THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

A TRIBUTE TO AN OLD SHOE.

Adieu! adieu!
My poor old shoe!
What comfort I have had with you!
My *sole* companion day by day,
You've cheered and soothed my weary way!

A fond adieu,
My dear old shoe!
Most faithful friend I've found in you!
Alike midst fair or wintry weather
We've shared life's pilgrimage together.

Now rent and torn,
And sadly worn,
Of every trace of beauty shorn;
'Tis with an honest, heartfelt sigh
I feel that I must throw you by.

A sad adieu!
Poor worn-out shoe!
What sorry plights you've borne *t e* through!
And oh! if tears my tender heart
To think that you and I must part.

Once more, adieu!
My faithful shoe!
I ne'er shall find the likes o' you,
And I will bless your memory
For all the good you've been to me.

No other boot
Can ever suit
As you have done my crippled foot!
No other shoe can ever be
The tried, true friend you've been to me.

A last adieu,
Dear, cast-off shoe!
Whatever may become of you,
Accept, dear, easiest, best of shoes,
This farewell offering of my muse.

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

WAITING.

One day, near the end of last September—it was the first bright day we had had for a week or more—I strolled down the main street of the seaport town where I was spending my vacation, intending to go out on the salt marshes back of the town. This main street, although little more than a mile long, has as eventful a career in its brief course as the road in the Pilgrim's Progress Chart we used to see, hung in the sitting-room of our grandfather's houses. Starting from the railroad, it first passes the colony of fish-houses and their rows of frames covered with drying cod; then it plunges into the hurry and bustle of the town, running the gauntlet between the two rival groceries which stand insultingly face to face; and passing the store in whose windows are exhibited two lamp chimneys, a jar of candy and a box of pepper, while overhead hangs the sign: "B. Bearse, Commission-Merchant." Then it comes to the head of the wharves, where are congregated the men from the mackerel fleet in the harbor, talking in various languages, or executing slow dances to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," from jewsharps and accordeons; and then it comes out in the old village, with the white church and the trim houses and the flower-gardens full of peonies and pansies and hollyhocks and larkspurs in their season, and hemmed in by white picket-fences, each with its green roll along the top.

I walked along here, catching a glimpse through every cross street of the harbor, until I came out to where the houses were more scattered. Then the road goes up a little hill, and from the top you have an unbroken view of the harbor on one side, and on the other the salt marshes. Just beyond this hill-top and standing apart by itself, was an old house which I had never noticed much before, but which now attracted my attention, and I stopped. It stood back perhaps fifty feet from the road, and was built in the common country fashion, with one story and a pitch roof slanting toward the road. The blinds were all closed, and their green had faded to a light blue. The white paint of the house was much of it washed off, and what was left was peeling and curling up. Through the crack between the boards of the front door-step was growing a row of vigorous pigweed, and the front yard was a sea of Bouncing-Bets. There had been a grape-arbor at one side of the yard, but it had gone to ruin, and the vine was trailing among the weeds. You could tell where the flower-beds had been by the greater luxuriance of growth, and along either border of the path, from the gate to the doorway, could be seen the twinkle, here and there through the weeds, of seashells.

The house was surely unoccupied. But there was a certain air about it which suggested something more than this. It looked as if it were waiting for some one—perhaps very far off now—to come and clear away the weeds, and fill the flower-beds with color, and throw open the doors and windows and let in the sunshine.

As I was wondering what the story of the house might be, a white-haired man, who had evidently been a sailor, came trudging down the road.

"Who lived here?" he said, in answer to my question: "Why, this is old Cap'n Peleg's house. You can't have been here long if you haven't heard of old Cap'n Peleg. Would you like to look inside? Well, I'll just go along here to my house and get the key."

He came back a moment later, and pushed open the gate, which moved slowly on its rusty hinges. We made our way through the tall weeds to the door, and here, too, the lock and hinges were rusty; but at last the door opened, and we went into a little entry, and from there into the parlor. Although the room was dark—for the blinds were closed and the curtains down—yet the light from the doorway showed that it had a cheerful, home-like look. There was a red carpet on the floor, and on the walls were hanging some bright pictures of schooners under full sail. Here by the window stood a big rocking-chair, with a soft red cushion in it, and there was another pulled up before the fire-place, and on the andirons were piled brushwood and sticks—all ready for the match.

"It's fifteen years since that fire was built," said the old man, throwing open the blinds, and then seating himself in one of the chairs and rocking softly—"Yes, sir, eighteen hundred and sixty-three. How time does fly."

"And is it waiting for the owner?" I asked.

