...OUD CHIEF.

...LOUTH, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

The supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago.

Then grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden-time
To grandma's heart to-night—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces, without a break,
That in life are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fash on the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children come to say good-night,
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

—*Saratoga Sun.*

JOE LAMBERT'S FERRY.

It was a thoroughly disagreeable March morning. The wind blew in sharp gusts from every quarter of the compass by turns. It seemed to take especial delight in rushing suddenly around corners and taking away the breath of anybody it could catch there coming from the opposite direction. The dust, too, filled people's eyes and noses and mouths, while the damp, raw March air easily found its way through the best clothing, and turned boys' skins into pimply goose-flesh.

It was a out as disagreeable a morning for going out as can be imagined; and yet everybody in the little western river town who could get out went out and stayed out.

Men and women, boys and girls, and even little children, ran to the river bank; and once there they stayed, with no thought, it seemed, of going back to their homes or their work.

The people of the town were wild with excitement, and everybody told everybody else what had happened, although everybody knew all about it already. Everybody, I mean, except Joe Lambert, and he had been so busy ever since daylight, sawing wood in Squire Grisard's woodshed, that he had neither seen nor heard anything at all. Joe was the poorest person in the town. He was the only boy there who really had no home and nobody to care for him. Three or four years before this March morning, Joe had been left an orphan, and being utterly destitute, he should have been sent to the poor-house, or "bound out" to some person as a sort of servant. But Joe Lambert had refused to go to the poor-house or to become a bound boy. He had declared his ability to take care of himself, and by working hard at odd jobs, sawing wood, rolling barrels on the wharf, picking apples or weeding onions as opportunity offered, he had managed to support himself "after a manner," as the village people said. That is to say, he generally got enough to eat, and some clothes to wear. He slept in a warehouse shed, the owner having given him leave to do so on condition that he would act as a sort of watchman on the premises.

Joe Lambert alone of all the villagers knew nothing of what had happened; and of course Joe Lambert did not count for anything in the estimation of people who had houses to live in. The only reason I have gone out of the way to make an exception of so unimportant a person is that I think Joe did count for something on that particular March day at least.

When he finished the pile of wood that he had to saw, and went to the house to get his money, he found nobody there. Going down the street he found the town empty, and, looking down a cross street, he saw the crowds that had gathered on the river-bank, thus learning at last that something unusual had occurred. Of course he ran to the river to learn what it was.

When he got there he learned that Noah Martin, the fisherman who was also the ferryman between the village its neighbor on the other side of the river, had been drowned during the early morning in a foolish attempt to row his ferry-skiff across the stream. The ice which had blocked the river for two months, had begun to move on the day before, and Martin with his wife and baby—a child about a year old—were on the other side of the river at the time. Early on that morning there had been a temporary gorging of the ice about a mile above the town, and, taking advantage of the comparatively free channel, Martin had tried to cross with his wife and child, in his boat.

The gorge had broken up almost immediately, as the river was rising rapidly, and Martin's boat had been caught and crushed in the ice. Martin had been drowned, but his wife, with her child in her arms, had clung to the wreck of the skiff, and had been carried by the current to a little low-lying island just in front of the town.

What had happened was of less importance, however, than what people saw must happen. The poor woman and baby out there on the island, drenched as they had been in the icy water, must soon die with cold, and, moreover, the island was now nearly under water, while the great stream was rising rapidly. It was evident that within an hour or two the water would sweep over the whole surface of the island, and the great fields of ice would of course carry the woman and child to a terrible death.

Many wild suggestions were made for their rescue, but none that gave the least hope of success. It was simply impossible to launch a boat. The vast fields of ice, two or three feet in thickness, and from twenty feet to a hundred yards in breadth, were crushing and grinding down the river at the rate of four or five miles an hour, turning and twisting about, sometimes jamming their edges together with so great a force that one would lap over another, and sometimes drifting apart and leaving wide open spaces between for a moment or two. One might as well go upon such a river in an egg shell as in the stoutest row-boat ever built.

The poor woman with her babe could be seen from the shore, standing there alone on the rapidly narrowing strip of island. Her voice could not reach the people on the bank, but when she held her poor little baby toward them in mute appeal for help, the mothers there understood her agony.

