INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

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VINITA, - INDIAN TERRITORY.

DISCONTENT.

I.

THE BRIER ROSE.

I cling to the garden wall
Outside, where the grasses grow;
Where the tall weeds flaunt in the sun,
And the yellow mullens blow.
The dock and the thistle crowd
Close to my shrinking feet,
And the gray yarrow shares
My cup and the food I eat.

The rude winds toss my hair,
The wild rains beat me down,
The wayside dust lies white
And thick on my leafy crown.
I can not keep my robes
From wanton fingers free,
And the veriest beggar dares
To stop and gaze at me.

Sometimes I climb and climb
To the top of the garden wall,
And I see her where she stands,
Stately and fair and tall—
My sister, the red, red Rose,
My sister, the royal one,
The fairest flower that blows
Under the summer sun!

What wonder that she is fair?
What wonder that she is sweet?
The treasures of earth and air
Lie at her dainty feet;
The choicest fare is hers,
Her cup is brimmed with wine;
Rich are her embroidered robes,
And her bed is soft and fine.

She need not lift her head
Even to sip the dew,
No rude touch makes her shrink
The whole long summer through.
Her servants do her will;
They come at her beck and call.
Oh, rare is life in my lady's bower—
Inside of the garden wall!

II.

THE GARDEN ROSE.

The garden path runs east,
And the garden path runs west;
There's a tree by the garden gate,
And a little bird in a nest.
It sings and sings and sings!
Does the bird, I wonder, know
How over the garden wall
The happy days come and go?

The garden path runs north,
And the garden path runs south;
The bee in her hollow in the sun,
And I know the sly moth
But it flies away ere long
To the birch tree, dark and tall.
What do you find, O brown bee,
Over the garden wall?

With pull and farthingale,
Under the parlour's eye,
Is it merrier quite I stand—
Oh, who so fine as I?
But when the fickle wind blows
They it may not play with me,
Nor touch my beautiful lips
With a wild caress and free.

Oh, straight is the garden path,
And smooth is the garden bed,
Where never an idly weed
Dares lift its careless head.
But I know outside the wall
They gather, a merry throng;
They laugh and flutter and sing,
And I hatem all day long.

The Brier Rose swings outside;
Sometimes she climbs so high
I can see her petals against the sky
Against the blue of the sky.
What wonder that she is fair,
Whom no great bonds enthrall?
Oh, sure is life in the Brier Rose,
Outside of the garden wall!

—Julia C. R. Dorr, in *Harper's Magazine.*

AUNT ABBY'S LITTLE ROMANCE.

In hunting up my friends at Wellsmarch, I had occasion to inquire my way of an old woman digging potatoes in a weedy little patch by the roadside. She looked up as I spoke, and leaned on her hoe, tall and gaunt and somewhat grim, but with a singularly lucid and kindly expression in her large gray eyes. She was coarsely clad, her thin, gray hair, cut short, was covered by a man's straw hat, and she had the muscular brown hands of a man. Yet, when she paused in her potato digging to answer my questions, it was with an air of quiet intelligence and a simple grace of utterance hardly to have been expected from one of her sex engaged in so coarse an occupation.

Having spoken, she stooped to pick up and put into a peck basket the potatoes her hoe had uncovered, and I rode on, but could not forbear looking back and watching her as she rose up with her light burden and walked away, across the weedy patch, towards the door of a lonely little house near by. The sun had gone down, heavy shadows fell across the fields from wooded hills beyond, the night crickets had struck up their melancholy notes, and in the aspect of the woman entering her solitary door, at that hour, there was something so sad that it made my heart ache.

The picture haunted me, and on reaching my friend's house I spoke of it. "I was directed," I said, "by the loneliest old creature, working in the loneliest potato patch, and living in the loneliest little old house I ever saw!"

"Ah," said my host, with a look of interest, "you have seen Aunt Abby! She is quite an extraordinary character, and, little as you would think it, to see her digging potato's for to-morrow's breakfast, she is a real heroine—the heroine of a genuine romance."

He told me something of her story, which excited still further my curiosity and sympathy, and I expressed a desire to make her acquaintance. That could be easily managed, he said; and, driving me about the country the next day, he took me to her house.

We found her trimming a bed of old-fashioned flowers at her door; and as he drew up to the gate and spoke to her she came towards us with a sprig of mignonette in her coarse brown hand.

"Aunt Abby," said my companion, "here's a friend of mine I want you to know." And he proceeded to introduce me in a way which the most modest authors of books got accustomed to and learn to endure without blushing.