"Well," said the old man, whose name, by the way, I found to be Nehemiah, or Ne'miah, as he called it—Cap'n Ne'miah Blossom—"set down, and I'll begin the story and tell it right through, and then you can answer your own question as well as I can.

"You see this house is quite old now. Cap'n Peleg's father lived here, and then Cap'n Peleg, and it's good now for three or four generations more. That's what the old man said when he built it. He was a young man then, but he said: 'I'm building this house for my grandson as well as myself.' So he picked out this spot, just sheltered by the hill, and yet so you can look down across the harbor and see the vessels going in and out, and he brought all the lumber from down South somewhere—Southern pine—in his vessel, and had the best work put in. And sure enough, when he died Peleg brought his wife here, and counted on leaving it the same to his boy. Now, if I only had a daguerreotype of Cap'n Peleg, that I raw once, to show you, and one of his boy, you might guess the whole story, all by yourself. The old Cap'n had black eyes and heavy eyebrows, and a heavy jaw, and close-set mouth, and Hi—that was the boy's name—he gave promise to take after his father.

"But they got on together first-rate. Cap'n Peleg's wife died while Hi was only a boy, and so Cap'n Peleg and Hi had to make much of each other, and they were always together, and Cap'n Peleg was forever making a willow whistle, or rigging a rabbit-trap, or doing something else for Hi. He'd married late, and was getting along in years, and so he give up going to sea and staid at home and took to farming a little, so's to look after his boy; and almost any day you could see them going across the flats for clams, or setting off on a day's fishing cruise in their boat, or carting up a load of seaweed for the garden, and wherever you see Hi you was pretty sure to see Cap'n Peleg, too. Hi was a nice-looking boy, full of life and fun, and a great favorite all over the village. 'Twas a pity things couldn't have staid so right along. But when Hi got a little older there began to be trouble.

"He wanted first to go to sea, but the old man said No, and he meant it. So after a while Hi gave in. He had to. There was no peace to be had with Cap'n Peleg unless you'd do just as he said. But the trouble was that Hi was much the same way, and they'd disagree on one thing and then on another, though it always ended by Hi's giving in.

"But at last it came to a point where he couldn't give in. They had a great dispute, and it hung on week in and week out, and they didn't go 'round together so much as usual. They never told any one what it was, but this I know, that there was one family in the village, Cap'n Cyrenus Baxter's family, and that Cap'n Peleg had always had a grudge against them—no matter about the reason now, but he distrusted them all, root and branch. Now Cap'n Cyrenus had a family of nice smart girls, and as things would turn out, Hi had to take to going there to call evenings, and 'twas about the time the old man found out which way the wind lay that he began to make trouble. But he'd got his hands more'n full that time. And the more they disagreed, the more Hi seemed to look like him, with his black eyes and eyebrows and set mouth. And he knew only too well that his father never would yield on that point. 'Twas no use thinking of such a thing. And I guess for several days they hardly spoke to each other.

"Well, things couldn't last so long, and one morning when Cap'n Peleg got up, Hi was nowhere to be found. First, the Cap'n thought he'd gone off to be married, and he was terribly angry, Cap'n Peleg was, and said he'd never speak to his boy again. But after a while he met a man from the wharves that told him he'd seen Hi.

"'Whereabouts?' says the Cap'n.

"'Setting sail with Cap'n Norris on the Leading Breeze,' says he.

"'Cap'n Norris?' says the old man; 'why, he's going off whalin', on a three years' cruise. Why, I know Hi too well to believe he'd go off that way, without saying a word to his father.'

"'But he has,' says the man. 'I was down on the wharf when the wind sprung up, towards morning, and they was getting ready to start, and I see Hi come along through the fog and go aboard. I guess he'd talked with the Cap'n before, for he went right to work. They got up their sails and weighed anchor, and he came onto the wharf to cast off. So he just shook hands with two or three of us that was standing there, and said "Good-by" sort of quiet, and then jumped aboard, and off they went, and I guess you can see the vessel now'f you go up on the hill.'

"So up on the hill Cap'n Peleg went. And he thought he saw the Leading Breeze, but it was foggy, and he wasn't sure. He often said afterwards that he did wish the fog could have lifted, for a few minutes, just then ——

"I can't tell what passed in the old man's mind those three years. He seemed the most unhappy man I ever saw, but I don't believe in all that time he ever once changed his mind. He got a letter from Hi from some foreign port where they'd put in, just saying he was well, and they was having good luck. And by and by he got another. And when two years had gone by, and there was some reasonable hope of their coming home—if the whalers have good luck they often make a shorter trip than they expected—he began to get nervous and irritable, and he spent a good deal of time on the hill just above the house here. And very early, mornings, before he got there, I used to see some one else there, too. My house is the only one where you can see folks up there where they look off, and I never told any one about her being there. It was easy watching then, because there was no reason to be anxious if they didn't come. But when the third year went by, and then the months began to creep along, and creep along, one after another, it was trying times. By and by it was four years. The old man's hair was fast getting white then, and he had to take a cane when he went up on the hill, but he kept his spirits, and he was dreadful hard to get along with. Aunt Nabby kept house for him then, and she said he couldn't sit still a minute, or think or talk about anything but Hi and the Leading Breeze.

