INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

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LESSONS FROM NATURE.

O, man! with cares of life distraught,
And schemes and intrigues dreary;
O, woman! worn with social rounds,
Or overworked and weary—
Come forth, and let the stirring air
Smooth from your brow the lines of care.

Let the sweet perfume of the flowers,
The breezes softly blowing,
The gushing laughter of the rills,
From rock to meadows going,
Sweep from your yearts the fevered heat,
And leave them pure and calm and sweet.

The hill and vale, with varied voices
Of purity, are telling;
The calm is wafted on the breeze,
And in the brook is welling;
While clear and cool, on airs of morn,
The breezy sounds of life are borne.

In giddy life and civil strife
The loving heart is shrunken;
Unselfishness is dried away;
The soul in self grows drunken;
But look on field and flood and see
Their quiet love and harmony.

Man, fretful, hurries through his work,
Nervous and worn and weary,
And looks with eager heart for rest
From duties tiresome, dreary;
But Nature's swelling, bounding heart
Longs in the world to do its part.

The mind of man a little does,
With jarring and commotion;
But Nature's loader plans are wrought
With noiseless, pure devotion;
Through babbling brook and songster glee
Her thoughts work out in harmony.

The little blades across the field
Each hour the same are springing;
No change is wrought from day to day,
To tell of harvest bringing;
But when the season comes again,
The fields are bowed with waving grain.

The tiny bud with leaflets green,
The self-same bud is seeming,
Yet, opening slow, the leaves disclose
The crimson petals gleaming,
Until the perfumed, blushing rose
Full in the dewy morning glows.

The babbling brook on mountain bed
From rock to rock is flowing;
It drinks the rills along its path,
But scarce is wider growing,
Yet, sweeping boundless through the plain,
As mighty river meets the main.

O, might the floods of grief for wrong
Cleanse human hearts forever,
And through their soiled and dusty paths
Sweep down as in a river,
That, when the clouds have cleared away,
Might break the calm and glorious day;

That modesty and peace and joy,
Devotion purely springing
Might waft their perfume on the air
Of loving breezes winging,
And sweet in human hearts be born
A clear and cool and dewy morn.

O, that man might with bounding breath
To daily tasks be going,
The gushing waters of his soul
In labor overflowing,
His mind be fresh, his limbs be free
To work with tireless energy.

Then would his plans adjust themselves,
No longer jarring, grating,
With silent force and harmony
Work out his wishes, waiting,
And all his powers would be in frame
To praise his great Creator's name.

OUT OF THE WOODS.

"Thou Art Not Alone if Thou Hast Faith."

"Alone in the world!" These are the words that we can imagine might belong to an old, old man, who had outlived all the darlings of his youth and the companions of declining years. Yet it was a young girl who said them—and this on one of the loveliest spring mornings that ever dawned upon the beautiful valleys and hills of romantic L——.

She was sitting in the library of an isolated country house, beside a writing-desk covered with papers. But she was not reading. Her head was leaning upon her hand, her face was pale, her eyelids swollen as with long weeping, and she sighed deeply, as she said aloud, in the despair of desolation: "Alone in the world!"

Instantly, as if her heart had antiphonal voices, and one spoke in answer to the other, this sentence sprang from memory: "Thou art not alone if thou hast faith." Whose these words of wisdom were, or whether they were wise, she did not pause to consider. She was too miserable for wisdom.

"Thou art not alone if thou hast faith."

She lifted herself from her drooping posture, and, going to the window, threw the sash up wide, and gazed out. A smooth lawn, dotted with larches and clumps of of arborvitæ; beyond, a hedge of some deciduous plant, vivid green in spring foliage; a ravine, rising abruptly on the opposite side into a steep hill, itself one of many hills rolling like firm billows into the distance—first green with foliage, then blue with mist, and last, amethyst with far-off reflected sunlight; above all, the sky of morning and the sky of May, just reaching June, which in reality is spring in this northern latitude.

Birds sprang up suddenly from the lawn, and flew off together westward.

"Where are they going?" pondered Amy Leigh. "Who guides them? Who cares for them? They are not alone as I am; they have their own simple companionship. They have flown towards the Maple Woods. I will follow them."

