THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA.

AFTER THE SALE.

The wagon, with high fantastic load
Of household goods, is at the gate;
The shadows darken down the road;
Why does the old man wait?
Bureau, bedstead, rocking-chair,
Upturned table with heels in air—
Whatever the grudging fates would spare,
Lies huddled and heaped and tumbled there,
A melancholy freight!

"Of all his riches," the teamster said,
"Now only this precious pile remains!
A blanket and bed for his old gray head,
For all his life-long pains.
Hard case, I own! but they say that Pride
Must have a fall." His ropes he tied
In the chill March wind. "Hurry up!" he cried,
And gathered in the reins.

The old wife bows her stricken face
On the doorstone, weary and worn and gray,
The old man lingers about the place,
Taking a last survey;
Looks in once more at the great barn door,
On the empty mow and the vacant floor:
All the gains of his life have gone before,
And why should he care to stay?

Only a stool with a broken leg
Is left, and a bucket without a bail,
The harness is gone from hook and peg,
Even the whip from its nail:
Dreary shadows hang from the wall,
No friendly whinny from shed or stall,
Nor mooing ked heifer's welcoming call;
The poultry and pigs have vanished, all
Swept out by the Sheriff's sale.

Back to the door-yard well he goes
For a parting look, a farewell drink.
How dripingly that bucket rose
And poised for him on the brink
In the summers gone, and plashed his feet
When the men came in from the harvest heat!
How blessedly cool the draught, how sweet,
'Tis misery now to think.

What scenes of peaceful, prosperous life
Once filled the yard, so desolate now!
When he often would say to his pleased, proud wife,
That the farm appeared, somehow,
More thrifty and cheery than other men's,
With its cattle in pasture and sow in pens,
Bleating of lambs and cackle of hens,
And well-stored crib and mow.

The early years of their proud success,
The years of failure and mutual blame,
Are past, with the toll that was happiness,
And the strife that was sorrow and shame.
She came to him hopeful and strong and fair—
Now who is the sad wraith sitting there,
With her burden of grief and her old thin hair
Bowed over her feeble frame?

"Do you remember? This well," he said,
"Was sunk that summer when Jane was born.
She used to stand in the old house-shed
And blow the dinner-horn
In after years—or climb a rail
Of the door-yard fence for a cheery hail—
Then run to the curb for a brimming pail,
When I came up from the corn."

Why think of her now? against whose name
His lips and heart long since were seared;
Whose memory in their lives became
A sorrow that never has healed.
Her step is on the creaking stair,
Her girlish image is everywhere!
He hears her laughter, he sees her hair
Blow back in the wind, as she comes to bear
His luncheon to the field.

"'Twas a terrible wrong!" The old wife spoke,
Swaying her gaunt frame to and fro.
"I'll say it now!" Her strained voice broke
Into a wail of woe.
"It haunts me awake, it haunts me asleep!
And silence has been so hard to keep—
So long—But there is a grief too deep
For ever a man to know!"

A quaver of anguish shook his tone,
His look was pierced with a keen remorse;
"The blame, I suppose, was all my own;
And I have no heart, of course!
Great Heaven! nor any grief to hide!"
Lifting his gloomy hat aside,
He looked up, haggard and hollow-eyed,
Like one whose burning soul had dried
His tears at their very source.

"No, no! I don't mean that," she wept,
"I've felt you suffering many a day,
And often at night when you thought I slept,
And when I have heard you pray
Until it seemed that my heart would burst.
And as for the blame, you know, at first,
I claimed you were right and did my worst
To force her to obey.

"For the dream of our lives had been to make
Our Jane a lady fit for a lord;
Our schemes were all for our children's sake,
And it seemed a cruel reward
To see her with careless scorn refuse—
For all the arguments we could use—
The man you most approved, and choose
The one you most abhorred.

"But when she had chosen and all was done,
You needn't have been so hard and stern;
We might have forgiven the poor dear one,
And welcomed her return.
You never could know what she was to me,
You never will know how I yearn to see
My child as she was—how homesickly
I yearn, and yearn, and yearn!

"She chose for herself, and who can tell?
She braved your will, it's true, and yet
She may, for all that, have chosen well.
And how can we forget?
We chose for Alice, and unawares
Rushed with her into a rich man's snares,
Who tangled us up in his loose affairs,
And dragged us down with debt."

"Well, well?"—with a heavy sigh—"Let's go!
I haven't been always wise. Ah, Jane!
Some things might not be done just so,
If they were to do again.
But Alice is dead and the farm is gone;
Our hopes, and all that we built them on,
Friends, wealth, are scattered hither and yon,
And only ourselves remain.