"Then it got to be four years and a half, and then five years. Most of the crew on the whaler had been from other parts, so there weren't many others on the lookout, and what there was lost all heart—all but two; and they never met.

"But the old man was failing fast. One day, after he came down from the hill, he took to his bed, and he sent in for me and got me to keep a lookout for him, and he said that if he should hear the Leading Breeze was coming into the harbor, he knew he could get right up and go down to the wharves to meet his boy. But it didn't come, and he got weaker and weaker.

"One evening he sent for me to come in. And when I got there, he couldn't seem to make up his mind to tell me what he wanted. But at last I guessed what it was, and I went to Cap'n Cyrenus' and told Abby what I thought the old man wanted. She was a real sensible, nice girl, and she put on her things and come right down. And she and the old man had a long talk. I don't know what he said, but when she came out, I saw she'd been crying, but she tried to smile, and told me she was coming down the next morning, and she guessed p'raps she'd better stay awhile and look after him, and try to cheer him up some.

"I took her home, and when I came back Cap'n Peleg seemed a good deal softened down, and he told me he was feeling considerable better, and said he had more confidence in seeing Hi soon than he'd felt for a long time, and he meant to have Hi's clothes brought down from his room the next morning, and laid out in the sun, to be ready for him. But he said he'd tell me then, while he was feeling like it, that, if he shouldn't live to see Hi, he wanted the house to stand just so, with the fire all ready to light, and the chair drawn up in front, and his room up-stairs all waiting, and everything just so, so't when Hi come—he didn't say *if* he come, but *when* he come—he'd find it all waiting for him, and know that his father had left it so for a sort of 'welcome home.' 'And come to think,' he says, 'I'll just write it down now.' So he wrote it down just how he wanted it left, and signed it. And Aunt Nabby laid down her knitting and came in, and I got my wife in, and we signed it for witnesses.

"Then he lay back satisfied, and that night he died."

Cap'n Ne'miah, who, for the last few moments, had been sitting motionless, began to rock again.

I waited for him to go on with the story, but at last, as he did not speak, I said: "That was a long time ago. How did it all come out in the end?"

"That is the end," he said: "that's the whole story, and here the house stands and waits, and waits; and will wait, too. Cap'n Peleg's boy never came back, nor any of the crew. And this old house is waiting for some one that will come. Never will come. The old Cap'n left so't *she can come and* live here if she wants," he added. "But she's no need for that. And some day the house'll belong to her. That's all. Quite different from these stories you read, isn't it?"

We rose and went out again, and passed among the tall weeds and through the creaking gate. As we passed there a moment we saw the harbor spread out below us peaceful in the quiet glow of the setting sun. In some such bright harbor, perhaps, old Cap'n Peleg had long since met his boy.

Cap'n Ne'miah shut the gate with a sharp click.

"It's getting rather chilly," he said, as he turned toward his own cottage. "Good-night."—*Stewart Chaplin, in N. Y. Examiner.*

A Discreet Conductor.

"I understand you have made an application to be placed in charge of a train on another division of the road," said a newspaper man to Conductor Rumsey, the other evening. "The boys say it is too lively for you up around Waupun. How is it?"

"No, sir," says Rumsey, with a mad look on his face. "It is all a lie. I shall stay on that road as long as they want me; and you fellows want to have your passes with you when you strike my train, or you have to put up. The boys all have to come down and see me with passes or tickets or money, and don't you make no mistake. You want your thick-soled shoes on, or you get corns."

"But what was it about some fellow chasing you out of the coach into the baggage car, and you locking the door and not coming out till the man got off. Any truth in that?" said the newspaper man, as he took a cigar out of Rumsey's vest pocket, and lit it.

