THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

D. LUTZ, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

I'd like a stock ing made for a giant,
And a meeting-house full of t ys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For poor little girls and boys;
Up the street, and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find hom every one
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;
One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
And a little toy wash-tub;
Some would prefer a little drum
For a noisy rub-a-dub-dub.
Some would wish for a story book,
And some for a new set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes
And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor,
And the winter is hard to bear.
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so,
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels,
And candy of every kind,
And buy all the almond and pecan nuts
And taffy that I could find,
And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way,
So the children would find them the very first thing
When they woke on Christmas Day.

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

Aunt Ruth sat thinking. It was only a week before Christmas, and, as yet, no gift had been decided upon for her pet niece, who lived in a distant city.

It was hard to know what to give Bessie—she seemed so well supplied with everything a little girl could want for comfort or pleasure. She was such a good child, and so unselfish, that she was a general favorite, and her friends, young and old, were always sending her some pretty trinket, until her own room was a kind of museum of love-tokens; every corner was full, her bureau loaded, the table covered, and the walls adorned; in fact, it had almost become a proverb in the family that "Whatever Bessie wished for always came."

Now she was ten years old, had declared herself tired of Christmas trees, and announced that to hang up a stocking for Santa Claus to fill was too childish—she should like to keep Christmas some new way. This was what Aunt Ruth was puzzling over. At last, with a look of relief, she exclaimed: "I have an idea! I know it will please her."

She immediately went to her writing-desk, wrote a long letter to Bessie's mamma, and folded into it a crisp bank-note.

On Christmas morning Bessie opened her eyes upon a bright silver quarter which lay on her pillow. Beside it was a tiny note. She opened it and read:

"DEAR BESSIE: I am one of fifteen silver fairies which are to appear to-day, with a Christmas greeting from your Aunt Ruth. Take us all together down to some big store to-morrow, and we will turn into whatever small thing you may wish for."

"Oh, how nice!" said Bessie. "What a funny auntie! always doing something different from other people. I don't quite understand what it all means, but I am glad enough of this bit of spending-money, for I hadn't one cent left."

And, wide awake, she jumped out of bed and began pulling on her stockings, when, to her surprise and delight, she found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each. Two of Aunt Ruth's fairies had taken possession of her shoes, another faced her in the wash-bowl, and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

"These will almost fill my poor, little empty purse," she thought, as she took it from a drawer and touched the spring—but there, right between the red linings, was the biggest fairy that had yet appeared!

Such a merry time as she had dressing that morning! Mamma was called in continually. And how they laughed over every new discovery!

At breakfast, she was served first to a small piece of silver coin; another, just the same size, shone in the bottom of the glass of water Bridget brought her. It was really enchanting—quite like the story of Midas she had just been reading, only whatever he touched turned into gold. She wondered if the chicken, potatoes and rolls would turn into silver when she tasted them; but, no! Although she looked very suspiciously at everything on the table, not another fairy showed itself.

How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies, I cannot tell. But what fun she had hunting after the other five, up-stairs and down-stairs, from attic to cellar, under rugs, in work-baskets, and in every conceivable place! Searching was all in vain, however; fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner time, when it flew out, most unexpectedly, as Bessie was unrolling her napkin, and its silver mate lay temptingly among the nuts when the dessert was brought in.

Bessie spent a happy afternoon sitting in the midst of her many presents, and planning how to spend her little fortune. Some of her fairy pieces should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Johnnie Davis; many times it had made her heart ache as she had watched him trying to shovel snow with such red hands. She would carry a basket full of fairy cakes, frosted with milk and white sugar, to old colored Susan (he had overheard her telling the cook that it was many a long day since she had tasted anything nice); she would change her biggest fairy into a pretty doll for that distressed-looking crippled girl who lived around in the alley, and would carry out many other plans of the same sort.

But mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk, and, rather reluctantly, she turned away from her new treasures to put on her wrappings, and felt in the pocket of her cloak for her gloves. They were missing, but there she found a fairy, and another came sticking out from the bow on her hat, in a most comical fashion.

That night, at supper, a little cake was placed before Bessie's plate, and fairy fourteen came near being eaten, but peeped into sight just in time to be saved from such a fate. How pleasantly and quickly the evening passed! All the new things had to be looked at and admired over again. There was one more hunt after the fairy that had not made its appearance; it was unsuccessful, however, and bed-time, that dread of children, came at last. It was strange (for Bessie had ran-acked her room five minutes before), but there, quietly resting on the snowy pillow, lay the last of Aunt Ruth's fairies!

