratch themselves with the tip of their proboscis, and if they can not reach the place with that they take up a branch and use that. Natives say that they plug up bullet holes with clay, but I never knew an instance of it myself.—*London Field.*

—The first instance where physicians are mentioned in the Bible is II Chronicles, xvi, 12: "And Asa, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet until the disease was exceedingly great; yet in his disease he sought not the Lord, but to the physicians." The compiler coolly adds, as though a natural consequence: "And Asa slept with his fathers."

—The startling news is telegraphed that Siberia is overrun with mice. Now can't we utilize this fact to get all the cats in the country shipped to Siberia?

THE New York papers call the murderers of Lord Cavendish "diabolical miscreants." We wonder what language those New York editors would use in describing the fiend who lives near our residence, and keeps a green parrot, and plays on the flute on moonlight nights!—*Texas Siftings.*

"I SAY, pa," said young hopeful at breakfast this morning. "What do they mean when they talk about a 'political flirt?'" "A political flirt, my son, is a despicable kind of a man who goes from one party to another for the sake of office. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nawthin' much. Only up to the store last night they said you was the meanest political flirt in these parts, and I thought at the time it wasn't much of a compliment. Another cup of coffee, ma?" "Don't you give it to the impudent scamp," screamed the old gentleman. "Go away from the table, sir. I'll teach you—you—you."—*New Haven Register.*

AN exchange says Jesse James died poor. That is his own fault. He ran through a great deal of property, mostly lead, during his life. He ran through some of it very rapidly, too.—*Siftings.*

THE other day a colored lady of standing, Mrs. Simpson, purchased a Gainsborough, and visited Mrs. Fennell. It was evident that Mrs. Simpson possessed a few airs which she wished to display over Mrs. Fennell. "My husband," said Mrs. Simpson, "wanted me for git a finer hat den dis, but reflecting dat de $20 bills in de bottom of de drawer was getten sauter sea'ce like, I concluded to content myself wid a $5 hat." "Well, yer was savin'," remarked Mrs. Fennell, and stepping to the door, exclaimed—"Tilly, take dat $1,000 bill away from that chile. He tore up two yesterday. Dar ain't no sense in allowin' chillen ter 'stroy money in dat way." Mrs. Simpson retired, realizing that her hat was a failure.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

A CELEBRATED RASE.—Imburger.—*Puck.*

COOK: "Madame, may I ask you for my testimonials?" Mistress: "What do you expect me to write, you worthless creature? Surely, I cannot say that I am satisfied with you." Cook: "Isn't necessary. Only write that I remained with you three months. That will be my best recommendation."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Malarial Fever.

Malarial Fevers, Rheumatism, etc., result most frequently from inactivity of the liver and kidneys. You make a great mistake and do yourself great injustice unless you bestow upon these important organs of life most careful attention. It is wrong to persistently turn the liver upside down by the use of severe cathartic medicines, or to lash the kidneys into complete exhaustion by overdoses of violent diuretics. Strength can be given to liver and kidneys, new life and vigor infused into every part of the body, old age be made to feel youthful, and disease banished from the body by using the Queen of all health renewers, Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, a medicine any mother had once used with benefit. It has acted like a miracle in my case, and I now feel perfectly well."

A WOUNDED conscience is able to unparadise paradise itself.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"THEY you are paying attention to old Grinder's daughter, are you, my son?" "Yes, mother; I have waited upon Miss Grinder somewhat. She's a nice sort of girl. Father's got money." "Precious little good that'll do you, my son. He's the closest man in these parts." "But you know, mother, he can't live forever, and——" "Don't you be too sure. I've known old Grinder for forty years, and he hasn't died yet." This set the young man to thinking.

Profit, $1,300.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."—*N. Y. Farmer.*

WHAT is a candle? One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

NOW THAT the season for Summer Complaints is upon us, every family should have a bottle of WARNER'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM in the house to use promptly when required. It is the best known remedy for Diarrhea, Dysentery, Flux, &c. For Sale by all Druggists.

WHY is a fish-hook like the letter F? Because it will make an out fast.

SKINNY MAN.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, $1.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

WHY is a tender-hearted philanthropist like a horse? Because his steps are arrested by the cry of woe.

***"By asking too much we may lose the little that we had before." Kidney-Wort asks nothing but a fair trial. This gives it hosts of friends by its virtues. A lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two quarts of Kidney-Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

WHEN a man has the small-pox a second time, he finds himself the subject of remark.—*Texas Siftings.*

WE kill our rulers when we remove from the human system whatever disorganizes the nerves. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills relieve from subjection to the power of headache, sleeplessness and dyspepsia. They contain no opium or hurtful drug. Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure is a sure and perfect remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Scalp.

ALL the other powers crowd Hanlan appear to be numbsculls.—*Boston Post.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

GENTLEMAN (who has stepped on a lady's foot).—"Pardon, madam, pray take it for hand squeeze."—*Philopolis Bulletin.*

Cancer and Other Tumors

are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

IN what respect did Absalom differ from a hound? The hound catches the hare, but Absalom, confound it, was caught by the hair.

Fits, Fits, Fits,

successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

A "FEATHER MAN" remarked that the big mastiffs on exhibition at the dog show had bark enough in them to run a tan yard.

☞ Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Black, &c. Only 10c.

WHY is a postman in danger of losing his way? Because he is guided by the directions of strangers.

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

MR. MIDDLEKITE calls his straw hat "Saratoga" because it's a "summery sort."

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water.