"These boughs will blossom and fruits will fall
The same! When I changed the orchard lot
And fenced it all with good stone wall,
And planned the garden plot,
And built the arbor and planted trees,
And made a home for our pride and ease,
We little thought these were all to please
Strangers who knew us not!

"Others will reap where we have sown;
But others never can understand
What watchful care these fields have known,
Or how I loved the land.
Here maids will marry and babes be born,
The sun will shine on the wheat and corn,
Crops be gathered and sheep be shorn,
But by a stranger's hand.

"Come, wife!" With bitterest vain regret,
Remembering all good things that were,
The old man yet can half forget
His woes, in pity of her.
She entered, a young man's happy bride,
She crowned his home with hope and pride,
And now goes forth by an old man's side,
A weary wanderer.

With slow, disconsolate, broken talk,
They look their last and pass the gate;
The wagon is gone and they must walk
A mile, and it's growing late.
She bears a parcel, he lifts a pack,
But what do they see there, up the track,
Against the sunset, looming black?
'Tis strange! the wagon is coming back,
With its melancholy freight.

And what is the driver shrieking out?
Now Heaven, for a moment, keep them sane!
"Turn about! turn about!" they hear him shout,
As he flourishes whip and rein—
"You've a home and a good friend yet, you'll find!"
A coach is following close behind:
A face—a voice—Oh, Heaven be kind!
Oh, lips that tremble and tears that blind!
Oh, breaking hearts! IT'S JANE!

—*J. T. Trowbridge, in Our Continent.*

LEO.

Ford Bonner may live to be a very old man—he is "going on" fifteen now—but it is likely that he will always recollect what occurred upon a certain dark evening in August two years ago. Ford's father and mother were traveling in Europe that summer; hence Ford, who was all the rest of the year a boarding-school-boy of the first water, spent his vacation at his Uncle Pepper's country place.

Ford's chief companion from day to day, as he scrambled among the rocky spurs, was Leo. Leo was a Scotch greyhound, Major Pepper's particular pet. Now one curious trait of his did equal honor to his head and heart. He had been bought at Black's Hollow, a village—if a store, which also was a post-office, and six or seven dwellings, can be called a village—about two miles further up the road, among the mountains. Regularly once or twice a week would Leo slip innocently off in the morning for a whole day's visiting with any four-legged playmates whose society he had formerly relished at Black's Hollow. On such occasions Ford had to ramble on the heights alone.

Now Amzi Spinner, Major Pepper's hired man, had a brother who kept the post office and store at the Hollow. As soon as Amzi discovered Leo's trick of going so frequently thither of his own will, it seemed good to him to teach the dog to carry a letter there with safety and dispatch whenever told to do so. Amzi would tie his missives securely about the bright-eyed, lithe dog's neck, and say, in his Yankee drawl:

"Naow, I eo, you jest make tracks for the village, double-quick. Do you understand? That letter'd ought to git to the store. Be off."

Leo would leap away, barking joyfully, and in an hour return to seek Amzi in field or barn, collared with an answer from Lot Spinner. In this way the dog became, in a limited sense, the messenger and postman of the family when occasion prompted, and a very quick and faithful one.

It was the last Thursday in August when Major Pepper, finishing his second cup of coffee at breakfast exclaimed to his wife: "There, Helen, I forgot to tell you last night that if you want to go down to the town in the phaeton with me to-day and give this afternoon to picking out those carpets, it'll suit me capitally."

Aunt Pepper laughed. "Why does a man always choose just the wrong day of all others?" she said, merrily. "Amzi and Mira" (Mira was Amzi's wife and Aunt Pepper's cook) "wanted to go to New York to-day to attend that wedding—her sister's you recollect. They started early (at four o'clock) for the station, and I don't expect them back until long after we're in bed to-night. I can't leave the house and Ford to take care of themselves."

"Oh yes, you can," laughed Uncle Pepper. "Ford might go along if it wouldn't be a hot and stupid day in town for him—we shall be so busy. Leave him a good luncheon, and let him keep house by himself for once. Leo will help him. You wouldn't mind it, eh, Ford?"

Ford laughed, too, and said that he rather guessed not.

"We'll not be later in getting back home than six o'clock, I suppose," said Aunt Pepper, reluctantly consenting.

"Oh dear no," replied the Major, "and Ford will just have a fine appetite for a late dinner."

A half-hour later Ford and Leo, the one with his hand and the other with his active if unimportant tail, waved Major and Mrs. Pepper good-bye from the broad piazza, and then turned themselves about to begin the work of passing a jolly day together. Ford did not like to leave the house for any length of time.