"Well, you hain't got no gall, either. What you want is to go into a slaughter-house somewhere and get some gall," and he looked down at his empty cigar pocket. "Naw, there didn't anybody scare me. The boys tell everything on me, because I am good-natured, and don't kick. It is because I am not picking a fight all the time. I am no fighter, and I had rather stop a train and build a track around a man that wants to fight, than to whip him. Some of these sheriffs and constables that travel around after prisoners, or take them to Waupun, think a conductor is a regular deputy sheriff. I am no Pinkerton. The other day a big husky fellow opened his coat and showed a star on his vest as big as the ones these Milwaukee aldermen wear, and said to me: 'I want you to help me up the road here a piece. I expect a couple of horse-thieves to get on, and they may be too much for me.' I told him I hadn't lost any horse-thief, and when the fuss commenced he could find me turning a back summersault off the kind end of the train. S'pose I am going to pull sand-baggers and horse-thieves for eighty dollars a month, and have bullets shot in my stomach. Not much. A sheriff from Nebraska wanted me to lay off one day and go to Randolph and help him arrest Polk Wells and his gang, two years ago. You remember how everybody got shot full of holes that time. Revolvers just laid right down on the floor and went off themselves. Not any Polk Wells business for me. Some of these sheriffs that take prisoners to Waupun think a conductor is going to sit right down and watch prisoners all the way. A fellow wanted me to hold a big prize-fighter he was taking to Waupun, with handcuffs on, while he went out at Horicon and got a drink. I told him I guessed not much Mary Ann, and he said I didn't have any sand. Well, I have got just enough to run my business and collect my fares, and if I want any sand-bagging I will quit railroading and run for constable. Why, they wanted me to stop a train once and go with them to a barn about a mile away from the track and hunt for some prisoners that escaped from the penitentiary. Did I go? Well, I haven't got my memorandum with me, but if I recollect right, I didn't go. Take me for a detective?"

"Then you rather incline to a quiet life, and had rather get along without any fuss," said the newspaper man, as he asked Rumsey for a match to light the cigar.

"Match! Well, I guess I better light it for you, and pay you for smoking it. O, wait till I catch you on my train without your pass, and I will make up for cigars and matches, lifting you off the platform with leather. Yes, sir, I believe the ugliest man that ever got on a train can be made peaceable by kindness. I had a man on my train one night going up, that always gets drunk on purpose for a row. He has cleaned out lots of trains, and I see he was in for a row. He looked as though he had a hot box when he saw me come in the door, and grated his teeth. He was full, boiling over, and expected to fight to the next station, where he lived, and get off without paying. I went up to him, and sat down beside him, and asked him if he had had a good time to-day, and then I pulled out some picture cards that I got in a store here in Milwaukee, and I said: 'Here, Pat, take these pictures to your little girl at home, and tell her, as she meets you at the door and throws her arms around your neck, and kisses you, and says she is glad you come home sober, and that she loves you, and that you are the dearest papa in the world, tell her that old Rumsey sent them to her with a kiss.' Well, you wouldn't believe it, but before I got half through talking about the little girl, the big tears came to his eyes, and rolled down his red face, and he took them, and thanked me in a choking voice, and said, as he pulled out a five-dollar bill. 'Take my fare out of this, Rumsey, and God bless you.' I'll bet that rough fellow's heart was touched, because when he got off at the next station he was sober, and was wiping his eyes on his coat sleeve, and he pointed right straight for home. O, a man can get in his work on a railroad train, and never kill a man, if he wants to. I ought to have been a sister of charity instead of a conductor, I know that, but now I am into it I am going to stick."—*Peck's Sun.*

Copper Not Poisonous.

M. Galippe, a French savant, has undertaken to clear copper from the unjust imputation under which it has labored of possessing poisonous properties. He has been experimenting since 1875 upon dogs with verdigris, bluestone, and various salts of copper, and he has come to the conclusion that "copper cannot cause fatal poisoning." And on its being objected that the emetic effects of these substances probably saved the animals' lives—dogs being particularly susceptible to the action of emetics—he courageously proceeded to try similar experiments on himself, having all his food regularly cooked in copper vessels coated inside with verdigris, and he feels none the worse for it. Furthermore, he has over and over again found copper in the liver and kidneys of persons who have died from natural causes; and his analyses of wheat, chocolate and other alimentary substances have revealed the presence of infinitesimal quantities of copper in their composition. These are facts, he says, which should not be lost sight of in making post mortems of persons whose death has been attributed to metallic poisoning; and he believes that ignorance of them has led to more than one sad judicial error.

—For eight years heirs of Mary Telfair, daughter of Gov. Telfair, of Georgia, have been contesting her will, in which she gave large sums to charities, but they are beaten at last.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Colt breaking should begin at the birth of the colt, because he then instinctively shows his fear or timidity of man, which should be then completely dissipated.

—The currant worm and rose bug may be destroyed by a solution of carbolic acid—a tablespoonful in two gallons of water.

—A question of life or death often hangs upon a change of flannels. It is a good, old-fashioned rule to stick to those heat-producing garments until they stick to you.

