# INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

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VINITA, - - INDIAN TERRITORY,


## *LUKE — COLORADO PARK, 1873.*

Wot's that you're readin'?—a novel? A nove
—well, darn my skin!
You a man growed and bearded, and listen'
an h'stuff as that in—
Stuff about gals an' their sweethearts! no
wonder you're thin as a knife.
Look at me!—clar two hundred—and never
read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And as to their
lyin' round here,
They belonged to the Jedgo's daughter—the
Jedgo Prince put up last year—
On account of his lungs an' the mountains,
and the balsamy pine and fir;
And his daughter—well, she read novels, and
that's what a-the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Jedgo, and stuck by
his side half night,
Along in the cabin up yer—till she grew like a
ghost all white;
So we sent only a slip of a thing, as light and as
airy as a wave,
To ride smoke-blown through the woods but
she was a mad kind—as they!

Speakin' o' gals—d'ye mind that house as you
rise the hill,
A mile and a half from White's, and just above
Mattingly's mill?
You do? Well, there's a gal! What, you
saw her? Come now, that's good!
She was only bid with you boys, for to see she
don't cotton one bit.

But what was I talkin' off? Of the Jedgo and
his daughter—she read
Novels a-a whole day long, and I reckon she
knew them almost indeed;
An I sometimes she read them out loud to the
Jedgo on the porch where he sat,
And "for a how" Lord Augustus" said this, an I
how "Lady Blanche" she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heard, was a yarn
that they read 'bout a chap,
"Leather-stocking" by name, and a hunter
chock full o' the grit and o' sap;
And they a-read me to hear; but I say: "Miss
Mabel, not guy for me;
When I like I kin sling my own lies, and that
chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow or other she always was sayin' I
brought her to mind
Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin'
leastways of their kind;
And thar warn't no end o' the names that she
gave me thet summer up here,
"Rollin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Rob Roy"
—O, I tell you, the matter was queer.

And yet of she hadn't been spiled, she was
harmless enough in her way;
She could jabber in French to her dad, and
they said thet she knew how to play,
And she worked thet thet pouch un t s r—
which the man-d-a-d-l-y-k-i-n us.
And slippers—you see'em down yer—ez would
cradle an injun a pappoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was
write and might wrong;
And then she got shy with her tongue, and at
last had to git along
And whenever I happened around, her face it
was hid in a book.
And it wasn't hardly the art that she gave me
ez much ez a look.

And this was the way it was: It was night
when I left them to-gy
Thinkin' as I'm all good-by, for I reckoned to go
for deer
At sun-up the day they left, so I shook 'em all
by the hand,
'Cept Mabel, and she was sick, ez they gave
me to understand.

But just as I passed the house the next morn
—for at dawn, some one,
Like a little wave of mist, got up on the hill
with the sun;
Miss Mabel it was, alone—all wrapped up in a
mantle of lonesome—
And she stood there straight in the road, with
a touch o' the sun in her face.

And she looked at me right in the eye—I'd
seen suthin' like it before
When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o'
the clear Lake shore,
And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was
raisin' my knife
When it gave me a look like that—well, it got
off with its life.

"We're going to-day," she said, "and I
thought I would say good-by
To you in your own house, I take—then she
ran in the bright time way.
You've always been kind to us, Luke, and
pops has found you a-d
As good as the air he breathes, an I whole me
as Laurel Tree Hill.

And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the
boy we did not take away—
The boy I am that dwells in the woods, the rain-
bow that lives in the spray.
And you'll sometimes think of me, Luke, as
the mist that I rode home to-day.

As I rode smoke-blown through the woods, a
moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a
sudden she tottered and fell,
And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held
her a minit—well—
It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold and
as white as lily
Ez a snowflake here on my breast, and then
—well, she melted away—

And was gone * * * And thar are her
to kiss but I ain't got any for me.
Good enough may be for some, but them and
I didn't agree.
They called a decent gal I ez might have made
some chap a wife,
And look at me!—clar two hundred—and never
read one in my life!

*—Bret Harte.*

## A CHANGE IN FORTUNE.

Mr. Timothy Bloom, salesman in Mr. Crabbe's big retail dry-goods store, was gleatthily eating his lunch in a dusty corner amongst some empty packing boxes. It was not a very good lunch, and warm as the day was, he had but one glass of ice water to drink with it.

A very mild, pleasant-looking young fellow was Timothy Bloom, with eyes like a pretty girl's, and fair hair parted down the middle; but he was rather dejected at this moment, for Crabbe senior, had just been abusing him for permitting a lady, who was not to be suited by mortal salesman, to get off without buying anything, and had likewise informed him that he had been five seconds late that morning, and would in consequence "be docked an eighth" on Saturday evening.

That was not pleasant, and Mr. Crabbe's manner was not pleasant, and the dusty corner, and the stale sandwich were not pleasant. And who can wonder that poor Timothy Bloom, looking up at a row of decorated corset boxes above his head, and taking his idea from the winged infant pictured upon them, remarked under his breath:

"I wish I was a cherub."

At this moment, even as the wish fluttered up to the corset boxes, a little boy, about three feet high, bearing on his bosom a badge with the enormous number 118, came around the counter, and lifted his pathetic eyes on Mr. Bloom's glass of water.

"I say, Mr. Bloom," he whispered, pathetically, "won't you give me just a mouthful of that water? Mr. Crabbe says us cashes ain't to have no drinks, and I'm chokin'."

Mr. Bloom smiled pitifully at the child, a forlorn widow's bread-winner, and said mildly, as he held out the glass:

"Here, Johnny, take half. I'd like you have it all if we were not limited to one glass ourselves."

"Guess water is gettin' deny," said Johnny, eagerly swallowing the share allowed of the cooling draught, but scrupulously careful not to exceed the permission.

"Thank'ee. You're a brick. Mr. Bumps hit me a lick when I asked him. Here, have the paper? A customer left it on the desk. Here, you get me to take home to mar when I go home to-night. She likes to read the murders and them things."

"Cash, 118!" shrieked a female voice. "Cash! Cash!"

"It's Miss Pringle. I must go," whispered Johnny, and sped away in terror.

There were ten cash boys in the store, and they had been numbered high to sound well.

Mr. Bloom peeped around the boxes at the clerk, and he had ten minutes more to himself, and opened the paper. The first thing his eyes lighted upon was an advertisement of a fine country seat for sale, and he read it through—the description of the stables, baths, bath-tubs, conservatory, veranda, lawn and kitchen garden; the wall, the octagon parlors and the cupola; the tiled halls and frescoed ceilings, as though he intended to buy it for himself that afternoon.

Then he cast his eye upon an account of how Mr. Mullen had beaten Mrs. Mullen, and been arrested for so doing; and then he found himself reading a paragraph to the effect that the heirs of Timothy Bloom, of Lancaster, England, if living, might hear of something to their advantage by applying to Jones & Johnson, —— street.

"My name," thought Mr. Bloom, at first. Then, with a start, he remembered that he had heard his grandfather was named Timothy. Certainly, he came from Lancaster, England. His father, David Bloom, had been an only son. *He* was an only son himself. Well, then, *he* was Timothy Bloom's heir, if it should prove that the Timothy Bloom inquired for was really his father's father.

"But, oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Bloom. "This sort of thing couldn't happen to me. It's some other Timothy, not poor old grandfather." And he copied the address of Jones & Johnson into his pocket-book, and went back to his counter quite calmly, though he wrote to Jones & Johnson that night.

However, wonders will never cease. When Tim Bloom, the meekest of all young salesmen, went home that Saturday evening with a "deducted" salary and a scolding, he found Mr. Johnson himself in his boarding-house parlor, and an examination of the family Bible in his possession, and of a certain bundle of yellow letters that Mr. Bloom had more than once decided to burn, but had, fortunately, spared, settled the matter. Half a million of money had come to him in the regular course of nature, and he was richer now only than Mr. Crabbe, but than any of his most fashionable customers.

It was a wonderful surprise to little Tim Bloom, and he scarcely grasped the thing at first. Even after he told his chief confidant, his landlady's pretty grand-daughter, Mehitable White, a pretty, pink-cheeked, capable damsel, called Hetty, for short—he only went so far as to think of a pair of patent-leather boots and a diamond cravat-pin.

Hetty awakened him to a full realization of his changed condition by saying, rather seriously, and looking away from him:

"Of course, grandma's won't suit you any longer, Mr. Bloom, and you'll never have to go back to Crabbe & Co.'s again."

"By George! I never thought of it; so I sha'n't," said Tim Bloom. "No more counter-jumping for me, and if Mrs. White will let me hire the back parlor, I'll take that. Go away? Not I."

"Not yet; it's too soon," said Hetty, to herself; "but he'll go when he quite understands."