"I have heard of you," she said, giving my hand a cordial grasp, and looking into my eyes with an earnest, almost ardent, expression. "Come in, won't you? It's a long time"—turning to my friend—"since you have made me a call."

He excused himself, but said that I could go in if I chose, and wait till he returned for me, after transacting a little business which he had in view. The arrangement suited me admirably, and as she repeated her invitation I alighted and entered the gate.

"I hear that you live quite alone here," I remarked, as she preceded me along the narrow grassy path towards the door.

"Alone? Dear me, no!" she replied, cheerfully, turning to face me in the midst of her little flower garden. "Here are some of my companions," and she pointed out the pinks and pansies and phlox and hollyhocks, which grew in an almost wild state, along with fennel and caraway and sage, in the tangled but well-weeded beds. "But I have other and better companions than these. With flowers and sunshine and grass and trees and books, and one's own thoughts, how can a body be alone?"

"I quoted Emerson's saying: "If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars."

"Why, bless the good man!" she said, "when I look at the stars I am sometimes least alone! It seems as if they brought the hosts of Heaven near to me. But come in, come in."

She ushered me into a very plain but neat little sitting-room, with a rag carpet (probably of her own braiding) on the floor, a few books on hanging shelves, and on the walls some cheap prints which I fear would have made the apostle of modern culture smile.

"Here are more of my companions, and some of the best," she said, handing me a scrap-book from the little side-table, after giving me a seat in her cushioned arm-chair. "Some of them you know," she added, with a smile which lighted up her brown features with beautiful benignity.

It would have happily been by accident that she let the pages fall open in my hands at a place where my eye fell upon a little scrap of verses which I knew indeed.

"I don't know how to compliment an author," she said, seating herself on a chintz-covered lounge before me, "but I am glad of an opportunity to tell you that that poem has been a great comfort to me, a very great comfort. I cut it from a newspaper a few years ago, and I have read it over and over again until I know it by heart. I love to repeat it to myself when I am lying awake nights and listening to the rain on the roof."

Her eyes glistened as she spoke. I was deeply touched; the thought of having written a few words which had afforded solace to this lonely creature made me humbly grateful. My vanity was not in the least moved, and I can relate the circumstance without vanity now; for, alas, my little piece was pasted on a page with others which she seemed to regard as equally precious, although they were not literature, any more than the sentimental prints on the wall were art. It was evident that she viewed poems and pictures, not with a cultivated or critical eye, but wholly from a spiritual and sympathetic attitude of mind; prizing what appealed to her emotional and especially to her religious nature, without being much disturbed by weak lines, halt rhymes and other imperfections. How some of my æsthetic friends would have scorned to see their verses included in such a scrap-book! But, after all, there is something in life better than culture; and I would not for anything have said a word to lessen the satisfaction old Aunt Abby found in the feeblest of that trash.

My own little piece had given me a key to her heart, and I soon found it easy to lead her to speak of her early life.

"I have heard something of your history," I said, and it makes me wonder if you have never regretted the very great sacrifices you once made."

Her large, gray eyes beamed upon me mistily. "I have asked myself the same question many times. For it was a sacrifice!" she said, tremblingly. "But the answer deep down in my heart is always no. We must live according to our light. I lived according to mine. I could not do differently then; I couldn't do differently now, if the thing was to do over."

"I hear that he was, in many respects, a worthy man," I said, "to lead her on. And tell me frankly, Aunt Abby, were you not very strongly attached to each other?"

"There was only one thing in heaven and earth that I loved better than I loved Aaron Deems!" she answered, with emotion. "But there were other things that he loved better than he loved me. Too many! too many!"

"What were they?" I asked.

"His case and his pride and his worldly possessions. Yet, as you say, he was a worthy man. Few people blamed him, but a great many blamed me. That was what made it so hard for me to do as I did. My friends called me foolish and overscrupulous; while he acted as so many other men would have acted in his place."

She wiped her eyes and resumed, in answer to my questions: "We were engaged, and were to be married in a few weeks, and I believe there never was a young couple with happier prospects, until he came to me one evening and told me of an exciting event. He had a rich uncle who was known to have acquired much of his property dishonestly; he had died suddenly, leaving everything to Aaron, and Aaron seemed quite set up by his good fortune.

"'But, Aaron,' I said, 'how can it be a good fortune to you, since it is a bad fortune, got in a bad way, as I have heard you say yourself? All that property, or at least a large part of it, belongs to the family of his dead partner; the widow and children he defrauded, after he got the business into his hands.'

"'I don't know how much there is in all that,' said Aaron. 'Stories get exaggerated, and uncle had his enemies.'

