THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

D. LUTZ, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

FORTY.

With many a careless, joyous bound,
With many a weary, tread-mill round,
O'er smooth-spread turf or dangerous ground;
By many a limpid stream and mild,
By many a mountain torrent wild,
I, from a simple, trusting child,
Have wandered on to forty.

From feet that skipped to sober tread—
From mind with foolish fancies fed,
To sounder judgment, wiser head;
The change to work from thoughtless play;
The change from graver thoughts to gay
Which came to me along the way
I strode while reaching forty.

Through visions wild it had real seemed,
Through visions wilder than I dreamed,
Through shadows where the silver gleamed,
Through sunny places half o'ercast
By eerie shapes which flitted fast—
For brightness cannot always last,
And youth must merge in forty.

Now let me count my treasures o'er,
What have I won or lost? Far more
Have lost than gained. Such boundless store
Of faith and hope I boasted, when
I wandered from a lad of ten
To where my vision broadened. *Then*
My faith exceeded forty.

Somewhat have learned, and much unlearned—
Some good received, much more have spurned;
And much that might have been discerned
I left unheeded—wandering by
With careless or averted eye;
Forgetting that the moments fly
So fast from youth to forty.

I've reached the summit of the race,
And would move on with slower pace;
But forty has no breathing place;
So shift and turn me as I will
The years will crowd and jostle still,
And I may hasten down the hill
To score another forty.

I view the path I've wandered on,
Where forty years have come and gone,
And much of faith and hope lie strewn,
And pray they may prove finest gold
The remnant of the faith I hold,
And shred of hope I still infold,
And last another forty.

—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

VERY ROMANTIC.

Married Without Bridesmaids and Had Two Wedding Days.

Everything had been duly and properly arranged for our wedding. The engagement of Miss Nell Bartley to Mr. Bertram Langley had been duly announced in the fashion column of a leading society journal, and the wedding day had arrived.

I am Bertram Langley—commonly called Bert—and, while I confess to be most sincerely and entirely in love with my little Nell, I must add I had been quite annoyed about our marriage, first at the persistence with which she insisted upon a grand wedding.

I hate fuss and parade, and have an old-time notion that a marriage rehearsed giddily and eventually solemnized before a crowd of gossiping, gaping people, is robbed of all its sweet purity. Then, too, the trousseau! The whole business is a nuisance! Excuse the big word, but my feelings are strong on that point. What on earth a woman wants of clothes enough to last five years, and gew-gaws more than she can ever hope to use, I never could see; unless, indeed, she entertains a horrible suspicion that the new firm may refuse to furnish a fresh supply.

It's all right, I suppose, since they all do so, but it was a trying time for me, I can tell you. I could scarcely get a glimpse of Nell, she was so busy with dressmakers, milliners, etc.; and when I did see her she was in such a rattling hurry to be off to keep an appointment with some workwoman or other, that I actually grew a little savage.

For a month before we were to be married I believe I never entered the house once but Kate, Nell's sister, rushed into the room with an—

"Excuse me, Bert, but Nell is wanted a moment." Or, "Dont look cross, Bert, but Nellie must see Madame This or That," till I lost all patience.

There was another cause of annoyance, too. Nell's father was a rich man, and as able as he was willing to furnish his daughter with as much finery as she might desire, while I, on the contrary, was a man with his way to still make in the world.

True, I had a fair income and fair prospects, but I could not hope to give to Nell as luxurious a home or as elaborate a wardrobe as her papa provided, at least not for some years; but I could afford to support a wife, and I loved Nell with all my heart.

When I asked Mr. Bartley's consent to our marriage, he was at first just a little inclined to find fault with my financial condition. An older man, with a well secured fortune, would have suited him better. He had a most unwholesome dread of fortune hunters, and even went so far as to have a mild suspicion that I might be just a bit interested in that way; but all that wore off in time, and we were on the best of terms.

I only mention this to show how a suspicion once entertained will return on the faintest invitation, and not unfrequently on none at all; for the time came when Mr. Bartley not only entertained this unjust surmise, but eagerly hugged this foul thought to his heart, and grew murderous in that vital organ toward me—Bertram Langley—as innocent a man as ever stepped.

The day before the one fixed for our marriage Nell and I had our first tiff. I called to inform her of the smallest possible hitch in the church machinery. The regular sexton was obliged to leave town, but had secured the services of his brother (a very deaf and stupid man, as it turned out). Possibly she might have some instructions to give him.

