INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

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VINITA, - INDIAN TERRITORY

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Sing a song of sea-shore
Where the wife has flown,
Leaving her poor husband
Keeping house alone.

Parlor filled with papers—
Not a thing in place—
Pipes and burnt tobacco
Over all a trace.

Kitchen full of soiled
Dishes, pans and pots
Mixed with slops and coffee grounds
Dumped in funny spots.

Dining room's confusion;
Table is a sight;
As 'twas left at breakfast
So it is at night.

Closet doors stand open;
Shelves all a tangle;
Looks as if a cyclone
Thereabouts had strayed.

Bedroom floors are cluttered
With the husband's clothes;
Bureau contents jumbled
Are one mass of woes.

Bed, not made up ever,
Shows the very place
Where the husband tumbled
Out to wash his face.

And the husband wishes
His now priceless wife
Would come wash the dishes
And preserve his life.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

"TOWN POOR."

How Jane and Tom Went to Housekeeping and Farming.

They were both "town poor." She had been left in a basket at the gate of the institution. He had only come to it a year before our story opens, clinging to his dying mother's hand. She remembered nothing but the bare walls and desolate grounds of the poor-house: the snubbings and snappings of matron and assistants; the spare, comfortless meals, and the unhome-like place that was the only home she knew. He had had glimpses of the world outside, and was, besides, two years older—that was not very old, for he was only ten.

He was to be bound out to a farmer; she to some good housekeeper, who would promise to teach her to read her Bible. No one ever knew or cared whether the promise was kept, but it sounded well, and pleased certain people to exact it. The chief thing was to be rid of the expense of these pauper children as soon as possible.

She was happier than he, for she was more ignorant; besides, she had a doll! Such a doll! It was a thick lump of wood, about two feet long, with holes burnt into it for features, and looked somewhat like an Indian idol. An old lame sailor in the house had made it for her, and had given the child a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, with a hole in the middle, to make a dress for it. She put the head through the hole, tied a bit of red and white cord she had found in the doctor's office about its waist, and it was dressed. All day long she carried it about with her, and at night it slept, as she fancied, on her bosom. There were times when she declared herself to have had troublesome hours with her doll, who had not been well. Of course, she never called it Doll; it was always her "Child."

There was a knot-hole in the wooden fence between the male and female sides of the poor-house grounds. He peeped through one morning, and saw a strange child sitting with her doll on a large stone.

"I say," said he, "come here."

She went to the fence at once.

"What's your name?"

"Jane. What's yours?"

"Tom. You live here?"

"Yes. Do you?"

"Yes."

"What's that you've got?"

"My child. She isn't well to-day."

"Bother!"

"No, she isn't."

"Are there any more little girls in there?"

"Three; but one has a broken back and goes to bed all the time; and two are bigger than me and work. Are there any boys in there?"

"Lots. I hate 'em all. They make fun of me."

"Then I hate 'em, too," said she.

He came closer to the fence.

"Are you hungry all the time?" he asked.

"No. Every day before dinner she gives me a piece."

"She" was the matron, and "a piece" was a slice of bread and butter.

"Ah!" said he, enviously. "I'd like to see any of us ask for a piece. I'm 'most starved."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Next time I get my piece I'll give you half. You come here to-morrow to this hole and I'll fetch it."

"Ain't you good!" said the boy, admiringly.

So the friendship began. Every day the thick slice of bread and butter was shared at the knot-hole. It was a good thing for Tom. As for Jane, it was at that knot-hole that she learned how unhappy it was to be a poor-house child; learnt that other little people had a pleasant freedom unknown to her. He had lived in the outer world, had Tom. When? He only knew that it was before his father went to the war and was shot, and before his mother died. Long, seditious talks did those two have concerning the authorities of the poor-house. Once Tom came to the knot-hole with a great red bruise across his face, where he had been struck with a rattan.

"Lots more on my shoulders," said he. "Jane, when I'm big I'll beat that man—beat him till the blood runs. I hate him!"

That day Jane wept compassionate tears, and gave Tom all her "piece," pretending she had had double allowance. Moreover, she stuck the "Child's" head through the hole and told Tom to kiss it. But neither bread and butter nor kindness could help Tom very much. He grew more and more wretched. He became a young Ishmael in the poor-house. He was tormented by the small and flogged by the great. At last he came to the knot hole one day, furious, unutterably wretched, and told Jane that he was going away.

"Going away!" said Jane.

"Going to run away," said Tom. "If they catch me and bring me back I'll hang myself to the hook over my bed, but I'll try first. I'll go."

Jane burst into tears.

"Go away!" she sobbed. "And I'll never, never see you any more, Tom!"