While she was undressing, mamma explained all the mysteries of the day by reading her Aunt Ruth's letter, in which full directions had been given. Then she told how papa had changed the paper money into the newest and brightest coins he could find; how busy she had been hiding them, as auntie had suggested, and how successfully she had escaped being caught.

"Well, mamma, it's the merriest Christmas Day I ever knew! I like all my presents very much, but I think I have enjoyed my fairies the most. I know what I shall do to-morrow. I have got it all planned. Some other people shall see fairies, too."

And thanking her Heavenly Father for all His good gifts, Bessie tucked the crowded purse under her pillow, lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

Early next morning, with mamma to help and advise, Bessie started out on her pleasant errands of love; and the silver fairies disappeared rapidly into all kinds of the odd-est-shaped parcels, until Bessie's big basket was full, and her arms, too. Such fun she had distributing her fairy bundles and such looks and words of gratitude as she received in return! "Why, it's nicer than my Christmas, mamma," she whispered, as she turned to leave the poor little cripple, whom she had made so happy by giving her the first doll she had ever owned.

So, many sad hearts were made glad that day, and the whole long year, by Aunt Ruth's Christmas fairies.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Major's Artificial Leg.

Major Todd, of Bangor, Me., lost his right leg at the battle of Fredericksburg, and some time ago he purchased an artificial leg from a man in Washington. It contained a system of springs which enabled the Major to use it in such a natural manner that when he was walking along the street nobody would for a moment suppose that he had not both of his own legs.

One Sunday, while the Major was on his way to church, he slipped up on the ice and gave the store leg a severe wrench. He must have dislocated some of the springs; for, after reaching the church and taking his seat, and while the clergyman was reading the Scriptures, the leg suddenly flew up and rested on the back of the seat in front of him. The congregation looked at him in amazement, and he grew very red in the face. As soon as he took it down it jumped up again and wiggled about on the back of the pew, finally kicking Mrs. Thompson's bonnet to rags. Then the Major suppressed it again, and held it down, but it instantly began a convulsive movement in his own pew, during which it upset the stools, plunged around among the hymn books and hats, and hammered the board beneath the seat until the minister had to stop. The sexton came rushing in to find out what was the matter, and the Major, after explaining the difficulty in a whisper, asked the sexton to let him lean on him while he charged on the front door. As soon as the Major got into the aisle that dislocated leg kicked the sexton sixteen or seventeen times in a most insolent manner, varying the exercises by making eccentric swoops of to one side, during which it kicked eight of the high hats at the pew doors into black silk chairs.

By the time the Major reached the vestibule the leg had become perfectly reckless. It flew up before and it flew up behind. It butted against the good leg, and darted out sidewise, and described circles, and tried to insert its toes in the Major's coat-tail pockets, and to whack him on the nose. When the sexton came with the hack and put the Major in it the leg banged through the window-glass, and when the driver got down to see about it the leg brandished itself in his face, and concluded the exercise by planting a terrible blow in his stomach. Then the Major told the driver that he would give him ten dollars to take the leg off, and the driver accepted the offer. For several minutes it eluded all his efforts to catch it as it danced about, but finally he got hold of it and hung on while the Major tried to unbuckle the straps. Then it came off and rolled the driver in the mud. He got up to watch it. It writhed and kicked and jumped and throbbed and hopped; and whenever it would make a dash to one side or the other the crowd would scatter in order to give it full play. Finally Ben Woolley set his dog on it, and a most exciting contest ensued, the leg two or three times running off with the dog; and it seemed likely that the dog would get whipped. Mr. Woolley got a crow-bar and aimed a blow at the leg with the intent to smash it. But he missed it and nearly killed the dog. As soon as the dog retired, Mr. Woolley whacked it again and burst it into flinders, and then there was peace. The Major drove home and got his crutches, and since then he has confined himself to the use of a wooden leg without springs.—*Chicago Herald.*

About Vaccination.