I waited full half an hour in the reception room, cooling my heels and warming my wrath, before Nell rushed in.

"What is it, Bert?" she asked, breathlessly. "I am awful busy!"

A spark is enough to ignite a whole city if it only falls upon highly inflammable material, and a word is quite enough to raise a furious temper in a man who is aching to get mad; so I answered, curtly—

"If you are in such a hurry, it is no matter what I wished to say."

Nell opened her brown eyes in surprise.

"I've got to select some lace," she exclaimed, "and Kate can't wait."

"Neither can I!" I retorted, shortly, pulling on my gloves. Then after a moment I added: "You think a great deal of furbelows, don't you?"

"Indeed, I do?"

"I am afraid you will have to do with vastly less when you are married."

Nell tossed her head saucily.

"All the more reason I should be allowed to enjoy these papa gave me."

That shot went home. I bit my lips, but managed to keep cool outside, though inwardly I was boiling.

"It is not too late to retreat," I said, coolly. "If you repent your bargain, there is time to escape."

Nell's eyes grew big with horror at the idea.

"Indeed, it is entirely too late!" she cried out. "Why, everybody knows it! All our set have cards—I should die of mortification to put it off now! We must go on, any way; I have no fancy for being a laughing stock for every one."

"Better be laughed at a week than miserable for a lifetime," I retorted.

Nell opened her lips to answer, but just at that moment Kate put her head in at the door.

"Nell! Nell! Excuse me Bert—" I stayed to hear no more, but [illegible] on my heel and strode a[illegible]

No sooner had [illegible] myself; and when my [illegible] brother and [illegible] station, rushed in and told [illegible] his wife ill at home, so [illegible] to see me married, the [illegible] of [illegible] departed and [illegible] great wave of tenderness swept over my heart for the brown-eyed girl whom I knew was to marry me to-morrow only because she loved me far better than the elegance of her father's home or the costly trifles he could give her.

Tom was ill at ease and worried, and I knew nothing but my marriage or funeral could have induced him to leave home when Lettie was ill.

Next morning I saw Nellie for a moment only, but the kiss I pressed on her dear little mouth was a silent plea for pardon, and a promise for better control over my temper next time.

Evening came—the church was packed—and I, feeling most uncommonly stiff and awkward in a span new suit and speckless gloves, was awaiting in the vestry.

Nellie was to enter on her father's arm, followed by her bridesmaids and groomsmen—six in number—while I was to enter in the nick of time from the vestry, the minister from his study, and meet before the altar.

It was all very pretty, but I almost knew I should make a mess of it—and I did, with a vengeance.

I had requested to be allowed to be alone, so as to keep my part in mind, and for the same reason went early to the church, not to be stared at and confused, for this show affair was not one bit to my mind.

Just at the last moment Tom came rushing in, followed by the regular sexton.

"I've got a telegram from Lettie," said Tom, his voice quivering. "She is worse, and I must start at once. Just time to catch the train. Good-bye, old boy! God bless you!"

"I'm going too, just came to wish you joy, Mr. Bert," said the sexton, who had known me since I was a lad. "Sorry I can't see you married. My road's the same as your brother's, so I'll go with him;" and off they both hurried, the door shutting with a sharp click behind them.

The time for the arrival of the wedding party drew near; I advanced to the door that opened into the church, designing to open it and peep through. It resisted my efforts. I struggled with it sharply, no use! the door was locked!

Muttering a curse on the stupidity of the sexton, I strode to the outer door. In shutting the door it too had become locked, and I was as fast as fate.

Great drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead. What was to be done? I asked myself the question and mopped my face with my immaculate handkerchief, but failed to find the answer.

Then I flew back to the inner door and listened. The organ was playing gayly, and a subdued hush told me that Nellie was entering on her father's arm, and here I was standing, caged like a rat.

Oh, how I tried to open that door! My gloves split, and the perspiration ran in rivers down my face and dropped off the end of my nose; but not one inch could I budge it.

I have wondered since how I should have looked if I had succeeded in bursting open the door and been suddenly projected before the creme de la creme with limp collar, torn gloves and distended eyes. I can smile now, but I can assure you I saw no fun in it then.

I tried the door till positively no hope remained in that direction. Then I flew again to the outer door and pounded and even shouted, but to no purpose.

Utterly hopeless, I returned to the inner door once more. All was silent. Should I thunder upon its panels and proclaim my presence and demand to be "let out?" Nobody likes to look like a fool if he can help it—and I hesitated.