"'But you were not his enemy,' I said; 'and I have had the story from your own lips. You always condemned that transaction; and I never heard you speak of him with any respect. I hope,' said I, 'you are not going to let the fact that he has made you his heir change your ideas of right and wrong.'

"He laughed in a way I couldn't like. 'I have no ideas on the subject,' he said. 'All I know is, the property is mine now.'

"'But you can't take it and enjoy it,' I said.

"'Why not?' was his answer, in a tone that astonished and grieved me. 'I never heard that my uncle did anything illegal; the property is lawfully mine.'

"'Why, Aaron!' I remonstrated, 'I have heard you say yourself that he was shrewd enough to keep clear of the law, but does that make his wickedness any less wicked? And what if the property is lawfully yours, if it is not yours by absolute right, can you accept it?'

"What I said disturbed him; and I could see that a dark shadow was coming between us—the first that had ever crossed our path. He argued that it wasn't for us to inquire too closely into his moral right to the property, since nobody could say that his hands had been stained in the getting of it; while I maintained that it was his duty to find out just how far the widow and orphans had been wronged, and make restitution out of his uncle's wealth.

"'Good heavens! Abby,' said he, according to what folks say, it would take the bulk of the estate.'

"'Let it take the bulk of it,' I said; 'let it take every cent! You don't want a dollar of money, no matter how you come by it, that belongs to anybody else.'

"'No,' he said, 'if it's a claim anybody can prove; but I guess if every one was to be as particular as to the way their estate, real and personal, was come by, from generation to generation, few would keep what they've got very long. I honor your principles, Abby; but, don't you see, carried out as you would have them, they are utterly absurd?'

"'I don't see it,' I replied. 'On the contrary, I believe there is a rule of absolute right, and we ought to live by it.'

"So we argued until he grew very much irritated and got up to go.

"'I don't see the thing as you do,' he said, 'and can't.'

"'I am sorry,' I said, 'for it is very plain to me. If you can take and enjoy property that you know belongs to others, you can do what I never can! never, Aaron Deems!'

"He stood before me, looking pale and troubled. 'Can't you look at it as I do—not even for my sake?' he asked.

"'Not even for your sake, Aaron!' I said, though my heart was ready to break. 'But don't let us talk of it any more to-night. I am sure you will think as I do when you have had time to reflect.

"'I hope—I am sure—we shall come to think alike in so important a matter,' he said; 'for I couldn't bear to be separated from you, Abby!'

"'Oh, we can't be separated, Aaron,' I said, and clung to him with all my heart. But there was a coldness in his good-bye, and I felt that awful shadow between us after he was gone. I couldn't endure that the man I loved should take such views of right and wrong, even for a moment.

"Well, we had many talks on the subject after that; and the more we talked the colder and heavier the shadow grew. He couldn't give up any part of what was left him by his uncle; no, not even for me! And I couldn't give up the light I walked by; no, not even for him! I couldn't prevent his accepting the fruits of his uncle's dishonesty; and, if I married him I would be a partaker in the wrong. So it came to this.

"'Aaron,' I said to him one night, 'if you are determined, then we must part. I can't share in any advantage obtained through your uncle's wrong-doing; as I should have to, by becoming your wife.'

"'Then you don't love me,' he said, and pleaded with me to take back those hard words.

"'Aaron,' I said, 'I would take them back if I could, for I feel that I am giving up all the world when I give you up. But I can not give up the spirit of righteousness in my own soul. Compared with that, O Aaron,' I said, 'how little seems that which I ask you to give up, not for me only, but for your own conscience and life.'

"He was all of a tremble as he took my hand. 'Abby,' said he, 'you are the noblest girl I ever saw, and I don't know but you are right. All I know is, I am not up to the sacrifice that seems so easy to you. So I suppose we must part.'

"And so we parted. I never," Aunt Abby went on, "never can forget the night that followed! I was torn with anguish; I was tempted terribly. It seemed to me that I was giving up all that was worth living for. I was young and not bad-looking, fond of society and all beautiful things. I knew the value of money; I, too, would have been pleased with a life of ease and enjoyment. But all that was nothing to my attachment to him. How *could* I give *him* up?

"'Why should you?' something whispered. 'Why can't you do what almost any body else would in your place, without any such silly scruples? You can do good with the money, and so atone for any sin there may be in accepting it. Don't throw away your happiness for an idea.'

"On the other hand, a clear, deep voice said: 'Walk by the light that is given you.'