An amusing incident occurred recently at a mass meeting of six or seven anti-vaccination sts at Boston. After the meeting had been called to order, one of the members, who is a very learned man, read a lengthy essay, which proved conclusively that all persons who had been vaccinated with genuine bovine virus were certain to be more or less cowardly. He asserted with great positiveness that virus from a cow, or heifer, contained the essence of cowardliness, which was even transmitted from the parents to the children; and that the ultimate result would be the complete degeneracy of the American people. He also argued that moral, as well as physical courage, could only be found in men who had never allowed themselves to be vaccinated. He pointed with pride to Julius Cæsar, Napoleon and other noble heroes, who would never have amounted to a row of pins if they had had bovine matter from a cow in their systems. A new member got up at this crisis, and asked the speaker if bovine virus from a bull yearling was not calculated to make a vaccinated person bull-headed, and was told that that would be the subject of the next essay.

We must mention in this connection that the President of the Boston Anti-Vaccination Society was not present, and none of the members, or anybody else, for that matter, had seen him for several weeks. It was whispered among the members that he had gone back on them, that he was a Judas Arnold or a Benedict Arnold, and had had himself vaccinated, hence his unwillingness to appear among them. Just as the member was pounding on the desk, and repeating over and over, that bovine virus from a cow made men cowardly, and that the unvaccinated men would be the heroes of the future, the door opened, and who should walk in but the missing President of the society? A mere glance at him was sufficient to convince the most incredulous that he had not allowed himself to be vaccinated, for his face was covered with partially healed small-pox sores. The poor man had just got over a bad attack of the dread disease. His carved and pitted features beamed, however, with joy at once more seeing his anti-vaccination brethren. He advanced to shake hands with them, and give them his experience, and perhaps the small-pox, also, but, strange to say, they were no longer there. They had wafted themselves out through the windows and side doors. The only visible indication that they had ever been there at all was the essay demonstrating that all vaccinated people had to be cowards, while the unvaccinated were incapable of fear. The badly marked President picked up the essay in order to read it more carefully at home, and then he sadly left the deserted hall.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Journeyman Humorist.

A man entered the office the other day heavily laden with a variety of objects. A bent pin stuck in the lapel of his coat; a custard pie was in his left hand; a pair of lavender trousers hung over one arm, while a bent piece of stove-pipe was held under the other; a green apple was in his coat pocket; his other hand contained a plate of ice-cream, a glass of soda water and a can of kerosene. Beside him walked a mule with a garden gate on his back, and a bull-dog and a goat. He created a great deal of consternation until he stated that he was a journeyman humorist, accompanied by his professional instruments, which he desired to store for a few days, a request that was cheerfully granted by the staff.—*Puck.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A wind-break properly arranged near a strawberry bed will cause the snow to lodge on it. This makes the best protection for the winter that can be had.

—Seasoning sausages: For one hundred pounds of meat, finely chopped or ground, two and one-fourth pounds of fine salt, eight ounces of black pepper, and eight ounces of sage, finely pulverized and sifted.—*Exchange.*

—Raisin Pie: One cup of raisins, one cup of water, one cup of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn starch; put the water on the raisins and boil for five minutes, add corn starch dissolved in a little cold water, add sugar, and boil five minutes longer. Bake with a rich upper and under crust.—*The household.*

—The successful farmer is the reading one in nine cases out of ten. It is only by reading that one can keep up with the times in which we live. It has been aptly said that an agricultural community without books and papers relating to farming, is like a ship at sea without rudder or compass.—*American Farmer.*

—The use of sulphur with live stock of all kinds has a value in preventing many forms of disease, and especially skin diseases. It must be used cautiously, as it is an active poison. The average hired hand must not be trusted in using it. Mix thoroughly and there is no danger in giving it.

—Salting Beef for Family use: For one hundred pounds of beef take eight pounds of salt, four pounds of brown sugar, make a brine, boil and skim, add two ounces of soda, two ounces of saltpeter, one half ounce of cayenne pepper, let it cool, then pour over the beef, packed firmly in a barrel. Let the brine cover the meat.—*Exchange.*

—Most sheep get all their permanent teeth when between three and four years old. An authority says: "In the sheep, as in the ox, all the temporary incisors are up at a month old, as well as the first, second and third molars. At one year old the two central incisors are changed and replaced by permanent teeth, and the fourth and fifth molars are up. Six months later the two lateral central and the sixth molar appear. At two years and six months the lateral permanent incisors are cut, and the first, second and third molars are permanent. At three years old the corner incisors are shed, and shortly afterward all the permanent teeth are in the mouth.—*Rural World.*

Economy in Feeding Pigs.

