INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

S. J. THOMPSON & M. E. MILFORD, Editors.

VINITA, - INDIAN TERRITORY

A VALENTINE.

A Valentine! Ah, can it be,
That some one has addressed to me
These lines so sweet and tender?
Name or initial is not set
Upon the page and yet—and yet
I think I know the sender.

What though the writing be disguised,
And many a little trick devised
To aid the fond deception;
St. Valentine provides the key
That spoils the little mystery
The moment of reception.

How easy we detect the signs,
And read the words between the lines,
No other eyes discover!
And thus the secret ne'er confessed
By word of mouth is plainly guessed
By sweetheart or by lover.

We may be right, we may be wrong;
For lack of confirmation strong
We give the rein to fancy,
And let her wander at her will,
And her bright destiny fulfill
In fields of necromancy.

And Valentines would lose their charm
If they at once could doubt disarm
Ere yet the seal was broken;
And so the deeper the disguise,
The more delightful the surprise,
And sweeter is the token.

For I confess that from a host,
The one I've always prized the most—
Time has new beauty lent it—
Is this poor, faded Valentine;
Because I never could divine
Just who it was that sent it.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

A PEACE-OFFERING.

A Valentine Story with a Moral, for Young Readers.

Margery Wright was not a beauty. Even the most charitable person in the world could not admit that she had the smallest claim to such a title.

The boys in the Delving Seminary said that Margary had a "squat" figure and a "pug" nose. They also alluded to her mouth in a way that brought angry tears into her eyes. They said it opened like a pair of oyster-tongs. These young gentlemen had lived for twelve or fourteen years, and had not yet acquired good manners.

As I said before, Margery was not remarkable for her good looks. Her mouth was too large and her nose was ridiculously small; but she had a pair of honest, tender, brown eyes, and a heart great enough to forgive the worst tormentor in the school.

She had a very lonesome life in that grim-looking building. She felt out of place there among all those grave Professors and those mischievous boys. She was eleven years old, and she was the only girl in the world who had ever been taught to read and write and cipher in Delving Seminary.

When she was six years old, her father and mother died, leaving her a little helpless creature, without a friend in the world. Margery had not the least idea what was to become of her. She had cried because of her forlorn condition until her heart and eyes had ached. She cried so bitterly that her grief had appealed to the sympathies of old Dr. Delving, the Principal of the Seminary, and he had taken her home with him, promising that if she was a good girl he would educate her and give her a home.

Margery was very grateful to the doctor, and she had done all in her power to be useful to him. She did a great deal for the boys, too, though they *did* half worry the life out of her. She counted their clothes when they came from the laundry; she patiently mended their socks until they were past all renovation; she dusted their rooms, and did a thousand little kindnesses which no one noticed nor appreciated. And with all these duties she had her regular hours of study, and she improved them, too. She intended to be a teacher some day and keep a school of her own.

She had her play-time, also, for the good doctor had insisted that all work and no play was as bad for a girl as for a boy. But Margery had never in her life had any playthings. She had scarcely missed them until her eyes happened one day to fall upon a pair of silver-plated skates. She wanted them.

If she had been educated in a select seminary for young ladies, instead of this school for rough boys, her taste might have been more refined. Under those different circumstances she might have craved a doll, or a baby-house, but Maggery knew nothing of girl's amusements. When she dusted the boys' rooms she discovered their toys, and she often puzzled her little head trying to guess what they were for. She examined and admired them, and sometimes came to grief through her curiosity. This had happened when she had tried to trundle Master Hector Wood's bicycle along the floor, just as she would have propelled a baby carriage. On this occasion the bicycle had acted in the queerest manner. It had twisted itself almost double, and attempted to travel in two directions at once. Then it had acted like a balky horse, and finally it had fallen over on its side with a frightful crash, disturbing the morning recitations and almost crushing her little foot. Was there ever a girl as unlucky as she?