"I didn't think about that," said Tom. "Don't cry, Jane."

But she sobbed faster.

"Don't!" said he; "don't! I say, Jane, you come, too! I'm going to be a farmer; I shall want a wife. Come with me."

"What's a wife?"

"You," answered Tom; "you shall be my wife."

"What would I have to do?"

"Why, you must call me 'Husband' instead of 'Tom,' and I must call you 'Ma' instead of 'Jane.' I must work and get you things, and you must cook and mend my clothes."

"I've a bit of cotton and a big needle," said Jane. "She gave 'em to me."

"You'll come, then?"

"Yes—I'm afraid; but, if I could never see you any more, I should cry all the time."

"I'm going to be a farmer," said Tom. "We'll go to where there's land, and I'll plant beans and corn. I've got some put by in a paper bag. I took it one day. When they grow I'll pick them. I'll build a house big enough for us out of boards or something, and well never come back here again—*never*."

"Never! O, dear!" and Jane began to cry. After awhile she said, softly: "Of course, I shall bring 'the Child?'"

"O, yes," said Tom, "and all your clothes."

Then they decided how they were to escape, where they were to meet, how Jane was to make bold to ask for an extra "piece" that day, pretending the dog had stolen hers, and how Tom was to hide half his dinner in his cap.

Then, as some summoning bell rang, they parted—Tom, bright and brisk with his new ambition; poor little Jane, limp with fear and remorse, but determined to follow Tom, whatever his fortunes might be.

At ten that night Jane, with a tear-swollen face, a little bundle of calico frock and red flannel petticoat under her arm, and "the Child" clasped to her heart, met Tom at the big tree outside the poor-house fence. There was nothing to steal in the establishment; so, as no one ever wanted to get in, it was not very hard to get out.

Besides "the Child" and the frock, Jane had her bread in a bit of newspaper, and Tom had made quite a bundle of possessions. He had his little bag of corn and beans, a fire-shovel, a shirt, his old shoes and a long stick with a hook at the end, once the handle of an umbrella. On this he slung all their joint property, except the doll, and addressed Jane as follows:

"Remember now, you are my wife, and must do exactly as I say—that's the law; and I must be good to you and do all the hardest work; but you must cook and mend for me, and I think you'd better begin to call me Husband right away."

"Yes," sobbed Jane. "O, isn't it dark?"

"No," said Tom; "besides, if it is, all the better. We'd get into the woods before they catch us. We shall be out of the town by daylight."

Then they walked on—poor Jane stumbling often, but Tom held her hand and did not let her fall. At length the last little white house was passed; then came the church with its tall spire, and then long paling fences about bits of meadow-land. They were in the country, but not yet in the woods, and both children were growing very sleepy and very tired—so very tired that finally there was nothing for it but to sit down on the grass under a hay-stack, with Tom's head on Jane's knee, and go fast asleep.

Sunrise awakened them. They ate their bread and butter, started on again, and in a few hours the woods were all around them.

"We're safe at last," cried Tom. "Nobody can ever find us here. I'll build a house and plant my corn right away. Do you know how long it takes corn to grow? And beans?"

"No," ventured Jane, doubtingly—"not long, I guess."

"I guess not," echoed Tom, "but I wish we had some more bread and butter."

By and by the two explorers came to a nice little spot in the woods close to a pretty brook. It was very damp, but there was a clearing which it was easy to plant. Tom dug it over with his fire-shovel, and put in his beans and corn in straight rows. Then, with an old knife that was his greatest treasure, he cut underbrush and low branches enough to make a queer kind of leafy hut big enough for both to creep into.

"We can eat out-doors. We shall only want a home at night and when it rains," said Tom.

But Jane felt doubtful. Her little flesh was black and blue already, and yet the grass was long in the hayfield; here it was sparse and dry. Besides, she wanted her warm milk and water and her slice of bread and butter. Tom found some huckleberries hard by, but they did not help the empty stomachs much, and even at sunset the corn had not begun to grow, neither did the beans show their heads above the earth! Suddenly an awful thought struck Jane.

"When it grows, Tom," she said, "we haven't any sauce-pan to cook it in."

"More we haven't," said Tom. Then hope dawned upon him. "We could roast the corn," said he, "and I bet there's an apple-tree somewhere."

They wandered about looking for the tree or more berries of some sort. The tree did not appear, but at last they found some berries—just one or two at a time—and the poor children had nothing else to eat. Hungry Tom could have devoured his own shoes. Meek Jane, before she lay down on the hard yet damp ground, asked just one question:

"Do you think the beans will grow to night, Tom?"

"I told you to say Husband," said Tom; then added, graciously: "Yes, Ma, I suppose they will."