A wooden swing he was contriving in the garden, the arrangement of his collection of Indian relics, and a letter to his room-mate at the school—one Harry North—took up all the forenoon.

This latter, or letter business, was still on hand, and Ford was scratching away at it in the summer-house, when Leo suddenly growled. Then he sprang up, barking violently. A strange gentleman was leisurely drawing near the pair of friends. Ford rose and stepped out of his retreat.

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir," began the stranger, very pleasantly, "but are your father and mother at home to-day?"

"My father and mother are in Europe," replied Ford, "but—"

"Ah—oh—I see," continued the civil stranger. "I had forgotten that my old friends Major and Mrs Pepper had no children. Is your uncle at home?"

"I'm sorry, sir," replied Ford, "but they have both driven to town this morning, and will not be back till evening. Be quiet, Leo!" for Leo persisted in showing his teeth, and making sundry impolite noises, not to say growls, while he eyed the polite new comer very much as if he had been a snake.

"A fine dog that," remarked the stranger, carelessly. "Well, since I am unlucky enough to miss your uncle, could I see that excellent man he employs here, Amzi—Amzi—dear me, I can not just recall his name." The strange gentleman had a clear, rich voice. He was, by-the-way, a stout, well-made young man, with a dark blue cravat.

"Sorry again, sir," returned Ford, "but Amzi and Mira are away, too, until quite late this evening. It just happened so. Couldn't I take your message for uncle? Leo, be still, I tell you!"

"You're very kind, my dear boy," said the unknown gentleman, looking at his watch, and backing out from the summer-house gracefully, "but I won't trouble you. I should prefer riding over from my place to-morrow evening. Please tell your good uncle that Mr. Alexander Kingbolt—he will remember my name—called on business, and will see him to-morrow evening if possible, at eight. Good-by." And Mr. Alexander Kingbolt, whistling sweetly, "There's one more River to Cross," stepped into a light buggy standing without the gate. Another gentleman sat in it, and the two rode away talking rapidly

The afternoon shadows grew long; twilight closed in; Ford and Leo sat together, the boy with his hand upon the dog's head. Both began to feel somewhat lonely—at least Ford did. Why in the world did not the phaeton come toiling up the steep mountain road? Hallos! a white owl fluttered across the lawn into an acacia.

Ford had long desired to ascertain that particular owl's private address. He dashed after it, and Leo bore him company. Up through the dark garden bird, boy and dog sped. Presently Ford slipped and fell. He uttered a cry when he rose, and found that he could put his left foot to the ground only with a pain that sickened him, so severely had his fall strained it.

Very slowly and painfully Ford limped into the garden again, his unlucky foot feeling more miserable with each step. All at once he looked through the trees, and saw lights in the dining-room of his uncle's house.

Major Pepper and Aunt Helen were back, doubtless much disturbed to know where in the world Ford and Leo had gone, or since what hour of the day.

As he drew nearer the closed shutters, he caught the sound of low strange voices, the faint clink of a hammer. Could it be possible anything was amiss? Ford was frightened, but prudent. "Leo," said he, very softly, but almost sternly, to the dog, whose ears were on the alert too, "lie down."

Leo obeyed.

Forgetting his painful foot in his breathless excitement, Ford crept down along the back of the house. The strange voices came clearly from within. "And we'd better be quick about it," somebody was saying.

A robbery it surely was. Ford turned the blind and looked within the dining-room. A lamp was lit. The small safe wherein Major Pepper usually kept his papers and any large sum of money he happened to have in the house for a day or so was rolled out to the middle of the room. Over it leaned a tall well-dressed man, impatiently directing another man who knelt before it, and was working at the old-fashioned lock with some tools he had evidently brought for the purpose.

Ford caught sight of a profile, and the sound of "One more River to Cross," whistled very gently. The man working at the safe door was Mr. Alexander Kingbolt. An exceedingly frightened boy was Ford Bonner.

"So then they can't possibly get over the bridge?" said Mr. Kingbolt, playing his chisel.

"All the planks are up, and hid away till we go down, I tell you," replied the other, "and a red lantern hung across it."

"The bridge," Ford knew at once, must mean a narrow rough structure across a stream just before the road from town wound up the mountain.

"They're likely on their way around by the other one. It'll take them till midnight."

There was a pause. Then said Mr. Kingbolt, out of breath: "Where do you suppose that boy and the dog are?"

"Lost on the mountain, I dare say. But if they come back before we get through, we can fix them somehow."