I glanced around. The windows caught my eye—why had I not thought of them? I could at least make my escape, and the ceremony might be delayed, and consequently awkward; still Nell would not be utterly put to shame. Like the madman I was, I seized the table, dragged it to the window, sprang upon it, and climbed on to the high and narrow window-sill; throwing up the sash, I prepared to leap out; but I had reckoned without my host; the cord that held the weight was broken, consequently the moment my hand left the sash the window descended with startling rapidity, striking me full upon the head, and knocking me off the narrow sill, dashing my head against the sharp corner of the table, and at last landing me full length on the floor.

I tried to rise; something warm rushed over my face; I put up my hand to clear my eyes—my hand was covered with blood.

I felt giddy and weak, still I staggered to my feet; then a black mist arose around me, and I knew no more.

This was Thursday eve. Sunday afternoon the sexton, returning to his duties, found me lying upon the floor half dead, wholly delirious, my face covered with blood, and a hole in my head large enough to let the life out of any man. That mine was spared was because I had fallen with the wound down, and the soft pile of the carpet acted like lint to staunch the blood.

As soon as I could control my thoughts I begged to know of Nellie. Poor little girl! she had been quite overwhelmed. When I failed to appear Kate's husband rushed out to inquire of the sexton if he had seen me. He was positive that I had been there, and equally positive that I had left again in company with his brother—said he could not be mistaken—both seemed to be in a great hurry and had jumped into a carriage and been driven rapidly away.

Messengers were sent to my hotel, but without gaining a clue to my whereabouts; so after a mortifying wait Nellie had been taken home, and the very morning of the day I was discovered the whole family sailed for Europe.

As soon as I was able to stand, I sailed in search of the woman I had so innocently humiliated. Not knowing her whereabouts it was two months before I found her. At last, one evening, wandering on the sea shore of a quiet little English town, I espied her—and alone.

That she believed me a most blackened villain was plain, for the look she gave me when she recognized my presence was one of unutterably contempt. Now that I had found her I was determined she should hear the truth.

"Nellie," I cried, hurrying to her, and grasping both her little hands before she had time to escape.

"Well, sir," she replied, haughtily, trying, but trying in vain to free her hands.

"My darling," I pleaded, "you will at least hear a man before you condemn him?"

Her face flushed angrily.

"What can you say," she burst out, hotly, "that will make your conduct less dastardly? Have you not made me the object of every one's ridicule and contemptuous pity! Offering me public insult no woman could ever forgive? Have you not made me hate everybody, myself most of all? What more do you wish, Bertram Langley—you villain!"

I winced a little at the [illegible] as I thought of my [illegible] though God knows I [illegible] them here, before [illegible]

"Why [illegible] you [illegible] where [illegible]

"[illegible] did not run [illegible]

[illegible] Nell, [illegible] of horror creeping [illegible] eyes.

a little foolishly, "Come and sit down and let me tell you. I am quite fit yet."

This was a master stroke. Nell seated herself without demur, and I, half sitting, half lying at her feet, related to her the chapter of my misfortunes.

Dear little girl! her face brightened before I was half through—indeed, I am sorry to say she laughed quite heartily; but she became sober when I told her about the window coming down, and leaned over and kissed the scar on my head tenderly, and I knew that peace and confidence were restored.

After a while we fell to talking it over in a general way.

"It was a dreadful blow to me," said Nell, pensively; "I thought that my heart was broken."

"I thought it was a pretty tough blow myself." I laughed. "By Jove, I thought my head was broken! When that window came down it knocked me higher than Gildersoy's kite! The next time we are married, Nell, I won't be left to dig out of any such ridiculous hole as a vestry; if there are any windows that have got to be jumped out of, we'll hop out together."

Great was the family wonder to see us walk in together; but everything was all right as soon as explained, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartley consented that Nell and I might be married next day in the quaint little church in the place.

And so we were. I led my bride in myself, and Papa and Mamma Bartley followed soberly behind, and Kate and her husband were all the crowd we had.

A curate, who had a bad cold, officiated, and the time-honored and world-renowned Dickens woman pew-opener, shabby and snuffy, was on hand to make everything romantic and proper.

So this is why we were married without bridesmaids, and had two wedding days.—*Boston Statesman.*

Missing Men.