Then Jane put the "Child" close to her cheek, and slept the sleep of the weary.

Good Farmer Morton and his plump wife, coming homeward from a visit to their married daughter about dark next day, let the old mare walk as slowly as she pleased through the wood-path. They had had tea and were in no hurry. Suddenly, amidst the sobbing of the little brook the old lady heard a louder sobbing still.

"Peter," she said, "there's a child crying."

"'Tisn't nothing but the water," said the old man, whose hearing was less sharp than his wife's.

"It's a child," persisted the old lady. "I vow, I think I see one sitting on the fence. Stop the mare, Peter! Who is there?"

"Me, ma'am—Jane," said a little voice. "I heard a carriage and I thought it might be a doctor. O, please, he's so sick!"

"Who is sick, dear?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"My husband."

"Husband? Peter, isn't that a child?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jane; "but he's sick. I don't know what ails him. He shivered, and then he was hot, and he seems so strange. And our farm didn't come up—I mean the corn and the beans—and it rained yesterday, and came through the house and wetted us all over. O, please come and see what is the matter with my husband!"

"Lord, preserve us!" cried the good old lady; "is that child crazy? Come, Peter, let's see what she means."

And the two good people followed Jane to the damp spot where Tom, suddenly smitten with ague, lay delirious, half in and half out of his leafy hut. He could say nothing, and Jane, mindful of the warning he had given her over and over again, would tell nothing of the poor-house, and only said they "had no parents," and that she was his "wife."

"Wherever they come from we must take 'em home to-night," said Mrs. Morton. "Poor babies! You carry the boy, Peter; I'll fetch the little gal."

Jane looked up thankfully into the old lady's face, and said: "Wait, please, till I get 'the Child.'"

"The child?" cried Mrs. Morton. "Land sakes!"

Then Jane dived into the hut and brought forth her doll, with its scratched features and yellow robe; at sight of which the old lady laughed so heartily that she had much ado to get into the gig again.

The children were comfortably housed that day, and the whole truth was coaxed from them at last; but no one had the heart to return them to the poor-house. Jane staid with Mrs. Morton to be brought up as a "help," and Tom was apprenticed to a carpenter. The innocent little family was broken up; and "the Child," carefully treasured in Jane's trunk—for soon she had a trunk of her own and clothes to fill it—was only a memento of the past.

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So the years glided on. Jane grew a tall, slim girl; Tom a big, brown young man. There was no sign of being "town poor" about either of them. They were wholesome, well-fed, bright young people as you would wish to see. But one Saturday afternoon Jane, washing the dishes beside the kitchen window, looking up saw Tom gazing at her, and blushed a rosy red—which certainly was odd in a *wife* of so many years' standing.

"Come to ask you to walk a little, if you will," said Tom.

Jane promised to come as soon as "the chores" were done; and this important act being duly accomplished, put on her round hat and a clean white apron, joined Tom, and the two, saying very little, sauntered down into the woods and along the wagon-path to the edge of the little brook that with all the changes that had come to them sobbed and gurgled just as it did long ago.

"Remember this place?"

"Yes," said Jane, shyly.

"And how, when we were 'town poor,' we ran away and thought we were married and had our house and farm, Jane?"

"Yes." More shyly than before.

"It's a long while ago," said Tom. "But this place doesn't alter much; seems just the same. You haven't altered either, Jane. You were very, very sweet then."

No answer.

"Jane," said Tom, "I'm going to have another little house, some bigger than we built then—not much—and a little garden where our beans will grow. Will you run away with me again, Jane, and call me 'husband' for good? I'll try to make you more comfortable than I did then, my dear."

There was a hand laid softly on the young girl's shoulder, and Tom looked down into the blushing face. Suddenly the tender eyes were lifted and their lips met.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed good Mrs. Morton, wiping her eyes as she kissed the girl, who had become as a daughter to her old age. "Land sakes! Going to be a real man and wife after all."—*James M. Hutcheson, in Chicago Tribune.*

GERMS OF DISEASE.

The Different Methods of Their Multiplication.

Life in this world is, as it were, a balancing seesaw between different organisms, in which each helps the rest—a cycle of actions which are to a certain extent dependent on each other.

The molecules of the grain of wheat in part help to construct the muscle cells in a man's arm, and in part furnish fuel for motive power to these cells, while the excreted products of these cells in the form of carbonic acid, urea, etc., and finally the products of decomposition of these cells, may go to construct a new grain of wheat.