Economy in feeding, as well as all else, is necessary if we would realize the greatest profit in making pork. More flesh and fat can be extracted from food when put into its most digestible form, by cooking, than when fed raw; the assimilation is easy and more perfect, and there is very much less waste. Some kinds of food are comparatively valueless when fed raw, but when cooked become excellent and decidedly fattening. Raw potatoes may be very good as a regulator, but as a food are poor in fattening qualities. Cooked, they become digestible, the starch in them being put into an assimilable form. Uncooked or raw, it is otherwise, and they are among the poorest kinds of food for fattening purposes. Cooking them pays, especially when mixed with ground and cooked grain. The nutritive value of grain is very greatly increased by cooking. When fed raw and dry, a considerable portion passes through the stomach without the least chemical change, and quite a percentage is lost by not being digested. So also if meal is fed un-cooked and dry, or merely wet with water.

Where grain is cheaper than labor and fuel, it may pay best not to cook the grain. Whether, therefore, corn should be cooked or fed raw, depends upon circumstances rather than upon any arbitrary rules. The nearer to an assimilable form any kind of grain is put for feeding purposes, the more economically it is fed, so far as gain in flesh and fat are concerned. For this reason, grinding and feeding the meal is better than feeding whole or unground. Pigs and other animals are apt to feed greedily and not properly masticate grain, and of course it is not all digested. Hunger may be appeased, but fat is not gained. A less quantity put into a condition to be fully digested, would add more to the gain of the animal. As farmers usually feed pigs, it may be set down as an assured fact that there is a loss of from one-third to one-half of the food, unless we reckon the increased value of the manure, which is an expensive way of adding value to it.

In feeding meal, the miller's toll must be taken into account; also the expense of taking to and from the mill, so that the value of the food is relative, and must be determined by circumstances. As a substitute, under adverse circumstances, soaking the grain in hot water to a condition of softness will save the miller's toll, and make it profitable. But in soaking it reference should be had to weather, cold and clear weather allowing of the longest soaking; hot and bad weather favors early fermentation. In the first degree of fermentation an acid is formed which is most palatable and healthful for the pigs. Beyond this fermentation it is not healthful, and when the vinous condition is reached it is unfit for feeding.—*Country Gentleman.*

Construction of Smoke-Houses.

As the time for using them is near at hand, it may be that some, who have quite a limited use, may not be able to build elaborate ones, and to these we may recommend the hogshead smoker. Procure a large sugar hogshead, and nail cleats across the top to secure it in one piece as the lid or cover. Bore holes in opposite sides to insert the ends of stout wooden bars to support the hams. Cut a hole about a foot across into the bottom at one side, to allow the upward passage of the smoke from below. Dig a trench in the ground nearly a foot wide and deep, and some two or three feet long, in which to make the fire. Take off the cover, insert the cross-bars, and hang the hams upon them. The easiest and most convenient way to hang them is to procure a number of small hooks made of small iron rod in the shape of the letter S. A blacksmith will make a dozen in a few minutes. Place the hogshead so that one-half the short trench shall be directly under the hole cut in the bottom, and the other half outside. Build a small fire in the outer part of the ditch, of corn-cobs, maple chips, or other suitable fuel, and as soon as it begins to burn, place a piece of sheet-iron or flat stone over it, which will drive the smoke inside and up through the hole into the hogshead. The fire should burn very slowly, producing smoke and not flame, and this may be controlled by closely covering it outside or leaving a small opening. If this slow fire is properly attended to, there will be no danger of burning the bottom of the hogshead. The crevices around the edge of the cover will admit of sufficient ventilation.

A larger and more complete smoke house may be constructed on this same principle. It may be easily built of wood, with vertical boarding and battens. On one or both sides, a brick horizontal fire-place is made, so that the side of the building shall rest on the top, with a sheet-iron door outside, and openings in the brick inside for the passage of the smoke. There will be no fire or ashes inside, and the whole may be thus kept neat and clean. The floor may be of planks, of stone and gravel covered with cement, or of hard brick or flagging-stone. A door at the side admits entrance, and a small register at the top controls ventilation.—*Country Gentleman.*

An Alleged Treasure Trove.

A story comes from Franklin, Pa., that Columbus Brown, of that village, on Saturday last unearthed an iron chest filled with gold and silver coins valued at about $27,000. It has always been supposed that during the French occupation considerable specie was buried at different points around where Franklin now stands. Among those most thoroughly imbued with that idea was Mr. Brown. For a long time he has thought, talked and dreamed of buried treasure. Last Friday night his dreams took definite shape, pointing him to a spot in an open field near his house. Upon the spot grew a tree, under which on Saturday he began to dig. At a depth of six feet he struck an iron chest which, when opened, was found to contain French and other coins bearing dates ranging from 1729 to 1754. The latter date is that when Fort Machault, the ruins of which still exist near Franklin, was finished. On a brass ruler found in the chest "Joncaire," the name of the officer in command of the French troops, is plainly stamped. The fort was evacuated in July, 1759, and very hastily. It is thought that the treasure was then buried with the intention of recovering it at some future time. One of the curious things found in the chest was an ink horn in a remarkable state of preservation. The chest is of hammered plates and rivets, and is almost destroyed by rust. There were several large brass buttons among the contents of the box, showing that it had contained some article of clothing which had long since moldered away. For 126 years the secret of the French commandant remained untold.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Students in Revolt.

There is an open revolt among some of the students of Palatinate College, an institution under the control of the Reformed Church, at Myerstown, Lebanon County, Pa. The college has two flourishing literary societies. Some time ago one of them, the Palatinate Literary Society, held its annual exercises in the chapel of the college. The principal, Dr. Russell, demanded five dollars' rent for the use of the chapel and sent in his bill to the society. This was laid before the society, and the question for its payment being put before the society it was resolved not to grant the amount demanded from the treasury. Dr. Russell, who is noted as a strict disciplinarian, was not to be trifled with, however, and he insisted upon its payment on the ground that if he acceded to the wishes of the pupils there would be other acts of rebellion, and that it would be establishing a bad precedent. The pupils of the society claim that it is an old custom at the colleges never to charge the societies anything for holding their meetings in the college chapel. Several of the pupils have already been expelled for aiding in this rebellion, and about twenty-five others have withdrawn and are boarding at the Behny House, a hotel in Myerstown. A meeting of the board of trustees has been called, and the students declare that they will not go back unless the case is decided in their favor. Some of the citizens of the town are taking sides with the students and others with the faculty, and the affair causes considerable excitement. The students are having a good time at the hotel and are enjoying life, free from the restraints of the college. Dr. Russell insists that the five dollars shall be paid merely to show the students that the authority of the college officials can not be trampled under foot.

—Are not doctors' estimates upon the health of women somewhat overvalued? The practical workings of their profession bring them into contact with few but invalid women. There are women to be found, and in pretty round numbers in every community, who never had five minutes' intimate acquaintance with a doctor in their lives; what do the M. D.'s know of the mode of life and habits of thought of these? Their friends, however, are apt to know them as the women who give the least idle thought to their own mental or physical construction; who seem to forget that they have a body; who talk least loudly about their handicapped condition, but show in all they touch what the old New Englanders called "faculty."—*Boston Transcript.*

—In New York recently, Recorder Smyth sentenced two young fellows who went into a Chinese laundry and terrorized the inmates with pistols, to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor.

—A black walnut grove that was planted by a Wisconsin farmer about twenty years ago on some waste land, recently sold for $17,000. The trees are now from sixteen to twenty inches through.

A Half Dollar Trial.

Mr. Ernest King, editor of the Fall River (Mass.) *Sun*, thus discourses upon the merits of St. Jacobs Oil: "Suffering with rheumatic pains I was Didymus as to remedies. I read of St. Jacobs Oil and said here goes for a half dollar trial. I bought a bottle and before it was half used the screw-wrench pains had gone and troubled me no longer."

THERE won't be any need of searching for the North Pole for the next four months.

COL. C. W. HERBERT, of the Forest Park Restaurant, St. Louis, Mo., was entirely cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

A COUNTRY editor has been made the victim of a diamond robbery. His opponent stole the axe of that suit out of the pack.—*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.

A SCRANTON man advertises that he will sell a cow, with calf by her side, for "a most nothing." If he has tried the experiment of driving the cow in one direction and the calf in another, we do not wonder that he wants to sell out.—*Philadelphia News.*

A YOUNG man in Des Moines loved a girl so wildly that he wrote her fifteen letters a day for five weeks. At the end of that time she eloped with another fellow as a matter of self-protection.—*Boston Post.*

IT'S just as well to remember that if a team comes near running over you it's probably the driver and not the horse that's to blame, and, therefore, it's hardly the fair thing to whack the horse over the head with your cane.

YOUNG noblemen are becoming numerous on the London Stock Exchange. One of them said recently that he felt like an orchid in a turnip field, and the noble members are henceforth to be known as "the orchid squad."

THE mint authorities report a scarcity of ten-cent pieces. This accounts for the frequency with which some people are obliged to pass off a three-cent piece for a dime.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IF you want to scare a New York furniture manufacturer, don't waste breath telling him that all the black walnut in the country has been used up whisper in his ear that the brown paint crop has failed.—*Philadelphia News.*

INVITATIONS to funerals are now gotten up after the style of wedding cards, and have a deep border of black. Inclosed is a dismal card on which is printed: "Please present this card at the church."

IT is fashionable in London to wear the head of a monkey on a bonnet. It is a French idea. Do not follow the fashion. Let the monkey walk alongside of you.

THE Woman Suffrage Society, of Philadelphia, voted that man was a tyrant, and the owner of the hall where it met raised the rent to double figures. Silence is golden.

PAILS are now made of straw. We wonder if that's where all the "straw bail" goes to, of which we hear so much!—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

**Tom B. has a young brother and a young lady sister, and Tom B. is a mighty hard man to keep up with. His sister had a beau the other night, and just as the conversation became interesting the little brother walked in. "Well," said his sister, "what do you want here?" "I want to whisper something to you," was the reply. "Then's politer to whisper in company; speak right out like a little man." "But I don't like to." "Tom, but you must, so Mr. J. can see how bright you are." "All right, then. Brother Tom told me to ask you what was the date of your last bustle, for he can't find to-day's paper high nor low, and he left it in your room just before sup-er." Tom left on the midnight train for a trip South, and his house is not expecting him back before the 1st of May. The young lady may recover by that time.—*The Dreamer.*

Almost Persuaded.

It is not to be wondered at that chronic dyspeptics are peevish, cross and nervous. The disease poisons the blood, weakens the kidneys and shatters the nervous system. To those who feel almost persuaded to try that never failing cure for dyspepsia and general weakness known as Dr. Guypott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, we desire to say you make a great mistake by delaying. Now is the time. It will positively restore you to health, strength and vigor. It is the prescription of an eminent physician and is composed of Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Burdo, Celery and Calisaya.

A MISSOURI woman, after completing a lecture recently, missed the train on which she was to be carried to another town. With her daughter she tried to get through on the freight train, but was informed that no passengers could be taken. She then demanded to be shipped as live stock, and as there was no rule against this, she and her daughter were weighed, ticketed and billed to a consignee as cattle.

Swindlers Abroad.

If any one has represented that we are in any way interested in any bogus bitters or stuff with the word "Hope" in the name, cheating honest folks, or that we will pay any of their bills or debts, they are frauds and swindlers, and the victims should punish them. We deal in and pay only the bills for the genuine Hop Bitters, the purest and best medicine on earth.

HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO.

FLATTERY, like sugar plums, is very sweet, but not remarkably nourishing.

Why Will You Suffer!

Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug. Sold by druggists. Price 50 cts. per box, $1 for two, $2.50 for six, postage free. Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md.

THE Mobile (Ala.) *Register* claims that what Mobile has lost in cotton she is fast making up in other branches of trade.

How to Cure the Piles.

Edouard Reinstard, of New York, writes to a friend: It gives me great pleasure to say that a single box of BENNY'S CARBOLIC SALVE effected a complete cure of Piles with which I had been troubled for over a year, and which nothing else that I used would cure.

IT doesn't do to engage in a dispute with a chemist, for he always has a retort ready.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

Poverty and Distress.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse but of the blood. Deprived of its richness it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed anæmia in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, throat disease, spitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from this, your best blood employer Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. Is more nutritive than cod liver oil, and is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

SOME one has discovered that Mrs. Langtry was born in the year ——, and is therefore —— old. We supposed she was much older.—*Norristown Herald.*

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.

YOU will be a good deal older than you are now when you discover one woman adoring another for her beauty.—*Boston Globe.*

AS A TONIC and nervine for debilitated women nothing surpasses Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By druggists.

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