An old detective who "dropped in" on the "gang" at the Central, the other morning, was in a communicative mood on the topic of missing people, and pretaced a singular story with the following words: "There was a man from a town in this State, not very far away from here, who acted the funniest you ever see, and if his folks hadn't been pretty 'fly' it would have made the best missing-man story for the papers I ever heard." The story, stripped of the vernacular of the old detective, runs in this wise: A merchant in one of the inland towns went to the bank and drew $1,000. He went from there to his market-place, purchased three spring chickens, had them dressed, sent them to his house with a note to his wife asking her to have them prepared in a particular manner, suitable to his epicurean taste, adding that he would be at home at six o'clock p. m. promptly, with a friend who would spend the evening with the host and hostess. The wife was one of those rare women whose happiness was always most supreme when she was contributing to the comfort of her husband. They were the model man and wife of the Sucker hamlet, and their lives together made a harmonious combination by which the good people of the place really seemed to regulate their own domestic pleasures. The dinner was ready at the hour, and the little wife sat on the doorstep of her cottage awaiting the coming of her lord and his companion. A remark of the detective at this point of the story is too much to the point to be changed: "She hung out there till it was pitch dark, and the chicken was as cold as the stone step she was sitting on, and then she began to get fidgety." In response to the inquiry of a messenger sent down town, it was learned that he had not invited his friend to dinner, and that the last seen of him he was boarding a train bound for Chicago. It was further learned that he was perfectly sober; in fact, he had never been known to be an excessive drinker. A week's absence brought no tidings of his whereabouts, and his wife, accompanied by several friends, came to Chicago to make inquiries. Not a trace could be found. New York officials were notified, and the steamship officers consulted. No tidings came back. Liverpool and London detective bureaus were furnished with the man's photograph and the details of his habits, but never a word of information was received from them. The wife gave him up for dead, the supposition being that he had come to Chicago, had been robbed, killed and thrown into the lake, which seems to be forever at the command of the murderous thugs who infest this city. The day on which he left home was the 15th of November, 1881. (The skeptical reader must bear in mind that there are spring chickens in this latitude in the autumn.) About the 1st of May a Monarch line steamer lay in the bay in front of New York City, and two Illinois men waved their handkerchiefs to their native land. One of these men was a Chicagoan, the other was from the inland town. The Chicago man came home, and he told the story to the detectives that he had met his acquaintance in a coffee-house in the Strand; that the man was drunk and verging on delirium. "He sobered him up," and got him on board the steamer. As they were en route home the inland man told him about buying chickens for a dinner, and his intention of having a delightful evening home. That he went to the depot to pay a freight bill and a passenger train thundered in. That instantaneously the thought came to him to run up to Chicago for a night, intending to telegraph his wife to that effect. As soon as he reached this city it occurred to him to get drunk. Then he went to New York and continued his spree. While having a jolly good time he concluded to go to Europe, and bought a ticket, giving an assumed name, and embarked—drunk. He was drunk all the way over. He went to Liverpool, London, Glasgow, came back to London, crossed the channel—drunk all the time—went to Paris, remained drunk, came back to Liverpool, then to London again, where the Chicago man found him. When they touched New York the inland town man said: "I am going to the telegraph office to send a message to my wife to have those chickens warmed over. It will be the first information she has had of my movements since I sent the chickens home."—*Chicago Times.*

Drying Her Husband' Grave.

A Chinaman died soon after his marriage with a young and lovely woman. As he was dying the wife was loud in her protestations of grief and her determination not to marry again. The husband was not unreasonable; he only asked that if she did take another spouse she would wait till the earth upon his grave was dry. He died and was buried, and many a young and handsome bachelor of the Province of Shantung was present at his funeral. She listened to no suitor, for woman's heart is tender, and she cloaked with as soon forget the first one. Daily she stole to his grave, [illegible] ways, but no tear fell upon [illegible] good care of that. As [illegible] Chinaman happ[illegible] fanning, not [illegible] His asked [illegible] of her hus[illegible] tear fell upon [illegible]

Farmers and Farm Help.

As there are "books and books"—meaning good and bad ones—so there are "men and men." Some farmers never have any trouble with their help and the farm work moves as steadily and with as little friction as clock-work; others are incessantly in trouble and everything goes wrong. We are acquainted with men who are laborers by the month or year on the farm, and who make their employers' interest their own. They work as well when the "boss" is away as when he is near, and, in everything they do, they consider how they would act if in their employer's position. There are others, also, who labor simply for the money they receive; they have no interest in the work, but listen with a keen ear for the dinner horn and watch with eager eye for the setting of the sun. To do the work somehow—not necessarily well—is the principle which governs them.