But to enable the vegetable to make use of the animal cell as food, the latter must be split up into simpler combinations, and this is effected by micro-organisms of various kinds. The great majority of these minute beings are harmless to man so long as they are confined to his skin and alimentary canal; in fact, every one carries millions of them on and within himself, and it is doubtful whether he could properly digest his food without their help. There are, however, some forms of these little granules and rods, or micrococci and bacteria, which are not so innocent and harmless, but which, on the contrary, produce disease and death in many of those to whose systems they gain admittance.

Some of these disease germs multiply only within the bodies of living animals, so, for instance, these which give rise to small-pox and scarlet fever; they retain their vitality for a time when thrown off in excretions; but they do not increase in number until they gain access to living tissues, and hence the diseases which they cause are propagated by contagion only. Other disease germs multiply, so far as we know, almost exclusively outside the living body, and produce their effects on man not by growing within him, but by poisoning him with their products, as common yeast may be said to be the cause of delirium tremens through the agency of the alcohol which it produces. Malaria is a type of this class.

A third kind multiply both within and without the living body, and some of these appear to especially multiply and flourish in human excreta. As yet we know very little of the life history of these disease germs, or as to how they produce their effects; we are not even certain as to whether they are distinct separate species or whether they may not be some of the common micro-organisms which by over feeding or otherwise have become abnormal, microscopic monsters as it were, producing evil instead of good.

What we do know is that a very minute quantity of excreta from a case of cholera or typhoid fever may, when introduced into the alimentary canal of a healthy person, produce in that person disease similar to the one from which the germ originally came; and we also have good reason to believe that if a few such germs fall into a mass of excreta, as in a cess-pool, they may under certain conditions multiply very rapidly and render the whole mass of filth infectious, so that any portion of it will be capable of conveying the disease.

Their action is closely analogous to that of yeast, and the diseases which are supposed to be due to such action are known as the zymotic or ferment diseases.

Hence comes one great danger of retaining or storing in the vicinity of human habitations quantities of organic matter suitable for the nourishment of such organisms, for the channels through which such collections may become dangerously inoculated are so numerous and, in the present state of our knowledge so impossible to guard against, that casks of powder or cases of dynamite would be really safer neighbors.

Sewage is not only a source of danger in this way, but also through the products of its decomposition. The most important of these in this connection are the gases and effluvia evolved in putrefaction, such as hydrogen sulphide, ammonium sulphide, carbon dioxide, and certain organic vapors of very complex constitution, chiefly characterized by unpleasant odors.

When concentrated, as in old cesspools or vaults, these may produce suffocation and almost immediate death, or great prostration, violent vomiting and purging, convulsions and death in from one to two days.

The circumstances are rare which produce such effects as these; usually the gases are greatly diluted before being breathed, and the effects are less marked.

Constant exposure to such air impairs health gradually, but distinctly, especially in infants and children, the symptoms produced being loss of appetite, languor, slight headaches, etc.—*J. S. Billings, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.*

—Rabbits are such a pest in Buena Vista Valley, Nev., that the farmers are providing the Indians with powder and shot in order to kill them off.

PIG-PEN PROFITS.

An Animal Which Deserves More of Praise Than He Gets.

During the past few years it has been the fashion of writers on stock-breeding to present the pleasures and profits of raising horses, cattle, sheep and fowls in a very attractive form. Some of them have declared that fortune and happiness can be secured by raising these creatures with greater certainty than by adopting any other pursuit. Even the life of the cowboy has been presented as fascinating. On more than one ranch are young men who by no reverse of fortune have left elegant homes to enjoy what are called the wild delights of the Far West. Many city gentlemen of wealth and leisure have adopted stock-raising as an elegant pursuit. They have paid extravagant prices for cattle and horses as others have for pictures and statuary. Some, who have not indulged in the costly luxury of a stock farm as a means of gratifying their pleasures, have purchased Jersey cattle to ornament their lawns, preferring them for this purpose to costly plants or fragrant flowers. Others who have but limited grounds have kept fancy fowls. In villages and cities the number of poultry-fanciers has greatly increased during the past few years. Most of these persons would keep cattle, horses and sheep had they sufficient space for the purpose.

But during the time in which the praises of horses, cattle, sheep, chickens and ducks have been sung few have spoken a good word for the pig. A great many bad words, however, have been spoken. Its flesh has been declared to be unwholesome even in its best estate. Many have been led to believe that the body of the average pig is the repository of a large number and great variety of parasites. The circumstance that American pork products have been excluded from several European countries has been regarded by many as furnishing conclusive evidence that they are not fit to be eaten at home. The haters of pork have never intimated that France and Germany have been led to place restrictions on our pork because we placed a heavy duty on their manufactured goods. An attempt has been made to revive all the prejudice entertained by the ancient Jews against the hog. One flippant writer has referred to the hog as "the animal into which a legion of devils went, and from which they never came out." Sensational accounts have been published of the ravages of certain diseases among swine, and the impression has been made on the minds of many that the hog is much more likely to become diseased than any kind of animal or bird used by man for food.

Still, pork continues to be the leading kind of meat among the laboring classes in this country as well as in most of the countries of Europe. It is the kind of meat that contains the smallest amount of waste. It can be cooked in its own fat, and, as butter is not needed to dress it, is more economical than other sorts of meat. Unlike beef and mutton, the fat contained in pork is much more valuable than the flesh itself. Lard, or any sort of hog fat, is used for cooking fish and vegetables, while the fat of cattle and sheep is rarely ever used as human food. It is employed for making candles and soap or used in the preparation of leather. The price of tallow is constantly declining, while that of lard is advancing. People who decline to use pork as a regular article of food are very fond of it as a relish. At the best restaurants in all large cities slices of fried salt pork or side bacon are served with oysters, steaks and chops. The flesh of no domesticated animal has so delicious flavor as that of the hog. A large proportion of a steer or sheep aside from the fat is of no value for food, but the head, feet and even the tail of the pig furnishes excellent food. They are dissimilar in the matter of taste from the flesh of the body of the animal.

The hog is kept on most farms at less cost than other animals. It does not require costly buildings for its protection. It will eat and thrive on many kinds of food that other animals reject. During the summer it will gain in a grass or clover pasture. In the winter it will live on silage, roots or grain. It will utilize the surplus fruit and garden vegetables that are not wanted by the family. It will convert sour and skimmed milk and the leavings of the table into a marketable product. Hogs increase faster than any animals kept on farms, and on that account they are of great value to farmers of small means. Their fecundity renders it easy not only to increase the stock of them, but to improve it. Hogs can be prepared for market much quicker than steers or sheep, and their flesh can be more easily and more cheaply cured. Hogs supply a large proportion of the meat consumed in farm houses, as well as on shipboard, in mining-camps and logging-huts. The sum of money derived from the pork products sent abroad is enormous. In the year 1884 it amounted to $59,662,961. Evidently the pig is not deserving of the abuse it receives from many quarters.—*Chicago Times.*

WEEDS.

Efforts at Weed Destruction That Are Often Widely Misdirected.

Much of the effort in weed destruction is so widely misdirected that it is not nearly so effective as it should be. We often see advice to cut out plantain or wild carrot by hand in meadows and pastures. This is well enough where the plants are scattering, and should always be done if it is not possible or convenient to plow the weeds under. But cutting out by hand does very little to clean land foul with such pests. For every plant that appears in meadow or pasture there are, probably, a thousand seeds lying dormant in the ground ready to grow as soon as the soil is stirred. With a hoed crop on weed seeded land millions of weeds may be destroyed by frequent cultivation in a single season.

There are other classes of weeds which appear in water grain that can also be best fought by a well directed use of the plow. Red root, where the land is thoroughly seeded with it, will appear in such quantities that hand pulling is impossible. We probably can not destroy much of this weed by hoed crops in summer. We have seen it appear by the thousands on land that had been well cultivated in corn and potatoes during the summer and sown with winter wheat in the fall. It is probably the nature of red root seed not to grow until the cool, moist weather which usually comes just at wheat seeding time. Hence the seeds brought to the surface during the heats of summer do not germinate. Then plow in spring for oats or barley and a large share of the red root seeding will be destroyed.

So far as practicable horse labor should be utilized in weed destruction. Where much has to be done by hand labor or hoe, it is evidence of mismanagement. It makes farming more expensive than it need be, and in doing this makes good farming more difficult. In the parable about the husbandman's field in which the enemy sowed tares, it was possibly the best that could then be done to "let both grow together until the harvest." But he would scarcely now be considered a good farmer who would knowingly put a crop on land where it was to be crowded by weeds that could not be removed except by its own destruction.—*American Agriculturist.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Dr. Tanner, the faster, is a convert to the faith cure.

—The room in which Patti was divorced was that wherein she was married in 1863.

—Victor Hugo spent his first earnings as an author in buying a cashmere shawl for his wife.

—Dr. Prime's estate is estimated at $300,000, most of which he made out of the New York *Observer*.

—A new story is entitled "The Editor's Wallet," and the Lowell *Citizen* thinks that it must be flat.

—Mrs. Langtry, the actress, is said to pay her husband a monthly salary for keeping away from her.

—General S. W. Crawford, one of the three surviving officers of the garrison at Fort Sumpter, has completed a book of political and military reminiscences.

—John C. Fremont, now seventy-two, says that he camped where Chicago is, where Minneapolis is, and where Salt Lake City is, before there was a house at either place.

—Santa Anna's widow, a bright and chatty little body, full of reminiscences of her husband and his times, is still living in the City of Mexico. She was married to him at the early age of thirteen years.

—Jennie White, whose death at the age of one hundred and twenty-two is announced from St. Joseph, Mo., was a cook for Captain Waterfall, of General Washington's staff, during the revolution.

—Miss Adelaide Rudolph, of Cleveland, O., has been selected by the Board of Regents as the Latin professor at the State University of Kansas. Miss Rudolph is a niece of Mrs. Garfield.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Dr. R. J. Gatling, of Hartford, who invented the famous Gatling gun, is a stout man with a chubby face and a stubby gray beard. His eyes are small and squinty, requiring the use of strong lenses to aid them. The doctor is an enthusiast on the subject of building up the defenses of America.—*Hartford Courant.*

—Captain Richard G. Luce, who died at Vineyard Haven, Mass., recently, was, during his life, at sea 310 months, or nearly twenty-six years. He landed in New Bedford 38,000 barrels of whale oil, 8,500 of sperm oil, and 383,000 pounds of whalebone, and he was called the champion of the whale fishery.—*Boston Journal.*

—It is told of Gabrielli that when she visited Russia in 1768 Catherine wished to engage her services, for which the songstress demanded a salary of five thousand ducats. "Far too much," said the Empress, amazed. "Why, that is more than I pay my field marshals." "Then let your field marshals sing for you," was the swift rejoinder of the singer.

—Olive Logan saw the Princess of Wales with her three daughters driving in Rotten row the other day, and tells the ladies what Alexandra wore: A plain gray Turk satin gown, fitting tightly to the figure, linen collar and cuffs, a white straw bonnet trimmed with black velvet ribbon, a cluster of crimson poppies pinned up by the throat. No shawl or mantle, no diamonds, no jewelry of any sort. The three girls were dressed alike in navy blue cashmere, with red spots, round hats of white straw, trimmed with black velvet and a stiff red feather.

HUMOROUS.

—The Governor of the State Prison ought to be pitied, for a man with six or eight hundred felons on his hand is deserving of sympathy.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Joseph Taylor offers to let the current carry him over Niagara Falls for $10,000. Mr. Taylor is extravagant. It is believed the current will undertake the job for a much less sum.—*Puck.*

—Fencing is the new craze among young ladies. Well, if they will occupy the fence occasionally it will give the gate a rest, and the whole business will wear out together.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A man in Long Wood, Fla., recently exchanged a weekly paper for a mule. This trade was not so inappropriate as it would seem at first blush. They are both elevators of the human race.—*The Judge.*

—"Are you superstitious, my dear?" said Miss Birdie McGinnis to a newly-arrived stranger in Austin, to whom she had become engaged. "Not a bit, but why do you ask?" replied the youth. "Nothing, except you are the thirteenth young gentleman to whom I have been engaged."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A man claiming to be a scientist wants some one to bore the earth to prevent its bursting. We have a friend who we think would be able to do it. Up to this time he has devoted all his boring energies to us, and we would be glad to see him try it on the rest of the earth.—*Boston Post.*

☞—A little boy was told that he must never ask for anything at the table, as it was not good manners to do so. The consequence was that he was frequently overlooked. One day his father said: "Johnny, get me a clean plate for my lettuce." "Take mine, pa; it's clean," and he added, with a sigh: "There hasn't been anything put on it yet."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Bessie, a bit of a blue eyed girl, was about to go with her aunt to dine at a friend's house. "Don't forget your manners, Bessie," said her mother. "Be sure to say 'yes, sir,' 'no, sir,' and 'yes, ma'am' and 'no ma'am' when any one speaks to you." At the table the first question asked her was: "Bessie, will you have some soup?" "Yes, sir; no, sir; yes, ma'am; no, ma'am," said Bessie, faintly, while everybody burst out laughing.—*Golden Days.*

—Doctor—Have you got the better of the ague yet? Patient—No, sor. Ma'am my wife is as bad as iver, sor. Doctor—Did you get that whisky and quinine I prescribed? Patient—Yis, sor; but it did no good at all, at all. Doctor—That is strange! You took it according to instructions, I suppose? Patient—Yis, sor; ye know a man and his wife are one. Doctor—What has that to do with it? Patient—Well, ye see, sor, bein' as we are one flesh, I tuk the whisky and gave Biddy the quinine.—*The Whip.*

—"You don't seem to have the slightest knowledge of natural philosophy," growled a man, as the ice-man left a chunk on the sidewalk. With a whatto-the-deuce-do-you-mean expression in his eye, the dispenser of frigid water retorted: "Yes, I do." "Then what do you mean by leaving so small a piece of ice on a red-hot day and such large chunks in cold weather?" "Because I know that heat expands and cold contracts. If I left you a bigger piece this morning, before night it would swell so that you couldn't get it in your refrigerator. Good-day!"—*Chicago Times.*

A Fastidious Colored Lady.

Mrs. Judge Peterby, of Austin, employs a colored cook named Matilda Snowball, who is a great favorite with the sterner sex, but who is very high-toned, nevertheless.

"Who was that horrid-looking negro I saw prowling about the back yard?" asked Mrs. Peterby, indignantly.

"Dat's a feller I keeps company wid on week-days."

"On week-days?"

"Yes, maus; yer don't s'pose I'd be seen wid sich a bandy-legged, goggle-eyed moke like him on Sundays, does yer? Yer orter see de cullud gemman I keeps company wid on Sundays. You'd be s'prised, yer would."—*Texas Siftings.*

LASTING FOREVER.

The Way a Taxidermist Prepares and Mounts a Pet Feline.

"Oh, yes, madam. I know the affection a lady can have for her favorite cat, and I'll do it up nice for you, you may be sure." These were the last words, as overheard by a reporter, of a conversation between Mr. Fredric S. Webster and a charming young lady who had called on him at his taxidermic studio.

"Yes," said the artist to the reporter after the lady had left, "that young lady's favorite cat died lately, and she is in a heap of trouble about it."

"Why, hasn't she got it buried yet?"

"Lord, sir! she'd faint if any one spoke to her about burying it."

"Why, very few persons care much about cats, dead or alive, and I should have thought that every one, without exception, would like to have a dead cat buried as quickly as possible."

"Sir," said the taxidermist, "the dead cat is the apple of that young lady's eye. She must have it preserved, and is very particular how it is done. She thinks of nothing else. I have it skinned and a plaster cast taken of its head. You know the plaster cast of the head is an important part of the work. The body is composed chiefly of wood, with a covering of clay, molded carefully and exactly to the natural shape, same as the sculptors make their models, you know. The clay at first is soft for molding into the desired shape, but when we have worked it to the proper shape we leave it to harden. In a little while it grows as hard almost as stone.

"Then we take the skin out of the alum bath, which eats away the fatty substance and removes every element of decay, and when this is properly stretched out over the manikin (as we call the artificial body) and the plaster cast of the head we have the natural form of the body in perfection, and the correct impression of the face. The skin, after the chemical process we put it through, will never change a tittle, and we have a cat that will last till doomsday. The alum bath in this case is the essential preservative, but we don't use the alum bath in every case. It is very good for a cat, but we could not submit the brilliant plumage, say of a bird of paradise or a golden pheasant like those you see over there, to its operation."—*Washington Post.*

Plaided Materials.

Though less universally worn, the reign of large-plaided materials is not over, the style being given a new impetus by the fact that the trousseau of the Princess Beatrice included a number of tartan costumes for tennis, traveling and promenade wear. Few of the new plaided costumes are made of these goods solely, plain woolen, a finer plaid, and often a striped goods in combination being considered more stylish. The latest models have a fan panel at the side, with tunic and vest or blouse front draped on the cross, the diagonal lines then not having the effect of increasing size. Many of the front drapings fall in deep kilted folds each side of the fan panel on the left, which is usually made of the checked and plain woolen goods combined, the tunic being of the large plaid. The jacket is then of the check, with flat or blouse vest of the large plaid, and collar and cuffs of the plain fabric. There is an entire absence of brilliant coloring in the most elegant plaids, cream and pine green, marine blue and white, or Neapolitan blue and ecru, and like combinations prevailing. There are often five distinct shades of one color in the plaids of a single costume; for instance, in olives, greens, dark wines, and browns without limit.—*N. Y. Post.*

Relics on Argo.

As I was now opposite the island of Argo I took the opportunity of visiting its ruins and statues. About the center of the island, on a vast pebbly plain, I found two gigantic statues lying flat on their backs; they represented two queens. At the foot of each, lying parallel with the statue, and carved out of the same stone, was the figure of a child. About twenty yards from these was the figure of a woman buried to the waist in sand. These statues belong to the Hyksos period, or the time of the Phœnician shepherd kings. Not far off was a ruined Saracen castle. On the opposite right bank, further down the River Rumai, are the ruins of a town, reaching a long way across a sandy plain. Here is an enormous burial-ground, and two tombs, oblong in shape, of at least one hundred feet high. All around lie pieces of statues, with hieroglyphics inscribed. This spot is supposed to be one of the first settlements in Ethiopia, when the Eygptians were driven there during the time of the shepherd kings, about two thousand and eighty years before Christ.—*Soudan Cor. London News.*

—A young lady at Pushaw Pond recently got rid of a troublesome admirer by accepting an invitation for a boat ride from him, upsetting the boat when it got into deep water and swimming ashore, leaving the boatman to follow at his own convenience.—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Complicated and obstinate cases of blood taints, ulcers, contractions, unnatural discharges, exhausted vitality, premature decline, nervous, mental, and organic debility, varicocele, hydrocele, diseases of prostate gland, kidneys and bladder, piles, fistulas and rupture, all permanently cured. Staff of twelve expert specialists in constant attendance, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America. Send history of case and address for illustrated pamphlet of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, September 15.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 00	@	4 75
Native cows	2 00	@	2 75
Butchers' steers	3 35	@	3 50
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 75	@	4 20
Light	3 60	@	3 65
WHEAT—No. 2 red	79	@	71
No. 3 red	66½	@	69
No. 2 soft	80½	@	80½
CORN—No. 2	33	@	34
OATS—No. 2	23	@	23½
RYE—No. 2	42½	@	43
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 80	@	2 00
HAY—Large baled	6 00	@	7 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	20	@	22
CHEESE—Full cream	10	@	11
EGGS—Choice	13	@	14
BACON—Hams	11	@	11½
Shoulders	5	@	5½
Sides	7	@	7½
LARD	6	@	6½
WOOL—Missouri unwashed	13	@	18
POTATOES—New	35	@	40

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 35	@	5 75
Butchers' steers	3 50	@	4 00
HOGS—Packing	4 00	@	4 25
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 00	@	3 50
FLOUR—Choice	3 75	@	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80	@	80
CORN—No. 2	41½	@	42½
OATS—No. 2	23½	@	23½
RYE—No. 2	51½	@	52½
BUTTER—Creamery	17	@	22
PORK	9 10	@	9 25
COTTON—Middling	9	@	9½

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 80	@	5 00
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 00	@	4 40
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 00	@	4 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 85	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	69	@	69½
No. 3	61	@	63
No. 2 spring	79½	@	79½
CORN—No. 2	42½	@	42½
OATS—No. 2	23½	@	23
RYE	53	@	53
BUTTER—Creamery	13	@	21½
PORK	8 65	@	8 75

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Exports	5 85	@	6 15
HOGS—Good to choice	4 30	@	4 45
SHEEP—Common to good	2 75	@	4 25
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 60	@	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80½	@	80½
CORN—No. 2	48½	@	48½
OATS—Western mixed	28½	@	28
BUTTER—Creamery	14	@	22
PORK	10 00	@	10 10
BROOKLYN—United	1 00	@	1 00½

PROGRAMME OF FAIR WEEK IN ST. LOUIS.

GREAT ST. LOUIS FAIR.

What Can Be Seen For One Admission of Fifty Cents.

The 25th Great St. Louis Fair, opens October 5th and continues six days; $10,000 is offered in cash premiums to be distributed among the exhibitors of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry; Machinery, Mechanical and Industrial displays, Works of Art, Textile Fabrics, Products, Fruits, and Vegetables, Geological and Chemical Specimens.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN—FAIR GROUND.

The collection of Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles on the Ground of the Association compares favorably with any Zoological Garden in the World, and will be opened free to all visitors to the Fair. Numerous additions have been made to this Department and it is now complete in all its details.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS ON FAIR GROUND.

Sixty-five acres have been added to the Ground, and $50,000 expended in improvements, comprehending a full mile race course, 700 new Horse Stalls, 300 new Cattle stalls, 900 Sheep and Swine Pens, a Poultry House for 3,000 Fowls, twenty-eight new Exhibition Halls and Pavilions. Applications for Stalls or Pens should be made at once.

Trotting and Pacing Races Every Day.

The horses contending being the most celebrated in the country.

GRAND ILLUMINATION.

During the entire week the streets of the city will be illuminated by 170,000 gas jets, intermingled with hundreds of calcium, incandescent and arc electric lights.

VEILED PROPHETS' PAGEANT.

On the night of Tuesday, October 8th, the grand annual nocturnal pageant of the "VEILED PROPHET," comprising thirty-five floats, will be given at an expense of thousands of dollars.

TRADES PAGEANT.

On the night of Thursday, October 8th, the "TRADES PAGEANT" will be given for the purpose of illustrating the industries, wealth and resources of the Mississippi Valley.

SHAW'S GARDEN.

"SHAW'S GARDEN," of world-wide fame, will be open free to all visitors during the week, through the generosity of its owner.

HALF FARE RATES.

All railroad and steamboat companies have generously made a rate of one fare for the round trip during the entire week.

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