Ford slipped from below the window. The boy understood all. Many houses in the town had been robbed lately. The "gang" had in some way learned that Major Pepper was occasionally obliged to keep large amounts of money in his lonely country house. They had chosen their day carefully, made or else altered their plans that very morning, thanks to Ford's own politeness in answering Mr. Kingbolt's questions. By a trick they had sent Major and Mrs. Pepper around by their longest route for home. The whole thing was a hastily but cleverly planned scheme. And Ford could do nothing—alone; the nearest houses in the village two miles up the mountain; his swollen foot!

Had he forgotten Leo? The thought darted into his confused mind like a flash. He leaned forward into a ray of light, and drew out gently his pencil, and the envelope, still undirected, in which was his letter to Harry North. He managed to control his excitement and terror enough to scrawl upon it: "There are burglars in our house. Come quick, somebody. Ford Bonner."

The envelope was secured by Ford's shoe-string to the greyhound's neck. "Be very quiet, Leo," he kept whispering, almost beseechingly, as he led the dog as well as he could down the far side of the garden, along the fence, and some distance up the road, lest Leo should bark.

"Quick, Leo! To the post-office—to the post-office," he cried, tremblingly, pushing and pointing the dog off.

Leo refused to go. He did not understand all this mystery. Ford felt for a stick, and shook it at him. Leo bounded away silently up the steep. Ford half fell, half sat down, in the darkness on the grass.

He never knew how long it was before he was startled from his stupor by hearing stealthy steps approach down the road. He strained his young eyes to make out a dozen tall figures moving noiselessly toward his hiding-place. They were the astonished men from the village, roused from their circle of gossip around the stoop of the store by Leo's advent and extraordinary excitement.

The letter had been discovered at once by Amzi's brother himself, who, like the rest, with stockings drawn over his boots, headed the party. Ford intercepted them, and made his hurried explanation.

"Stay here," said Lot Spinner, "till we call you."

They leaped the garden wall. A few minutes later Ford heard shouts, and the sound of a gun or two, and a struggle on the house piazza.

"They've got 'em!" he exclaimed, delight and relief getting the best of his long fright and pain.

And so they had; for when Lot Spinner came up and carried the boy down to the house, "Mr. Alexander Kingbolt"—afterward put into jail as Dennis Leary—his comrades, and their tools were all secured under rude guardianship together.

Just as Ford was helped into the house, Leo darted up. The dog had been left behind, lest he should warn the burglars of the party coming from the village, but he had contrived to make his escape.

Ford joined in the cheers for him when at eleven o'clock Major and Mrs. Pepper rode hurriedly up to the brightly lit house to hear the end of the story which the village people up the mountain had stopped them hurrying toward home to tell. Soon after arrived Amzi and Mira; more explanations, and much more ado made over Ford and Leo than either of them relished.

"The scamps would have got away with a couple of thousand dollars, Ford," exclaimed the Major again and again. "It was some money that a man was to call here and get to-morrow morning."

Leo wagged his tail complacently.

So much for a brave boy's coolness, and an obedient dog's intelligence.—*Harper's Young People.*

Ancient and Modern Egypt.

The ancient Egypt was reckoned in its best days to contain a population of 15,000,000, and it was the richest and most prosperous monarchy in the world before Rome came to the front. Its cities rivaled Babylon and Nineveh in their days, and when Amru took Alexandria it contained over 600,000 inhabitants and the grandest library collection in the world. The modern Egypt, though possessing none of the ancient grandeur, is still a country far from despicable in resources and population. Egypt proper, from the cascades of the Nile to the sea, contains about 6,000 square miles of cultivable and irrigable land in the Nile valley, and a population of 5,500,000. This is less than the area of Massachusetts, and not much above the population of the State of New York. But the productive quality of the land is such that it might serve to support 20,000,000. The annual exports to Great Britain alone ten years ago amounted to $82,250,000, while the imports from Great Britain to Egypt were but $36,000,000, showing a heavy balance of trade in favor of Egypt. Since the opening of the Suez Canal, Egyptian exports to England have declined to less than $40,000,000, and the imports to less than $12,000,000. The valley of the lower Nile is not all of Egypt, though it is all that is vital. The Khedive rules over a region on the upper Nile covering an area of 1,500,000 square miles, and embracing a barbarous population of 16,000,000. This has been acquired by conquest since 1873, and includes Nubia and Darfur. Nubia is that country which the ancients called Ethiopia. These conquests may be made valuable by the construction of railways, but that will require European capital.