"'Why am I telling you all this?' she suddenly interrupted herself. "Ah, sir, how you have brought the past back to me by a little sympathy! All this happened thirty-six years ago, but it seems like yesterday. How well I remember the morning when Aaron brought his bride into church—the bride who had taken my place! The sight would have killed me, if all my pride and selfishness had not been dead already.

"'I had other offers after that, but none I could accept. Folks called me notional. May be I was. All I can say is, I walked by the light that was given me. That led me more and more out of the world and its ways, until, twenty years ago, I settled down in this little house that appears to you so lonely. Here I have lived ever since, except for a few weeks every winter, when I visit friends who would gladly keep me with them all the time. But, strange as it may seem, I am never so happy as when I come back here to my hermitage—to my birds and flowers and books, and my own thoughts.

"Aaron? Oh, yes, he lived and was prospered in a sense. He had a handsome and fashionable wife, and he grew richer still by some transactions which some said were too much like his uncle's. But I don't condemn him. He may have walked by his light, as I walked by mine. I only know our walks did not lie together.

"And have I never regretted the sacrifice I made? Sometimes when I have looked upon myself, living alone in poverty, with these hands hardened by toil, and without the daily affection which the heart craves, I have wondered and said to myself: 'Abby, is it all a dream? Wouldn't that other life have been better for you?' But something says: 'No; you couldn't have chosen differently.' Every life has its sorrows and heart aches; but there is no loneliness like that of a soul that has lost its rectitude, and grieved away the Spirit.

"On the whole," she added, cheerfully, "I am very well off here. Notional as folks think me, my neighbors are very kind; they come and see me, and lend me books; every winter they bring me fire-wood, and every spring they plant my little patch to corn and beans and potatoes. Oh!" she exclaimed, grasping my hand, as I rose to take leave of her, seeing my friend drive up at the gate, "I sometimes think there isn't another woman in all the world so blessed as I!"

As I rode away with my friend I once more looked back at the little house, which did not seem so lonesome to me now, as I thought of it peopled with high and holy thoughts, and filled with the presence of that heroic woman, to whom a great light had been given, with courage and strength to live by that light.—*J. T. Trowbridge, in Congregationalist.*

London "Uncles."

There are in London close upon three thousand pawn-shops, and the fact that all of these do a thriving trade from nine o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening tells the tale of the extreme poverty of a large section of the population of this great city with no uncertain voice. I have recently visited a number of pawn-shops of all kinds, from the palatial establishment of the Messrs. Attenborough, at the corner of Fleet street and Chancery lane, to a grimy, dark, little hutch of a place in the purlieus of Shoreditch. From the result of my inquiries of the London pawnbrokers it is safe to assume that on an average at least one hundred pledges are taken in daily at every one of these establishments. This estimate is, no doubt, below the actual facts, as at several large establishments I was informed that on a busy day from one thousand to fifteen hundred customers are often accommodated. However, basing my calculations on the above estimate, it seemed startling to find that six hundred thousand people are compelled to obtain small or large advances every day on dress, jewelry and household goods. The amount of capital embarked in this business in London is enormous. The Messrs. Attenborough, who have half a dozen shops in different parts of the city, have at least £500,000 embarked in their business. They are immensely wealthy, and the present generation are all men of large wealth, landed estates, and two of them are also members of the liberal professions. These gentlemen, with the exception of two members of the family, do not take any active part in the business. The Attenboroughs will lend money on anything. The family diamonds of half the peerage have been at one time or another in their keeping. They will not refuse to advance money on a carriage and a pair of horses, but the borrower will have to pay for the keep of the animals and the storage of the vehicle until he redeems the pledge. The firm I speak of, however, do nine-tenths of their business in jewelry, and if they know the parties seeking the advance to be respectable and trustworthy they will lend within a very little of the actual value of the articles offered. The interest the pawnbrokers here are allowed by law to charge is twenty per cent., and they always take care not to lend more than the article will fetch if it comes to be sold by auction. Moreover, a large proportion of the articles pawned are redeemed within a few days, and as no matter how short a time the loan is made for, a month's interest is charged, it is evident that the business of a pawnbroker is an uncommonly profitable one.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—If the soil of the garden is clayey, a coat of sand mixed in will help it; if it be sandy, clay or sediment from ditches and water-courses will be found beneficial.—*Chicago Times.*

—A gardener recommends tying newspapers about celery to bleach it. He finds that in this manner he can bleach celery better, easier and cheaper than by earthing up.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The little Breton sheep takes its name from the part of France in which it is most raised. It is not much, if any, larger than a pug dog; is affectionate, and as great a pet as Mary's little lamb in its tenderest days.

