THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

THE ROMANCE OF THE CARPET.

Basking in peace in the warm spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May! and the day was fair,
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple-trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned
As he stood with carriage-whip in hand;

And he laughed as he doffed his bob-tailed coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote;

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And she said she would tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner-bell
Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day, too,
The fuzz from the dirtiess carpet flew.

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say: "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent;

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom;

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away

Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footsteps fleet,

And never again the morning sun
Smiled at him beating his carpet drum.

And South Hill often said, with a yawn:
"Where has the carpet martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and passed,
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast.

For never yet since that bright spring-time
Had it ever been taken down from the line.

Over the fence a gray-haired man
Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clum, clamb.

He found him a stick in the old wood-pile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet tattered and torn.

And he hit it a mighty resounding whack,
Till the startled air gave his echoes back.

And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.

She knew his face, she gasped and sighed:
"A little more on the under side."

Right down on the ground his stick he thrown,
And he shivered and said: "Well I am blowed!"

And he turned away with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not nowe no more.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

PEGGY'S TRIAL.

Peggy was out in the orchard picking up apples. They were summer apples—yellow, crisp and so ripe that they would crack open just as easy! And some of them had grown so fast and so freshly after the late showers, that they were full of water at the core! Fine, juicy apples and a clear, bright morning are enough to make any little girl happy. No wonder Peggy sang. And Peggy could sing very well, indeed. She had never been taught, but that didn't seem to make any difference. She began to sing even before she could talk—a sort of pleasant little humming, that would make her grandma say, "She will make a cheerful woman!"

But Peggy was getting to be quite a young lady; and in the morning when our story opens, she was singing gayly a pretty little song she had learned at school. The happier she became the louder she sang; and her voice rang out through the sunny orchard until the shadows of the leaves on the grass actually seemed to dance about with pleasure, and chase each other, first this way and then that, sometimes hitting a golden apple, sometimes darkening the rose in a clover-head, sometimes making a little mask on Peggy's upturned face, almost as if they would like to kiss her white forehead. I suppose it was the breeze sweeping softly among the branches that made the shadows dance so, but it seemed as if they danced to Peggy's singing. She had nearly filled her basket, and was about to pick up the last tempting-looking globe, when she saw something sparkle very brilliantly in the grass. Stooping quickly, but not ceasing in her song, she picked up the shining thing, and looking at it in amazement, became dumb with surprise. It was a lovely diamond ring! Peggy counted the sparkling stones. One, two, three, eight glowing, bewitching bits of color and shine, reflecting the trees and the sky, the apples and the clover. She could see every shade of the rainbow in the precious jewel, and she was almost wild with delight. She slipped it on her finger, looking at it first in this way, and then in that. She could hardly take her eyes from it. "Well," said she, "*I am* so glad!" Just then, "Peggy! Peggy!" came pleasantly from the house. "I must go," said she to herself. "Grandma is calling. What will she say to this? Why, she will say it is not mine, and that I must not keep it; I know she will! But it *is* mine. I found it in our orchard, and I know it is mine. I will keep it. I never had so lovely a thing before, and I mean to *keep* it." Peggy said this to herself out loud, and shook her head hard. Then she put the ring in her little pocket, and, picking up the basket, started for the house. "I will not tell her yet," she said to herself. "I will think it over."

When she got to the great, breezy kitchen, her dear grandma was "up to her ears in flour"—as she herself would have expressed it—making pies. "Oh!" said she, with a cheery laugh, when Peggy came in, tugging the heavy basket along in both hands, "my little 'help' has arrived. I am going to make a turn-over for my 'help.' But, Peggy, what is the matter? What has happened? Are you unhappy, dear?"

"No, ma'am," said Peggy, rather sullenly. "I'm not." And then she blushed. She thought to herself: "I wonder if it shows right in my face, that Grandma can see something *has* happened? I don't believe I am very happy, either. I don't feel so glad as I did."

On the first opportunity she ran upstairs and hid the ring in her own little chest. It had a till in it—just the cuningest place to hide any little object! When she tucked it away, she again almost kissed the beautiful stones—they were so like icicles and sunsets, and everything pretty and fairy-like she had ever dreamed of.

She was eleven years old, and had been quite a reader. She knew that diamonds were very valuable, and had even read in her "Child's Philosophy of Little Things" of what they were composed, and how difficult it was to obtain them. "I have a fortune of my own now," she said to herself, as she shut down the cover of her chest and turned the key. "I am a rich lady; and if I ever want to sell my beautiful ring I can buy ever so many beautiful things with it—books, and pretty dresses, and even a necklace like Cora May's! Hum! I guess if the girls knew what I have got they would not put on so many airs over their little gold-heart rings and coral chains. I should just like to show *my* lovely diamond once!"