The present dynasty was founded by the usurper, Mehemit Ali. He was appointed Pasha, or Governor by the Sultan of Turkey in 1806, and five years after he compelled his master to make him Viceroy. This title was continued through the descendants of Mehemet Ali down to the fifth, Ismail, who, in 1866, received the title of Khedive-el-Misr, which means King. The condition of this promotion was that the Khedive should pay an annual tribute of $3,000,000 to the Sultan, the former tribute being but $1,800,000. This, of course, is a heavy tax on the people. The allowance for the support of the Khedive, or King, is $750,000, and for his relatives $660,000. But the late Khedive, Ismail, contracted private debts amounting to more than $40,000,000 and otherwise so wasted the substance of the country that in 1879, when France and England, for the protection of their people who held Egyptian securities, appointed each an officer to control and regulate the finances of Egypt, they found an aggregate of public and private debt amounting to $450,000,000. Ismail was deposed and his son Tewik, the present Khedive, became his successor. These financial complications led to the present difficulties; these and the Mohammedan hatred of Christians and foreigners. The rapid decline of Egyptian trade with England, formerly her best customer, is attributed to the Suez Canal, which enables England to trade on better terms with India and her Oriental possessions. And this fact is the secret of the aversion of the Egyptians to the Canal and their earnest purpose to destroy it if they can.—*London Times.*

—The sins of "Chinatown," San Francisco, are summed up in one month's record of arrests, to wit: Visitors to tan games, 85; keeping lottery agencies, 16; visitors to lottery places, 17; having lottery tickets in possession, 13; keeping opium places, 3; visitors to opium places, 26; battery, 2; obstructing sidewalk, 1; total, 161. Of these, 41 were sent to the County Jail and 2 to the House of Correction. Cash received from fines, $2,270.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

The Scriptural adage of pouring oil on troubled waters has engaged the attention of the English Government, through the efforts of Lord Carnarvon, who introduced the matter in Parliament recently with such success that the Board of Trade is about to adopt measures to test the value of experiments, and if they prove to be of practical importance will institute further measures for the protection of life and property by this process. In his argument Lord Carnarvon called attention to private experiments which had been made, and which were very interesting in their results. Mr. Shields, of Perth, observing that the oil which came from some machinery stilled the surface of a pond, laid perforated pipes under a dangerous bar across the mouth of Peterhead Harbor, and then pumped oil into them from a reservoir on shore. As the result, he says: "Huge green billows from ten to twenty feet high, which curled in white crests as they neared the harbor mouth, and broke in mad surf over the bar, were reduced to swelling waves, over which any vessel could have ridden in safety."

The remarks made in Parliament by various speakers show that this process of stilling troubled waters is not at all new, but has not been systematically used. The quieting virtues of oil have been known for centuries. The Syrian fishermen have always used it, and Persian boatmen are in the habit of towing astern of their crafts bladders filled with oil and pricked so that it can leak out gradually. In Pliny's time the sponge-divers in the Mediterranean used oil so as to obtain a smooth surface when they rose. Whalers have always observed the effect when blubber is cut off alongside of the ship. Fishermen in the Shetland Islands, Cornwall, and on the coast of Norway use a great deal of oil for soothing the sea. Since the experiments at Peterhead, referred to above, the London *Standard* says numerous cases of the use of oil have been recorded, and it mentions the following:

"For instance, two Italians crossed the Atlantic from Buenos Ayres to the Mediterranean in a small sailing boat, which was subsequently exhibited in Milan. They experienced rough weather, but by the free use of oil rode through the waves without shipping a bucketful. Whalers have been known to calm the surface by towing pieces of blubber alongside and astern, and the Captain of a steamer declared that his vessel would have been lost in the Bay of Biscay had it not been for his foresight in pouring oil on the troubled waters. Off Sable Island a schooner has been seen to tear her way through a sea lashed into white foam by one of the violent storms which sweep that inhospitable coast simply by holding out bubbles and trails behind. In the same gale many coasting ships went to the bottom. Another case is on record of a vessel which was threatened by breakers so high that they seemed likely every minute to ingulf the ship. However, no sooner did they approach the oil-covered surface of the sea, which extended a few hundred feet from the side, than they fell and permitted the vessel to survive the hurricane."