The farmer who is particular as to whom he employs; who has the bargain well understood, who pays well, pays willingly and pays promptly; who appreciates good service and fairly fulfills his part of the agreement, need have little fear of being troubled by his help. For such employers there is always some one to offer service; such employers are sought by "hired men," and in nine cases out of ten, satisfaction is mutual. But, unfortunately, not all employers are thus careful as to whom they hire or how they treat their help. They select from the "rough scuff" class, from tramps and those who never have had a steady situation, simply because they can hire them for twenty-five cents less per day though, in reality, they receive a half dollar per day less in return for services. The usual result is that the farmer has to oversee all his work personally, look after the implements when not in use, go here and go there to give instructions, and thus lose largely his own time which, with intelligent, industrious help, could be elsewhere more profitably employed. In fact, each is intent on getting the most possible from the other, neither having the welfare of the other at heart. Such a condition of things is neither agreeable nor profitable.

We are aware that the same differences are liable to arise between employers and employed in other occupations, but the effects are more striking and more noticeable on the farm than in the work-shop or store where the routine of duty is more easily marked and the labor is more mechanical in its nature. Farm work can never be reduced to such exactness in detail that the workman can perform it satisfactorily unless he is thoroughly interested in it, and in hearty sympathy with his employer. So much for the hired hand, and on the other hand, to keep this interest alive, there must be on the part of the employer the approval and appreciation of work faithfully done.

But there is something more in this than the bare facts of work well done and well remunerated. There is a genuine satisfaction on the part of both employer and employe, and the resultant happiness which accrues to the men themselves and to their respective families is a thing to be sought for and prized. But when the men are continually at "loggerheads," their families feel the reactive influence, and even society is, in a degree, affected adversely by it. Whatever, then, will bring about mutual contentment and good will among farmers and their help should be fostered, and while "hired men" are fallible, the farmer should remember that it is largely in his power to make their mutual relations agreeable.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Farmers' Banes and Their Remedies.

The farm ought to be the farmer's bank, to be trusted with his spare dollars not needed by himself and family, safe from defaulting savings banks, treasurers and clerks, and the disasters of stock speculation. Better invested in the farm in these days of low interest, when savings banks and towns pay only about four per cent. interest, and the U. S. four per cent. bonds not even so much, after paying in the neighborhood of twenty per cent. premium, which they now command in the market; yet farmers in a body, will sell hay for $18 or $20 per ton, often for $12 or $15 to be sent in bales to the cities, while it should be consumed on the farm, thereby selling off a little piece of his ancestral farm until it is all gone, so far as its value and fertility is concerned, and helping to fill the pockets of the middleman who thrives by the foolishness of others. Thus such farmers, during their lifetime, may rake a few thousand dollars from the farm, if they have been lucky, place it in other investments outside, which they may look upon with satisfaction towards the sunset of life, and exclaim, see, all this I have made from selling hay off the farm, and the farm left; but alas! what a farm, compared with the ancestral farm of fifty years ago, with four oxen and six or eight cows, and the proportionate number of young cattle that once graced the stalls of the average farmer of that day. By a strange metamorphosis, the oxen have become old team horses, so poor that their hips almost protrude through the skin, laboring, both they and their masters, at starvation prices, drawing cord wood and saw logs for the lumber speculators, who ride by in their top buggies with splendid outfit.

Now we are talking about these hay-selling farmers, let us go up into their corn chambers that their fathers built over the great beams of the barn, which were annually spread deep with corn from one end to the other—there is nothing here now but old farm trumpery; here a rat would starve; even the old corn smell has long since passed away; but one thing has not passed away—it haunts him like a ghost—he has to meet it once a year at least—I mean a great store bill for Western corn and meal. This comes of hay-selling. The hay sold brings no manure; no manure, no corn; the corn must be bought to feed the teams and other farm stock out of the sales of the hay. When that is done what is left? "Of two evils choose the least." If I must do either let me buy hay, rather than sell.