—Beeswax and salt will make your rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them first with a wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Eight hundred and ninety-one kernels of wheat, weighing about two ounces, were recently abstracted from the mouth of a squirrel killed near Santa Cruz, Cal. Eight of such mouthfuls make a pound. This fact will probably interest the farmer who has a thousand or more of these gormandizers on his farm.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Wheat bran increases the flow of milk; but, unless unusually rich in flour, seems to have little effect on the yield of butter. One sample of bran may have five times as much nutriment in it as another. That made at the large merchant mills by the new process is usually about the dearest feed a butter dairyman can buy, so thoroughly is it stripped of all valuable elements.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Almost any kind of material left on the ground under fruit-trees, says a horticulturist, will act as a fertilizer. It will, at least, prevent the growth of grass and weeds, and thus check loss of moisture and fertility that the tree needs to perfect its crop. It is as a mulch that the advantage of straw in orchards consists. Its fertilizing value is very small, and none of this available until the straw is rotted.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The *Fancier's Gazette* says: Here is an infallible specific against all manner of poultry vermin, which will do no violence to incubating eggs nor soil a feather of the fowl: Flour of sulphur, five pounds; fluid commercial carbolic acid, one dram; mix thoroughly in a pan or box with a stick, and then with naked hand take the fowl by both legs, and, resting it on the breast, put a handful of the carbolized sulphur on the fluff and gently work it through the feathers. In five days you can not find an insect with a microscope.

The Repression of Weeds.

There is an old and trite saying to the effect that those who would free themselves from any burden must themselves do the work. There is, also, an old fable extant of a man who, calling on the gods for help to extricate his cart from a mud hole, was advised to put his own shoulder to the wheel. Perhaps there is no other class of persons to whom these examples apply more closely and pertinently than farmers, for they certainly bear heavy burdens grievous to be borne in the shape of weeds and predaceous insects, of which they complain with justified bitterness and yet do not move a finger to help themselves. Just now, as one passes along the roads and sees the luxuriant crops of wild carrots, ragweed and thistles fast ripening their seeds, both on the roadsides and in the fields, and the low meadows and cornfields filling up with smartweed, beggar's ticks, and a hundred various kinds whose names would not be recognized, he can not fail to remark the carelessness and the reckless unwisdom of the farmers who permit their crops to be lessened and their time wasted by the overwhelming growth of these most pestiferous weeds, which, year after year, ripen and shed their seeds, to stock the ground for a century to come.

Few farmers take pains to learn what weeds cost them, both in loss of time and in loss of crop. We have studied this subject to some extent during the past few years by carefully keeping plots of ground in various successive crops for several years, and noting the expense of thorough weeding in excess of the usual cultivation in the rows and the difference between the crops on either plot, and as well one plot kept without any crop, but left to the weeds wholly, these, however, being killed by cultivation when only half grown, so that the persistence of the plants from the stock of seed in the ground could be noted. The results are curious. The difference of yield of corn, carrots, potatoes and beets, grown with and without hand weeding, is nearly one-half more in favor of the hand-weeded and hoed; but the extra cost of the weeding is more than the value of the extra crop gained. On the plot left fallow but kept cultivated the result depends very much upon the season, as in very dry weather the growth is very light, while in a wet season, as the present, the growth of weeds after seven years constant weeding is more abundant than at first, and yet no weed has ever been permitted to ripen a seed or ever bloom. During these seven years the persistence of the weeds is remarkable. The first weeds which appear are chickweed, wild radish, mustard and the common lamb's garter; the next are purslane, crab-grass (*Panicum sanguinale*), chiefly, with smartweed; then come ragweed, and a grass known as *Eragrostis pilosa*, recognized by its lead-colored spikelets, is the last of all. There are several others as wild carrot, beggar's ticks and the common spreading annual grasses which are so abundant everywhere, not to forget the ever present white clover. In a wet season a new growth of these weeds spring up within a few days after the ground has been plowed and raked free from all the former growth, and after seven years there is no apparent diminution in the supply. On the roadside, where wild carrots and ragweed are abundant, the yearly mowings of these weeds do not diminish the stock, which is more or less abundant as the season is favorable or otherwise.

It seems as though the old proverb, "One year's seeding makes nine years' weeding," hardly goes far enough but then how many years' seeding year after year, have there been?

In the struggle for existence farmers are meeting with excessive competition. Just now it is a question whether or not the American farmer, with all his advantages, can compete with the wretched, half-barbarous East Indian ryot or will be forced to go to the wall before his competitor, who goes almost naked and lives upon rice and pulse, and whose wife and children and himself, too, are slaves in all but name, and who can, therefore, grow wheat for twenty cents a bushel. Were it not that, while we have railroads and every civilized aid, the East Indian has none of these, our wheat would sell in the world's markets for fifty or sixty cents a bushel, because of the excessive competition and the American farmer would have—we were about to write, to starve; but he would avoid that, no doubt, by turning his attention to the removal of all his burdens, of which weeds are the chief, adding to his labor and reducing his crops. When India is provided with railroads and its wheat and corn fix the price of these products here the American farmer will have to find a way to get rid of its abundant and costly weeds, and it might be well to begin learning how to do it soon.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

The Best Incubator.

Considerable interest has been excited in the last two or three years on the subject of incubators, and those interested have been feeling around in the dark, as it were, in trying to strike some method by which chickens could be hatched surely and without trouble. This is somewhat like the "royal road to wealth." The royal road to wealth has not been as yet found without encountering some trouble on the road. The same is true in regard to hatching chickens. Even if the most perfect incubator was procured, it will be found necessary to attend to it every day, and what with turning of eggs and renewing of oil and keeping an even temperature, the incubators have not made as many friends as we at first thought they would.

The best incubator we ever found was the hen herself. She has been bred to the business, and after she once makes up her mind to go at it she has no other business on hand. The difficulty generally experienced is that two hens or more wish to go into the same business on the same spot, and in their struggle for the mastery the stock is generally ruined. It is, to say the least, annoying, after two hens have squandered three weeks to see them bring off one chicken between them. The question then arises how can you prevent more than one hen sitting on a nest at a time? We remember fifteen years ago or so of seeing a patent nest with a door in front like a triangle, which, when the hen went in onto the nest, closed after her, preventing others coming in, and still leaving her free to go out; but this brilliant device has not met with the success that the patentee thought it would when it was first hatched out. People still go on in the old way, letting their hens sit where they have a mind to. Some years ago we practiced this method ourselves, with the result of only about a half dozen chickens being hatched in the entire season, although there were more hens that engaged in doing their best at it.—*Breeders' Journal.*

Perspiration.

Many of the diseases of horses and cattle are caused by suppressed or checked perspiration, the various appearances they assume depending perhaps, in a great measure, upon the suddenness with which the discharge is stopped and the state of the animal at time it takes place. Thus, if a horse, after being heated and made to sweat by exercise and then allowed to stand still, be exposed to a cold wind or rain, a fever, or inflammation of some internal organ will probably be the consequence, and the disease thus produced will be still more serious if the horse's exercise has been such as to produce considerable fatigue. If on the other hand a cold current of air be admitted to a horse's body, as he stands in a stable, it will often cause a catarrh or cold. Cattle often suffer from being kept in cold, bleak situations, particularly in the early part of spring. In this case the suppression of the perspiration is more gradual, and the diseases which result from it are sooner in their progress, consequently more insidious in their nature; and it often happens that the animal is left in the same cold situation until the disease is incurable. It seems probable that in these cases the perspiring vessels gradually lose their power, and that at length a total and permanent suppression of that necessary discharge takes place; hence arise consumption, decayed liver, mesenteric obstructions and various other complaints. How necessary, therefore, it is to provide sheltered situations for stock. Persons using horses should exercise more judgment than they most generally do with reference to the care of animals, especially horses. Much trouble, expense and frequent heavy losses may be avoided by prudence, care and the exercise of common humanity.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Betir Hay and Pastures.

Any one passing through agricultural districts, say in June, when the herbage has nearly reached its full growth, must notice how much land is only half or quarter utilized by allowing the unchecked growth of all sorts of weeds. A large portion of this land is pasturage, and the way the poor cattle have to seek out the little grass from among the overwhelming weeds is a source of actual sadness. These pasture fields, too, are allowed to go on producing noxious weeds, or a series of years without an effort being made to get rid of them by the surest mode known to the observant farmer—frequent cultivation. Then, again, we see the same proportion of weeds in many fields from which the cattle hay is to be cut, and this is done year after year just as though cows and other cattle would eat the weeds any more readily dry than green. It is as apparent as the sun at noonday that to whatever extent weeds are allowed to grow just to that extent is the land wasted—a fact, worse than wasted. Now, that this can be avoided is clear; and that it can be profitably avoided, in most cases, scarcely admits of a doubt. And what is true of the pasture fields is the same where the herbage is left to become hay. The good, clean field is the exception. Not only the ox-eye daisy, but sorrel and plantain, and asters of various kinds, which cattle care no more for when dry than when green, constitute the bulk of what is to be hay; and it is tolerably good stuff which has but one-fourth of extraneous matter.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Quinine.

Recent statistics showing the amount of quinine produced yearly by the different countries of the world will be of interest in view of the recent decline in the price of that drug. The total world's production yearly is estimated at 4,500,000 ounces of which Germany and Italy manufacture the greater portion. America consumes nearly forty per cent., or 1,800,000 ounces, while the total amount manufactured here is but 1,000,000 ounces, this being in part due to the destruct on by fire in Philadelphia of the works of the largest American producers, who now are obliged to send their bark to Europe to be prepared for the market. Since the forests of Peru became less ready of access the experiment of planting trees on a large scale in Ceylon and Java has been tried, with the result of increasing the production so far that, in the judgment of the largest manufacturer in the trade here, the supply manufactured largely exceeds the demand. The trees, when planted, yield their bark in about five years, and, unlike the native Peruvian trees, do not become exhausted, but produce bark year after year, and the quality of the bark from the cultivated trees is said to be far superior to that obtained from the wild trees. The shipment of raw material from the East Indies to the United States last year amounted to over 6,000,000 pounds, of which a large amount was re-shipped to Europe to be prepared for account of American manufacturers. The recent failure of the Boh ringers, the great Italian manufacturers, had the effect of further lowering the price of quinine, and sales were made as low as one dollar per ounce. It is estimated that, had the experiment of planting in the east not been tried, and had the world been dependent for its supplies on the Peruvian forests, the price of quinine would now not be less than five dollars per ounce.—*Bradstreets.*

—Many literary men, instead of inclining to overwork, are inclined to "work over."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

RAFFLED!

One of the Most Unaccountable and Dangerous of Recent Deceits Discovered and Exposed.

There is some mysterious trouble that is attacking nearly everyone in the land with more or less violence. It seems to steal into the body like a thief in the night. Doctors can not diagnose it. Scientists are puzzled by its symptoms. It is, indeed, a modern mystery. Like those severe and vague maladies that attack horses and prostrate nearly all the animals in the land, this subtle trouble seems to menace mankind. Many of its victims have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A strange sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes grow sunken, the hands and feet feel clammy at one time and burn intensely at others. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greyish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. He becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a peculiar whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive, and then, again, outflux intensely; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood grows thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the foul, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is often attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of prostration and great weakness. Most of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population have this disorder in some of its varied forms, while medical men have almost wholly mistaken its nature. Some have treated it for one complaint; some for another, but nearly all have failed to reach the seat of the disorder. Indeed, many physicians are afflicted with it themselves. The experience of Dr. A. G. Richards, residing at No. 469 Tremont street, Boston, is thus described by himself:

"I had all these peculiar and painful symptoms which I have found afflicting so many of my patients, and which had so often baffled me. I knew all the commonly established remedies would be unavailing for I had tried them often in the past. I therefore determined to strike out in a new path. To my intense satisfaction I found that I was improving. The dull, stupid feeling departed and I began to enjoy life once more. My appetite returned. My sleep was refreshing. The color of my face which had been a sickly yellow gradually assumed the pink tinge of health. In the course of three weeks I felt like a new man and know that it was wholly owing to the wonderful efficiency of Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, which was all the medicine I took."

Doctors and scientists often exhaust their skill and the patient dies. They try everything that has been used by, or is known to, the profession, and then fail. Even if they save the life it is often after great and prolonged agony. Were all this can be avoided by precaution and care, how insane a thing it is to endure such suffering! With a pure and palatable preparation within reach, to neglect its use is simply inexcusable.

A Black Camp in Australia.

The interior of all the huts was very much the same, a few old rugs on the ground, coiled upon which in some cases was an old woman, in others two, generally smoking a very short and dirty black clay pipe, and clothed in a ragged skirt, or simply covered with the corner of one of the rugs. In all cases there were in the hut one or two mangy curs, mongrels of the worst description, which seemed to consider they had as much right to the comfortable part of the dwelling as the human occupants with whom they dwelt not always in perfect harmony. In one case we found three women all smoking, the youngest of whom had nothing on; the proud sable beauty, however, seemed not to resent our thus beholding her in Nature's garb, and would not even take the trouble to pull the old blanket on which she was coiled up around her, but jabbered away as if she were arrayed in the latest style of costume supplied by Worth himself.