She went out into the open air—so mild the morning was, she needed no wrap—and took with her her little knitting-case, thinking:

"I will sit under the trees, and knit awhile, and listen to the birds singing; and perhaps I shall become more calm to make my plans for to-morrow—for to-morrow I must go away, somewhere."

Across a narrow bridge, direct from the lawn, began the wood-path that led under the maples, and those maples!—they were so grand, and covered a space so extensive, that they had given the name to a long stretch of farm lands lying beyond.

Instead of sitting under the trees to knit, Amy wandered along the path, soothed and comforted by the delicious air, the freshness of the growing green things, and the songs of the birds, who were building nests with all the zest of young housekeepers.

There were wild violets growing under the trees, and they beguiled her from the path, and she pushed farther and farther into the depths of the woods, the deep solitude answering almost like a companionship her own mood, and, without its sorrow, too, gently consoling.

Wandering far in the pathless place, she at last struck a wood-road again, and, after resting for a few moments beside a merry little brook that touched the path, and then turned and darted off into the green maze, she began, as she thought, to retrace her steps, but, having followed this road at long distance, until she was faint with fatigue, she came to a sudden halt, with the exclamation:

"I have lost my way!"

She leaned against one of the old trees, and tried to reason in what direction she should go; but unaccustomed to wood-signs she could not determine. The sun slant was no guide to east or west, for it was now high noon. Just when, in her weakness, she was about to give way to too ready tears, the sound of horse's hoofs broke upon her ear, and presently there appeared under the leafy arch a horseman riding at easy pace, humming to himself a merry tune. He stopped when he came near, arrested by some appealing movement on her part, and looked down inquiringly upon her anxious face.

"Can you tell me the way to the Hill farm?" she asked. "I have not the least idea where I am."

"The Hill-farm," he answered, "lies some four miles back on the other road. You will have to strike that, through the woods. But stay! you look very tired. I am on my way to M——, but far away now. I must go there first; but if you don't mind riding over with me, I'll take you to Hill farm on horseback. You had better let me take you; it is a long walk, and difficult to cross the woods, if you are a stranger."

"I am a stranger," said Amy. "Although I have lived all winter by the maples, I have never been in these woods before; and I am no forester."

She looked, with an expression of scrutiny, into the face of the rider. He was a youth of a pleasant, frank countenance, who naturally inspired trust and confidence.

"I am Howard Glenn," he said, answering her look of inquiry. "I live with my mother at M——. She is expecting me now, or I would offer to take you home first. Perhaps you will stop and rest at our house. I should like to have you see my mother. She is the most comforting woman in the whole world."

The most comforting? Did he, then, at a glance, read her forlornness?

"I will go with you," she said. "You are kind. And I am very tired."

Amy could hardly have fancied how restful would be the ride through the woods — borne along exultantly through the air, instead of toiling on foot. Her companion spoke but seldom; she still less. They cantered along rapidly, and at the very edge of the forest came upon a richly-turfed opening, that commanded in view the circuit of many delightful miles.

"Here we are," said Howard, as they stopped at a gate within a few steps of a porch covered with climbing roses, just beginning to show the pink of their blossoms; and this porch was the entrance of a large, rambling, old-fashioned house, with its gables and quaint windows overgrown with vines, wherever they could climb.

Before Amy had time to think, an elderly lady, with a face like Howard's—only more sympathetic, one would say—had received, as her guest, "Miss Leigh, of Hill-farm," and led her into one of those sort of rooms that roses, growing outside, might look into without losing their bloom, the interior was at once so sunny, and cheerful, and fresh.

Howard said: "If you will stay with my mother for a few moments, Miss Leigh, I will be ready for Hill-farm." He added: "I have a little more packing to do, mother. I brought over a few things for Frank. Then I am off."

"My son," explained Mrs. Glenn, "is going canoeing for a fortnight, with a friend. I supposed you observed his Knickerbocker costume; that is but one phase of the canoeing rig. I have been putting up a hamper for the first day of the journey; after that, they will fare as it haps. But, my child"—and here Mrs. Glenn's voice changed from its cheerful briskness to a low, almost caressing tone—"you look very pale. You are more than tired. What can I do for you, my dear?"

"Give me advice," said Amy, impulsively. "I am in such trouble; and there is no one to whom I can go."