Another bane to the farmer is to feed the mowing fields with cattle in the fall, before coming to the barn; nothing will run down the hay land so fast as this pernicious practice—more rapidly than selling hay. The aftermath, if suffered to remain on the grass roots and rot, is both a mulch and a manure; it prevents the sun of summer, and the frost of winter, from injuring the grass roots. We have been told this by the editor of the *Farmer* for many a year, yet we have suffered it "to pass by us as the idle wind that we respect not." I, for one, have put it in practice for about three years past, and the hay crop has nearly doubled. But what is to feed the cattle from the dried up pastures for about six weeks before coming to the barn at the ordinary time? The remedy is fodder corn, that grows mainly from the air, if we judge from appearance, as it grows where nothing else will, without the trouble of caring it for winter storage, without the aid of [illegible] enlarging of the [illegible] New England [illegible]

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Why are farmers like fowls? Because neither will get their crops without industry.

—The climbing fern is one of our prettiest plants for home culture, and of very easy culture.

—The following good advice was given by the President of an agricultural society on presenting a silver cup to a young man who had won the first prize at a plowing match: "Take this cup, my young friend," he said, "and remember always to plow deep and drink shallow."

—A French chemist reports that water made slightly salt, and to which, when boiling, bran in the proportion of one quart to every gallon has been added, has been found in a series of experiments to increase the yield of milk twenty-five per cent., if given to the cows as their ordinary drink.

—A good currant-cake is made of one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, four eggs, three cups of flour, half a pound of currants carefully washed; after they have drained, sift four over and through them; use half a grated nutmeg for flavoring. This is nice baked in small tins or in gem-pans.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Blooming plants in window-boxes attached to the outside of the casement, or in pots on the window-sills, will, it is said, exclude all the flies and mosquitoes from the house. If this be true, observes the *Floral Cabinet*, it surely behooves us all to procure window-boxes and rid ourselves of insect pests in the house. We are inclined to think, however, that wire or netting screens are a surer barrier against mosquitoes and flies.

—An Illinois farmer gives an Eastern writer for the New England Homestead the following directions for curing galled shoulders in horses, and says that it is infallible. Take old leather and burn it to a crisp; rub the ashes on the galled part; a few applications will effect a perfect cure. A new work horse put to the plow this spring received several severe galls on both shoulders. A few applications of the burnt leather made them as sound as if never injured, and no scar is now seen.

Raising Fruit for Profit.

Fewer bright anticipations have been realized in raising fruit for the supply of markets that any business enterprises in which sensible and intelligent, and, withal, industrious persons engage. The great majority of persons who embark in fruit-raising as an occupation whereby to gain a livelihood are the victims of disappointment. Generally they are superior in mind, culture and learning to the persons who engage in general farming, dairying or stock raising. Ordinarily they have more means than the persons who engage in the other pursuits named. Considerable capital is required to purchase land in the vicinity of one of the much lauded fruit-growing districts, and more is needed to buy stock and support a family till the trees, vines and bushes come into bearing. Observation shows that a large proportion of the persons who engage in fruit-raising on a large scale are men who have been bred for the learned professions or who have good scientific attainments. Ordinarily they are well acquainted with botany, entomology and ornithology. Theoretically they are well acquainted with fruit-growing and the business relations growing out of it. Many of them have good libraries of books that treat on every department of fruit production and matters pertaining to it. The books that compose these libraries have not only been read but studied. Fruit-raisers are generally studious persons. They own more books as a rule than farmers do and take more magazines and papers. They also attend more conventions and meetings devoted to the matters in which they are engaged. No class of men are at greater pains to inform themselves in relation to every department of the business in which they are engaged than fruit-raisers. They are always diligent in acquiring knowledge.

What is more, they are generally diligent in business. They also possess another element of success. They are in love with their business, and are often completely fascinated with it. They are fond of talking about it in season and out of season. It is as easy to distinguish a fruit raiser as it is a clergyman or a school-teacher by his conversation. Men often engage in farming or continue in it against their will by force of circumstances, but the fruit-raiser is generally such by choice. He chooses the occupation out of love of it. Of course he expects to make money, and he deserves to do so on account of the energy he displays. Still he very often fails. He does not acquire a fortune or gain a competence. In many cases he loses the place he has spent the earings and savings of half a life-time to acquire, and is then obliged to fall back on some uncongenial pursuit in order to gain a living. Although the number of professional fruit-raisers is much smaller than that of general farmers, still we hear of more failures among the first than the last. It is somewhat easy to account for these frequent failures. The business of fruit-raising is a hazardous one. The fruit crop is more liable to injuries than ordinary field crops are. A longer time is necessary to mature it. More kinds of insects injure trees, vines and bushes and the fruit they produce than destroy corn, potatoes and small grains. The prospect of a crop of fruit is likely to be destroyed by unfavorable weather at any time from the formation of the buds till the period of ripening. It is rare that several crops of large standard fruits are raised in succession. Orchardists know that a "bearing" year is followed by an "off" year. During the first fruit is low, and during the second there is little to sell. As fruit-raisers are generally men of "great expectations" they are liable to run in debt.