Around one of the fires were some of the women, a child or two, and an old man, eating what seemed to be some broiled fish done in the ashes; the mangy curs that belonged to the family appeared to have a right to poke their noses in, and regardless of the blows which every now and then were dealt them by their human masters, succeeding in carrying off stray bits of food. I was much struck by seeing one of the women—"gins" is their proper title—rescue a bit of meat, or whatever the compound was, from a dog and eat it as if nothing had happened.

After we had satisfied our curiosity in the camp, we wandered off through the scrub, and met some of the men and women coming home; these were in all cases very much like the blacks we had left in the huts. The women, some of whom looked quite young, were all smoking the same sort of pipe, and wearing the usual shirt, in some few cases a skirt as well. The men were all bearded, as, indeed, is universal all over Australia, and not as ugly, according to the white man's standard, as their female companions. They stood about five feet eight or nine inches without the aid of boots—an unknown luxury among the blacks—and their usual garments were a pair of trousers and a shirt, in some cases only the latter. Both men and women seemed to take the common savage delight in tying up their hair with strips of any bright-colored stuff they could get.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—No digest of law's like the law of digestion. We live, not by what we eat, but by what we digest; and what one man may digest, another would die of attempting.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, worms, constipation, fretfulness. 25c

A RARE specimen—Restaurant beefsteak.—*Boston Post.*

Piso's CURE for Consumption does not dry up a cough; it removes the cause.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, September 9, 1884.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$3 25	@	$3 55
Native Heifers	4 10	@	4 50
Native Cows	3 00	@	4 00
Butchers' Steers	3 75	@	4 50
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	5 10	@	5 15
Light	5 00	@	5 05
WHEAT—No. 1	75	@	80
No. 2	59	@	60
No. 3	51	@	53
CORN—No. 2	41	@	42¼
OATS—No. 2	20	@	21½
RYE—No. 2	41	@	41½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 85	@	1 90
HAY—Per ton, loose	6 00	@	6 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	21	@	22
CHEESE—Kansas, new	10	@	10½
EGGS—Choice	12	@	13
PORK—Hams	13	@	14
Shoulders	6¾	@	7
Sides	11	@	11¼
LARD	9	@	10
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	13	@	16
POTATOES—Per bushel	45	@	50
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	5 85	@	6 25
Butchers' Steers	4 50	@	5 50
HOGS—Good to choice	5 75	@	6 05
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 00	@	2 50
FLOUR—XXX to choice	3 75	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	79½	@	80
No. 3	68½	@	70
CORN—No. 2 mixed	40½	@	40¾
OATS—No. 2	25½	@	26
RYE—No. 2	50	@	52
PORK	17 00	@	17 50
COTTON—Middling	10	@	10⅛
TOBACCO—New Lugs	4 00	@	4 75
Medium new leaf	6 25	@	5 75
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Good shipping	6 50	@	7 00
HOGS—Good to choice	5 50	@	6 00
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 25	@	3 00
FLOUR—Common to choice	4 25	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80	@	81½
No. 3	62	@	63
No. 2 Spring	77½	@	78
CORN—No. 2	35½	@	36¼
OATS—No. 2	22	@	23½
RYE	52	@	54
PORK—New Mess	18 50	@	19 00
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	7 00	@	8 00
HOGS—Good to choice	5 80	@	6 00
COTTON—Middling	10½	@	10⅝
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 55	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	86	@	87
CORN—No. 2	61½	@	61¾
OATS—Western mixed	32½	@	33
PORK—Standard Mess	18 00	@	19 25

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

No specific for skin ailments can cope with it. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

FROZEN mutton is sold in England, and it is no uncommon thing there for a butcher to give a customer the cold shoulder.—*Somerville Journal.*

J. C. GRAY, of Dadeville, Ala., writes us: "I have been using DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS; it is far superior to any other lung preparation. My mother was confined to her bed four weeks with a cough; when I got one bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM, she began to mend right away. I can say in truth that IT WAS THE MEANS OF SAVING HER LIFE."

A LEAN young man who fell in love with a very fleshy young woman confessed that he was infatuated.—*Courier-Journal.*

IT is truly wonderful to see how the name of Mrs. Pinkham is a household word among the wives and mothers of our land. Alike in the luxurious homes of our great cities and in the humble cabins of the remote frontier one woman's deeds have borne their kindly fruit in health for others.

A PRETTY girl up town says the cholera is like a traveling man, because it never goes anywhere without its grip.—*Merchant Traveler.*

If you want a fine looking Face,
And a Skin rosy and clear,
Use "BESSON'S" Sulphur Soap; all Trace
Of disease will disappear.
Sold by druggists, etc., everywhere.

WHE