The general fact seems to be well established that oil will calm the troubled sea, though it sometimes fails owing to the action of tides and currents which sweep it off before it can accomplish its pacific work, but its use in private hands for hundreds of years is a sufficient test of efficacy, and were scientific men to give it attention, discovering the best kind of oil and the best methods of using it, and the amount to be used, the area of its usefulness might be largely increased. This is what the English Government now proposes to do, and all the officials of the Board of Trade and the Admiralty, as well as those of the National Life-boat Institution, have been ordered to experiment, and report results. If oil has this soothing effect upon salt water with its strong tides and currents, why should it not have a still more marked effect upon the water of our lakes, which are not influenced to any perceptible extent by tides or currents? As it requires but a very small amount of oil for an ordinary ocean voyage—say a few gallons—it would need still less for our short lake cruises. The experiment is one richly worth trying, and might save many lives and a vast amount of property. If a gallon or two of oil will save one of our lake vessels, certainly it ought not to be lost for the lack of it. It is a very simple matter anyway to try the experiment, when any of them get caught in the next blow.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Prairie "Signs."

About two miles from town he suddenly checked his horse, gazed intently on the ground and said: "Some fellow has lost his saddle-horse here this morning."

There was no advertisement on any of the trees offering a reward for a lost horse, and as there was no lost horse in sight we were at a loss to understand how, if a horse was lost, our friend could know so much about it.

The doctor inquired: "How do you know that a horse has been lost?"

"I see his tracks."

"Are there not hundreds of horses pasturing on the prairies, and how do you know that this is not the track of one of them?"

"Because he is shod, and the horses herding on the prairies do not wear shoes."

"How do you know that he is a saddle-horse and lost?"

"I see a rope track alongside his trail; the horse has a saddle on, and the rope hangs from the horn of the saddle."

"But why may he not be a horse that some one has ridden over this way this morning, and why do you insist that it is lost?"

"Because, if a man had been on his back he would have ridden him on a straight course, but this horse has moved from side to side of the road as he strolled along, and that is a plain sign that he grazed as he went and that he had no rider."

"After that it would not surprise me," aid the doctor, "if you were to tell us he age of the horse, and the name of the owner."

"Well, that would not be very hard to do. There are signs that have told me the owner's name, and there are other signs that, if I had time to examine, would tell me his age. I know he is one of old man Pendegrast's horses. Pendegrast has a large bunch of horses down in the bottom, and an old nigger down there does all his shoeing, and shoes no other horses except his. So we know his shoe track just the same as we know his brand."

After this conviction on circumstantial evidence, it would not have seemed extraordinary if the Remnant had given us his opinion of the life and character of our great-grandmothers, drawing his conclusions from an examination of some of our physical peculiarities.

It is wonderful how expert these men become in reading what they call "signs" on the prairie or in the woods. No sign escapes their practiced eye; all manner of tracks, trails and marks are to them data on which to base conclusions. The peculiar movement of an animal will indicate the presence of some other animal in the neighborhood. A broken limb of a tree, a crushed weed, the debris around a camp-fire, the flight of a buzzard, and other such signs are to the cow-boy and the frontiersman what the sign-boards and advertisements are to people who live in cities.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Josh Billings' two springs in the White Mountains are now in excellent condition, and over the cup of the one near Emerald Pool is the legend: "Take a drink, pal friend, but don't talk the cup. Thirst, without a struggle, Josh Billings."

—The Tecumseh iron furnace, at Tecumseh, Ala., lately blew out, after smelting in blast over seven years. This is said to have been the longest continuous blast ever made by any furnace in the United States.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—In England there is a society that spreads knowledge as to the plants and herbs the poor may eat without fear of poison.

—Rubbing the horse morning and noon with a handful of smartweed will prevent the flies from troubling him during the day.

—Curry vinegar is made by adding three ounces of curry powder to one quart of vinegar; let it stand in a covered earthen dish or jar near the fire for three days. This gives an excellent flavor to all kinds of sour pickles. Remember, when using it, that a little goes a great way.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The best time to make cuttings of flowering plants is when they are in bloom. They are then in their most active state of growth, and quickly strike root. After the stalks have begun to harden, so that they will not snap readily when bent, they will not root so easily.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—It has been demonstrated that it is not necessary to keep land in cultivation many years or even to break the sod in order to introduce the most valuable pasture-grasses. The virgin sod of many pastures that produce luxuriant crops of orchard and blue grass and white clover was never touched by the plow.

—A lady offers in the *Rural New Yorker* a remedy for currant and rose worms: Take one pound of quassia, put it into twelve or fifteen gallons of water over night, and next day sprinkle the infested plants with the solution. It is safest, however, to pin one's faith to white hellebore, which is a sure and certain destruction.

—Sage and other herbs which you wish to keep for use in the winter should be gathered on a dry day. If they are perfectly dry when gathered you can sift them at once, and with very little trouble. Put them away in tin cans (the cans in which prepared cocoanut comes are nice for this purpose); keep them where it is dry. Herbs which you do not care to sift can be tied in bundles and hung up after the fashion of our grandmothers.—*N. Y. Post.*

Hints About Turnip Raising.