Raising peaches in the region about Delaware Bay has been profitable for a very long period. The success of the peach-growers there can be accounted for in various ways. The climate is very favorable, the transportation facilities are excellent, and several large cities are in the vicinity. Raising apples in Michigan, New York, and in several of the New England States has also been profitable for many years. Raising grapes in the vicinity of wine-making establishments where a cash market is always assured is generally a prosperous industry. The cases of failure are much more common than those of continued success, however, in raising any kinds of fruit on a large scale in most parts of the country. The large fruit enterprises established in Southern Illinois and Eastern Michigan have turned out much like mining enterprises. A few persons met with success for a short time, a much smaller number were quite successful for a term of years, and a large number completely failed in realizing the [illegible] tions. Many went into the [illegible] with a good capital, and [illegible] ing for a fortune.

A Tickish Job.

The floating magazine which sunk some time since at Hole Haven in the Thames appears to have caused no little trouble and embarrassment to the Government inspectors of explosives, whose duty it thereupon became to provide for the public safety. The vessel sunk through a leak, having aboard at the time 1,000 cases, each containing fifty pounds of dynamite. Unfortunately the lining of a large number of the boxes failed to resist the entry of the water, and some of the men engaged in moving the cases incautiously turned a number upon their ends, as they said, "to dry," and from many of these nitro-glycerine escaped and found its way among the framework of the vessel. There was also an escape into the mud of the creek, which for a time caused considerable anxiety. Finally the boxes whose contents were uninjured were transferred to another magazine, while the injured dynamite and all the nitro-glycerine which could be recovered was carefully packed in sawdust and fresh cases and removed to the Ardeer factory to be remade. Having cleaned the vessel as far as possible, it was, after anxious deliberation, decided to be impossible to examine every crevice into which the terrible nitro-glycerine might have flowed, and the embarrassing craft was ultimately towed out to sea and carefully sunk.—*London News.*

—After a dozen boys at Scranton had kicked a can around for half an hour a man came along and found that it held a pound of nitro-glycerine. All the hair in the crowd crawled up to stay for an hour.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Toronto man estimated that he has lost 100 hours' time in twenty-six years in changing his suspenders from one pair of pantaloons to another.

The Opinion of a Physician.

A physician writing of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, having carefully analyzed its ingredients, says: "I feel enthusiastic over this great health renewer. There can be no other remedy so harmless and yet so effective. No other possible combination of drugs will more rapidly assist nature in hastening the cure of general ill-health. In diseases of the lungs, liver and kidneys and nervous system it is especially beneficial. In its composition I was especially pleased to find Iron, Celery and Juniper combined with the Sarsaparilla and Yellow Dock. Iron of itself is seldom beneficial, but in connection with such valuable vegetable tonics its effects will at all times have a tendency to promote health and strength."

"WHAT's the man yelling at?" asked a farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the youngster, "he's yelling at the top of his voice."

MR. M. A. COONS, of Ripley, O., writes: "I have been taking Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla for impure blood, weak kidneys and liver complaint. I found it very effective. What pleased me was its mildness. When I left off taking it there was no craving for its further use, nor was there any reaction, and consequently no renewal of my complaint. I think a great deal of the medicine and recommend it strongly."

AT a family party the company was so large that two boys had to wait at supper. When the meal had long been over and the elder folks still sat at the table, the elder of the boys—it was his seventh birthday—was seen crouching on the doorstep outside the supper room and was asked: "Where is Paul?" With a deep-drawn sigh, the lad responded: "I don't know; I s'pose he's somewhere prayin' the Lord for his supper!"—*Ellenville Journal.*

"I Don't Want That Stuff"

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter, it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and was so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

"H'M!" ejaculated Fogg. "So they say this play is taken from life? I should say rather that the life is taken from the play."—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

OSCAR WILDE has been taken for an Indiana herb doctor 160 times in the last three months.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Tennyson's "May Queen."

Who knows that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.