—New beds of raspberries should be planted very early. If you have any tender kinds that were covered last fall, they should be lifted up and tied to stakes as soon as the weather is settled.

—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* seeks to discourage orchardists from practicing top-grafting, for the reason that cutting out nearly one-half of the top seriously injures the vitality of the tree. He thinks, however, that in case of very young trees this method of grafting might be beneficial.

—Prof. Shelton, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, holds that the cultivation of such crops as broom corn, hemp, flax, and, perhaps, castor beans, which furnish but little, if any, stock feed, will ultimately lead to serious consequences in the loss of fertility sustained by the lands so cultivated.

Here is a good way to cook canned lobster: Spread the meat on a platter and pick out the coral; rub the coral smooth and mix with it the grated yolks of three hard-boiled eggs; mince the lobster meat fine; make a batter of milk and flour and one or two eggs, beat all the lumps out of the flour, and add the lobster and coral to this. You need flour enough to make the batter stiff enough to hold the meat in shape, so that you can form it in round cakes and fry. Use either salad oil or clarified butter; the butter is less expensive, and answers just as well.

—Recently we met a stockman who said that the best cure for black-leg in young calves was to chase them as fast as they could run with a dog. He had never known it to fail. Black-leg is occasioned by impure blood, and exciting the animal causes a lively action of the blood and a consequent expulsion of the impurities. A prominent veterinarian who heard the remark of the stockman said he believed the cure possible. It sometimes happens that common sense beats science two to one.—*Elgin Advocate.*

—If a baby catches cold and it settles in his head and makes his nose into a rattle-box, or, as grandmother says, "gives him the snuffles," you may ease the little sufferer and enable him to sleep peacefully by greasing his nose and the bit of forehead directly above the nose. For use at this time some animal oil is better than any that is manufactured. When chickens are cut up, before cooking save some of the fat, try it out, and put the oil thus obtained in a wide-mouthed bottle with a closely-fitting cork; keep in a cool closet. This oil is excellent for the purpose named.

Milking Three Times a Day.

Messrs. Muller and Jones, of Germany, have been making some quite extensive experiments in milking cows more than the usual number of times a day. By milking three times a day a slight percentage of fat is secured that would be lost under other practice. In one experiment reported, if the butter were worth thirty cents a pound, the butter from the two milkings would be worth fourteen dollars and from the three milkings eighteen dollars, according to the percentage of fat found to be secured by the extra milking. The question arises in this instance, is the extra money value secured worth the labor expended in securing it? This will, of course, depend very much upon how the cows are kept. If they are at pasture the trouble of driving them up and milking them, and driving them back again, is not altogether measured by the labor expended, but the loss of the cows from pasture. Also the interruption of men and women from their regular daily labor are serious matters on a farm where long distances separate the hands from the cattle. Then, again, on the dairy farms of this country the great bugbear is the want of good milkers. Few men can succeed in dairying who have to depend on hired help outside of their immediate families or connections. Men hate to milk, and women can not do it where large numbers of cows are to be handled in a reasonably short time. In the old country, where hands are numerous and to be had for the asking, the burden of three milkings a day may be imposed without creating a riot, but in this country it would not work. The chances also are that such frequent milkings would tend to dry up the cows for the want of distention of the udder. This of course applies to cows in the usual condition. When a cow is fresh and produces a yield that threatens the safety of the udder and that is evidently painful to the cow, it is well then to relieve the udder by one or two extra milkings a day, and even then it is scarcely worth while to draw the udder to the last strippings, but it would be better to take out just enough to relieve the udder from pain.

Under the ordinary conditions of American farm life, we are quite sure that the extra per cent. of fat saved by one additional milking in view of the inconvenience attached to its performance would not pay the dairyman to practice it. In view of its effect on the cow, we would be slow to recommend the practice, even if it did pay.—*American Dairyman.*

Health Habits of the Hog.

It is now about time for the capering hogs to go and slosh themselves in the nearest mud hole. "When the pig wallows in mire," says Dr. Ballard, "he merely follows an instinct implanted in him in common with some other pachydermatous cleansing. The mud stands to him in the relation of soap to a human being, but instead of washing it off with water he allows it to cake and dry upon the skin and then rubs it all off, mud and cutaneous debris together, upon some sufficiently rough surface. Loose hair and cutaneous scurf irritates him and he takes his own way of cleansing his skin from them. Cleanse his skin for him and he will rest in contentment without offending the eyes of his supercilious betters, often less scrupulous in this matter than he is, by his wallowings, scratchings and scrubbings. It has long been known that a pig thus cleansed with soap and water not only becomes less objectionable, but grows fat more speedily than if left to cleanse himself in his own way. Similarly as respects his food. Garbage is not the food that the pig selects by preference. In fact, a pig which has been fed for any time upon sweet food will turn away from sour food disgusted. If left to pick his own living where he can find it, he will eat any thing he finds eatable, but even then will eat acorns, fallen fruit or roots in preference to garbage; and human beings in similar straits will act precisely in the same way. It may be economical, and perhaps even desirable, to convert into pork matters which can in no other way, or in no way more convenient, be made subservient to the subsistence of mankind, and the pig is possibly properly utilized in this manner. Our only desire is to vindicate his character as a cleanly feeder, if only he has the chance of cleanly feeding vouchsafed him."