There was nothing to be done, however. Human sympathy was given freely, but human help was out of the question. Everybody on the river-shore was agreed in that opinion. Everybody, that is to say, except Joe Lambert. He had been so long in the habit of finding ways to help himself under difficulties that he did not easily make up his mind to think any case hopeless.

No sooner did Joe clearly understand how matters stood than he ran away from the crowd, nobody paying any attention to what he did. Half an hour later, somebody cried out: "Look there! Who's that, and what's he going to do?" pointing up the stream.

Looking in that direction, the people saw some one three quarters of a mile away standing on a floating field of ice in the river. He had a large farm-basket strapped upon his shoulders, while in his hands he held a plank.

As the ice-field upon which he stood neared another, the youth ran forward, threw his plank down, making a bridge of it, and crossed to the farther field. Then picking up his plank, he waited for a chance to repeat the process.

As he thus drifted down the river, every eye was strained in his direction. Presently some one cried out: "It's Joe Lambert; and he's trying to cross to the island!"

There was a shout as the people understood the nature of Joe's heroic attempt, and then a hush as its extreme danger became apparent.

Joe had laid his plans wisely and well, but it seemed impossible that he should succeed. His purpose was, with the aid of the plank to cross from one ice-field to another until he should reach the island; but as that would require a good deal of time, and the ice was moving down stream pretty rapidly, it was necessary to start at a point above the town. Joe had gone about a mile up the river before going on the ice, and when first seen from the town he had already reached the channel.

After that first shout a whisper might have been heard in the crowd on the bank. The heroism of the poor boy's attempt awed the spectators, and the momentary expectation that he would disappear forever amid the crushing ice-fields made them hold their breath in anxiety and terror.

His greatest danger was from the smaller cakes of ice. When it became necessary for him to step upon one of these, his weight was sufficient to make it tilt, and his footing was very insecure. After awhile as he was nearing the island, he came into a large collection of these smaller ice-cakes. For awhile he waited hoping that a larger field would drift near him; but after a minute's delay he saw that he was rapidly floating past the island, and that he must either trust himself to the treacherous broken ice, or fail in his attempt to save the woman and child.

Choosing the best of the floes, he laid his plank and passed across successfully. In the next passage, however, the cake tilted up, and Joe Lambert went down into the water! A shudder passed through the crowd on shore.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed some tender-hearted spectator; "it is all over with him now."

"No; look, look!" shouted another. "He's trying to climb upon the ice. Hurrah! he's on his feet again!" With that the whole company of spectators shouted for joy.

Joe had managed to regain his plank as well as to climb upon a cake of ice before the fields around could crush him, and now moving cautiously, he made his way little by little toward the island.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! he's there at last!" shouted the people on the shore.

"But will he get back again?" was the question each one asked himself a moment later.

Having reached the island, Joe very well knew that the more difficult part of his task was still before him, for it was one thing for an active boy to work his way over floating ice, and quite another to carry a child and lead a woman upon a similar journey.

But Joe Lambert was quick-witted and "long-headed," as well as brave, and he meant to do all that he could to save these poor creatures for whom he had risked his life so heroically. Taking out his knife he made the woman cut her skirts off at the knees, so that she might walk and leap more freely. Then placing the baby in the basket which was strapped upon his back, he cautioned the woman against frightening or fright, and instructed her carefully about the method of crossing.

On the return journey Joe was able to avoid one great risk. As it was not necessary to land at any particular point, time was of little consequence, and hence when no large field of ice was at hand, he could wait for one to approach without attempting to make use of the smaller ones. Leading the woman wherever that was necessary, he slowly made his way toward shore, drifting down the river, of course, while all the people of the town marched along the bank.

When at last Joe leaped ashore in company with the woman and bearing her babe in the basket on his back, the people seemed ready to trample upon each other in their eagerness to shake hands with their hero.

Their hero was barely able to stand, however. Drenched as he had been in the icy water, the sharp March wind had chilled him to to the marrow, and one of the village doctors speedily lifted him into his carriage, which he had brought for that purpose, and drove rapidly away, while the other physician took charge of Mrs. Martin and the baby.

Joe was a strong, healthy fellow, and under the doctor's treatment of hot brandy and vigorous rubbing with coarse towels, he soon warmed. Then he wanted to saw enough wood for the doctor to pay for his treatment, and thereupon the doctor threatened to poison him if he should ever venture to mention pay to him again.

Naturally enough the village people talked of nothing but Joe Lambert's heroic deed, and the feeling was general that they had never done their duty toward the poor orphan boy. There was an eager wish to help him now, and many offers were made to him; but these all took the form of charity, and Joe would not accept charity at all. Four years earlier, as I have already said, he had refused to go to the poor-house or to be "bound out," declaring that he could take care of himself; and when some thoughtless person had said in his hearing that he would have to live on charity, Joe's reply had been:

"I'll never eat a mouthful in this town that I haven't worked for if I starve." And he had kept his word. Now that he was fifteen years old he was not willing to begin to receive charity, even in the form of a reward for his good deed.

One day when some of the most prominent men of the village were talking to him on the subject Joe said:

"I don't want anything except a chance to work, but I'll tell you what you may do for me if you will. Now that poor Martin is dead the ferry privilege will be to lease again, and I'd like to get it for a good long term. May be I can make something out of it by being always ready to row people across, and I may even be able to put on something better than a skiff after awhile. I'll pay the village what Martin paid."

The gentlemen were glad enough of a chance to do Joe even this small favor, and there was no difficulty in the way. The authorities gladly granted Joe a lease of the ferry privilege for twenty years, at twenty dollars a year rent, which was the rate Martin had paid.

At first Joe rowed people back and forth, saving what money he got very carefully. This was all that could be required of him, but it occurred to Joe that if he had a ferry-boat big enough, a good many horses and cattle and a good deal of freight would be sent across the river, for he was a "long-headed" fellow, as I have said.

One day a chance offered, and he bought for twenty-five dollars a large old wood boat, which was simply a square barge forty feet long and fifteen feet wide, with leveled bow and stern, made to hold cordwood for the steamboats. With his own hands he laid a stout deck on this, and, with the assistance of a man whom he hired for that purpose, he constructed a pair of paddle wheels. By that time Joe was out of money, and work on the boat was suspended for a while. When he had accumulated a little more money, he bought a horse-power, and placed it in the middle of his boat, connecting it with the shaft of his wheels. Then he made a rudder and helm, and his horse-boat was ready for use. It had cost him a hundred dollars besides his own labor upon it, but it would carry live stock and freight as well as passengers, and so the business of the ferry rapidly increased, and Joe began to put a little money away in the bank.

After awhile a railroad was built into the village, and then a second one came. A year later another railroad was open on the other side of the river, and all the passengers who came to one village by railroad had to be ferried across the river in order to continue their journey by the railroads there. The horse-boat was too small and too slow for the business, and Joe Lambert had to buy two steam ferry-boats to take its place. These cost more money than he had, but, as the owner of the ferry privilege, his credit was good, and the boats soon paid for themselves, while Joe's bank account grew again.

Finally the railroad people determined to run through cars for passengers and freight, and to carry them across the river on large boats built for that purpose; but before they gave their orders to their boat builders, they were waited upon by the attorneys of Joe Lambert, who soon convinced them that his ferry privileges gave him alone the right to run any kind of ferry-boats between the villages which had now grown to such size that they called themselves cities. The result was that the railroads made a contract with Joe to carry their cars across, and he had some large boats built for that purpose.

All this occurred a good many years ago, and Joe Lambert is not called Joe now, but Captain Lambert. He is one of the most prosperous men in the little river city, and owns many large river steamers besides his ferry-boats. Nobody is readier than he to help a poor boy or a poor man; but he has his own way of doing it. He will never toss so much as a cent to a beggar, but he never refuses to give man or boy a chance to earn money by work. He has an odd theory that money which comes without work does more harm than good.—*Geo. Cary Eggleston, in Wide Awake.*

Telephones.

According to a pamphlet just issued by the International Telephone Company of Paris there are 152 cities in the world furnished with that latest adjunct of modern civilization, the telephone. Of these 92 are located in the United States, 46 in Great Britain, 12 in Italy, 10 in Germany eight in France, six in Belgium, three each in Austro-Hungary, Russia, Switzerland and British India, two each in the Netherlands, and one each in Denmark, Sweden and Mexico.

This is a pretty good showing considering the very short time that the telephone has been in practical use. The total number of subscribers to the telephone exchanges in these 152 cities are 56,839, of whom the United States have 37,199, or nearly two-thirds, the other third being scattered over the globe as follows: Great Britain, 4,946; France, 3,640; Italy, 2,902; Germany, 2,322; Belgium, 2156; Austro-Hungary, 970; Sweden, 672; Switzerland; 621; Denmark, 398; Mexico, 300; Russia, 238; British India, 213; Egypt, 185; and the Netherlands, 151. The statistics for the United States are rather behind date, having been gathered chiefly during last year, but those for the countries outside the United States are much more recent and there are much more reliable.

The contrasts presented between the extent to which the telephone is used here and between its use elsewhere would, therefore, be even more violent were the present figures of our own exchanges to be used instead of those of a year ago. Those of London represent the degree to which the telephone was employed on the 27th of March last. There were then 1,561 subscribers in a district having a population of 4,764,000. In the district served by the Metropolitan Telephone Company, which includes New York City, Brooklyn and Hoboken, and having a population of 1,942,000, or about forty per cent. of the London district, there were in May, 1881, 4,000 subscribers, so that if London were supplied at the same rate as New York was then it would have now about 10,000 instruments instead of this beggarly 1,561.

Berlin, which now has a population almost as large as New York City, has 951 instruments, which is a considerable advance over London, and Paris is ahead of Berlin, there being 2,442 telephones in operation there in a district estimated to contain 2,000,000. In Italy it appears to be quite popular, there being 475 subscribers in Rome, which has a population of only 289,000; 410 in Turin, population 231,000; 187 in Florence, population 145,000; 185 in Bologna, populat on 292,000; 118 in Vienna, population 131,000; and 310 in Naples, population 458,000, the latter only being twice as well supplied—difference in population being considered—as London, while Rome is fully as well supplied as New York.

In the Russian Empire the three places where the telephone has been introduced are St. Petersburg, Moscow and Odessa. The former has 134 out of the 227 instruments, the other two having sixty-six and twenty-seven, respectively. Vienna, Pesth and Trieste are the three Austrian cities into which it has made its way. Vienna has but 600 subscribers, although the district has a population falling but about 200,000 short of that of New York City. In Belgium some of the smaller cities are remarkably well supplied with instruments, Charleroi, which has but 10,000 inhabitants, having 230 of them, which is almost as many as Leadville had when it was of the same size.

The lines are operated by private companies everywhere excepting in Germany and Switzerland, in both of which States the Government has reserved to itself the exclusive privilege of constructing and working them. In Belgium the Government reserves the right to take possession of them at any time on payment of a fair price. In Great Britain the concession is for thirty-one years, in Austria for ten years, and in Hungary for twenty years. In Russia each line receives a special concession; in Italy the concessions run for thirty years subject to renewal, but the Government regulates the rates under certain restrictions; in Denmark the concession is for twelve years; while in Sweden all that is necessary is to make an amicable arrangement with the telegraph people.

The liberality, or the contrary, displayed by the different Governments in granting permission to construct the lines is doubtless one of the principal reasons for the abundance or the paucity of telephone instruments; but other causes, such as concentration of population, which enables merchants to go from one house to another without any loss of time, and, above all, national enterprise, have their influence.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—As a way of emphasizing their argument radical members at Milan smash in the hats of their opponents

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—To clean a spice-mill grind a handful of raw rice through it.

—To prevent the juice of pies soaking into the under crust brush the crust with the white of a beaten egg.

—The quality and juices of meats are far better preserved if the meat is wiped with a towel instead of washed.

—To remove ink stains from mahogany apply carefully with a feather a mixture of a teaspoonful of water and a few drops of niter, and rub quickly with a damp cloth.

—The present high price of hops is causing a boom in hop growing. Many new yards will be planted the coming spring. By the time these come into bearing it is fair to presume that hops will be cheap.

—An excellent shampoo is made of salts of tartar, white castile soap, bay rum and luke-warm water. The salts will remove all dandruff, the soap will soften the hair and clean it thoroughly, and the bay rum will prevent taking cold.

—Twenty million bushels of rye were grown this year. It is not much used for food, especially while wheat flour is so cheap as now. As food for stock it is at present cheaper than any other grain, but it has not the fattening properties of corn.

—To raise the pile of velvet take two pieces of wood and place them on a table and between them bottom side up, put three very hot flat irons and lay over them a wet cloth; hold the velvet over the cloth with the wrong side down and when thoroughly steamed brush the pile with a light whisp.

—For a mare with sore chest: Give her one of the following balls every day for three days, then two a week: Barbadoes aloes, two ounces; nitrate of potash three ounces; powdered ginger, four ounces; molasses sufficient to make eight balls. Feed flax seed tea daily. Exercises regularly.

—The Germantown *Telegraph* thinks the new method of grinding corn will in time supersede the old-fashioned millstones, as it is claimed to possess many advantages over them. The grain passes over a series of cylinders provided with fine steel points revolving rapidly against fixed knives, each set finer than the one preceding. The meal thus made is exceedingly fine, and it is claimed that there is a saving of one-half in power, and the machinery is less expensive than burr-stones.

Treatment of Sick Animals.

We are all liable to have a sick animal on our hands, and are quite liable to be beyond the reach of veterinary assistance. We may or may not be fortunate in consequence of the latter. In the best light that we have we conclude that in the human family drugs kill about as many as they cure, and we fail to see why the same is not true among our domestic animals. The administration of harsh medicines is certainly not to be encouraged. They come in contact with very delicate membranes, and if they do no harm, the result would be entirely unexpected. In some respects, too, our veterinary medicines are generally far behind the times. It is pretty generally concluded that mercury is not fit for medicine, and not one in a mill on men or women will take it, if they know it. But it enters into the composition of many of our preparations for the treatment of sick animals. It is applied to sores and we think frequently administered internally. Now we do not believe that any farmer or breeder loses anything by being deprived of veterinary advice which would recommend such medicines. But something must be done if an animal is sick, it may be said. That may or may not be true, so far as administering medicines is concerned. As a rule, we have always found that human beings get along very well in cases of sickness, if they rest and diet. Perhaps our animals would often get along equally as well if given the same treatment. If a horse or cow is taken sick, it is wisdom to inquire at once into all the circumstances, with a view of ascertaining, if possible, the cause, immediate or remote. It may be that the horse has been overworked, and it may be that the horse or cow has been overfed, or fed too long upon one kind of food. The remedy in such cases will suggest itself at once. Nature has great recuperative powers, if she is only given an opportunity to assert them. A few days rest, or a change of food, or diminished feed, will often operate quickly in the case of an animal that shows signs of indisposition; and a dose of our often recommended and harmless remedy, charcoal, will, nine times out of ten, be all that is needed in simple diseases.

We shall save much suffering to our animals and much trouble to ourselves by using the ounce of prevention instead of the pound of cure at all times—that is to say, use our very best judgment in not exposing the animal to the causes of disease. We have frequently noticed that in all weather during the winter season, some men will always blanket their horses when they are standing on the road. Now except in very bitter cold weather the horse does not need a blanket. The blanket will sweat him, and then when taken off exposes the animal to the danger of taking cold. This is simply an evidence of thoughtless expense, and it is done, too, in the name of kindness. But in case of sickness we shall save the animal distress and ourselves trouble, too, by administering some simple, old-fashioned remedy, rather than riding perhaps, miles for a veterinary surgeon. Take colic for instance. Some men seem perfectly helpless in the presence of so simple a thing as colic in a horse or other domestic animal. What would we do if we were similarly afflicted? We might do many foolish things, among which the swallowing of a great dose of poisonous drugs would take high rank. But if we did the very best thing, as well as the easiest, we should strive to excite perspiration. A physician who went through the last attack of cholera in Chicago, informs us that he was convinced that the only glimmer of hope in cholera cases, was in plunging the patient into hot water, and thus produce perspiration. In animals we have seen it work to a charm. Wrap the animal up in blankets and throw it into a perspiration, and it will likely come out all right.

We make these suggestions for the purpose of calling attention to simple remedies. We are apt to underrate things because they are so very simple. In these days of multitude of doctors, with their foreign nomenclature of medicines, we are entirely too liable to conclude that the old herb tea which our grandmothers made, and which, perhaps, saved our lives more than once, cannot possibly be good for anything. Such notions are often very expensive and quite foolish.—*Western Rural.*

About Barometers.

According to Prof. Joule, the usual method of constructing barometers is faulty, and his experiments prove that it is possible to use sulphuric acid on the top of the mercurial column without chemical action taking place. He was, therefore, led to prepare a variety of tubes, with a view to obtain the one best adapted, all things considered, the result being a tube which possesses the following advantages: First, there is the utmost facility in the movement of the column, so that the most minute changes of pressure are at once registered without any dragging; and, second, the depression produced by capillary action is reduced to one-half; so that the siphon arrangement can be satisfactorily used as affording an accurate neutralization of capillary action.

A Presbyterian, Indeed.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, has a witty and wide-awake Presbyterian elder of pronounced Scotch antecedents, who, although a persistent advocate of the "Westminster Confession," will occasionally, for convenience' sake, and from an innate love of social religious intercourse, attend the meetings of his Methodist brethen.

At a recent prayer-meeting of the latter body of Christians that was held as preparatory to a centennial service in commemoration of the progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia, the presiding minister dwelt eloquently upon the wonderful growth and prosperity of the Methodist Church, and of its great founder, John Wesley. He also expressed thankfulness that to-day there were one hundred and nine Methodist ministers in Nova Scotia.

The meeting thus very naturally assumed a denominational character, and the minister asked our good Presbyterian brother to lead in prayer at the close. The elder complied, and after thanking the Lord for the many good things he had just heard "about this branch of Zion," he added, with much depth of feeling, "O Lord, we thank Thee for John Wesley, but we *especially* thank Thee for *John Knox*; we thank Thee for the hundred and nine Methodist ministers in our country, but we *especially* thank Thee for the *hundred and thirteen Presbyterian* ministers who are preaching the Word of Life throughout our land. *Amen.*"

Presbyterianism will not lose any luster by that earnest elder, even in a Methodist prayer-meeting.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.*

—The Queen fairly idolizes the three daughters of the Prince of Wales, and they pull and haul her Majesty about as if she were a very ordinary person indeed. The girls are all talented and are fine musicians. Their mother, the Princess, is said to be a superb pianist, but never plays outside her own family circle.

—A prospective bride of New York entered into an agreement with her intended to accept, in lieu of a dower or any right of a dower, the sum of $1,500. A document setting forth the bargain was drawn by the groom, signed by the bride and duly recorded—the first of its kind.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE Richmond (Va.) *State* writes: Ex-Mayor J. A. Gentry, Manchester, this State, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

THE weight of wealth—1,800 pounds to the ton.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

WE know from experience St. Jacobs Oil will cure rheumatism.—*Peoria (Ill.) Peorian.*

A PERFECTLY formed specimen of the tramp yesterday called into a top-floor office on Griswold street, and on being asked his business he replied: "Could you spare half a dollar to a man who wants to reach Buffalo?" "No, sir." "Could you spare a quarter?" "Not unless he earned it." "Could he earn it?" "Yes, sir. There's a ton of coal at the curb-stone which I want brought up here." "A whole ton?" "That's what I paid for." "And four stories high?" "Yes, this is the fourth story." The man sighed heavily and was going away when the gentleman called out: "Well, what do you say?" "I can't promise, sir, but I'll walk around the block and consult my feelings as to how bad I want to reach Buffalo. The more I look at that coal the more I think Detroit is the nicest place in the world to winter in."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"What's In a Name."

"What's in a name, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." A preparation of Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Buchu, Celery and Callisaya, put up from the prescription of that eminent physician, Dr. Guysott, might be called Dr. Guysott's Celery and Callisaya, Dr. Guysott's Buchu and Iron, or Dr. Guysott's Juniper and Sarsaparilla, but it is called "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla," and if you are weak, nervous and debilitated, if you suffer from blood impurities, dyspepsia, weak kidneys and general prostration, use this medicine according to directions on each bottle and you will be surprised how strong and well it will make you feel.

A LITTLE girl, some three or four years old, had been corrected by her mother somewhat severely. In the same family was another little girl of three and one-half years, staying temporarily, whose mother was not living. As soon as the two were alone this latter one expressed her sympathy for the culprit as follows: "I'se sorry for 'oo. My mamma is in Heaven. Don't you wish your's was?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Honest and Liberal.

When the Hops in each bottle of Hop Bitters (at the present price, $12 25 per lb.) cost more than a bottle is sold for, besides the other costly medicines, and the quality and price are kept the same, we think it is honest and liberal in the proprietors, and no one should complain, or buy or use worthless stuff, or cheating bogus imitations because the price is less.

AN exchange speaks of a certain railroad as being of the feminine gender because all her trains are behind.

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.

TOM THUMB is a Knight Templar. He is the shortest Knight in the world—shorter even than the night of the 21st of June.

CONSUMPTION in its early stages is readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," though, if the lungs are wasted, no medicine will effect a cure. No known remedy possesses such soothing and healing influence over all scrofulous, tuberculous and pulmonary affections as the "Discovery." John Willis, of Elyria, Ohio, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. Z. T. Phelps, of Cutbbert, Ga., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption." Sold by druggists.

IN some places a young man is not thought much of unless he owns a building lot. Out of site, out of mind.—*N. O. Picayune.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nervine properties, especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND people are asked to contribute a nickel apiece to build a church in Texas. It should be called the Church of St. Nickel-as, and when it is in operation it is to be hoped the old Nickel have less to do in Texas.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

PROFESSOR in physics: "What is Boyle's law?" Student, with a carbuncle: "To break out in the most inconvenient place."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A FASHION item announces that ladies are wearing V-shaped bodices. A V-shaped bodice spoils an X-shaped note.

"IS THERE ANY certain cure for wrinkles?" asks a Southern girl. Yes, ma; there is. Die young, and you'll never have wrinkles. If you don't know how to die, call in a doctor.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A MAN in Conyers, Ga., claims to be the boss swapper. Ten years ago he bought a pocket knife, for which he paid $2. He swapped this for a pistol; he swapped the pistol for a shotgun, the gun for a cow, the cow for a horse, and sold the horse for $500. He invested the $500 for the first five years and drew out $2,000. He has had the $2,000 out at interest for five years at 10 per cent., and he now has the result of his knife trade—$3,000.

THE physician who is an acute observer ought to be able to recognize the acute rheumatism when he sees it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

AMONG the new drugs in use are alligator pear seeds, corn silk, elephant's foot and chewstick, all in the form of fluid extracts.

OSCAR WILDE lost his trunk while on a lecturing tour last fall, and his legs were in a state of perturbation painful to see. "Ere, 'Arry! 'Arry! 'Ere's a jolly go, I say! I'ave the brewers for the luggage, and the blooming conductor 'as gone and shunted the luggage van off on another line, don't you know! Blewst the bloody luck of it, I cawn't see anything in this howling country but trouble, you know.—*Hawkeye.*

THE buzz-saw has been in use in this country for over a hundred years, and yet some folks wouldn't sit down in a plush-upholstered easy chair if there was any show for leaning against a burner.

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, etc. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, and take no other.

SOME people object to the practice of feeding waiters, but does not the smiling waiter tip the bills with gold.—*Boston Courier.*

***He who is ready to buy up his exercises will never want a supply of them." It is cheaper to buy a true friend in Kidney-Wort who will drive away those miserable exercises, a torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, piles, diseased kidneys and bowels. This remedy is now prepared in liquid as well as in dry form.

A NEW book is titled "Short Sayings of Great Men." When do we to have "Great Sayings of Short Men?"—*N. Y. News.*

DYSPEPSIA, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address Women's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN your son comes home with his feet "swinging wet" and says he hasn't been in the sea, it is fair to pronounce his story like the ice, "too thin."

MANY a sickly woman, whose sad experience had demonstrated alike the failure of prescribed doctors and poisonous drugs, has obtained a new lease of life for a few dollars worth of the Vegetable Compound and has gone on her way rejoicing and praising Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass.

MANY of the cigars labeled "Key West" bear a Key West in the resemblance to dried cabbage.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MAX BROWN SAYS—Nervous or Dyspeptic Headaches cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

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KLEPTOMANIA is a very stubborn and far-reaching disease. But we can cure it easily by a pad cousin.—*The Judge.*

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