HANGING a thermometer in the coolest place in the yard to ascertain how hot it is, is one of the paradoxes of civilization.—*New Haven Register.*

If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

THREE members of a brass band in Illinois were practicing in a hotel struck by lightning, and never knew that anything unusual was going on.—*Chicago Tribune.*

***"Necessity is the mother of invention." Diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels brought forth that sovereign remedy Kidney-Wort, which is nature's normal curative for all those dire complaints. In either liquid or dry form it is a perfect remedy for those terrible diseases that cause so many deaths.

IF some Detroit girl who wanted to marry at fifteen so as to have her golden wedding hurry up the faster.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

THE young skipper who takes a party of girls out sailing should content himself with hanging the sore.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WE see an article in the papers about boy inventors. We hope they will invent a boy who won't whistle on his fingers and yell on the streets at night.—*N. Y. Post.*

THEN you are fond of yachting? Very well. Then we expect your vocabulary to embrace all the terms in the nautical dictionary, none of them mis-applied. Who's got the topsheet anchor halyards in his vest pocket? Answer quick.—*Newtown Register.*

THE excursion steamboat accident season has opened. To take an excursion steamboat perfectly safe first remove the boilers and then touch the boat.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

WHEN it hails in Kansas it doesn't stop at pellets of ice the size of marbles and peaches, but works up bushels as large as cocoanuts, and pows em knocked down, and horses break their necks in trying to dodge all ways at once.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN exchange asks: "Why stand ye with out?" Well, strangers, because [illegible] not that, and we haven't yet [illegible] acquaintance.—*N. Y. C[illegible]*

WHEN a young lady [illegible] look at a pa[illegible] you please give [illegible] the point [illegible] I wish," said the young [illegible]

A Sure Cure.

That "the living skeleton is dead" seems strange enough, but the news was announced that way in New York.—*N. O. Picayune.*

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

EVERYBODY Knows was never more appropriately described than in the exploits of the German pianist, Hammerstein.

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

THE Indians of Brazil manufacture a kind of whisky—and a most awful smash kind, too, from the roots of a certain vine. Must be the original "Pokerish root."

"BOCHERIVERS." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1, at Druggists.

A BLACK eye here or there will do in the city, but in the country the girls always wear a white lawn-dress.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

FARMERS tremulous, 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.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

$60 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

A SURE CURE for Epilepsy or Fits is advertised in paper. Dr. Kayser, 163 Arcade St., St. Louis, Mo.

N. Y. Purchasing Co. Furnish anything wanted or advertised in U. S. Send for circular, or search for copy. Agents wanted. Dearborn & Co., 152 Monroe st., Chicago.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Permanent Business. Address P. W. Zielinger & Co., Box 54, Chicago, Ill.

BARD Cigarettes Made Chewing-Free Tobacco A Clock, 70 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

HAIR Wire of strong tensile strength, superior finish, Ready made in hands. Price 4 cts. Ask your dealer for it. Wire Goods Co., 117 Walnut st., Chicago.

BUGGIES Best work in the U. S. for the money. Enterprise Carriages Co., Cincinnati, O. Factory Gross. Catalogue Free.

AGENTS Are making $10 a day selling our goods. Send for circular and terms. Great English Cutlery Co., Box 1000, Boston, Mass.

SOLD ANYWHERE AND NOT WEAR OUT. Wash Boards, by mail, 50c. Circulars FREE. J. E. BIRCH & CO., 36 Dey st., N. Y.

YOUNG MEN WANTED IMMEDIATELY to fill positions worth $50 to $100 per month. Address Western Tel. Institute, Chicago, Ill.

15,000 CARPENTERS now use our Saw Vises. Price $2.50. Circulars and testimonials free. Agents Address E. BOTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

SAW MILLS The Best in Change. Portable and Stationary. Write THE ALLMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS And the BEST MACHINERY in the WORLD for BORING and DRILLING WELLS by Horse or Steam Power! Illust'd Circ. Free. Address LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

STRONG'S PECTORAL PILLS A SURE REMEDY FOR COLDS AND RHEUMATISM. Ensure healthy appetite, good digestion, regularity of the bowels. A preventive to diphtheria, pneumonia, and all affections of the nervous system, and giving vigor and health to every fiber of the body. Sold by Druggists. For Pamphlets address P. O. Box 1227, N. Y. City.

KIDNEY-WORT THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS It removes the cause of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize. THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED. Price, $1. Liquid or Dry, sold by druggists, or sent by mail. Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. KIDNEY-WORT

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and ACUE Or CHILLS and FEVER.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure