INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

R. L. OWENS, J. L. SWEENY, ... Editors.

VINITA, - - - INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE CROCODILE GIVES A DINNER PARTY.

A wily crocodile
Who dwelt upon the Nile
Bethought himself one day to give a dinner.
"Economy," said he,
"Is chief of all with me,
And shall considered be—as I'm a sinner!"

With paper, pen and ink,
He sat him down to think;
And first of all, Sir Lion he invited;
The Northern Wolf who dwells
In rocky Arctic dells;
The Leopard and the Lynx, by blood united.

Then Mr. Fox, the shrewd—
No lover, he of food—
And Madame Duck with sober step and stately;
And Mr. Frog serene
In garb of bottle green,
Who warbled bass, and bore himself sedately.

Sir Crocodile, content,
The invitations sent,
The day was come—his guests were all assembled;
They fancied that some guile
Lurked in his ample smile;
Each on the other looked, and somewhat trembled.

A lengthy time they wait,
Their hunger waxes great;
And still the host in conversation dallies.
At last the table's laid,
With covered dishes spread,
And out in haste the hungry party sallies.

But when—the covers raised—
On empty plates they gazed,
Each on the other looked with dire intention;
Ma'am Duck sat last of all,
And Mr. Frog was small—
She softly swallowed him and made no mention!

This Mr. Fox perceives,
And saying: "By your leaves,
Some punishment is due for this transgression,"
He gobbled her in haste,
Then, much to his distaste,
By Mr. Lynx was taken in possession!

The Wolf, without a pause,
In spite of teeth and claws,
Left nothing of the Lynx to tell the story;
The Leopard, all irate
At his relation's fate,
Made mince meat of that wolfish monster hoary.

The Lion raised his head;
"Since I am king," he said,
"It ill befits the king to lack his dinner!"
Then on the Leopard sprang,
With might of claw and fang,
And made a meal upon that spotted sinner—

Then saw in sudden fear
Sir Crocodile draw near,
And heard him speak with feelings of distraction:
"Since all of you have dined
Well suited to your mind,
You surely can not grudge me satisfaction!"

And sooth, a deal of guile
Lurked in his ample smile,
As down his throat the roaring lion hasted;
"Economy, with me,
Is chief of all," said he,
"And I am glad to see there's nothing wasted."

—*Go'd Cheer.*

"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

"Till death us do part," rang out the low, clear voice of the officiating minister throughout the quiet church. And "Till death us do part" spoke the man who knelt before him; and "Till death us do part" in her turn repeated the woman.

Thus they plighted their troth in the face of the world and before Heaven, that man and woman, Humphrey Carbonel and Emma Crane. They had promised to love and cherish and honor each other, and he to comfort her and she to obey him in sickness and in health, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, *until death did them part!*

May breezes stole softly in through the open porch; May violets filled the air with perfume; May birds were singing; May dews yet sparkled on the jeweled grass. It was a true bridal morning; and, amid the almost Sabbath stillness and the spring-tide loveliness, the vows were exchanged that made them one.

Until death! The lover-husband glanced down upon the timid girl whose hand lay in his, feeling suddenly how terrible was that word—*death!* Why should the thought have come to him? He clasped the trembling hand closer, as if he felt already the chilling of those warm pulses. Even in the midst of the solemn service, his imagination traveled forward to a day when those solemn promises would have been fulfilled, and death had ended all—*her* death. It did not occur to Captain Carbonel to think that it might be his own.

The young girl, happy and smiling in her bridal robes, never once thought of death at all. How should she? And how—still less, *how*—could either of them call up a picture of something worse than death to break the marriage vow?

A young couple they, supremely happy on that May morning. Sunshine, and glistening dew, and opening flowers, and the joyous song of birds—*they* do not put forth notions of winter-chill and gloom. No, nor portend it.

"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!"

The tremulous voice of the clergyman, for he was agitated, pronounced those words very solemnly. The smile upon the bridegroom's lip echoed but that of his heart. *Who* should have power to put asunder two who loved so well? And Emma? She thought only of the strong, manly form by her side. It was the old, old story of the oak and the vine. The present happiness was perfect, and the future would be like unto it; nay, much more abundant.

So reason we in our blindness, in the inexperienced youth of our early morning, when the glamour of hope is upon us, and all looks radiant. Later, standing before the calm-faced teacher, whose name is Life, we learn that no earthly existence is perfect; that the sunniest life hath shadows, and that the sweet spring-time, the brightest summer, must give place to faded flowers, to dying leaves.

"You cannot have Emma unless you retire altogether from the army, or get put upon half-pay," had said Emma Crane's stern old guardian to Captain Carbonel; for she had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. And Humphrey Carbonel, tired perhaps of a soldier's idle life, for all the world seemed to have been at peace for ages and likely to remain so, got put upon half-pay.

Sure never did a couple begin life under more promising auspices! They had a pretty homestead of their own—it was Emma's, not his—amid a small colony of other pretty homesteads, and they had between them a handsome competency, and there was pleasant society around; and life was as delightful as a morning dream.

A child was born to them, but it died. That brought sorrow. No other child came, and time went on. And here some lines that I met with in a periodical in youthful days occur to me. I don't know whose they are. If I knew them I have forgotten:

"Alas, that early love should fly,
That friendship's self should rude and die;
Aye, that hearts pine with aching fears,
And sunny eyes grow dim with tears!
For years are sad and withered things,
And sorrow lingers, and joy has wings;
And falsehood steals into sunny bowers,
And Time's dull footing treads on flowers,
And the waters of life flow deep and fast,
And they bear to the sorrowful grave at last."

Why should the lines be put in here? Because they just express the altered condition of things that fell upon Humphrey and Emma Carbonel. They grew estranged from one another, hardly knowing how, or why. He said she no longer cared to please him, her husband; she said he liked other wives better than her—that he gave them all his attention and gave her none. And again time went on.

Seven times had the May violets opened their blue eyes in the mossy dells since that lovely day when he and she had vowed to love and cherish each other until death did them part: seven times the blue dew-drops had made the green meadows all aglow with sparkles; and seven times the sweet spring flowers had faded beneath the scorching heat of summer. Ah, if violets had been the only things that had died out in those seven years!

It was May again now. But it brought no cherished bridal flowers to Humphrey Carbonel and his wife, no clasping of hands, no fulfillment of love's glorious prophecy. Estrangement had but deepened, and they were parting in pride and anger. Tired with the state of affairs at home—the unbending coldness, the resentful tones, the cruel bickerings in which both indulged—Captain Carbonel had got placed on full service again. He was going out to be shot at, if fate so willed; for we were at war now.

The day of departure dawned, and they parted with bitter words. Heaven and their own hearts knew how much or how little they suffered; there was no outward sign of it. People, who had ceased to wonder at the suspected estrangement between Captain and Mrs. Carbonel, said to one another that it was brave of him to go out voluntarily to the wars. "Marlbrouck s'en-va-t-en-guerre!" So he went off with an indifferent countenance and a jaunty air; and she stayed behind equally jaunty, equally indifferent.

One year passed on. Emma Carbonel began to feel lonely, to sicken of her unsatisfactory life. Bit by bit she had grown to see that she and Humphrey had been but foolish, both of them, the one as much as the other. Did he feel the same? It might be. Yet their letters continued to be of the scantiest and coldest.

Another year dragged itself on, and then she made no pretense of keeping up the farce of resentment to her own heart. Time, generally speaking, shows up our past mistakes in their true colors. Emma Carbonel longed for her husband to come home, she grew feverishly impatient to be reconciled. Mariana in the Moated Grange was a favorite reading of hers just now—

"She said: 'I am a weary, weary,
'He cometh not, and all is dreary—
I would that I were dead!'"

Humphrey Carbonel came not. Nothing came but the details of the fighting; wars, and rumors of wars.