"Let me congratulate you, my dear Mr. Bloom," said Mr. Crabbe, bowing, as he parted from the departing clerk as he did to the carriage customers at the very store-door. "I have always felt a superiority in you over the other young men. I said to my daughter, Belinda, the other day: 'If it were not for giving offense to others I should ask Mr. Timothy Bloom to our little evenings.' Something of the Prince in disguise about him, but an employer has his duties. They sometimes make his heart ache; but he must perform them."

Mr. Bloom remembered the placard over the water-cooler: "Cashes not allowed drinks;" "a cash who drinks deducted one-half," and thought that if Mr. Crabbe really had a heart this must be true.

Tim Bloom was a rich man; but he had no rich friends as yet. The clerks at Crabbe & Co.'s had been always quarreling amongst themselves, and he had not known one in private.

The boarders were not "sociable;" he treated them to ice cream several times, and took Hetty White to a concert or two.

He improved his mind in libraries and museums, and set up a book-case of his own, into which he put a miscellaneous assortment of volumes; but when one day he received a perfumed envelope, inviting him to a lawn tennis party at Mr. Crabbe's country seat, he felt that the dissipations of the wealthy had just begun for him. He accepted, of course, and went attired in perfect style, and looking very well, indeed.

He returned bewildered. Miss Crabbe was very handsome. She played and sang and danced, and was "stylish." She had set her cap for him, and Mr. Crabbe—yes, actually Mr. Crabbe—had plainly allowed him to see that he would give his consent to the match.

"Two months ago he called me a 'stupid idiot.' Two months ago he snubbed me, whenever he spoke to me," thought Tim Bloom. "Yes, this is the old story; everybody, everybody, even old Mrs. White, fattening and cringing to my money. I wonder whether Hetty is the same?" And in the seclusion of his own apartment, poor, young Tim Bloom actually cried; though Mr. Crabbe called that evening and took him to a charming stag party, where the guests were principally in the dry-goods line, and in every direction one's ears caught the remark, "Sold a bill of goods to a man," and where every one scorned to drink anything less costly than champagne.

"You rascal," said the excellent father, on the way home, "I see you are afraid to speak, but I know you couldn't keep your eyes off my Belinda last Wednesday."

"Could I hope for your consent, if she—"

"My dear boy—ha! ha! ha! Why, ask her and see!" cried Mr. Crabbe. "It has always been the wish of my heart, even when you were a poor clerk, and she (don't say I told you) *always* admired you—always!"

At nine o'clock, one night, Mrs. White's door bell rang, and a messenger boy handed in a letter—a big letter, with a big seal, and "immediate" on it. What could it be? Something about the property of course. Mrs. White carried it herself to Mr. Bloom's room, and as she handed it in saw him seated beside a table, on which stood wine and a tray of de icacies. Mr. Crabbe was at supper with her boarder.

"Excuse me," said Timothy.

"Oh! certainly," said Mr. Crabbe.

Timothy opened the letter, read it, uttered a deep sigh, and passed it to Mr. Crabbe. Mr. Crabbe read it and turned purple.

"Do I understand it?" said Timothy, hiding his face.

"Your lawyer says the property is no longer yours—that your grandfather was not the right Timothy Bloom, and that the real heir will demand a restoration of all that you have spent already."

"Yes, I was right," said Mr. Bloom. "But, Mr. Crabbe, after all, I shall do very well. I can go back to your store, and Miss Belinda has quite a sufficient little fortune of her own. We can still be happy."

Mr. Crabbe leaped to his feet.

"Sir! sir!" he said. "this is a great piece of impertinence, sir. You haven't spoken to Belinda."

"But you assured me—" began Timothy.

"I didn't!" shrieked Mr. Crabbe. "At least, I was mistaken. I came here with the intention of telling you upon my word and honor, that she can't endure you; and as for the store, you were a most incompetent salesman. There is no situation open. Sorry for you, but—Good-night. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Timothy.

The moment the door closed, he took up his letter and carried it to old Mrs. White, who, with Hetty as assistant, was seeding raisins for next day's pudding, sitting one on either side of the drop-light in the dining-room.

"I shall have to give up the back parlor," said poor Timothy. "And as for my hall bedroom, I don't know how to pay for that, for Mr. Crabbe won't take me back."

"Time-serving old wretch!" said Mrs. White. "No matter, Mr. Bloom, I'll trust you. Intentions being right, I never will be hard on my boarders, and you can keep the parlor until it is hired, because it's more comfortable."

"And try to keep up your spirits," said Hetty; "for, after all, money isn't everything."

"It seemed too sudden to last," said Mrs. White. "I never trust these lawyers."

So the good souls comforted him, and after a while, when he asked Hetty to take a little walk with him, she consented.

There was a little park on the opposite side of the street, and though the gates were locked they walked around its railings. Their talk was long and earnest, and at last Timothy said:

"Well, Hetty, poor as I am, will you promise to marry me some day?"

And she had answered, "Yes, Tim," very simply—and so it was settled; and for a young man, recently reduced from affluence to poverty, Mr. Bloom certainly looked very happy as they went home together. But it was only when Mrs. White had given her loving consent to his marrying Hetty when they had enough for bread and butter, that he made confession:

"I can't keep it to myself any longer, grandma. I wrote that letter myself. I'm as rich as I ever was, and I've tested my friends. Old Crabbe has proven false, and you have proven true. I felt sure about Hetty all the while; and when we are married you must live with us, and there shall be no more hard work and boarders for you in this world, you dear old soul."

After which the reader is to understand a wedding and a happy life for all.—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.*

## The "Fund" Speculation in Massachusetts.

The chief topic of conversation this week has been the sudden and unaccountable changes in certain business places, and the collapse of the Chicago grain speculators' expectations. Various reasons are assigned for the business changes, and different people believe different stories. Some of the tales are scarcely to be credited; and it is said that persons of whom they are being told threaten to make the gossipers prove their assertions. It is to be hoped if they make the attempt they will succeed, and not find themselves in the predicament a certain politician is said to have once found himself. Returning home one night in quite "a state of mind" his wife asked what the matter was. "That scoundrel Jones called me a liar before the whole meeting," he replied. "But that hadn't ought to annoy you," she said, "for he couldn't prove it." "There's the trouble," roared the husband, "for he did prove it." The revelation that has come with the closing up of the grain swindling firms is rather startling to people who little guessed how the mania for speculation had pervaded our community. For months the thing has been going on, and during that time scores, aye hundreds, of men and women, girls and boys have been drawn into the seductive vortex and invested from $10 to $500, in many cases their little all, thinking to become wealthy. The history of the matter is but a repetition of the old, old story of swindlers and swindled. A few months ago several persons received circulars from Chicago parties relative to grain speculations, purporting to show the enormous profits made by shrewd purchasers, explaining the "fund scheme," and offering the recipient $1 on every $10 forwarded from other parties. Most of these people threw the circulars into the fire, knowing that the scheme was a swindle, and only it to be classed with cheap lotteries. But three or four took it up and we see the result to-day in an aggregate loss of several thousand dollars. These "agents" or "fund formers," took at first a few shares and induced their friends to do the same, on the Chicago firm's promise of twenty-five per cent dividends every three months, and some occasional dividends. This promise was, of course, kept for a time, and the showing of the dividend checks and profitable balance-sheets set lots of people fairly wild to get into it. Men and women who had $50, $100 or $300, saved by years of hard work, made haste to invest. One man who put in a few hundred dollars, after getting his first dividend-check, announced that he had given up working and was going to live on the profits of his investment. Not wilder were the dreams of the dupes of Law's historical Mississippi and West India colonization scheme, nearly two centuries ago, than were those of our over-credulous grain speculators. But they had a similar ending. Not the least surprising feature is that quite a number of men were bitten who have had the credit heretofore of "having their eye teeth cut." These excuse themselves by saying they knew the thing was a fraud but thought they could get their money back and more with it before the scheme went up. A business man who put in $500 makes no bones of frankly saying he has lost every dollar of it. One of the worst features of the matter is that even school pupils were induced to thus early in their lives begin gambling. Led by one of their associates several high school boys invested from $10 to $50 each, and have lost nearly all of it. If this experience serves to keep them from such things in future the lesson has not been too dearly paid for.

But the blame of this state of affairs lies not wholly with these dupes of Chicago swindlers. Rather it falls on the men of wealth and standing in the community who have for years made speculative stocks a considerable source of profit—or loss. They were able to put up large margins in the New York markets and frequently make quite a stake, which they were not slow to tell of, but seldom let anything be known of their losses. Not many months ago one speculator told your correspondent that he held $100,000 worth of various kinds of stocks on margins, but he apparently has had good cause since to regret his investment. Even the local mining enterprise aided in fostering the speculative fever, although that has been conducted honestly and economically, and as yet has produced only an assessment instead of hoped-for dividends. This week's collapse will probably prove a warning that is likely to be heeded for a long time to come against intrusting money to unknown firms who have no business rating and promise enormous profits.—*Westfield (Mass.) Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

## Important Legal Decision.

"So you say he called you a liar and kicked you twice. Now what did you give him back in return for these insults?" inquired the Austin Recorder of the injured.