There is no late or second crop that can be more easily grown, or more quickly brought to maturity, than one of the strap-leaved varieties of turnips. And on almost any place where vegetables are grown can be found at this season a piece of land where this crop can be conveniently grown. The turnip crop is often considered a coarse and common one, but we learn to appreciate it when it cannot readily be obtained, as was shown by the high rates paid for the almost worthless foreign turnips which were imported the past winter.

If it is intended to raise turnips largely, and do the work of cultivating by horse-power, the sowing should always be done with that end in view, as in a field where such a crop is grown there can be no greater mistake than that of having the rows too close together, thus preventing horse cultivation.

In the cultivation of all root crops the soil should be fine, smooth and rich, the latter being highly essential to the production of fine roots. The land should also be as free from weeds and weed-seeds as possible. A noted onion-grower said, a few years since, that he who plants onions on weedy ground will repent it all summer on his hands and knees; and the same is true in a measure of turnip culture. Turnip-growers who desire the best results prefer to have the soil for this crop prepared a few weeks or months ahead, in order to have it thoroughly settled. They are sometimes grown as a second crop to follow pease without plowing the soil afresh. If the soil be dry, a good degree of firmness can be given to it by rolling it; but wet land should never be rolled.

If the manure be fine and can be applied liberally, it may be spread broadcast and very lightly plowed in, or harrowed in with a heavy harrow; or, if preferred, furrows can be opened at the proper distances, and the manure spread therein and covered. This plan is more economical of the manure. If commercial fertilizers are applied, it is best to put them as close to the seed as they can be placed without doing injury, but they should be somewhat incorporated with the soil in order to have them in the best shape for plant-food. Good wood ashes are a most excellent fertilizer for turnips, and this is one reason why they do so well on new land that has been burnt over. Potash, superphosphate of lime, and Peruvian guano are also excellent fertilizers.

When land is abundant or rough, the rows may be three feet apart; but horse cultivation can be done when the rows are as close as two feet. A mistake is sometimes made in "ridging" up the rows of turnips, a practice which, on dry soils, is often detrimental to their growth. The rows should be as nearly straight as possible, to allow the cultivator to run evenly and close to the rows, thereby saving time in hoeing. Plenty of seed should be used, as it insures evenness of plants in the rows, which is not so likely to be obtained when it is sown sparingly. Turnip-seed can be sown very satisfactorily with the seed-drill, as its round shape causes it to distribute freely. As soon as the plants appear, attention should be given to the weeds. Nowhere in horticultural operations is "a stitch in time saves nine" so true. If weeds are attended to in season, it not only saves much time and labor in removing them, but the young plants are left undisturbed. To insure a good crop, the soil should be kept mellow and free from weeds throughout the season.

Thinning should be done as soon as the plants become strong enough to endure the operation. When the thinning requires considerable labor, it may be done to a great extent with a hoe narrow enough to keep the turnips the proper distance apart by striking out the turnips in bunches, so that those which remain may be thinned by hand. The amount of thinning necessary will depend considerably on the strength of the land, rich soil requiring a greater distance between the roots than poor soil. Should the turnip-fly become troublesome, the plants should be dusted with air-slacked lime or soot; but these pests do not usually do much damage after the plants attain their second leaves.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Putting Away Tools.

The wearing out of farm implements is, as a rule, due more to neglect than to use. If tools can be well taken care of, it will pay to buy those made of the best steel, and finished in the best manner; but in common hands, and with common care, such are of little advantage. Iron and steel parts should be cleaned with dry sand and a cob, or scraped with a piece of soft iron, washed and oiled if necessary, and in a day or two cleaned off with the corn-cob, and dry sand. Finally paint the iron part with rosin and beeswax, in the proportion of four of rosin, to one of wax, melted together and applied hot. This is good for the iron or steel parts of every sort of tool. Wood work should be painted with good, boiled, linseed oil, white lead and turpentine, colored of any desired tint; red is probably the best color. Keep the cattle away until the paint is dry and hard, or they will lick, with death as the result. If it is not desired to use paint on hand tools, the boiled oil with turpentine and "liquid drier," does just as well. Many prefer to saturate the wood-work of farm implements with crude petroleum. This can not be colored with color, but is sealed by heat, so that every is charred by the point of the wood.—*Agriculturist.*

—Mr. Keeley, of motor fame, has bound himself to run a railroad train from New York to Chicago at a cost for fuel not to exceed fifty cents. At that rate the fare ought to be about a nickel for the round trip.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE New York *Evening Telegram* says: Tony Pastor was cured of rheumatic pains by St. Jacobs Oil. He praises its efficacy.