May was in again; another May. Mrs. Carbonel sat at her window in the twilight of a chilly, drizzling day. The gloom without harmonized with the gloom within. And yet, hardly so. The rain might be cold, dreary, dispiriting, but it was nothing as compared with the desolation of her heart. Childless, and worse than widowed! She had hoped, ah! for a year or two now, that Humphrey's old love for her might overrule his pride and bitterness, and prompt him to write to her a word of tender regret for their conduct to one another. But he did not. She was feeling it all to her heart's core this miserable evening; unavailing remorse lay heavily upon her; she wished she could die and end it. No sign of reconciliation had passed since they parted in pride and anger; not a word of repentance on either side had crossed the dreary gulf that flowed between them. Words of another poet, dead and gone, floated through her mind as she sat. Night and day lately they had seemed to haunt it.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth—
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above.
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wrath with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Should she go mad? There came moments when she feared she should if this state of things continued. A week ago there had been some talk in the papers that the war would, in all probability, soon be over. Then Humphrey would come home again.

Her thoughts turned to this phase; she began to dwell upon it, and what it would involve to him and to her. Presently she lost herself in fond anticipations, realizing it all as in a picture. Somehow she felt a strange nearness to him, as if he were coming then, were almost there. She heard the rain beating against the windows, and she glanced to see that the fire in the grate was bright when he came in. She gazed beyond the house gates down the road in the gathering gloom, almost, *almost* expecting to see him approach, as she used to see him in the days gone by. She had been wretchedly lonely so long now: and she wanted to hear his footstep in the hall, to feel his caressing hand on her sunny hair, and to hear his bright words, "Good evening, Emma, my dear!" It did not seem strange to her that this should happen, or that she was expecting it, though she had never once had this feeling through all these separated years. It did not seem marvelous that he should come thus from beyond seas without notice. Had he opened the door and stood there by her side she would not have felt startled or surprised, or at all wondered at it. The bewilderment wrought by long-continued sorrow has stolen over her senses.

But Humphrey did not come. Only, instead, the postman came in at the gate, and knocked at the door. Mechanically she wondered why he was so late this evening. She heard the servant who answered the knock say the same to the man.

"Yes, it's late," he answered. "A mail from the war is in, you see; and it brought a good many letters."

The woman came in with a thick letter and the lights. Her mistress took it with nervous haste. A *thick* letter, and from her husband! until now his letters had been of the thinnest and slightest. The writing—was it Humphrey's? Why, yes, it was his; but what could make it look so shaky? She opened it carefully, and some inclosures fell out. A fond letter or two of hers written to him after their marriage, during a temporary separation; a curl of her sunny hair; a plain gold ring which he had worn ever since his wedding-day; and a little folded note with a few trembling lines in it.

"I am dying, Emma. Fell to-day in battle. God forgive us our folly, my precious wife! I believe we loved one another all the while. There is another life, my dear one. I shall be waiting for you there.—Humphrey."

Emma Carbonel did not cry, did not faint. She lay back in a low, large chair, her meek hands clasped in supplication, praying to be pardoned for all her hard wickedness to her dead husband, feebly beseeching God, in His mercy, to take her to that better life.

The next day the papers published a list of the fallen. Fifteen soldiers and two officers, one of the latter being Captain Humphrey Carbonel.

So it was all over. Death had parted them. They had taken their marriage vows to love and to cherish one another until death did them part—and lo! now it had stepped in to do its work.

Ah! but something else had stepped in previously; angry passions indulged in, malice not suppressed. But for that, Humphrey Carbonel had never gone out to the fatal plain where death was indiscriminately putting in his sickle. Emma Carbonel would have given now her own life to recall the past.

Experience must be bought; sometimes all too dearly. She saw how worse than foolish it is, taking it at the best, to render our short existence here one of marring anger. Evil temper bears its up at the moment, but time must bring the reaction, and the repentance. A little forbearance on both sides, especially on hers, a few soothing words, instead of spiteful retorts, and this bitter retribution had not been here; crushed, he dying. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." If they had but observed the words of holy writ!

And now what was left to them? Death had claimed him, and all was over. To her, a lifelong time of anguished remorse, a vain longing to undo what could never be undone in this world. Could not some of us, he! and hasty in our dealings, learn a lesson from it?

But something better was in store for Emma Carbonel. Humphrey did not die. Within a week the news came to her that the injuries, which had induced a death-like swoon, mistaken as the time for death, had not yet been fatal. He was removed to the hospital, was being treated there by skilful surgeons, and the issue was as yet uncertain.

The issue was not for death, but life. Some months later he came home, a maimed soldier, bearing about him marks which time would never efface.

Just at the dusk of evening, as she had pictured it in her fond dreams, he came. When the fly drove up to the door with him, she was surprised, for he was not expected until the next day. He came in slowly, limping. The bustle over, the servants shaken hands with, he lay back, fatigued, in the easy chair, Emma kneeling before him, clinging to him in passionate emotion, tears streaming from her eyes, whispering to him in deprecating terms to forgive her.

"Upon condition that you forgive me, Emma," he answered, agitated as herself. "It has been a sharp experience for us both. My darling wife, I do not think we shall ever quarrel with one another again."

"Never again; never a single misword again, Humphrey, so long as life shall last."—*Argosy*

Bartholdi's Great Statue.

The immense scaffolding that can be seen in the direction of the Rue de Chaselles, reaching over the highest houses in the neighborhood, on close examination displays the lines of a human form, and the gigantic folds of the robe that drapes it. It is in truth a statue, the greatest that was ever constructed up to the present time—the statue of Liberty which the sculptor Bartholdi conceived, and which is destined to serve as a beacon at the entrance to the port of New York. From eighty to ninety artisans are kept constantly employed upon the work. The statue is already completed up to the chest. Perhaps in its present condition it can be seen to the best advantage. Its extraordinary proportions can be viewed, and, as it is not completed, it is possible to take in all the details of the construction of this gigantic work, which will probably remain unequaled among the works of bronze. The plaster molds of the enormous limbs thrown across the yard, and the busy workmen covering them with innumerable pieces of wood that reproduce all the contours and lines remind one of the well-known scene of Gulliver at Lilliput. The men look like tiny dwarfs endeavoring to bind a giant. And if by a miracle that great hand could become alive and simply open its closed fingers, all that solid wood-work would fly in splinters, and the immense scaffolding itself would come down like a castle of cards.

The first model was enlarged four times. Then it was cut into slices, and these slices are taken one after the other and again enlarged to four times their original size, and thus the dimensions of the colossal statue are obtained. At present the workmen are engaged upon the portion that forms the chest. The model of it can be seen in the shed. It looks like a little hill, over which the men are constantly crossing. When the draught or model of a portion is made, impressions are taken of it. In order to do this it is necessary to gather together hundreds of little planks, cut precisely upon the outlines of the model, and in this way a woman mold is obtained, and is divided into as many fragments as are necessary. Upon these fragments the copper is cut and hammered until it copies the precise forms. Then Chinese gongs would not make a greater noise than is made all day long in the corner of the shed where the copper is hammered, and this continuous and deafening noise contributes not a little to the strange impression that one gets from the visit.

When the shaping of a piece of the copper is completed it becomes a part of the statue, and there is nothing further to do with it except to put it in its place. Just now they are engaged in the work of finishing the left hand. The nail on the first finger would make a good-sized shield. The top of the finger would make a helmet for the largest head, and, in default of a better cuirass, William the Conqueror, who passed for the biggest man of his time, might easily get into one of the phalanges.

In six months the whole work will be finished. There remain only the chest and left arm to complete. The head, which is large enough to contain forty people, has already been exhibited, in 1876, and the right hand has just come back from America, where it was sent to give some little idea of the great size of the statue. After the Parisians have had ample time to admire the work it will be taken down and sent to New York in more than three hundred pieces.—*Paris Temps.*

A Thief as a Witness.

"Yes," said the old prosecuting lawyer, "we have some pretty sharp witnesses to handle sometimes. These thieves get so they can dodge a question very successfully if they don't wish to answer it. I remember once I had a well-known thief on the stand as witness against another thief. I was pretty sure he wouldn't testify to the truth, but I determined that if he did put I would convict him of perjury. I wanted to prove that there were less than a dozen persons in a certain room at the time the theft was committed, and that the defendant was one of them. It was my purpose to show to the jury that the defendant and this witness were the only persons not of excellent repute in the room at the time, and thus heighten the probability of defendant's guilt.

"How many persons were in the room when you and defendant were in?" I asked.

"'Between three and four hundred,' said he.

"I knew I could prove by every other witness that there were only ten or eleven, and it struck me I would do the public a service by giving this witness full opportunity to perjure himself. I asked the stenographer to read the question and answer, and asked the witness if that was his answer. He said it was. 'Now, sir,' said I, 'on your oath you say there were between three and four hundred persons in that room?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Do you know the law relating to perjury?' I asked.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Do you know that I intend to send you to the penitentiary if you persist in swearing thus falsely?'

"'You can't do it; I am telling you truth,' said he, as cool as a yellow dog under an ice-wagon. 'I piled the thing up on him mountain high; asked him all the questions I could think of that would tie him tight. As soon as possible after that I had him indicted for perjury, and on trial he beat me sky-high.'

"'How on earth did he do that?'

"'Why, he simply swore that he meant there were between three persons and four hundred in the room. And that let him out. He was a quick one at repartee, too. I asked him a question, and, as he wanted to gain time to think it over, he pretended he didn't hear me. 'Perhaps,' said I, sarcastically, 'I'd better write the question; may be you can't hear.' 'No,' said he, in the same tone, 'perhaps I'd better hear it; may be you can't write.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

The Scent of the Buzzard.

While digging sweet potatoes I noticed a very luxurious growth of vines covering a small round in the field, and inquiry revealed the fact that a horse and cow had been buried there some years before. Just then nothing impressed me in that connection save the immensity of the potatoes which we found overlying these two graves, but in the afternoon and during the following day buzzards shadowed the farm by scores, seeming to obey from all quarters of the heavens a mysterious summons to convocation. I soon perceived the sweet potatoe-field was the "radiant point" of each spiralling shadow. Buzzard after buzzard I traced as they appeared in various portions of the sky with half-folded wings, reminding me of mute aerial hounds, "coming down the scent," their course as swift, silent, and undeviating as an arrow's. It was a strangely interesting spectacle to behold them swoop within a few feet of the horse-hades, and rise again with slow, reluctant flaps, indicative of disappointment, then return to deliberately "beat" and "quarter" the ground, aerially speaking, with all the tact and persevering sagacity of their canine compeers; in fact, the performance was suggestive of a fox-hunt, in which Reynard's place was represented by the dead bodies, "earthed" in this case, however, for other than Reynard's reasons. One of the vultures in particular showed an extreme faith in the guidance of its smelling powers by alighting without demur on the fence half a dozen paces from the centre of attraction, where, after some time of manifest uneasiness and uncouth posturing, it was joined by a few of its more dubious companions. This visitation of uncanny birds continued long after, though I never saw so many as at first when the crop was plowed out, this disturbance probably releasing for a time the pent-up odors. I could detect no taint in the atmosphere of the place even while working in the freshly plowed ground, yet hundreds of buzzards assembled from far and near, and with unerring accuracy pointed out the place of burial with overshadowing wings. In consequence of these observations the theory that the vulture family are enabled to detect the existence of a dead body by scent, unassisted by any of the remaining senses, and this too, at a great distance, and when such carcass had lain deep under the ground for several years, was to me satisfactorily proved. Gosse, as I before stated, gives an instance confirmatory to the one just related, justly attributing to the same species of vulture this wondrous faculty of tracking its prey from afar. It was observed in Jamaica: "A poor German immigrant, who lived alone in a detached cottage in this town, rose from his bed after a few days' confinement by fever to purchase in the market some fresh meat for a little soup. Before he could prepare the several ingredients of herbs and roots, and put his meat in water for the preparation of his pottage, the paroxysm of his fever had returned, and he laid himself on his bed exhausted. Two days elapsed in this state of helplessness and inanimation, by which time the mass of meat and pot herbs had putrefied. The stench became very perceptible in the neighborhood, vulture after vulture as they sailed past were observed always to descend to the cottage of the German, and to sweep round as if they had tracked some putrid carcass, but failed to find exactly where it was."—*The American Naturalist.*

An insurance agent named Pyle
In running fell over the stile,
St. Jacob's Oil gave relief
And the pain was so brief,
He got up and said: "I should smile."

A lame old lady at Keyser,
Had no one to advise her,
'Till Doctor John Boyle,
Tried St. Jacobs Oil,
Its action did simply surprise her.

THE original D'Arc horse is supposed to have been that which Joan first rode.—*Somerville Journal.*

Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases

A specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SOCIAL gathering—taking up the collection.

Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic

Should be taken by the weak, worn and dyspeptic. Colden's, no other.

THERE'S always room for one mower—in the hay-field.—*N. Y. World.*

ESSEX COUNTY, VA.—Mr. James R. Micou, clerk of the County, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and found it valuable for the purposes which it claims."

THE successful photographer is a man of extensive views.—*Boston Transcript.*

HAY-FEVER. I have suffered for the last ten years from Hay-Fever. I desire to testify in favor of Ely's Cream Balm. My short use of it demonstrated its efficacy. J. MAIDNOR, 401 Broadway, N. Y. 50 cts.

A BARREL of money makes a hog set in society.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WARRENTON, N. C.—Rev. J. E. C. Barham says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters. It is a complete restorative, tonic and appetizer."

HAY-FEVER. I have suffered for eight years with Hay-Fever. In July I resorted to Ely's Cream Balm, have been entirely free from the fever ever since. E. C. HILLMAN, State Arsenal, Trenton, N. J. 50 cts.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

You can't count votes honestly by elect trick light.—*Boston Star.*

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

A SHELL race—Oysters.—*Boston Bulletin.*

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

ALL recommend Wise's Axle Grease.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 5, 1883.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$4 35	@	4 80
Native Heifers	3 00	@	4 40
Native Cows	3 00	@	4 40
Butchers' Steers	4 00	@	4 40
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 50	@	4 90
Light	3 75	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 1	96	@	97
No. 2	87	@	87½
No. 3	80	@	80½
CORN—No. 2	56	@	56½
OATS—No. 2	21	@	22½
RYE—No. 2	47	@	49½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	2 25	@	2 35
HAY—Car lots, bright	7 00	@	7 50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	12	@	20
CHEESE—Kansas, new	09	@	10
EGGS—Choice	12	@	14
PORK—Hams	10	@	11
Shoulders	06	@	07
Sides	8	@	10
LARD	8	@	9
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	18	@	19
POTATOES—Per bushel	35	@	40

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers	5 00	@	5 75
Butchers' Steers	4 00	@	4 50
HOGS—Good to choice	4 75	@	5 40
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 50	@	4 75
FLOUR—XXX to choice	3 40	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	1 03	@	1 03½
No. 3	96	@	96½
CORN—No. 2 mixed	44	@	45
OATS—No. 2	25	@	25½
RYE—No. 2	47	@	47½
PORK	11 50	@	12 00
COTTON—Middling	10½	@	10¾
TOBACCO—New Leaf	4 40	@	4 75
Medium new leaf	4 25	@	5 75

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Good shipping	5 40	@	5 90
HOGS—Good to choice	5 00	@	5 45
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 75	@	4 50
FLOUR—Common to choice	3 00	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	98	@	99½
No. 3	90	@	90½
No. 2 Spring	98	@	99½
CORN—No. 2	47	@	47½
OATS—No. 2	26	@	26½
RYE	53	@	53½
PORK—New Mess	11 65	@	11 70

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Exports	5 75	@	6 75
HOGS—Good to choice	5 25	@	5 40
COTTON—Middling	10	@	10½
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 00	@	7 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 10	@	1 10½
No. 3 Spring	1 01	@	1 10½
CORN—No. 2	62	@	62½
OATS—Western mixed	32	@	33
PORK—Standard Mess	12 00	@	12 00

Two-Thirds of a Bottle Cures.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have been taking your "Favorite Prescription" for "female weakness." Before I had taken it two days I began to feel stronger. I have taken but two-thirds of a bottle and believe I am cured.

Gratefully,
MRS. H. C. LOVETT, Waseka, Ill.

YOUNG MUMMIES recently became a party to a very interesting slight-of-hand performance. His girl gave him the mitten.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE Proprietors of the *Farm, Field and Fireside*, Chicago, are meeting with great success in securing subscribers to their publication. In addition to furnishing an excellent paper at the low price of 50 cents for six months, they propose to distribute $40,000 in presents to their readers. See their announcement in advertising columns.

RUMMO is a popular remedy for many complaints. Rubbers have certainly kept a great many people up.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

SICK and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. Sugar coated. Nothing to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

THE only negative that we accept with any thing like good grace in this world is the photographer's and even then we demand proofs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A GOOD medicinal tonic, with real merit, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

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

Etc. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

WISE'S Axle Grease never gums.

ST. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. For Pain! Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, Headache, Toothache, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Old Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and ACUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed, and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER. The Popular Remedies of the Day. Principal Office, 881 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

EXPRESSMEN LIABLE.

MR. A. S. MERRILL, the popular expressman of Brunswick, Me., writes us on May 15, 1883, as follows: "Having been severely afflicted for about two years with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, so called by my physicians, I suffered with distressing pains in my back and retention of urine, caused by a stoppage of the neck of the bladder, and a complication of other diseases. I was hardly able to attend to my business, and at times would be completely prostrated. I was also affected with incontinence of urine to an alarming degree, indeed, it demanded my attention fifteen or twenty times per night, and at times it would seem impossible for me to ride down to the depot on my wagon, for every jar from the wagon would almost seem to take my life. Having failed to obtain relief from my doctor, I finally consulted one druggist, Dr. Merryman, of Brun. ville, who advised him to furnish me with the most reliable and speedy cure for such sickness, for I was suffering too much for human nature to endure long. The doctor recommended me to use Hunt's Remedy, as it had been used with remarkable success in a good many cases in Brunswick and vicinity. I purchased a bottle, and received such great relief that I continued, and had not used two bottles before I began to improve beyond my expectations. The pains in my kidneys and loins disappeared, I gained strength, and my water became to pass naturally, and I was able to sleep soundly, and obtain the greatly needed rest which for a long time I could not. I am fully restored to health, and can attend to my business. Thanks to Hunt's Remedy for my restoration, and I highly recommend it to all who are troubled with kidney complaints."

COULD NOT LIFT A POUND.

The above are the words of Mrs. Harriet Bailey, of Putnam, Conn. She writes May 5, 1883. "I have been troubled with kidney and liver disease for two years. I suffered severely in the back and loins. Before taking your wonderful medicine, Hunt's Remedy, I could not lift a pound. After giving it a fair trial, I began to improve, and am now truly say it was a 'God-send to me,' as I am now able to do my household work and enjoy the best of health. I have recommended Hunt's Remedy to two of my neighbors, who have been greatly benefited by it. This letter I send voluntarily, with the hope that it will be the means of inducing some sufferer to use Hunt's Remedy, and be cured as I have been."

CATARRH. ELY'S CREAM BALM when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N.Y. HAY-FEVER.

PILES "Anakesis" gives instant relief, and is an effectable cure for Piles. Price $1, from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 806, New York.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by epidemics, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable invigorant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has been found a potent safeguard even to feeble constitutions and fragile frames, while as a cure for dyspepsia, biliousness and kindred complaints, it is without a rival. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Wanted Agents Male and female for new book, "Daughters of America." Low in price. 50c. will secure an outfit and agency. Address FORBES & McMAKIN, CINCINNATI, O.

Like an Evil Spirit.

In olden times it was thought that evil spirits came in through cracks and keyholes. The generally approved way to keep them out was to plug up the keyholes and stop the cracks with cotton. Notwithstanding these preventive measures, the evil things had their own way and often came in as they pleased.

So comes malaria now-a-days. We try to keep it out of the keyhole and it comes in by the crack. We stop up the crack, and lo! it comes from a leak in the plumbing, or an opening from some neglected drain, or from some unsuspected source and unguarded direction.

We cannot always keep malaria out, but we can give it battle and drive its effects from our systems. If BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is taken in time, malaria has not a ghost of a chance. This is the great family medicine. Your druggist sells it, and you ought to keep a bottle in the house.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD. And will comparably change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Purchase one them in your pocket. For sale everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

$40,000 IN PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY! This Offer Good Till Thanksgiving Day Only.

The proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, being desirous of having their already well-known and popular Agricultural and Family paper more widely circulated and introduced into homes where it is not already known, have determined to throw off all profit this year, and in addition use a portion of their capital to the extent of distributing the sum of $40,000 among the subscribers to their publication, to be distributed as follows: If the circulation be 100,000 copies, $1,000 in presents; if 65,000, only 35,000 shall be needed before the distribution takes place. After distributing to more extensively advertise themselves better, the following plan has been adopted by us:

FOR 50 CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE regularly to you for 6 months and immediately send a printed numbered receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following Presents to be given away at our THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

Partial List of Presents to Be Given Away.

1 U. S. Government Bonds of $1000	$1000 00
10 U. S. Greenbacks of $100	1,000 00
10 U. S. Greenbacks of $50	500 00
1 Matched pair of Trotting Horses	350 00
1 Grand Square Piano	300 00
1 Grand Cabinet Organ	300 00
1 Top Buggy and Harness	300 00
1 Buggy Harness	150 00
3 Top Buggies	300 00
20 U. S. Greenbacks of $20 each	400 00
1000 Photographs Albums $2 each	2000 00
3 Village Carts	300 00
1 Factory Typewriter	100 00
1000 Pocket Silver Fruit Knives	$100 00
1000 Gents' Pocket Knives	100 00
100 U. S. Greenbacks of $1 each	100 00
1 Gents' Solid Gold Hunting Watch, English Movement	100 00
10 Ladies' Gold Watches, English Movements	100 00
5 Super Silver Watches, American Movements	100 00
1 Genuine Diamond Finger Ring	100 00
3 Patent Harrowers	300 00
1 Summerly Work Horse	200 00
500 Imported Photograph Albums	500 00
5 New York Parlor Suit Furnitures	500 00
1000 Gold Finger Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Ladies' Fine Jewelry	

And 99,985 other presents valued from 25 cents to $1.00, which makes a grand aggregation of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 50 Cts. as directed.

All of our above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by competitive closed at the Festival by the Subscribers to this journal who take chance in the distribution. It will be necessary for Subscribers to attend the Festival, as presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Yet it is to be hoped as many will be present as possible. THREE 50 CENTS (which just equals the regular price for the paper) will be received from any one subscriber, or three subscribers for one dollar, and the receipt of each will entitle the sender to a chance in the distribution. OUR PROFIT will be in your patronage, as we believe you will like our paper so well that you will always remain a subscriber.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE. Get five of your friends to join with you in making up the money and showing it to us, then we will send you the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for six months, and a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and entitle you to a free ticket.

SEND TEN SUBSCRIBERS with $5 and we will send 12 subscriptions and twelve numbered receipts. We think that this number of new subscriptions to 100,000, as we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty large pages (Nine Columns to a page) of matter, including Agricultural, Horticultural, Household and Miscellaneous Departments, and we are sure to reach the 100,000 at the time set, and the distribution of presents will take place on that date. It contains Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Farm, Garden, Household and Agricultural Departments by the best Contribut