Then she began to sing, but in the very first line of the song she stopped. She turned a little pale, and stood looking out of the hall-window with a strange sort of stare. Before her spread the summer scene. The old wind-mill swung its great sails about lazily. Robins and sparrows chirped and twittered busily. The old-fashioned garden, with its troop of herbs and flowers, its shrubs and bushes, half clipped, half straggling, sent up a subtle fragrance, and ever and anon the little brook could be heard ripeling over the stones by the bridge, where she had so many times waded and "had fun" with her little friends.

But Peggy did not notice anything of this. She was thinking: "I don't feel like singing; but I can't, I *won't*, give up my splendid ring. If I tell of it, Grandma will tell all the neighbors, and the owner will be found and claim it. It is not the owner's any more. They should not have lost it. I found it, and now it is mine. I don't care if I can't sing. I can look at my ring whenever I please." Upon this she began to cry as though her heart would break, just to prove how happy she was in doing wrong. But in a few minutes she brushed away her tears, for she was a resolute little girl, and went down stairs.

"Why, Peggy, you must be sick, dear. You have been crying. I am sure," said her loving grandmother, immediately. "Or, are you unhappy? Come to me, child, and tell me all about it. Do! I know I can help my little girl."

"Grandma," said Peggy, pettishly, "I have only a headache. I have nothing to tell." ("That was not true," she added to herself, with the justice and severity of a judge.) Peggy was no ignorant wrong doer. She knew as well as you and I do, dear reader, that she was going away from all the pure and good things which she had ever been taught. Just then a neighbor came in. Her name was Mrs. Smart. She always knew all the news of the neighborhood just as soon as it happened—sometimes before!

"They've had a great time up to the boardin' house," said she.

Now, grandma did not like to listen to the stories which Mrs. Smart was so apt to tell. She knew that very often they turned out to be false, and in any case they were gossip. Every school-girl and school-boy knows what gossip is. When you grow up I hope you will not get to be like Mrs. Smart. If you do, you will pry and peek and ask questions, and hint around until you find some little thing that you can twist into a story against somebody—(never *for* anybody, be sure of that!)—and then you will go from house to house to tell the evil thing you have imagined, thus doing injury to innocent people, and meddling with matters which do not concern you.

"Yes," said Mrs. Smart, "they've had a great time up there. One of the fine ladies has lost her diamond ring It was stolen from her by a chamber-maid. Poor gyurl! I do pity her, if she is a thief! There she sits a-cryin'! The lady knows it was that gyurl, for she was the last person in the room, and the lady is sure that she left her ring on the bureau, an I when she came up to breakfast it was gone, and the gyurl herself said nobody else had been in the room! They've searched her trunks and can't find nothin', but they made such a fuss that Mr. Laird has discharged the poor thing, and she's agoin'."

"What lady was it?" questioned Grandma, for she was quite interested.

"'Twas that Miss Dulcimer that was down here a-trvin' to buy your chiney t'other day. She feels very badly, too! 'Twas her mother's ring, and folks say 'twas worth four hundred dollars!"

Peggy trembled with excitement, but her voice was pretty calm as she said: "Which way did she go home from here, Grandma? Was it while I was at school?"

"Yes; it was day before yesterday, in the afternoon. She went up to the boarding-house through the orchard, because it was cooler, she said."

"Well," said Mrs. Smart, "I must go, for I want to see that guilty gyurl off. She was a-sittin' in the kitchen cryin' as 'I her heart would break, and a-tellin' how she never done no such thing; but you never can tell! Those gyurls are so deceivin'. I presume she's got the ring somewhere about her clothes now. At any rate, she won't get another place very soon. I kinder pity her, and yet it serves her right."

"Is she going away?" asked Grandma.

"Yes: in the stage—why, I hear it now—good-bye. I'm agoin' to see how she takes it when she goes!"

Peggy sprang up-stairs like a deer. She went straight to her chest. Through the window came the rumble of the stage, nearer and nearer. In a minute or two it would reach the boarding-house, and go on. Peggy looked for the key. It was not under the mat, as usual. Where could it be? Peggy tried to think, but her head seemed in a whirl. What *could* I have done with the key?" she sobbed. Putting her hand up to her neck, she happened to feel a little ribbon. "Oh, yes," she sighed in relief. She had tied the key to a ribbon, and placed it about her neck; for now that she had a diamond ring in her chest, she would have to be more careful, she had said to herself. But the ribbon was tied in a hard knot, and was too strong to break. The ominous rumble had stopped; the stage had reached the boarding-house. "What *shall* I do?" groaned Peggy, her heart beating with fright and anxiety. "Oh! I *must* get into my chest." Then she saw a penknife on the table. In an instant she had cut the ribbon and unlocked the chest, caught up the ring, and run down-stairs. Her grandma called: "Where are you going?" but she dashed like a whirlwind through the kitchen, cleared the two steps at a bound, and went up the road like a flash. How she ran! Her heart beat like a trip-hammer, but her ears were wide open to catch the sound of the stage. Round the corner, by the end of the orchard, she still kept on; but just as she came in front of the trim croquet-ground, she saw the stage start off from the door.

After it she sped with all her might. The summer boarders were all collected in front of the house. Mrs. Smart was by the road, watching the last tears of the unfortunate maid; some fashionable city children, whom Peggy had always feared, and almost disliked, because they were so "airy," as she called it, were right in her path; but she went after the stage as if her life depended on it. "Whoa!" she cried. "Stop! Whoa! Driver! Driver! Stop!" ("Oh, dear!"—under her breath—"I can never make him hear. I can; I will!") "*Stop!*" she screamed, this time with all her little might, and, as she had almost reached the stage, the driver heard, and brought his horses to a standstill.

"Which is the girl?" said Peggy, breathlessly, adding, as she caught sight of the poor maid: "Here's the ring! You must get out and go back! You must! I found it. I'll tell them. Come!"

The girl gave a cry of joy, and immediately got out of the stage.

"Yes," said she to the astonished driver, "you must put my trunk down, for I shall not go. They will all see I did not steal the ring now!" and, as he complied with her order, she clasped Peggy to her heart, and said: "You dear little girl! How good of you to run so! How glad I am you found it! I can never thank you enough."

Peggy was panting and half-sobbing, but she went with the happy maid to the house, and handed the ring to the delighted Miss Dulcimer.

"Where did you find it, you splendid child?" said the gushing person, who had not been kind and just enough to make sure before she had had the unoffending maid discharged. "I want to make you a little present, to show my gratitude. Here are ten dollars, and I can not say how very thankful I am to you for being so honest and good."

"I was not honest at all," said Peggy, whose flaming cheeks and excited eyes made her look very pretty, indeed. "I thank you very much, but I don't want any present. I don't deserve it. Yes, I will take it, though," she added; and, having taken the bill in her hand, said to the maid, who was standing by, a silent witness of the scene: "You deserve it much more than I; keep it," and with a half laugh, half sob, she put the bill into the maid's hand, and fled out of the room and down the lane without another word. It was not very polite, but she really couldn't stay there another minute. She wanted to get to her dear grandma, and be comforted and forgiven. She ran down home almost as fast as she had come up the hill; but this time she was not anxious or unhappy. She noticed the sweet smell of a bed of mignonettes in the door-yard, and heard one of her doves "co-roo, co-roo" on the roof as she went in. Grandma met her, looking worried and troubled. "Peggy," said she, rather severely, "how strangely you act this morning. What is the matter with you?"

Then Peggy put her arms around her grandma's neck, and told her everything about it—how she had found the ring and was bound to keep it, and felt so wicked, and then was so frightened for fear she should not be able to save the poor, wronged girl; and how she ran an I how she made the driver hear, and all about it from beginning to end; and even how she could not sing as she stood by the window that morning. "But I can sing now, Grandma!" she exclaimed, and broke into a little trill as happy and free as any bird's.

"Yes, dear," said Grandma, with a smile, "you can sing even more happily than ever, for you have learned to-day what a terrible thing it is to carry, even for one moment the sense that you are doing wrong, and also the peace that comes from resisting temptation and obeying the voice of conscience."

And when, next morning, Peggy went out into the orchard to pick up some more apples, she sang as blithely as ever, and had not a sad thought in her mind.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Plaster Puzzle.

I have known instances where plaster sown on clover in irregular streaks showed its effect as far as one could see the field; where an application of two hundred pounds per acre no doubt made a gain of one ton of hay per acre. On other fields and other soils twice that quantity had no perceptible effect and it apparently was thrown away. No one can forecast results by looking at the soil, or by any other means; practical test is the one and only way. I have sometimes sown early in spring on clover, and then again when the plants were four or five inches high, and though it is a dirty job, I prefer to have the work done in the dewy morning. Apply at the rate of about two hundred pounds per acre, and if all at once put it on broadcast by hand, or by plaster-sower, about the time the plants begin to cover the ground, and leave plots here and there all over the field without any, and one year will tell plainly whether it will pay on your soil.

For corn it should be put on the hills when the plants are two or three inches high. Take it in a bag over one shoulder, or in a pail on the left arm, and with a little practice you can pick up with the thumb and fingers the right quantity for a hill, and by timing step and motion of hand you soon get to go as fast as you can walk. Some take two rows and take sufficient in the hand for two hills, throwing to the right and left as they pass along. Try this in the same way as recommended for clover, and one season will tell very clearly whether or not plaster will pay on that kind of soil—though this fact should be borne in mind, that plaster has much more and a much better effect in some seasons than in others. In a season quite dry, with frequent and light showers, plaster has always given me the best results.

But the fact should be remembered, that plaster is in no sense a manure, and in and of itself has little or no value as plant-food. Just how it helps we can not say, and yet the fact is indisputable that on certain plants on certain soils it does exert a wonderful influence, especially on clover, peas, potatoes and sometimes corn. Since, however, it is not a manure, but a stimulant, any increase of crop by its use only so much more and so much faster impoverishes our land, and unless we follow such a system of farming that we put back in real plant-food as much greater amount than ordinary as we remove in the increased crop, we shall find that we are none the richer for using plaster, but have only drawn our deposit from the bank so much the sooner. But by so farming that we use the increased crop of clover or other plants to feed the more stock and to make the more manure, then the application of plaster will be one of the means to profit.—*J. S. Woodward, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Hair-Dressing.

High coiffures are again in vogue, though the low coil on the nape of the neck is by no means abandoned. For those who wear the high Elizabethan ruffs, and others to whom it is becoming, the hair is now arranged in two small coils high on the crown that seem to emerge from the French twist below. The front middle hair is drawn back from the forehead to these coils, while on the temples are irregularly curved locks of short hair. One or two shell pins shaped like large hair-pins may be thrust through the high coils for general wear; on dress occasions an aigrette or two short ostrich tips may be worn high on the left side, or there may be pins set with jewels or with Rhine stones. Young ladies who have the low broad Greek forehead adopt the severe style of drawing the hair straight back, and brushing smoothly to the coil behind, showing the contour of the head, and omitting all shading of locks above the brow. If the face is a long oval, the high forehead needs to be partly covered, and the hair is drawn back more loosely, and allowed to droop slightly in front. The bang is worn shorter than it formerly was, and may be very thick and straight, or else slightly waived. Very full and fluffy bangs are also worn in an exaggerated fashion that is unbecomming and most untidy-looking. The invisible net that formerly flattened the hair above the forehead is now little used, bandoline is abandoned, the curls are loose and unconfined, and the hair has its natural gloss heightened by much brushing instead of by use of pomades. Very little false hair is worn. Short switches are arranged in coils, or perhaps in a bow, but are seldom braided or formed in puffs. Occasionally short curls are added just back of the ears, or low on the nape of the neck. Older ladies part the front hair in the middle, and draw it back in long loose waves instead of in close crimps; their back hair is arranged in a coil, which is rather small, and may be either high or low. The Pompadour front is fashionable for gray hair, but must not be rolled very high; this is especially becoming when the hair is light gray, and the forehead is low and broad.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Farmer's Lament Over the Difficulty of Hiring Labor.

One of the most difficult problems to be solved by the American farmer of to-day, is the one which relates to hired help. The question is not altogether as to the expense, but the difficulty of getting good help. The cost has deterred many of those who cultivate small farms from hiring at all. They prefer to do what they are able themselves, and let the rest go. They thus save the increase of cares to the wife, which hired help bring to the household. But those who make this decision and perform the labors of the farm alone often work at a disadvantage, as there are many kinds of work which can be more economically done by two or three men. The same can be said also concerning the economical use of the necessary teams of the farm, as often teams must of necessity be kept idle, when if there was a right proportion of manual labor employed, the team would be earning something at such times. There are instances which the writer has known, where there were several stout healthy sons, who, during their minority, aided their father in such a manner as to save altogether the need of hired men. In one case a farmer so blessed, for several years enjoyed great prosperity, his sons being smart, active and industrious. But when they became of age and either left the farm or demanded wages the increased expense of running the farm in consequence of hired men's wages, led to the financial embarrassment of the farmer.

The introduction of farm machinery has done very much to assist the farmer in his labors, but the use of machinery on the farm calls for more horses, which must be fed, must have new harnesses, new carriages and sleighs of costly and frail styles, fast driving and fast drivers, lost time, money and character, until the questions may properly be asked, whether agricultural machinery is of any benefit to the farmer? A short time since good likely young men could be employed on the farm for from twelve dollars to fourteen dollars per month in summer, who most likely taught the district school in the winter, and were ready to go on to the farm in the summer. To-day, the professions, mechanical, manufacturing or mercantile employments, offer greater attractions with more ample remuneration to the skillful laborer and the farmer is robbed of all educated help and has left him the unskilled and the unskillful as the only alternative. The scarcity of good farm help has become universal in this country, and the question arises as to the farmer's ability to compete with the manufacturer or mechanic for the better class of laborers. It is the common opinion that he can not; that the profits derived from the cultivation of the soil will not warrant the payment of the wages necessary to retain upon the farm the educated, or perhaps more properly styled the intelligent young men so much desired in manufacturing and mechanical establishments.

For the past few years the demand for an increase of wages, has come with each season while the prices for farm crops, do not warrant such an increase. It has been suggested that a less number of acres will be grown of those crops which require the greater amount of labor, the coming season. Such a course may be a judicious one, more brain work, more study as to the best paying crops, with the most economical manner of cultivation, may result in saving heavy bills for labor, as well as much of the anxiety which the management of hired help entails. It is not so easy for the farmer to hire his work done by the piece as much manufacturing work can be. We occasionally hear of some persons contracting for the culture of such special crops as tobacco or onions by the acre, pound or bushel. But it is not so easy to contract for the harvesting of grains or gathering of the hay crop and expect that all will be done in just the nick of time, in the best weather and order. He who would drive his work instead of have the work drive him, and avoid loss and waste by crops being overripe, must beforehand see that he has sufficient help engaged for emergencies. The saying of "Poor Richard" was a true one—

"He who by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Yet help that will not work excepting when under the eye of the farmer, is cheap help indeed. It is not, only impossible but unwise for the farmer to always guide the plow with his own hands. It is not only necessary but profitable for him to have some days of relaxation and rest from toil, some days of study and observation of the methods of others. At such times, if at no other, help that can be trusted is the cheapest.

We believe that the class of help that have families are in the long run most reliable. It is impossible for a hired man who has the habit of being "out o' nights" to give satisfaction to his employer. If he will rob himself of sleep he will rob his employer of that physical strength and humor which belong to him. It is for this reason that I think that married men are the most reliable, because their nights are usually spent at home. For them dwellings should be provided so conveniently located that the employe can assist about the chores, have the care of the teams, which will create in him an interest in their welfare. An opportunity should be given to each person and their families to grow vegetables for home consumption, as well as small fruits and flowers, and still farther, to cultivate a taste for books and other refining things which tend to make things pleasant.—*John M. Smith, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

The Fiji Islands.

In Fiji the experience of this country is essentially different from that which it has passed through in many other crown countries. Generally speaking, colonies of this class have been for many years a burden to the exchequer; whereas Fiji, even in its infancy, has proved self-supporting. Governor Des Vœux's estimates for the ensuing year show a total revenue of £158,738, and an expenditure of £155,047. This is very satisfactory, seeing that the revenue is not exceptionally large, but promises to increase steadily. There has been a great development of the sugar industry. Sir John Gorrie lately stated that the largest sugar mill in the world has been erected in Fiji, and an order had been given for another of the same size. The export of sugar for last year amounted to 1,800 tons, but it was expected that the quantity would be doubled in 1883, and quadrupled in 1884. Before the annexation took place it was believed that the staple production of the islands would be cotton, but it now seems probable that Fiji will become a richer Mauritius, and produce sugar on a larger scale. One remarkable fact is that there is not a single English soldier, except the Governor's Aide-de-camp, in the colony. There are a few inspectors and sergeants of police, but the Government relies for the maintenance of order upon a native constabulary force, at an annual cost of a little more than £2,000. It is also satisfactory to learn that five times as much public money is spent in maintaining hospitals and an efficient medical staff as in keeping up jails. Although Mr. Des Vœux shows a determination to check a too sanguine view of the prospects of the colony, he yet anticipates that the annual value of exports, which up to 1880 never got beyond £177,000, will in 1883 exceed £300,000, and in the following year, by another bound, reach nearly £500,000.—*London News.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A writer in the New York *Tribune* gives this good advice in two words how to cure an egg-eating hen—"off her."

—Broiled potatoes: Parboil large potatoes, peel and cut them into thick slices. Broil the slices on a gridiron over a clear fire until brown on both sides. Serve on a hot dish with pepper, salt and butter.—*Toledo Blade.*

—It is stated that by spreading salt on the ground under plum trees as far out as the branches extend, a good crop is often secured, as it interferes with the operations of the curculio. The same application is good for bark lice.

—It is now suggested that a few tobacco plants can be grown advantageously among cabbages. In fact, farmers who have tried it insist that a good crop of cabbages can be grown in this way, where not a sound head has been seen for two or three years.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Curtains are draped much higher than they used to be. It is no longer considered essential that they shall meet low down, but it is good form to tie them back so that one may look out of the window, or so that a small table may be placed close to the window.—*N. Y. Post.*

—President J. M. Smith, of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, is reported by the *Michigan Farmer* as saying he is satisfied it pays to pick off all strawberry blossoms from new plantations the first season, "thus keeping the entire strength and growth of the plant within itself, and preparing it to yield the largest possible crop the following year."

—A correspondent writes the *Country Gentleman* that not long ago he noticed among a flock of ducks that some were so paralyzed as to lose all power of locomotion and lie flat on the ground with both feet thrown up. On examination he discovered that the ones thus affected were literally swarming with vermin which infested their heads and necks. He at once applied lard to the affected parts, and in less than an hour the ducks were on foot, and to all appearances sound and well.

—To clean musty feathers proceed as follows: Turn them into a barrel and cover them with hot water; leave them to soak for an hour covered with a blanket to keep in the heat; in the meantime make a pailful of strong soap-suds; pour off the water from the feathers and put on fresh boiling water; add to it the soap and a teacupful of ammonia; stir well for half an hour until the feathers are well washed; then drain off the dirty water and put in clean boiling water and repeat; drain and spread the feathers to dry upon a sheet in an airy room.—*Continental Magazine.*

Summer Management of Pigs.

Every farmer should make the best use of his resources. Grass is a cheap food for pigs, and a most healthy and profitable diet. Much of the profit on pigs must come from a proper use of grass as summer food. Some have expressed very grave doubts whether pigs can be fed at a profit in pen all their lives, but we do not think there is any doubt about it. For, if the best feeding will not pay for the food given pigs, then they must be considered unprofitable animals—a position wholly untenable, as it has been abundantly proved that the pig is the best utilizer of food on the farm. We fully believe in the use of grass for pigs; and, if obliged to keep pigs constantly in pen, would carry the grass to them, purely as a matter of health, but better health will make better thrift. We know that pigs will pay a profit when every pound of food from the first to the last day of their lives is charged at the market price. But this requires full feeding, with due regard to every precaution for health.

If these doubters mean that the pig can not be fed, at a profit, wholly upon concentrated food, we shall not dispute the conclusion. But it is not difficult to give pigs the benefit of grass or other green food in pen.

We fully believe in the economy of pasture for pigs in summer, and that every one who feeds a considerable number of pigs should always provide pasture for them. Pasture may furnish a large part of their food, and furnish it cheaply; but grass should not be the exclusive food, for, in that case, the growth will be slow, although a healthy growth. Much valuable time is lost by feeding pigs sparingly in summer, for this should be the most rapidly-growing season; and if they only half grow through this most favorable season, and the other half is put on in the cold season with grain, the profit is largely if not entirely lost. One-half or one-third of the grain fed to pigs upon pasture that is required to produce the winter growth, would add quite as much.

It should be remembered that the grass will give the food of support, besides some food of production, and the grain added will go wholly to production or profit. Whereas, if this extra growth is delayed till winter, it will take as much extra food to keep up animal heat without growth as it would to have produced the extra growth in warm weather.

It is therefore, quite evident that pigs should be pushed rapidly forward in summer, when everything is favorable for the most rapid and healthy growth.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Hitting the T'other Leg.

A great number of horses are in the habit of brushing one leg against the t'other, and a deal of ingenuity has been at different times exercised in search of a remedy for this often very troublesome practice. Both the fore legs and the hind legs are subject to it, the latter, perhaps, most frequently; but in them it is confined to the fetlock joint; whereas, in the fore legs, the horse may hit either the fetlock, the leg just above the pasterns, or just under the knee, where it is called a speedy cut, from its occurring chiefly during the fast action. It is desirable, before applying a remedy, to ascertain, if possible, the cause, and the part which strikes, whether the shoe or the foot, and, if the latter, what part of it. Many horses interfere from weakness, and cease to do so when they gain strength and condition. This is more particularly observable with fast horses. Others do so from a faulty conformation of the limbs, which are sometimes too close to each other; and sometimes the toe is turned too much out, or too much in. When the toe is turned in the horse usually strikes under the knee. The objects to be kept in view in shoeing such horses must be to remedy, as much as we can, the faulty action, and to remove, if possible, the part which strikes. The part of the foot which strikes is between the toe and the inside quarter; sometimes the inside quarter itself, but very rarely the heels of the shoe. If the horse turns his toe in it is very probable that he wears the inside of the shoe most; and if so, it should be made much thicker than the outside; if the contrary, the outside heel should be thicker than the inside. The shoe should be leveled off on the inside quarter, which should also be free from nails. In the hind legs we often find that a three-quarter-shoe will prevent striking when other plans fail; for here the part which hits is not situated so far forward as in the fore legs, so that the removal of the iron altogether from the inside quarter will soon accomplish our aim. It sometimes happens that every plan we can adopt will not prevent interfering, and the only recourse is boots or straps buckled on the part of the limb that is struck.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—It is said that the greatest dread of a gambler is that he will be paralyzed. They nearly all expect to die from a shock of some kind. It may come from the fact that a great many of them have gone that way. If a man with a withered arm or leg should happen in a gambling house the dealer would quit his chair. Another dread of gamblers is a man who comes in to play with a cane in his hand. That is regarded as bad luck to the house.—*Chicago Herald.*

A stand fell down with a crash,
A number of men it did mash,
But the entire ten
Were seen well again—
St. Jacobs Oil cured every gash.

A baker who lives in Duluth,
Went crazy one night with a hooch,
He rubbed the gum boil,
With St. Jacobs Oil,
It cured him, and this is the truth.

WHEN the old man came in Friday morning the religious editor said: "Sl, I understand you played three-card monte with a Cincinnati faker down at the freight depot yesterday?" "Well, no, sah. He jess beck'd 'em me winnow an' den 'peared fer hab er 'greement somewhar like." "Did you beat him?" "Oh, no, sah! I neither beats nobodyy. But he flung he little Jim Crow kyards roun' dar an' 'low nobodyy kin pick up de rooster kyard—an' I tuck kim." "For how much?" "Mughty bottle, fer he ooey had fo' dollars." "Did you win it?" "Well, I wouldn't 'long wid Maise Elliek in de Mex'kan wah jess ter 'flue sun' 'flue.' An' I ooey laks er dollar dis mawnin' er bein' able ter settle dat fibe dollar street tax—an' of derv's enuy gemman roun' hyar wants ter mingle three kyards fer er dollar—I'se hyar!" Nobody responded, and we doubt whether the street tax has yet been paid.—*Georgia Major.*

Our Young Men.

Many of our young men are suffering from a state of mental exhaustion, which renders them unfit for business or study. Injurious habits that weaken their constitution are clung to with a pertinacity that is appalling. Young man, stop! let health and perfect manhood be at least one of your chief aims in life. If you already begin to suffer from disturbing dreams, etc., make haste to strengthen the weak portions of your body by using that friend of temperance and long life, that strengthener of every part of the body, Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It will quickly restore your health and keep you from falling into the rapacious clutches of some advertising quack doctor. Be wise in time.

A TORNADO is very much like the quack doctor who strikes a new town. It comes with a big blow, and then desolation follows.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

"Best of All."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My family has used your "Favorite Prescription" and it has done all that is claimed for it. It is the best of all preparations for female complaint. I recommend it to all my customers.
G. S. WATERMAN, Druggist, Baltimore, Md.

"SURELY, you've not washed this morning, Tommy?" "No, mamma! I was in bed so late last night that I didn't think I required it."—*London Punch.*

I WAS TROUBLED with Chronic Catarrh and gathering in my head, was very deaf at times and had discharges from my ears, besides being unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health. C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut st., Field Manager Philadelphia Pub. House, Pa. (See Advertisement.)

A WELL-KNOWN literateur and humorist modestly says that his chief literary acquirements are the books he has borrowed and never returned.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

"STORIES urn and animated bust"—Telling a lie for one dollar and getting drunk on the proceeds.

The Bilious.

Dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps and history of case for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

BITTER reflection by an industrious and frugal medicant: "Here I am—I've been to Jerger for twenty years, and I ain't rich yet."—*Paris Bit.*

FAIRFIELD, IOWA.—Dr. J. L. Myers says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my thirty years of practice."

WHEN a divorced woman transfers her children to her husband, could you call it a legal transparency.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

A BURGLAR being asked by a magistrate his occupation, facetiously replied: "A house-cleaner, your Honor."

RHEUMATISM, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters."

"YOUR presents are better than your company," exclaimed a young lady who had been receiving handsome gifts from an obnoxious lover.

JOPLIN, Mo.—Dr. J. B. Morgan says: "I find that Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to all who use it."

"WHAT is the worst thing about riches?" asked a teacher. "Their scarcity," replied a boy, and he was immediately awarded a prize.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

LAWYERS are about the only class of men who successfully oppose a "woman's will."—*Springfield (O.) News.*

"Golden Medical Discovery"

for all scrofulous and virulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

BUYING oil is a business that had better be marked with a *. It's a nasty risk.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years. *Sold only in boxes at 25 cts. a box.*

Ip your horses have sore shoulders, scratches, cuts or open sores of any kind, use Stewart's Healing Powder.

THE manufacture of a glue to mend broken resolutions would prove very profitable just now.

THE fat Pittsburgher who sat down upon and flattened out a lot of tin measures at a grocery store the other evening has gone to Colorado to accept a position as a quarter-crusher.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

"IS IT a sin," asks a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replies, gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood."—*N. Y. Times.*

"HISTORY repeats itself" is an old saying, but you can't make a boy believe it who has been called up at school with his lessons unlearned.—*Lowell Citizen.*

JENKS says his boarding-house is too slow. He told the old lady yesterday that hereafter he'd like to dynamite earlier.—*Hartford Journal.*

STENOGRAPHERS do a lot of work, considering how short-handed they are.

THE mill owner who turned the fire hose upon some of his disorderly employes explained his conduct by saying he was only washing his hands.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

WHAT is the difference between the passing of a full-dressed lady and an enfranchised grub? One is a flutter-fly and the other is a butterfly.—*Boston Transcript.*

"THE jack's trumped," said the cardplayer as the train jolted uncomfortably. "And the track's jumped," said his partner, as the train rolled into the ditch.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

"WAS at the club last night; had a hang-up dinner," remarked Tom. "Ah!" said Charley, "then I suppose you have a fine headache this morning. A headache generally follows a shelled club, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

Rheumatism Which Salves has proved to cure money by a test of 30 years' successful use. Try it.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Corns, bunions, soft corns, 15 cents, druggists.

Dyspepsia poor old horse and cheap with Lyon's Patent Stock Stimulant, and wonderful again. Sold by store and hardware dealers.

GREEN apples will soon be here; but, in the meantime, the small boy can continue playing with the boy pistol.

Gibson's Sulphur Soap

Is used in Hospitals as a disinfecting agent. Filler's toothache drops cure in one minute.

DR. EVANSTEE, Cooper Plains, Steuben Co., N. Y., mentions two cases of Scrofula and Erysipelas in which Swayne's Sarsaparilla or Blood and Liver Syrup effected a cure, and says: "I think it one of the best preparations of the day. It has met with perfect success in every case where I have used it."

Is afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Stinging, Irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Bacha-Diuretic." $1.

March on, March on to Victory.

Dunkirk, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., Nov. 8, 1881, Mr. Allen W. Ransom of Fruit and Whitney Company, Druggists, Gentlemen:

Having been a great sufferer from a severe attack of kidney disease, and realizing for a long time the hopeless path, usual adjunct, and extreme weakness that always attend that fatal disease, including the combined remedies, after trying numerous prescriptions and many other so-called cures, without gaining any benefit, I was finally persuaded to take Hunt's Remedy, and, after using it a very short time, I find myself entirely relieved from the backache and other pains, and, better than all, the other disagreeable symptoms in my generally healthy, but above all, nervous condition. It affords me great pleasure to recommend Hunt's Remedy to all who may be suffering as I have been, as it is a safe and reliable medicine for kidney disease."

Honest Testimonials.

MR. C. T. HALVOR, of Providence, R. I., says:

"Believing, as I do, that an honest testimonial of all you claim for the virtues of Hunt's Remedy, I with pleasure attest to the fact that its use has in everything a healthy condition to diseased kidneys and liver in my case. Hoping the time may come when I may be of still more use, I am, yours truly, Chas. T. Halvor."

and so on up to thousands, that Hunt's Remedy is incomparably the best Kidney and Liver Medicine known.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

WORTH SENDING FOR!

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK has just published a book on DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND HOW TO CUR