"I just kicked him twice and called him a liar," was the reply.

"Did you kick him with the same emphasis with which he kicked you, and on the same portion of his body?"

"I did, your honor."

"Then you paid him back just as much as you got?"

"I did."

"Then I dismiss the case. This court holds that where litigants among themselves harmoniously make a friendly exchange, each one receiving a valuable consideration for services rendered, the arrangement between them will not be disturbed, the object of the law being to promote the harmonious relations already established."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says that it is difficult to conceive how so large and unwieldly a body as a railroad car could be smuggled, and yet the Toronto car work people at London, Ont., declare that $150,000 worth of American cars have been smuggled into Canada. It would not surprise us to hear that an entire court house had found its way into the dominion.

## HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Where grapes are enclosed in paper bags for protection against insects, a horticulturist advises making a few pin-holes in the bottom of it, to permit the moisture to escape after a rainstorm.

—The most successful way of training an animal is to begin at birth. Two things should supplement a knowledge of the way to train: kindness and decision; these are essentials.—*Lansing (Mich.) Republican.*

—Sugar Cookies: Two cups of sugar, one heaping cup of shortening, (I use part butter and part lard,) two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, salt, nutmeg, or flavor as you please. One can make half the quantity if they like.—*The Household.*

—Hot water is said to relieve nausea and vomiting promptly and satisfactorily. It should be taken as hot as it can be drank. It is excellent also for colic in infants, and for flatulency and distension of the stomach, caused by wind, in adults. So simple a remedy ought to be universally known.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The more freely a plant is growing the more water it will require; and the more it grows the more heat and sun will it need. In all cases those which seem to grow the fastest should be placed nearest the light. The best aspect for room plants is in the south-east. They seem like animals in their affection for the morning sun. The first morning ray is worth a dozen in the evening.—*Chicago Times.*

—White oak is better, in our judgment, for fence posts than white cedar. According to our experiences and observation, the best way to preserve them is, after they are well seasoned, to boil the end which goes into the earth in coal tar. Another method, said to be better, is to bore a hole into the post above the earth line and fill it with coal oil, and after the oil is absorbed put some more in and then plug up the hole.—*Kansas Farmer.*

—When you sell off the turkeys don't sell all the largest and keep only the small, late-hatched broods. Before you sell or kill a single turkey, select the very best for next season's breeding stock. Sometimes it is good policy to keep the late turkeys through the winter and send them to market in March. They will grow right through the winter, and turkeys, good ones, always command a good price during the latter part of February and in March.—*Exchange.*

—Cabbage Salad: Put a cup of vinegar and a cup of milk on to heat in separate sauce-pans; when the vinegar boils add butter, sugar, salt and pepper, and stir in about two quarts of finely-chopped cabbage cover and let scald and steam—not boil—for a moment; meanwhile remove milk from stove, cool a little and stir in the well-beaten and strained yolks of four eggs; return to stove and boil a moment. Dish the cabbage and pour custard over it; stir rapidly with a silver spoon until well mixed, and set at once in a cool place. Serve when ice cold.—*Chicago Journal.*

## Broken Wind.

Broken wind in horses generally comes on gradually, and is preceded by an attack of catarrh, chronic cough, or asthma especially if the animal is exposed to such exciting causes as impure air or bad stable management, which it is often known to come on without any symptom of respiratory derangement in horses fed on bad forage and allowed to gorge themselves. The result of this is to produce a debilitated condition of the stomach, in the first place from its overwork, and in the second place, its powers decreased, and its nerves influence parties at a distance in the general disturbance, while its functions become almost destroyed. It is the same nerve, the pneumogastric and its anastomoses, which supplies the stomach, diaphragm and bronchial tubes, and it is here we trace the connection. The whole course of the nerve becomes influenced, the inability extends, and the nervous force becomes imperfect. The minute bronchi are supplied with a distinct series of small muscular fibers, which dilate and contract the tubes of each inspiration and expiration; and it is by their means that the respiratory action is properly carried on. By cutting off their nervous force paralysis follows and the tubes remain stationary to a certain extent, while the aid of the extra respiratory muscles have to be called on to remove the air from the cells and tubes of the lungs, and the performance of such produces the peculiar double action of the flank of broken wind. The cough which is usually the earliest symptom, depends for its production on the increased bronchial secretion and the imperfect removal of it, giving rise to irritation. The breathing at first is only shortened, but as the derangement continues, and the muscular fibers remain unused, from their delicacy and delicate structure, they soon waste or become atrophied, and perhaps ultimately absorbed, when the disease becomes incurable and the animal almost cured. On rapid exertion, the air is not removed or changed, and the unoxidized blood does not pass through the capillaries of the cell-walls as it should do, and passive congestion follows, producing the dyspnœa which the poor animal shows on being pressed to perform extra respiration.

The remote cause of broken wind is hereditary or constitutional liability, as well as the remaining sufficient under the action of causes exciting morbid changes in the tory organs themselves. A form of body is unquestionably able to its production, and it is from this circumstance that it proves hereditary. The narrow, contracted pendent belly which marks horses, and gross feeding, all are observed to be particular, the disease are predisponding fining the certain action of and affording an easier generate. It may be this disorders it more common in horses, as well as the necessary expansions abdominal viscera.

Amongst the earliest broken wind we have the may be little changed, but loose that peculiar sound assumes a short and husky a deep advances, it becomes a hark, less frequent, perhaps. The increased action of the is an invariable accompaniment, doubt the true sign at first creased or diminished, but the double beat, dilation of the the nostrils, and on exertion, etc. The dependent abdomen all the symptoms of indigestion, absent, while the animal has proved appetite. In fact, in every case of broken wind ment of the digestive organs.

Regarding the treatment broken wind, we will simply all means by which we can give relief, if possible, to an horse suffering from the disease, if for curative means. Our first object and main is to induce that state "condition," to get the most perfect working of alone be done by gorging, giving much food the smallest bulk, and as be as nutritious as possible, horse almost live on oats, be given in small quantities with as little hay as possible, none, and never allowing gorge himself with water. Should be of the best quality, lar exercise is good.—*Dr. Pearce, V. S., in Prairie Farmer.*

## Essential Points in Potato Culture.

The soil acknowledged to be the best for the potato is a rich loam, sandy and neither too wet nor too dry. A clover sod is well suited to potato culture, and furnishes a large amount of vegetable matter to the soil. Some of the largest yields on record have been grown on old sod land turned underin the fall and lightly plowed and harrowed in the spring, with a top-dressing of some good fertilizer. Early potatoes thrive well in a quick light soil. Wet land should be avoided, for it produces tubers of coarse texture and the reverse of mealy.

It pays to prepare the ground thoroughly for potatoes. Never plow it while wet and heavy. As has been suggested, sod lands are best broken in the fall. It is also a good plan to practice fall plowing on land naturally rich or that which has been highly manured for some previous crop. Then lightly plow and harrow it in the spring. This plan is preferable to highly manuring poor soil, especially when an application at time of planting is made of bonedust, ashes, plaster and similar materials. Fresh barn-yard manure is to be avoided. When stable manure is employed let it be old and well rotted. Fertilizers of a dry, absorbent nature are advantageous to this crop, especially on lands inclined to be wet. On warm, dry, light soil, muck compost proves beneficial; decayed leaves are also excellent. Ashes, by the way, not only provide plant-food but tend to prevent rot. A dressing of salt and unleached ashes, applied during the growing season, is believed by many to be a preventative of the grub so prevalent in richly manured soils.

Both hill and drill planting are practiced by successful farmers, the former being the more common method. The distance apart depends on the variety of potato planted, some sorts requiring more space than others. Under all circumstances there ought to be space enough to admit of thorough culture; in a word, sufficient space both ways for the cultivator, etc. The usual rule, when planting in hills, is three to three and a half feet apart each way, and drills two and a half feet by three feet.

The conviction of late years appears to be that many failures occur from too much seed, and not a few of our best cultivators recommend and practice cutting seed to two eyes. They select fair specimens for seed, avoiding the extremes of large and small sizes, and cut in pieces large enough to insure subsistence to the young plants. In this matter, as in all others, circumstances alter cases. It occurs sometimes that a farmer has on hand a lot of small potatoes of excellent variety; with these cut to two eyes he may gain very fair results, other things being favorable, but this practice long continued is believed to result unfavorably.

Potatoes should be cultivated from the time the vines appear above ground until they begin to bloom. Remember that weeds draw largely of the sustenance required for the developing tubers; hence must not be permitted to thrive. To secure an early crop the seed should be planted as soon as the ground can be put in readiness. Early varieties are ready for market in sixty-five to seventy days from planting, insuring a high price and admitting of a second crop for winter use and for seed. Farmers near market sprout potatoes for seed in some warm place when injury from spring frosts are feared, and in this way advance the crop. A method prevalent of forcing potatoes at the North is to select whole tubers of an early variety, place them closely together in a moderately heated bed, composed of light loam and the like, then cover four weeks previous to time of planting. When ready to plant these sprouted potatoes are cut in pieces and set in the ground about three inches deep.

[illegible] fertilizer in the drill is often supplied for warmth and nourishment to the young shoots.

The potato crop is becoming an important one at the South. Their use has increased and their shipment North as an early product is growing every season. Potatoes are planted on the Gulf coast in December or January; a little further north at a somewhat later date, adapting the time of ripening to the close of the season's moderate temperature. And then there has sprung up a practice that renders possible a winter supply for the masses and increased consumption of this product, which cannot endure the heat of summer. This consists in growing two crops, one in winter and early spring, and the other in autumn, in time to ripen before frost. With two crops it is possible to have a continuous supply and seed potatoes grown at home.—*N. Y. World.*

## Good Corn Meal.

It is generally acknowledged that the use of corn meal for cooking purposes is rapidly decreasing in all the Northern States. In fact, such is said to be the case in the South, where corn was formerly preferred to wheat for making bread. The great increase in wheat production and the improvements that have been made in manufacturing flour have doubtless had much to do in bringing about this result. The price of corn now more nearly approaches that of wheat than it did a few years ago, and this circumstance operates in favor of the latter. Many persons now use corn meal for [illegible] reasons, but many would prefer it a considerable portion of the time if a good article could be procured. The complaint is general, however, that a really prime article of Indian corn meal can not be obtained in towns and cities. In the opinion of some the corn that is produced in the prairie regions of the West is very inferior for making bread. It is certain that the corn produced in the Southern States is vastly superior for cooking purposes. The meal made from it is at once softer and sweeter. The corn raised in the New England States is [illegible] softest [illegible] meal. It requires a [illegible] to be made [illegible] before it is moved. A country miller states that good corn meal can not be produced by the use of modern grinding machinery.—*Chicago Times.*

## An Absent-Minded Farmer.

Wednesday's *Times* contained some singular accounts of absent minded men, which, it is believed, are rivaled by the freaks of a farmer living at Saint's Corners, a hamlet two miles from Cobb's Hill. Last summer he drove to Cobb's Hill, accompanied by his wife, to do some trading. After spending several hours in the village, he drove home alone, did his "chores," and, upon going to the house, was provoked that his better-half, who was not to be seen, had made no preparation for supper. He failed to find her in the house, and in a few moments she arrived home in a conveyance from the village, where she had been anxiously awaiting her husband's appearance. At another time he rode a horse to the village to have it shod. He was engaged until evening, when he walked home. After waiting some time for a ride. His wife recalled to his mind the fact that he had left his horse in the village, and he returned for it.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—They are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly-married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride and the horse under treatment, and large numbers of men are searching the range for the groom.—*Chaff.*

## The Question of Rousing Bells.

The question of permitting the ringing of "rousing bells" is not one to be decided off-hand, either by asserting the rights of one class or denying the privileges of another. The chief objection to the practice, of course, is that it awakens a good many persons who do not desire or need to arise at so early an hour, a small proportion of whom are unable to go to sleep again. We say a small proportion, because we imagine that the great majority of people who are not accustomed to rise until seven or eight o'clock, or even a later hour, are not seriously disturbed by a whistle or bell that sounds regularly at five or six. So long as the summons is not for them they soon learn not to mind it. It is not to be taken as granted that it is the business of society or government to guard sleepers from all kinds of disturbance. There is a distinction between merely wanton or useless noise and noise made with a legitimate purpose. The cries of the street venders are an intolerable nuisance to nervous people who wish to sleep late in the morning or to take a nap during the day. The early rumbling milk-wagons and ice-carts and the all-night street cars are a source of annoyance to others. The fire-alarm speaks only to a few, but it arouses many. Are not all these, and many other disturbances, among the inevitable drawbacks to what we are pleased to call civilization? If two persons or ten persons in a thousand positively cannot endure the noises of the town, would it not be more reasonable for them to seek the quiet of the country than to try and impose a country stillness on the city?

In regard to the special matter under consideration, we consider that it is properly a matter for local regulation. If the authorities of a city, or the selectmen of a town, after a full hearing of the reasons for and against "rousing bells," decide that the custom is a necessary and proper one, it seems to us they may safely and wisely be intrusted with the power to authorize and regulate it. It is very easy to say that the workmen should have alarm clocks, or be awakened by electric bells in their houses; but this is very like the question of the pampered child of luxury, who, when she heard that people were starving, asked: "Why don't they eat bread and potatoes?" The working people who must be at their tasks at six or seven o'clock must be regularly awakened at an early hour, or large numbers of them will frequently suffer a loss from "docked time," which they can ill-afford. It is little enough that society does for them in most directions; and if it can permit their employers to call them to labor, the more favored citizens who do not need to arise early can well afford to submit to a momentary annoyance.—*Boston Herald.*

### An Incident in Virginia.

Our old friend, Mr. Wm. Claughton, of Heathsville, Sheriff of Northumberland Co., Va., says: "We have many good medicines in our practice, but nothing which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequaled for rheumatism and all bodily pains.—*Tappahannock (Va.) Tide Water Index.*

A DISPATCH has been received at the Philadelphia Post office, dated Harrisburg, signed "Uncle Reuh," and marked "collect." It read as follows: "don't Accept president's offer to Examine gas meter, tisn't meter it's the hands—took hands off a meter once—they still kept going around like a Mule in a Brick Yard—Twenty Footsie on thunderbolt—carried the bird full of coal right around—sat on the Hot carried me around till I got Dizzy and fell Off—put leg of my best Chair between hands to stop them—cut through leg cleaner than a Bread Saw—ruined Chair leg—Inventor accidentally Invented by a Lunatic—work on perpetual Motion in a Third Story Rock with closed Shutters—I put quarter's worth of Gas through—Inventor bored a Hole Through centers to disconnect the hands—I tried to stop meter Hands—trouble is both go Same Way—if went different ways could be fixed so as to cut each Other in Half but pieces would go All Same, go till wear out Look Out Don't Cut your Head Off."

A GENTLEMAN writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured me of a severe case of the piles, impure blood and general ill-health."

Another gentleman writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured me of nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, night sweats, sleeplessness, etc."

DAVID FENDER, "popping the question," in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

### "Made New Again."

MRS. WM. D. BUCKMAN, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—'made new again' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

THE compositor who set up "gobbling turkeys" for "Gobelin tapestries" should give thanks that he is permitted to live.

### Josiah Davis's Trouble.

Josiah Davis, No. Middletown, Ky., writes: I am now using a box of your HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is effecting a cure.

A PAIN in the stomach would let enough light in to show how one bears up under affliction.—*N. O. Picayune.*

### Voice of the People.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your Golden Medical Discovery, and it cured me. Yours respectfully, JUDITH BURNETT, Ellisdale, Mich.

THE Assistant Postmaster-General is no Quaker, although he always keeps his Hatson.—*Lowell Courier.*

ADVANCEMENT of learning [illegible] the [illegible]

## GENERAL MARKETS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | | | | |
| Native Heifers | 3 00 | @ | 3 25 | |
| Butchers' Steers | 4 50 | @ | 4 75 | |
| HOGS—Good to choice heavy | 4 70 | @ | 4 80 | |
| Stockers | 4 30 | @ | 4 75 | |
| WHEAT—No. 1 | 1 00 | @ | 1 06 | |
| No. 2 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| No. 3 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| No. 4 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| CORN—No. 2 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| OATS—No. 2 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| RYE—No. 2 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| FLOUR—Winter, per sack | 2 [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| HAY—Choice timothy | 16 00 | @ | 17 00 | |
| BUTTER—Choice dairy | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| CHEESE—Kansas, new | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| BACON—Clear sides | 11 | @ | [illegible] | |
| PORK—Home | 12 00 | @ | [illegible] | |
| Shoulders | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| Sides | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| LARD | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| WOOL—Missouri, unwashed | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| POTATOES—New, per bushel | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| **ST. LOUIS.** | | | | |
| CATTLE—Shipping Steers | 5 20 | @ | 5 60 | |
| Butchers' Steers | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| HOGS—Good to choice | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| SHEEP—Fair to choice | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| FLOUR—XXX to choice | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Winter | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| No. 3 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| OATS—No. 2 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| RYE—No. 2 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| PORK | 15 [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| COTTON—Middling | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| TOBACCO—New Lugs | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| Medium new leaf | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| **CHICAGO.** | | | | |
| CATTLE—Good shipping | 5 15 | @ | 5 60 | |
| HOGS—Good to choice | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| SHEEP—Fair to choice | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| FLOUR—Choice to choice | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 1 [illegible] | @ | 1 [illegible] | |
| No. 3 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| No. 2 Spring | 1 [illegible] | @ | 1 [illegible] | |
| CORN—No. 2 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |
| OATS—No. 2 | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] | |