A BIG-HANDED sawyer named Shaw,
Put his finger too near the buzz-saw,
He saw his mistake,
But each pair and ache,
St. Jacobs Oil cured in his paw.

A rheumatic old man named Meeker,
Was sick a whole year in Topeeker,
He there would have died,
But St. Jacobs Oil tried,
It sent him back cured to Oswegger.

UNCLE EB, as we used to call him, among lots of good qualities had one failing. He did love good liquor; but such was the state of his credit that no one would trust him. He therefore one day resorted to a trick to answer the great desire of his appetite. He took two case-bottles, put a quart of water in one of them, then put a bottle in each pocket, and started for the public house. "I'll take a quart of gin," said Uncle Eb as he placed the empty bottle on the counter. The gin was put in, and the bottle replaced in his pocket, when Uncle Eb pulled from his purse what at a distance might seem like a two-shilling piece. "This is nothing but tin, Uncle Eb," said the trader. "Eh, now, it's a two-shilling piece," said Uncle Eb. "It's tin," said the trader; "I shan't take it." "It's all I've got," "Very well, you can't have the gin." Uncle Eb, without much demurring, pulled from his pocket the quart of water. The trader took it, poured it into the gin-barrel, and off went Uncle Eb, chuckling.—*Exchange.*

Unhappy Women.

Women suffering from a weakened condition of the nervous system, nervous prostration, faintness, palpitation of the heart, tremblings, headache, leucorrhea, cold extremities, pain in the back, painful periods, bearing down pains, etc., can find sure relief in just one bottle of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.

GRAY hairs are the only object of respect that can not excite envy.—*Bacon.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills. Are prepared expressly to cure and will cure Headache of all kinds, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Dyspepsia. Proved and endorsed by physicians.

"LAMENTATION is the musician that always, like a screech owl, alights and sits on the roof of an angry man.—*Plutarch.*

Personal!

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

THE average boy, when sent on an errand, developes wonderful "staying qualities."

A JOYFUL GREETING.

Hello! How are you? I am glad at last your eyes have fallen upon me. Now that we have met, pray cultivate the acquaintance, for it is my purpose to interest and to serve you. Between you and I, though only a newspaper article, I am ambitious. Having a portentous message for all mankind, if it be cordially received, its import truly realized and acted upon, I shall be considered a world's benefactor. Could have no higher ambition, you will admit.

A misanthrope of ample means determined to end his life by drowning himself. Going to the banks of the canal, found the time not favorable for the purpose, a number of persons being in the vicinity, and daylight still present. He concluded to walk along the tow-path until it was dark. While doing so, he heard piteous cries issuing from the door of a hovel near by, and unconsciously walked over to the place, and found a poor family, consisting of a mother surrounded by several children, who told him of their sufferings for food. He took from his pocket his wallet and handed it to the woman, reasoning with himself that he would not need it. The grateful thanks and praises that he received from the recipients of his bounty awoke emotion within his breast of such a pleasurable character, that he changed his suicidal intent, and decided to live for others. His future life became replete with good deeds—many a dark home and heart were made bright by his presence.

Well my appearance in these columns, springs simply from a desire on the part of those I represent to benefit your newsdevouring race. My province is to help you, your relatives, your relations, even your *mother-in-law*, if that interesting lady be not already far beyond the pale of good influences.

I am sent among men to bear tidings of a discovery that marks an epoch as important to the health of mankind as Newton's apple and Franklin's kite were to natural science. The sick, the discouraged, the dejected, the broken down, and the despairing, may now, all find a cure, certain as the Jordan proved to the Syrian leper. It is only necessary, as in the case of that sufferer of old, *to follow directions.*

The agent which I herald builds up the system, sweeps the cobwebs from the brain, and sends pure, invigorating blood dancing through the arteries, to the music of happy laughter.

The gloomy, worn-out man of business, by proper use of this wonderful medicine, will be enabled to meet troubles and reverses *like a man.* Then, in perfect health, he will not have abnormal views of the "Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man, nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave."

The weak and nervous woman, just able to drag herself, in "moping melancholy," through duties of the day, may steal the bloom from blush roses, and have eyes bright and sparkling as the dewdrops nestling in their leaves; and the poor little baby, now disfigured with pimples and scabby sores, may be made sweet, cool, and wholesome as—"that youngster of Mrs. Blank's, across the way, whose family is always in a glow of health." Don't you know the reason? "No." Then I will tell you. For years, your neighbor has *never been without* Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

This remedy is a medicine, not a beverage, and is to be taken according to full and perfectly plain directions accompanying each bottle. It is specific, but not a patent medicine, and contains no vile narcotics, or viler liquor. It is a prescription used for years by the well-known physician Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name is a household word in innumerable homes all over our own and foreign lands. The Golden Medical Discovery is prepared and offered to the public by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a body corporate, existing by and under the laws of the State of New York; its President is Dr. Pierce, the great specialist in chronic diseases. The Doctor has devoted the best years of a very busy and wonderfully successful life to the relief and cure of his suffering fellow-men,—and at a time when high political honors lay broadly open before him, Dr. Pierce resigned his seat in the Congress of the United States, simply from a sense of duty towards others. His associates in the great sanitarium represented to the doctor that the immense business of their Association demanded that his personal attention should be paid to the great army of patients crowding upon them from every clime. Dr. Pierce is also the founder of the Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y. This establishment, possessing all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class American hotel, has in addition the daily attendance of a large faculty of eminent specialists, whose practice collectively cover the whole field of surgery and chronic diseases. The laboratory in which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is prepared is an object of interest and wonder. It has a frontage of one hundred feet, a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and is six stories high. In this mammoth and palatial workshop two hundred persons are constantly employed in putting up Dr. Pierce's Medicines.

While the Golden Medical Discovery's curative effects are almost immediately felt, it is not merely a temporary stimulant, but is as certainly a safe and complete cure, in all cases for which it is recommended, as it is that certain misery and death will follow their neglect. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery *will not* cure club feet, will not refurnish armless or legless unfortunates with new and perfect limbs, and it is not guaranteed that even a dozen bottles applied to any stray portion of a second-hand skeleton will develop such member into an animate, human form divine (?). In brief, it is not asserted that this medicine will, or can, counteract the decrees of Providence. But in all cases where a high state of civilization and cultivation has engendered disease and suffering, whereby God's natural man has become a nervous, artificial being, the Golden Medical Discovery *will positively* restore to him the strong, vigorous, self-asserting life, from which almost unconsciously, he had drifted far, and perhaps hopelessly away. It *is* claimed, and guaranteed, if this medicine be used as prescribed, and faithfully persevered in a reasonable time, *it will permanently cure* liver complaint, and the various blood disorders consequent upon torpor of the liver, in all their various forms and ramifications, including bronchitis, consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, dyspepsia, costiveness, sick-headache, skin diseases, fever and ague, malaria, and other disorders arising from poisoned or deteriorated blood.

This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night-sweats and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

To all suffering from lassitude, weakness, despondency, lack of vigor or ambition, be it man, woman or child, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will speedily impart new tone, vigor and life to the whole system. The haggard face will grow round, ruddy and beam with the expression of long lost confidence. The step will be firm and elastic, and the relieved sufferer will once more enjoy, in common with fellow-men, that feeling of proprietorship in earth, air and being only fully realized by those in perfect health.

The Golden Medical Discovery will not make drunkards or opium eaters; on the contrary, any unfortunate, driven by trouble, adversity or inherited appetite, to the use of insidious stimulants, will find the Discovery of great assistance in efforts to break the chains binding him to a shameful and miserable existence.

Those feeling only "out of sorts," with no predominant symptoms, and who, if asked, would find it difficult to explain their sensations, will find a sovereign remedy in the Golden Medical Discovery.

Those who are irritable, petulant or fretful, ever seeing the gloomy side of life; who imagine "the time is out of joint" to whom life is a heavy burden, not a blessing; who think the whole world is arrayed against them, and anticipate calamity at every turn; to all such let this message be full of encouragement and joy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will radically cure them, when it will be found, to their lasting benefit, that life and the world have not changed, but that disease had thrown clouds of misery and woe about them through which all things were seen, as "through a glass darkly."

Let no sufferer be discouraged because he or she has tried other medicines without benefit. In fact, these are the cases the World's Dispensary Medical Association particularly desire to reach through their Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If here all other medicines fail let this be *tried*, and no one will be doomed to further disappointment.

The Golden Medical Discovery is a prescription of a physician with a wide and world-wide reputation and an honorable position to maintain. It is far beneath the dignity of Dr. Pierce to lend his name to any vile nostrum, or catch-penny preparation which the public may be deceived. Having used his Discovery for many years in his unprecedented private practice, he is convinced it is indeed a specific in diseases mentioned. Desiring this marvelous cure shall benefit, not only those with whom he comes personally in contact, but that all mankind may be benefited in his grand place for the amelioration of human suffering, the Doctor, through the World's Dispensary Medical Association, earnestly and most confidently recommends his Golden Medical Discovery to the public at large, assured the most skeptical will be thoroughly convinced of its worth by a trial of a single bottle.

In stubborn, or long-seated affections, and where the bowels are very costive, the gentle, though certain action of the Discovery, will be more rapid and satisfactory by supplementing Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets in small daily doses of one or two. These pills (the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills) are purely vegetable, sugar-coated and very small, yet by the peculiar process used in their preparation, they possess the strength and virtue of larger and unpalatable pills. Pleasant Purgative Pellets will speedily remove all ill and disagreeable effects arising from over-eating or drinking, and are recommended as a cathartic at all times, being perfectly safe, and unattended by the griping pains usually experienced in the use of purgatives less carefully prepared. Promptly resorted to, these little Pellets will radically cure indigestion, biliousness and sick-headache, thus saving the patient from serious and lingering disorders. Dr. Pierce, the President of the World's Dispensary, with his faculty of twelve skilled specialists, can be consulted by letter or in person in any case of chronic disease requiring either medical or surgical treatment free of charge. For those desiring more exhaustive information than can be imparted through correspondence, the Doctor has written a book, called "The Family Medical Adviser, or Medicine Simplified." This work alone is a goodly harvest for an ordinary life, and stamps its author a profound scholar and a very remarkable man. The book contains nine hundred and twenty-two pages, illustrated with two hundred and eighty-six woodcuts and colored plates, and makes plain as a, b, c, anatomy, physiology, materia medica, practice of medicine, hygiene, temperaments, psychology, etc.—and answers in plain, easily-to-be-understood terms all questions that may arise within their range, especially those questions the would-be inquirer is deterred by fear or modesty from asking the family or other physician. That all may be enabled to acquaint themselves with matter so vital to health, happiness and success, the price of this great work has been reduced at one dollar and fifty cents, postpaid by mail to any address, while smaller and far inferior books, purporting to cover the same ground, have sold at five dollars a piece. It being the aim of the proprietors of the Common Sense Medical Adviser to reach not only the affluent, but also those in moderate, and even straightened, circumstances, the price of the work places it within the reach of all.

THE motto for the stamping clerk at the post-office—Wherever you see a head, hit it.

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann Lacour, of New Orleans, La., writes:—I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement yesterday. We administered it according to directions and he was instantly relieved.

THIRTY years ago, in Paris, there were tiny visiting cards for babies. The custom has been revived.

***Great haste is not always good speed." Yet you must not dilly-dally in caring for your health. Liver, kidneys and bowels must be kept healthy by the use of that prince of medicines, Kidney-Wort, which comes in liquid form or dry—both thoroughly efficacious. Have it always ready.

A PASSIONATE woman's love is always overshadowed by her fears.—*George Eliot.*

"MY *hands were covered with little dry scabs. They have disappeared and I'm better than I have been for twenty years, from using Dr. Benson's Skin Cure.*" *A. M. Noble, Selma, N. C., July 3, '82.*

THE diamond is the stone for an engagement, but give us the cobblestone in a free fight.—*Puck.*

RIDDING'S Roseda Salve meets with wonderful success in all cases of Skin disease. Try it.

INTEMPERANCE among women is increasing in Great Britain. Some years since it was five intemperate women to ten men, but later statistics make it stand seven women to ten men.

"HER Majesty skins her knee" is a touching editorial caption in the Chicago *Herald.*

IN this world a man must be either anvil or hammer.—*Longfellow.*

MR. LABOUCHERE says in *London Truth:* "A friend writes to me from Rome that the poor old Marchess de Grillo (Adelaide Ristori) produced anything but a pleasant impression when she appeared the other day as Marie Antoinette at a Roman theater, on the occasion of a benefit. The house was crowded, but poor Ristori, now sixty-five, is a pitiable wreck. However, she is very wealthy, so that she will not be obliged to appear on the stage any more. This is lucky both for her and for the public.

GET gold if you can, young man; but beware of guilt.

A VERMONT debating society is wrestling with the question: Which is most enjoyable, a cat fight or guessing on the weight of a hog?

THE Czar gets his threatening letters regularly.

QUEEN CONCILA, of Saxony, has a beautiful face and engaging manners. She is fond of English literature, and reads stories of American life and customs to her children.

DON CARLOS has risen up again.

HARD speeches between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.—*George Eliot.*