But the skates! These were after her own heart. She said nothing about them, but she wished and wished for them until she was as near being unhappy as such a cheerful little soul could be. Whenever she went to the village on an errand for the housekeeper, poor Margery flattened her absent little nose against the shop-window, behind which the tempting skates were exhibited. Once she had ventured inside the store and timidly asked the price of them, but the shop-keeper had not given her a satisfactory answer. He had glanced at her shabby little figure, and decided that she had not enough money to buy an ice-pick, to say nothing of purchasing a pair of silver-plated skates. So he had only said that he "reckoned that they wouldn't cost a hundred dollars," and Margery was still in doubt about them.

A hundred dollars! She gave a great sigh at the mention of so large a sum. To her childish vision it appeared like a great fortune. She wondered how the shop-keeper could speak of it in that glib unconcerned manner, just as she might have mentioned a dandelion, or something even less pretentious.

Nevertheless, she looked at the coveted pair of skates every time she passed the window in which they were displayed, and one day she noticed a ticket fastened to them on which was printed the price. She read that eight dollars could buy the best pair of skates in the window.

Now Margery had some money in a bank. Not a great building with iron-barred windows, mysterious vaults and safes, and a crowd of silent, attentive and well-dressed clerks behind its desks. Margery's bank was a tin one, which she had bought for ten cents at a toy-shop. It had a door which never opened, and a chimney with a little slit in the center through which a penny might be dropped. The bank, which was no larger than a good-sized apple-dumpling, contained Margery's entire fortune.

She had been dropping her pennies into it for some time, and she determined at last to pry the roof off this "institution" and count its contents. It was the only way to get at the money, for a penny entering that bank was at about the same position as the foolish fly in the spider's parlor. It "could ne'er come out again."

And so the roof had to come off.

But when the pennies were counted there were only seventy-four of them—seven hundred and twenty-six less than was required to buy the skates.

Poor Margery buried her face deep into her pillow that night, and cried herself asleep. She had been saving her pennies for a year, and this was the result. She had hoped against hope that the bank contained almost enough for her purpose. She had fancied herself gliding over the smooth ice, her cheeks as red as roses, her head half dizzy from the pleasurable motion, her feet making graceful circles, and her heart beating hard and fast from the excitement, the exercise and the fun. And after all her plans and fancies she had not one-tenth of the amount needed to carry them out.

She was inclined to rebel against her fate. There was not a scholar in the Delving Seminary who had not a pair of skates, and not one could skate as well as she. She, the very best skater in the whole building, had to go borrowing when she wanted to skate. It really did not seem to be fair.

She never recited with the boys, but she used to attend the opening exercises of the school. She had a habit of shrinking into the corner where her little desk stood, and never looking at her envied tormentors. On the morning after her bank had burst, she had taken her place as usual, and was surprised to find a number of envelopes on her desk, directed to herself. What did it all mean? Who could have been writing to her? The hot, angry color came into her face as she remembered that this was the 14th of February—St. Valentine's Day.

She had reason to remember it. On this day a year ago she had found the same number of envelopes. She had opened each envelope with a foolish hope that it contained something worth having; and every time she had been disappointed. All of her valentines were hideous caricatures of herself, in which her nose and mouth received particular attention. She had looked at them all, hoping to find one that was not ugly. If she could have found one of those bits of lace paper, decorated with roses, or cupids, or turtle-doves, she would have been happy. She had not found anything of the sort when she came to her sixth and last envelope. This was directed in Hector Wood's writing. She knew it by the flourishes on his capital letters. He, the best-tempered, best-mannered boy in the whole school, would certainly not send her one of those ugly pictures. She was sure of it. She tore open this last envelope with fingers which trembled a little with eagerness. And what did she find? Another ugly caricature and this verse:

"Oh, Margery Wright
Is such a fright,
I'm always sad
When she's in sight!"

She had burst into tears from disappointment and anger, and she had torn her valentines into a thousand pieces. When she saw Hector Wood her temper arose afresh.

"I'm glad your name is Hector," she said. "It is a horrid name, and you deserve it for hectoring a girl who never harmed you. I'll never count your collars any more!"

All this had happened a year ago. But Margery was never revengeful. All through the year she had counted the linen as carefully as ever, and when she might have spent her seventy-four cents for ugly valentines to send back to Hector and his companions, she had not done it.

Still it was too bad for them to send her this second lot of valentines. She gathered them up, determining to burn them in the kitchen range. She would not even open them.

As she was about to drop them into the fire her attention was attracted to the envelopes. These were very different from those she had received last year. These were of various colors and designs. There were little vines trailing over them on which might be seen some remarkable birds with very wide tails, and with their beaks opened so far that Margery was sure they must be exquisite singers. She was too tender-hearted to roast even the picture of a bird, so she determined to keep the envelopes.

But when she tore open the first envelope out fell a valentine which made her open her eyes with astonishment. This was no hideous picture of herself, but a delicate little sachet bag of satin and lace—a valentine worth having. And the next was a card—and such a card!—all covered with fat cupids and arrows and hearts and flowers. Was ever anything so beautiful? What a lucky chance had prevented her from dropping them into the roaring fire! She trembled when she thought how narrow had been their escape. And the next valentine—and the next! There was no ugly ones among them.

She had discovered Hector Wood's writing upon one of the envelopes. There was no mistaking those flourishing capital letters. She saved it until the last, because she was afraid to open it lest all her happiness should vanish. She remembered what she had said to him about his name. She had been sorry for it for a long time, and had told him so. Was he angry with her yet, in spite of what she had said, and had he sent her a valentine worse even than his last one? Well, she must muster up courage and find out.

There was nothing inside his envelope but this letter:

> DEAR MARGERY: Last year six of us boys sent you valentines. We meant to tease you, and we hurt your feelings and made you cry. We are ashamed of it. It was very rough in six great bullies to torment one girl. We ask you now to try to forgive and forget what we did.
>
> Some of us have seen you looking at the skates in Johnson's window. We know you are awfully fond of skating, and that you have no skates. If you will look in your desk to-day you will find a pair that we think will suit you. St. Valentine treated you mean last year, but we intend that he shall do better to-day.
>
> (Signed). HECTOR WOOD, FRED HALL,
> TOMMY ADAMS, GEO. ADAMS,
> ROBERT BURNS, JACK ROBINSON

Margery was in an ecstacy of delight She rushed into the school-room at recess time, and pulled out her skates in the presence of the givers. She said she was happy—very, very happy; and I am sure that she spoke the truth.—*Frances B. Currie, in N. Y. Examiner.*

A GOOD GIRL.

She Obeyed Her Mother, But Got in Her Work All the Same.

"Now, Minnie," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, "I want you to play with your little brother while I am down town."

"An' what will you bing me?"

"Never mind. I will bring you something, and now, mind you, if he wants to play with your toys, you mustn't cry."

"Nome."

When the lady returned, the little girl ran to her, and said:

"I played with my little brother. Now what did you bing me?"

"Mamma brought you an orange. Where's little brother?"

"He's sleep. Gimme the orange."

She took the orange and said: "When he grabbed my dishes I didn't cry."

"You didn't? Why, you are a good little girl."

"Yessum, an' when he grabbed my doll, I didn't cry either."

"You didn't?"

"Nome."

"What did you say?"

"Nuffin', but I knocked him dow wif the little chair."—*Arkansaw Travele*

—A Connecticut genius has be granted a patent on a machine for h testing potato-bugs.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Milk at six o'clock, night and morning—at least at as nearly equal intervals as possible.—*Western Rural.*

—Corn bread: One pint of corn meal and one pint of wheat flour, sifted, one pint of sour milk, two beaten eggs, one-half cup each of sugar and butter, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk; bake in a greased pan twenty minutes.—*The Household.*

—One who retains the "sweet tooth" of his childhood will find this to his liking: Make a banana pie with a lower crust only; bake the crust first, then fill it with sliced bananas and powdered sugar; the fruit will soften sufficiently in a few moments. Cover the top with whipped cream and eat at once.—*Detroit Post.*

—Chrysanthemums are to the fall garden what hyacinths and tulips are to the spring garden—respectively the last and earliest of the season. Chrysanthemums are better known as artemesias. The kind of later introduction, from Japan and China and seedlings of them, are extremely showy and beautiful.—*Exchange.*

—A tree overloaded with fruit, Mr. Barry says, can neither perfect the fruit nor ripen its wood properly, and in a severe climate is quite likely to succumb to a degree of cold which, under proper treatment, it could have resisted. The grape is very sensitive in this respect. It is safe to say that millions of trees are annually ruined in this country by over crops.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Beans Baked: Soak a pint of white beans over night; pour off the water in the morning and boil the beans in salt water until they are mealy. Then put them in an earthen pudding dish; add a coffee cupful of rich cream and a teaspoonful of sugar and bake in a moderate oven until brown. These are more delicate than the beans baked with pork.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Dr. Landerer writes to the *Drug News* that if vines be watered with a decoction of bitter plants, such as wormwood, worms will be unable to live upon them. The use of quassia wood, he says, kills all insects and worms. In Surinam, where quassia trees grow, no birds live in them, and neither insects nor worms are found at the roots. The method is not expensive nor laborious.

—For sandwiches take equal quantities of the breast of cold chicken and cold boiled tongue; chop them fine—so fine, in fact, that you can not distinguish the separate particles; add a good large half-teaspoonful of celery salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper and four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. This amount will be enough to season the breast of one large chicken and an equal quantity of tongue. When this is cold spread some thin slices of bread with butter, and then with this mixture.—*Savannah News.*

COLD WEATHER.

Why People Are Less Healthy in Winter Than in Summer.

On several accounts the summer is more favorable to health than the winter. Prominent among these is the fact that most persons, particularly females, are deprived of pure air to a great extent, which is among the most important elements of strength and life. Such is the fear of the cold that most persons having the false idea that an unusual degree of heat is favorable to warding off a cold, take special pains to counteract the design of the winter, to afford health and strength, so "toning up" the system that it may safely pass through the "heated term," by closed doors and windows, with double windows and various means of closing every possible orifice, that the smallest possible amount of the pure air of heaven may not reach the dwelling. While it is manifestly true that wintry blasts, snow and ice, the natural effects of a low temperature with its "bracing" tendencies, are as needful to health as the warm breezes of the summer, in their season. Many of our sitting-rooms are kept at least ten degrees higher in temperature than would be agreeable in the hottest season, of necessity tending to debility. In the attempt, therefore, to avoid colds by too great a heat, these colds are invited, so attended by debility that fevers and other serious forms of disease are the result.

While it is not advisable to be subjected to a cold current of air, particularly when debilitated, by heat, when in a copious perspiration, it is possible to secure a fair share of pure air without such exposure, particularly in our sleeping rooms, which may be the most easily done by opening the windows of the attic slightly, according to the circumstances, securing constant change in windy weather. Opening the door leading to it will produce an upward current from all parts of the house, if other doors are also open. It is well to have the doors of unoccupied rooms open, that there may be a general change of the air of the house, which will necessitate a supply, more or less abundant, depending on the wind, the air entering the house through every possible aperture, coming in so gently as not to attract attention, producing no unfavorable effects, no discomfort. It is advisable, also, to have the door ajar leading to the cellar, particularly if the cellar is ventilated, as all should be, having one or two small openings through which foul air may escape, so that the carbonic acid gas, made by the breathing of the sleepers, by the fires and lights, being heavier than the air, may fall, like water flowing into the lower parts of the house, in the cellar to be absorbed by the moisture, or forced out through the openings. If all of the inner doors of the house, including those leading to adjoining buildings, if any are open, by a great law of the diffusion of gases, there will be a tendency to an equalizing, the foul gases passing into unoccupied rooms, while their good pure air will enter the sleeping rooms, constantly improving the air of the sleepers. This is a very safe means of ventilation, two slight openings in the attic, when it is windy being quite effectual, if there are not many sleepers in the house. I would emphasize the thought that no rooms should be kept any warmer than would be perfectly comfortable in hot weather, that when thus heated, there will be less than usual of discomfort from hot heads and cold feet. This unnatural state almost certainly necessitates discomfort and disease, indicating defective circulation of the blood, which can not long continue without resulting in some form of disease.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

Manure Cellars.

The value of a manure cellar is much greater than might appear at first thought. It is convenient to gather the manure from the floor above, and in this respect is a saving of labor. But the manure is too often permitted to be heaped up under the trap doors and crowded down with shovel or trampled down with boots and more labor expended upon it to little effect than might be needed without it. A manure cellar is most useful as a manufactory of manure in the winter season. If advantage is taken of stormy days to work in the cellar much valuable use of it may be made. The cellar should be well supplied with absorbents to take up every drop of the liquid. These and the manure should be well mixed and spread, so that a constant fermentation is going on, and the cellar should be protected, if need be, by tight doors and double windows, that the manure may never be frozen, so that this fermentation may be checked.—*N. Y. Times.*

A HOME MARKET.

Suggestions, Which Will Be Likely to Strike Farmers as Pertinent, Relative to the Disposal of Fresh Meat.

As the children of the shoemakers go unshod so it is reported the herders on the great plains live during several months of each year without tasting fresh beef. The men in charge of one herd are some distance from those having care of the nearest one and find the practice of slaughtering an animal for the purpose of obtaining a supply of fresh meat for themselves a very wasteful one. They can keep the meat for some time during the winter, but they can not do so during warm weather. They have no ice-houses or other means of preserving meat in a fresh state. The owners of a herd can not afford to allow their herdsmen to slaughter a bullock every time they desire a roast. On this account they live almost exclusively on salt meat during the greater part of the year. It is accordingly proposed to dam the small streams, form ponds near the buildings on the ranches, and to stock them with fish, which the herders can catch and use for food. This plan will not afford them fresh meat, but it will enable them to find a substitute for it. Fresh fish would furnish an agreeable change to a diet of salt meat. In Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, it is said, the Mexican herdsmen and shepherds raise goats and slaughter the kids at the proper age and use them for food. They prefer them to lambs or to any sort of salt meat.

The average farmer in the Northwestern States and Territories is in about the same condition as the frontier herdsman in respect to a supply of fresh meat during the warmer portions of the year. He is surrounded by flocks and herds, but he can not rely on them for a supply of fresh meat. Men who work in the fields during warm weather need the most nutritious diet they can obtain, and this is furnished by fresh beef and mutton. Still, during the season of planting, haying and harvesting their food consists very largely of smoked and salted meat. They have some poultry to vary their table fare, but observation shows that people tire of the flesh of fowls much quicker than they do that of animals. By means of an ice-house any farmer can keep a carcass of mutton till it is consumed by the family, but farmers are very slow in adopting this means of preserving meat in a fresh state. A dozen families might make an arrangement for slaughtering animals in rotation and dividing the meat among their families, but in many cases they have no conveniences for dressing animals, or are deficient in the skill required to do the work in a proper manner. It is noticeable that farmers are less inclined to co-operate in doing work or in providing a supply of food than the early settlers of the country were. There has been a sensible decline of what was called "neighborly kindness."

Farmers should make some arrangement for supplying their tables with meat during the summer months of the year. Their men would do more work and be in better condition if they had fresh meat to eat. Salt meat is better suited for diet during cold weather, and fresh meat during warm weather. Farmers, however, have salt meat almost exclusively during that portion of the year when they most require fresh meat. In many of the Eastern States farmers arrange with some village butcher to deliver them meat on certain days in each week. Saturday is ordinarily one of the days on which fresh meat is delivered. The butcher understands that each family on the list will take a certain number of pounds on specified days, and makes his calculations accordingly. As he can dispose of a large amount of meat among his farm customers in a short time, he often makes his prices less than to his shop patrons, who take but small quantities at any one time. In farming neighborhoods somewhat remote from a village some farmer could assume to supply meat to a considerable number of families on one or more days in each week. If he did not always have animals ready to slaughter he could obtain them from his patrons. It would cost but little to fit up a place for dressing the animals, and a light wagon covered with cloth would serve to carry the meat in.—*Chicago Times.*

DRAINING THE SOIL.

Some of the Beneficial Effects of the Practice.

The beneficial effects of drainage are very marked. The stagnant water is removed from the surface, and from the soil to the depth of the drain. Plants need water, but they do not thrive in stagnant water. The roots of plants will decay, if kept too wet. Cultivated plants will not usually extend their roots into the soil below the line at which water stands permanently. Land which is well drained will not only be dry early in spring, but will suffer less from drought during the hot weather of summer than the wet soil. The surface of wet land generally bakes into a hard crust when the water dries out of it, while if it is underdrained, so that the water drains away, the surface will be left soft, and pulverulent. Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., in his Handbook of Husbandry, sums up the advantages of tile draining, as follows: "1. It greatly lessens the evil effects of drought. 2. It enables the soil to receive larger supplies of the fertilizing gases of the atmosphere (carbonic acid and ammonia. 3. It warms the lower portions of the soil. 4. It lessens the cooking of the soil by evaporation. 5. It greatly facilitates the chemical action by which its mechanical texture is improved. 6. It tends to prevent grass lands from running out. 7. It deepens the surface soil. 8. It renders the soil earlier in the spring, and keeps off the effects of cold weather longer in the fall. 9. It prevents the throwing out of grain in the winter. 10. It enables us to work much sooner after rains. 11. It prevents land from becoming sour. 12. It lessens the formation of a crust on the surface of the soil after rains in hot weather." Mr. John H. Klippart, in a similar manner, summarized the advantages of draining as follows: "1. The drainage removed stagnant water from surface. 2. It removes surplus water from under the surface. 3. It lengthens the seasons. 4. It deepens the soil. 5. It warms the soil. 6. It equalises the temperature of the soil during the season of growth. 7. It carries down soluble substances to the roots of the plants. 8. It prevents 'heaving out,' or 'freezing out.' 9. It prevents injury from drought. 10. It improves the quality and quantity of the crop. 11. It increases the effect of manures. 12. It prevents rust in wheat and rot in potatoes." By draining, the rich stores of plant food which have been for ages accumulating in low, wet ground are made available for the use of plant growth. Many of our swamps and meadows, if well drained, would prove almost as productive as the rich prairie land of the West. Many a man who has sold his farm in the Eastern States and gone West to obtain rich land might have obtained rich land at home by draining his wet land.—*Field and Stockman.*

—In order to keep the striped beetle from the vines the experiment was tried of placing corn-cobs dipped in coal tar near the hills. While the practice did not entirely prevent the ravages of the beetle, their numbers were largely [illegible]

COLD WEATHER.

An Incident Demonstrating the Kind of Weather they Have in Wyoming.

One of the Madison street car drivers was accosted yesterday morning by a passenger who said:

"Is this cold enough for you?"

The driver looked around solemnly as if doubtful whether it was best to reply, but finally he made these remarks:

"If you would go out where I came from and make that remark to a gentleman you'd get killed. Do you know that? Why, bless your diminutive little soul, out on the Pierre Road to Deadwood this weather would be called something delightful and salubrious, and the people would be looking for crocuses and things. Talk about cold weather; I'll tell you something. Four years ago this winter when I was driving stage out there I made up my mind that it was going to be just a little sharp and I bundled up more'n usual and took an extra supply of liquor aboard. After I'd been on the road six hours I thought I'd get down and look in the wagon and see if the passengers wanted anything. When I threw back the curtain I saw the men sitting up very prim and I shoved a bottle up at them.

"'Have something warm?' says I, looking ahead at the team.

"I s'posed they'd grab it, and I let go of it without looking to see if they had it. The bottle fell, struck the tire of the hind wheel and broke, and all that quart of good stuff was spilled on the ground. My cussin' kind of woke up the passengers and they began to sympathize with me. Just as I was telling them they would go dry for awhile and turned to look at the place where the whisky fell, I noticed that it all lay there on the hard ground frozen solid. I picked it up in a chunk and put it on the roof, and if I didn't carry that whisky-berg into Deadwood and thaw it out I'm not a-twisting this here brake. That's the kind of weather they have out there."—*Chicago Herald.*

Girls.

The girl of sixteen who will neither sew nor do housework has no business to be decked out in finery and rambling about in search of fun and frolic unless her parents are rich, and in that event she needs the watchful direction of a good mother none the less. There is no objection to fun, but it should be well-chosen and well-timed. No woman or girl who will not work has a right to share the wages of a poor man's toil. If she does work, if she makes the clothes she wears and assists in the household duties, the chances are she will have enough self-respect to behave when playtime comes, but if she should still be a little "wild" the honest toil she has done will confer upon her some degree of right to have her own way, ill-judged though it may be. The wild girl usually aspires to prominence in some social circle or other, and her manners and conduct are in greater or less degree designed to attract the following of men. She should remember that followers are not always admirers, and that the most sincere admiration a man ever feels for a woman in a drawing-room is when he looks upon her and says in his own consciousness: "She is a perfect lady."—*American Queen.*

Rightfully Named.

Jinks—"See here, sir; I consider that I have been swindled. That stove you sold me is a fraud, a regular fraud, sir, and I want you to take it back."

Dealer—"Really, Mr. Jinks, you surprise me. Perhaps your chimney is at fault?"

"Oh, you need not try to blame it on the chimney; that is all right. It's your stove that won't work."

"There must be some mistake, Mr. Jinks. I remember the stove I sold you perfectly; it is a base burner."

"I should say so; the basest burner I ever laid eyes on!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, February 10.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 20	@	4 50
Native cows	3 50	@	3 90
Butchers' steers	3 85	@	4 20
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 40	@	4 50
Light	3 75	@	4 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red	62½	@	62¾
No. 3	56¼	@	56½
Rejected	42	@	45
CORN—No. 2	30	@	30½
OATS—No. 2	27	@	29
RYE—No. 2	56	@	57½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 50	@	1 55
HAY—Large baled	6 00	@	7 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	33	@	35
CHEESE—Full cream	12	@	13
EGGS—Choice	29	@	30
PORK—Hams	10	@	10½
Shoulders	5	@	5¼
Sides	6	@	7
LARD	7	@	7½
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	13	@	18
POTATOES—Neshanocks	50	@	53
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	5 20	@	5 65
Butchers' steers	4 25	@	4 50
HOGS—Packing	4 55	@	4 75
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 00	@	4 00
FLOUR—Choice	3 10	@	3 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red	85½	@	85¾
CORN—No. 2	36¼	@	36½
OATS—No. 2	29¼	@	29½
RYE—No. 2	65	@	66
BARLEY	60	@	80
BUTTER—Creamery	28	@	31
PORK	12 75	@	13 00
COTTON—Middling	10	@	10¼
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Good to choice	5 10	@	5 60
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 65	@	5 10
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 25	@	5 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 00	@	4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80	@	81
No. 3	69½	@	70½
No. 2 spring	77½	@	78¼
CORN—No. 2	36½	@	37½
OATS—No. 2	27	@	27½
RYE	62	@	63
PORK—New Mess	12 90	@	13 00
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	4 95	@	6 44
HOGS—Good to choice	4 65	@	5 10
SHEEP—Poor to prime	3 25	@	5 50
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 60	@	5 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	92¼	@	92½
CORN—No. 2	50	@	51½
OATS—Western mixed	33	@	39½
PORK—Standard mess	13 50	@	14 00
PETROLEUM—United	71	@	71½

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Sexton Mt. Vernon Place Church, Mr. L. Edwards, says: Suffered night and day; severe cough; pains in chest. Used Red Star Cough Cure; entire relief.

A NEW YORK paper heads an article: "Oscar Wilde on Dress." Yes, we think, too, that Oscar is a little wild on dress.—*Oil City Derrick.*

$1.00 for 50 Cents.

Any reader of this paper who will send *50* one-cent stamps to the AMERICAN RURAL HOME, Rochester, N. Y., before March 1st, 1885, will receive that handsome paper, postage free, until January 1st, 1886. The RURAL is a large eight-page, forty column WEEKLY paper, now in its fifteenth year, and the cheapest farm journal in the world. The price is one dollar a year in advance, but the above offer in postage stamps will be accepted if sent in before March 1st, 1885. Send for sample copy, and see what a bargain is offered. This advertisement will not appear again, so do not neglect present opportunity.

A HEADLESS ghost is frightening the people of Ephrata. How would it do to put a head on it?—*Oil City Derrick.*

"YES; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course it cured his catarrh.

WRITING poetry is like putting up stoves. Everybody knows how until they try.—*Waterloo Observer.*

ATTENTION is called to advertisement

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Widespread Commotion Caused by that Remarkable Statement of a Physician.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat*, created a deal of comment here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days ago which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of the most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time was caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street. At first he was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"Is it true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80, its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven, Folger, Colfax and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked, and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured."

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

Dr. S. A. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did no think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes. I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The doctor was cured *four years ago* and *is well* and attending to his professional duties to-day. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, and that it can be cured.

Some one says, "the smoking car must go." This is certainly true if it is coupled onto an engine.—*Boston Post.*

"Delays Are Dangerous."

If you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long—till you are past cure; for, taken in its early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," as thousands can testify. By druggists.

A medical writer says anything that will make a person sneeze will cure the hiccoughs. 'Snuff said.—*St. Paul Herald.*

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief. *25 cts. a box.*

"What is laughter?" asks a philosopher. It is the sound that you hear when your hat blows off.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions.

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THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, And All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

"Woman and Her Diseases"

is the title of an interesting illustrated treatise (96 pages) sent, post-paid, for three letter stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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By relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; the readers having almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, that these testimonials mention, while the so-called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. Although we have

Thousands Upon Thousands!!,

of testimonials of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us, we do not publish them, as they do not make the cures. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that make the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A Losing Joke.

"A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said 'to a lady patient who was complaining of her 'continued ill-health, and of his inability to 'cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters!" 'The lady took it in earnest and used the bitters, from which she obtained permanent 'health. She now laughed at the doctor for 'his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it 'as it cost him a good patient.

Fees of Doctors.

The fees of doctors at $3.00 a visit would tax a man for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.

Given Up by the Doctors.

Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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HAY-FEVER

For fifteen years I was greatly annoyed by Catarrh. It caused severe pain in my head, continual dropping into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. By a thorough use for six months of Ely's Cream Balm I have entirely overcome these troubles.—J. B. Case, St. Denis Hotel, New York City.

Cream Balm is a remedy based upon a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cts. at druggists; 60 cts. by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cts. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Is CHEAP, STRONG, easy to apply, does not rust or rattle. Is also A SUBSTITUTE FOR PLASTER, at Half the Cost; outlasts the building. CARPETS AND RUGS of same, double the wear of oil cloths. Catalogue and samples *free*. W. H. FAY & CO., Camden, N.J.

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RUPTURE Dr. J. A. Sherman is now at his office, St. Louis, No. 1404 Market St., treating RUPTURE. Will be there during February. Book with likeness of Cases before and after cure, ten cents. Principal office, 251 Broadway, N. Y., where he will be after this month.

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Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.

The long cold winter freezes up the smaller streams, and filth accumulates around every home. The welcome spring freshet opens up the clogged brooklets and washes away the debris, leaving all the hills and valleys and brooks and streams clean, sweet and clear.

In like manner the human organization needs renovating and cleaning as spring time approaches. Greasy foods, a want of exercise, over-eating, poor digestion, etc., has clogged the machinery of life. The pores need to be opened, the passages cleaned, the functions of the body strengthened, etc., in order that good health may be maintained. To this end no remedy is so good and effective as Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, a remedy widely indorsed by physicians who have examined into its composition and become cognizant of its many virtues. It is a *positive cure* for weakness and debility, and all diseases arising from a state of blood impurity, such as sores, aches, pimples, stiff and lame joints, scrofula, rheumatism, etc.

☞ Insist on your druggist getting this remedy for you. Take no substitute.

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