AN Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover unless he performed some heroic deed. He eloped with her mother.

VAST merit is inherent in St. Jacobs Oil, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. —*Chicago (Ill.) Western Catholic.*

THIS summer a party of New York tourists had penetrated the wilds of Northern Michigan in search of health and recreation, and coming upon a squatter's 12x12 cabin with a sign of "Hotel" over the door, the party halted to make a few inquiries. "Can we obtain accommodations here?" asked the spokesman. "Yaas, I guess so." "Got everything handy?" "Yaas." "What are your charges?" The landlord looked the party over and replied: "Gentlemen, I'm a blunt man, and we'll come to the point at once. I kin furnish quilts, but you'll have to keep out doors. The grub will consist of pork, taters and Johnny-cake. I allow no card-playing, hoss-racing or swearing, and furnish a razor and soap for Sunday shaving. I sell whiskey at two dollars a pint, as it is a sure cure for chills, and have a hoss and wagon to convey any one who dies to the nearest railroad-station. That's me, and I guess about thirty dollars a week will be the fair thing, though I want ye to know that I'm making a great reduction over last year's prices."—*Wall Street News.*

Injurious Habits.

Avoid all habits that are injurious to your health. The practice of going about the house winter mornings with naked feet often causes a bad cold that may end in consumption. Rapid eating causes derangement of the digestive organs. A quarrelsome habit may end in murder. The habit of taking severe cathartic medicines is very unwise. When suffering from indigestion, etc., it is best to strengthen those organs by using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It assists nature in restoring health and strength to every part of the body.

WHEN ten-cent pieces scale become fashionable as are articles of jewelry every man can wear a dime and pin.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A PHYSICIAN writes: "I have found that Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is a perfect and complete cure for certain weaknesses, the most stubborn of all debilitating diseases. This fact should be generally known. It will save many from the clutches of that vile class of medical pretenders, who call themselves specialists, but whose specialty consists mostly in prolonging the suffering of their victim and emptying his purse."

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY: Remember, young man, dat de best fries' yer's got on dis earth is a better frien' ter himself, den he is ter you. Doan turn a man onten de rinks ob respectability case he's a coward. While Nature was foolin' away her time paintin' different colors and stripes on de horns ob de black snappers an' milder bugs, I dium see why she didn't contrive some easier way for a child to cut teeth.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Haunted Me.

A Workingman says: "Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost."—*Christian Advocate.*

ENQUIRER: Are there any signs of a hard winter? There are! Seven English lecturers threaten to visit this country.—*Boston Post.*

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 day's trial is allowed.

STEP on a woman's trail and she has a claim for damages. Her redress is a new dress.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Fatal Mistake

would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood, or fearing consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs). Sold by all druggists.

THEY used to say when a man was in an ill humor that he "had his back up." Now they remark that he is "on his ear." This is a great and needed improvement.

DR. PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

"NEVER swear before ladies," says a preacher. What are we to do. Wait until the ladies swear first, and then swear after them? An early reply solicited.—*Bloomington Eye.*

FUNCTIONAL derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

A WRITER in the *Musical Education* writes on "How to Breathe." To those who are not too lazy it will be found interesting.—*N. O. Picayune.*

*** "It is a great art to do the right thing at the right time." The person subject to derangement of the kidneys or liver has a protective duty to perform in purchasing a package of Kidney-Wort. It invigorates these organs, and by its cathartic and diuretic effect, cleanses the whole system of all bad humors.

A YOUNG man in Goshen has been entirely cured of nervous prostration by playing on a fiddle. The disease passed to the family next door.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ A pint of the finest ink for families or schools can be made from a ten-cent package of Diamond Dye. Try them.

THIS year people have been going away to spend their money, not to spend the summer. —*N. O. Picayune.*

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

IT is not always the flower of the family that furnishes the bread.—*Whitehall Times.*

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed bugs, gophers, chipmunks. 15c.

A MAN should not resign—even an umbrella—while under a cloud.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ERGININO'S Russia Salve is the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Try it.

FUNNY FACT: That "noon," whether we spell it backwards or forwards, is always midday.—*Andrew's American Queen.*

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

WHEN prayers are put in a book they are bound to be repeated.

DO YOU want good bread? Use National Yeast.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. That terrible scourge, fever and ague, and its congeners, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable effort, indorsed by physicians, and cured thousands. It acts as a remedy for the direct cause of the disease, and restores the system to a healthy condition. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

ST. JACOBS OIL. TRADE MARK. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM, *Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.* No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOGEL