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THE treachery of the Indian character has again been illustrated in the murder of Capt. Wallace and a score or more private soldiers the first of this week at Wounded Knee creek in South Dakota. Without a moments warning the Sioux, who were surrounded by the soldiery, began firing, killing and wounding over fifty men. Somehow the government troops never seem to be prepared for these sudden attacks. They constitute a part of the history of every Indian uprising in the country, and it is not until they occur that vigorous measures are resorted to in dealing with the offenders. The development of the present hostilities in the northwest calls to mind the following extract from a chapter of "The Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs": "In the year 1837 the Creek war was discovered to have broken out."

On Wednesday afternoon of this week F. C. Shafter, special master in chancery, brought an end to the noted case of the Kit Carter cattle company vs. the Harlem cattle co. by selling at public vendue the effects left after the cancellation of entries. The residue of realty sold for \$11,000. The land is in the counties of Hitchcock, Chase and Dundy.

The Arabs have no "hello" in their language. The nearest they come to it is to throw a stone and hit a man in the back, and then ask him as he turns around: "Does it please heaven to give you good health this morning?"

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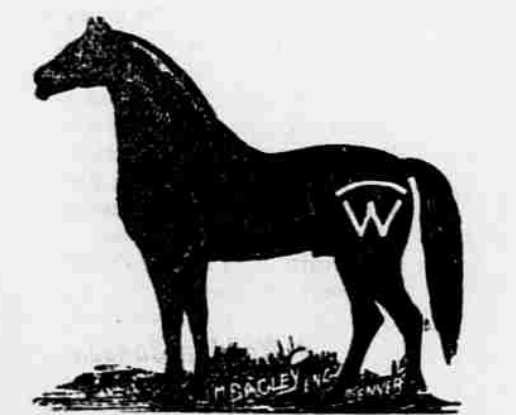
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## THE POULTRY THIS WINTER.

It is not a good plan to have the poultry too near the pig-pen. CARE with poultry does not imply that they should be pampered.

TWO-THIRDS lard and one-third coal oil will kill the large body lice.

ALWAYS begin with a good breed, whether with eggs or with fowls.

KEEPING in filthy quarters will usually make short work of the turkeys.

FOOD can be wasted by giving too little as well as by giving too much.

WITH poultry, as with all other kinds of work, care must be taken not to undertake too much.

If a fowl becomes sick separate it from the others and doctor it, as the disease may be contagious.

BAD housing or cold, damp, ill-ventilated houses are prevalent causes of disease among the poultry.

A GOOD feed for an ailing fowl is parched wheat. It serves as a corrective and also invigorates them.

THROWING the egg-shells into the yard where the hens can pick them up is often the cause of the hens learning to eat eggs.

WHEN a fowl has developed a full case of cholera there is rarely any profit in attempting a cure, unless the fowl is far above the average in value.

It is not wise to feed too little, neither is it wise to feed too liberally. Fowls should only have enough to make them eat up clean all that is thrown to them and he fed more frequently. Waste of food or starving fowls are extremes which every breeder should avoid.

BRAN, meal and ground oats scalded make an excellent mess for laying hens on cold days. Feed it in the morning, and at night give wheat, allowing an hour or more for the hens to scratch for it, as the proper mode of feeding grain is to throw it in litter, such as leaves or out straw.

## ABOUT WAR-SHIPS.

GREAT BRITAIN is generally regarded as the strongest naval power and France a close second. Some naval officers are inclined to reverse the order, putting France first.

The submarine war-boat has led to the flying of balloons from war-ships. A balloon hovering over a ship can detect every movement of a submarine boat coming to the attack.

It has been proposed to make the upper half of war balloons of very thin steel and the lower portion of ordinary balloon material, the whole so constructed as to hold hydrogen instead of ordinary gas.

A DEVICE has been submitted to the British Admiralty by which, it is said, the largest battleship in the service can, in four minutes, be protected from the attack of any number of torpedoes, no matter how skillfully they may be directed.

The Minister of the Spanish navy has before the Cabinet Council in Madrid a plan for thorough reform. His proposals include the building of two great battle-ships, the purchase, or construction of several torpedo boats of the first and second classes, and the arming of all the battle-ships with cannon of the latest models.

The "fastest vessel afloat" is declared to be the thirty-two hundred ton warship built for the Argentine Republic. Her biggest guns are two eight-inch guns, she has two twin screws, and engines which, in developing nearly nine thousand horse-power, carried her through a six-hours' trial at a speed of twenty-one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven knots.

## POISONS AND THEIR CURES.

THE three-leaved ivy is dangerous, it almost invariably being poisonous.

FIVE-LEAVED ivies are perfectly harmless and can be handled with impunity.

POISON sumachs may be positively identified by the little white berries which they grow.

SUMACHS bearing red berries are harmless; the berries, far from being dangerous, yield an acid most agreeable to the taste, and withal wholesome.

BOTH the poison-ivy and poison-sumach, though unlike in appearance of foliage, have similar white berries growing in small slender clusters from the axils of the leaves.

It is said that the poison from the stings of insects may be destroyed and the inflammation quickly allayed by repeated and generous applications of the juice of raw onions.

SOAP is an efficient antidote for carbolic acid poisoning, and should be given as soon as possible after the poison has been taken and persistently continued until all toxic symptoms have disappeared.

A SIMPLE and effectual remedy for ivy poisoning is said to be sweet spirits of nitre. Bathe affected parts two or three times during the day and the next morning little trace of the poison will remain.

It is well to know that wood lye is an antidote to poison ivy. Boil wood ashes in a bag a few moments. Dilute so that it will not be too harsh, yet leave it quite strong. Paint with it the afflicted parts, and in ten minutes wash off with soft, tepid water and anoint with vaseline. Repeat till a cure is effected.

## NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS.

TO BURN egg-shells brings sorrow.

If sparks scatter in golden showers from the chimney money is coming to you.

If the cat washes its face with dainty touches of velvety paw it's a sure sign of rain.

If a rooster crows three times before the door visitors may be expected during the day.

To LET a friend lay her parasol on your bed is sure to be followed by a serious quarrel.

To RETURN for a forgotten article after having started is a sign of bad luck while you are away.

If a lock of your hair does not blaze up when put into the fire it is a sign of an early death.

For a rat to run across the hearth in front of you is a sign that an enemy is going to do you hurt.

## MEMORIES.

There are strains of sweet music through memory ringing.

Subdued in the hush of the lengthening years.

They are voices of loved ones now hushed from their slung—

Died out in the rush of the gathering tears.

There are perfumes so rare they yet linger around us

And greet us again in a desolate hour;

We think of the ties of affection that bound us

At the breath of the rose or the jasmine flower

There are voices we hear where the pine trees are sighing.

That whisper the song of a day that has fled,

And up from our hearts come the echoes replying

From memories once that we fancied were dead.

We scent the wild flowers and we hear the bees humming.

And see the loved faces of youth from afar—

'Tis only a wanderer lazily strumming

Some air of our childhood upon his guitar.

And we think of the past and we learn of the present.

And we dream of the life in the future to be,

As we sit in the calm of the evening, pleasant,

And hear the wild breakers sweep in from the sea.

Their lives linked with ours, as the moments are fleeting

Like blossoms that grow 'mid the desert their bloom

Perfuming the depths of our innermost being,

And flinging its fragrance 'round even the tomb.

—George B. Hynson, in Philadelphia Call.

## A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

How Two Ladies' Visit to New York Terminated.

HE one particular clause in his sister Kate's letter puzzled John Warner as he

leaned his arms upon his desk and read it for the third time.

It ran as follows, brief, and to the point, and, coming from a spinster who had, prematurely, eschewed all sentimentality, it appeared queer:

"Really, John, a man of your position and wealth should surely marry."

John read it again and again; the more he read it, the more queer it appeared to him. True, he had reached a position in business that was most satisfactory; wealth he possessed beyond a doubt; he was healthy, belonged to a fashionable club, was a regular "first-nighter" and enjoyed an occasional toddy with a few chosen friends.

But, marry!

"Bosh, all confounded bosh! Kate's brewing sentiment in her old age—superb-looking woman at that. She's a brunette, I believe, and they weather advancing age best," 'tis said. I marry! Nonsense! It's all rubbish! I hate all things pertaining to women—all but jolly old Kate. She's a clever woman. I wonder why she isn't married to some bright fellow? I'm tired of clubs and such; I wish Kate would marry. O, I'd like to have a lot of little nephews and nieces climbing all over me and fishing through my pockets for pennies. But Kate's too old, or at least I suppose she thinks so. Humph! I'm old, too. Five years older than she. I marry! Nonsense. Can't think of such a step at my time of life."

John was unconsciously thinking aloud, and his confidential clerk had rapped three times before he heard him. Pushing the letter underneath a newspaper he said: "Come in."

"The party up in Albany sends a letter inquiring about that last lot of hose. It seems—"

"Sit down, Jackson; sit down and listen to me for a moment," broke in John.

Jackson was puzzled. Business before all other things had always been John's motto. Now it seems it is all something else.

"I'm called a good business man, eh, Jackson?"

"I'm glad to say so, Mr. Warner," replied Jackson.

"Never stopped the whirl of business for sentiment, eh, Jackson?"

"I should hope not."

"Quite correct, Jackson, quite correct. Did you ever meet my sister Kate?"

"It is a pleasure I have never had."

"Humph! Kate's a business woman; a woman of great tact, but she's growing the bump of sentimentality in her old age—"

"Old age?"

"Yes; she's thirty. Jackson, Kate advises me to marry. Don't be alarmed that I for a moment seriously consider such a nonsensical idea. However, now for the business which I detained you for. Kate's coming to pay me a visit; going to bring along the country parson's daughter to see the city sights. I'm too busy to meet her at the train. Jackson, you must go and bring the pair from the dep—"

"I—I'm not a lady's man—"

"It is purely a matter of business; just that and nothing more, Jackson. Go and do it the same as you would to see about a consignment of all-wool hose. Perhaps you'd better drop a line

to the Albany party to the effect that his order for British half-hose will be shipped by the first freight in the morning."

Warner turned his revolving chair to the desk, and Jackson left, only to enter again.

"What train did you say?" he asked. "First freight in the morning—"

"I mean what train did you expect the ladies to come on?"

"Be at the Union depot at 4:30—"

"But I might not know—"

"Kate always wears red, very red and very bright. Brunette and stylish. Oh, never fear; you'll be sure to know Kate. The door closed and Warner was once more alone.

"I'll be hanged if I will marry. Can't force us into any such trap as that. Kate's a fool!"

John said other harsh things about his clever sister Kate, things not necessary to speak of here; all the while he felt like a poor, lonely man about to be ambushed and led to the slaughter by smart women.

He hurried out for a lunch, rushed himself among his papers, books, reports, and the many things that busy a man who attends in person to his business affairs. The light was struck in his office, the clerks separated, and the night-watchman entered, still John Warner remained, thinking, thinking, thinking.

It was a queer life he led. Business, all business; push from dawn till dark, with but few moments of respite from labor. Little time for pleasure—only his "first nights," his short stop at the club for an occasional chat with a few chosen friends.

The door opened and Jackson entered, looking ten years younger.

"I never met a more charming woman in all my life. Mr. Warner, I envy you your visitors. She's the most regal creature—"

"Bosh! Jackson, when a man begins to call a woman a regal creature he shows evident signs of mania. They're all alike, Jackson, every one of them. They all want to trap, trap, trap. And what? Men, nothing but men. Go home, Jackson, and sleep it off. You poor old fossil you. You envy me my visitors? I look upon it as something fearful to have a woman fussing about."

"But this woman—"

"I tell you, Jackson, they're all alike. Well, I'm going home. Suppose I'll be in torments until Kate goes back. Going, too? I tell you, Jackson, it'll never do, never, sir. Never let a rattle-brained woman break into one's business affairs is my motto. Here's your car. You go down while I go up. Good night."

Fifteen minutes later John Warner was warmly greeted by a beautiful woman—his sister Kate.

"Kate, for heaven's sake don't choke me to death. I'm glad to see you, and—"

Then he stopped as his eyes fell upon the other occupant of the room. She was petite, a blonde, and had dimpling cheeks, lovely eyes, and a shy, reticent air that was innocence and simplicity itself.

Sometimes love takes years to spring into existence, but John Warner, the plain man of business, was enmeshed in

its tantalizing and fascinating folds at first sight. When his sister introduced him to this dainty girl his heart bobbed, and he felt a peculiar sensation in his throat, and his hand trembled like a school-boy's as he felt the soft little palm touch his.

A pleasant dinner, a few bright glances from the most bewitching pair of eyes he had ever seen; and then, John Warner went to bed to dream dreams utterly out of place to a man so wholly absorbed in business as he was.

The days that followed were filled with brightness. John found it very easy to tear himself away from his office now. There was one thing, however, that worried him—Jackson's frequent visits to his house. He mentioned it carefully to him once or twice, but Jackson only blushed.

The point was reached one morning, when the confidential clerk entered the office, carefully closed the door, and said:

"I love her."

"So do I, Jackson; you and I have been friends for a good many years. I'll tell you frankly, I've made up my mind to marry this woman myself. I'm sorry if you placed your heart—"

"I have. She loves me—"

"Wh—what?"

John Warner rose from his chair. Was he only doomed to see the dawn of his sunshine day sink into the gloom of despair?

"You—say she—loves you?"

"Yes; surely she has a right to give her hand to whom she pleases—"

"But she loves me, too, Jackson—"

"Which is natural in a sister."

"Wh—what?"

"Your sister Kate has promised to be my wife."

"Jackson, your hand! Kate is a queen. I thought it was the other—H. S. Keller, in Yankee Blade.

—Wife (sitting up three hours for him)—"Pretty time to be coming home! Four o'clock!" Husband (had but one glass of compound known as whisken-warra)—"Forklock! Guess not! Un-forknly for you, ma'am, couriouness! I heard clock just now—struck one—struck several times."—Lawrence American