"You may confide in me," said the lady, gently; but added, in her own brisk tone: "But you must mind me first. You must rest here on the sofa-pillows—so; and let me bring you a glass of milk."

Before Howard returned, Amy had not only "minded" his mother with beneficial effect, but she had told her whole story, and had received some of the much-needed advice.

The story was brief. Amy was an English girl, left motherless at the age of twelve. After that time, her father, a journalist of repute, encountered misfortunes, and finally, with lost fortune and broken health, embarked with his daughter for "the new world," where bright prospects opened to him. But he was more ill than he had known, and died on the voyage. One of the passengers, Miss Husted, of Hill farm — herself an invalid, returning home from long years spent abroad—felt much pity for Amy, who had no near relative anywhere, and not a friend in America; and she begged her at once to become her companion, and accompany her to the old homestead at L——. The Northern winter proved too trying for the invalid, and the kind friend whom Amy had learned to love died early in May. Relatives came from a distance to the funeral, and to hear the reading of the will. Some of them came into immediate possession of the house; and having expressed no interest in Amy, expected her to be gone before the arrival of the noon train on the morrow, when the house would receive its new inmates.

"Miss Husted has kindly left me by her will a few thousand dollars," said Amy; "but that must be kept to shelter my old age." A singularly 'old' shadow crossed the girl's face as she said these words, which made her listener bend forward and smooth the young forehead with her motherly hand.

"And now I must find some work, and some place to be," said Amy.

"What can you do?" asked Mrs. Glenn, who really meant to give her some practical advice.

"Sewing, embroidery, a little water-color painting and music—piano and singing."

Mrs. Glenn pondered a few minutes. Then she said: "I am ready now to give you advice; but I can not give it to you all at once. You must take it little by little, as it comes. My first advice is that you stay and dine with us to-day, and then I will drive you over to Hill-farm. I am going very near there to spend the night with my sister. I always feel so lonesome when Howard goes away. He will be gone two weeks, and you must come and spend those two weeks with me. You can put your things together to-night, and I will call for you to-morrow on my way home. The country people of L—— and M—— all know each other. You will meet them here with me, and soon have friends. You need a good rest. The music lessons or some good work will come afterwards. Now, don't say a word in hesitation. You trust me; I feel that you do. I will help you all I can."

Mrs. Glenn had left Amy to rest until dinner-time, when Howard returned. He brought some roses in his hand, and gave them to her, saying:

"I find I shall lose my ride to Hill-farm. But I always acquiesce in mother's plans; they generally turn out for the best."

Amy smiled such a smile of sweetness as he could hardly have believed belonged to that little anxious face.

"I believe in her, too," she said. "It was kind in you to bring me, and it was kind in—oh, why should I ever lose faith? I shall find my way now through the forest of difficulty. I feel that I am already out of the woods."

And still brighter with hope would have been her vision if she could have seen the future; for it opened upon miles of pleasantness, like the view from Howard's home. Happy work, a helping hand, friends, love, the many simple but kindly scenes that country-life brings, and, still farther in the future, a day when she would say, with Howard, not "my," but "Our mother is the most comforting woman in the world;" and add, with a fervor of her own, grateful and reverent, "I was a stranger, and she took me in."—*Mrs. L. P. Sanford, in Our Young People.*

THE POLAR BEAR.

A Correct Account of Its Appearance, Weight, Habits and Amusements.

The polar bear is not perfectly white in color; but of a faint yellowish tint. The bear is sometimes very nearly white in Grinnell Land, but never perfectly so. At the end of a long winter we killed a bear at Sabine, which bore well-marked yellowish spots.

The size of this animal has been very much exaggerated. I have no doubt that most of you and the larger part of the world believe in the stories which were told by Bhering upon his return from the arctic regions, concerning the remarkable size and ferocity of polar bears. They have been very greatly exaggerated. The animal here before us is about nine feet long and four and a half feet high at the shoulder-blades, and is a good representative of the largest of these animals—indeed, is as large as any I saw or ever heard of, while in the arctic regions. Several of my party obtained specimens of the polar bear from the same region quite similar to the specimen before us.

The weight of a polar bear of about the size I mentioned, is, in the summer and fall, about sixteen hundred pounds. Of course it depends largely upon the season when caught. One weighing sixteen hundred pounds in the fall would in the spring weigh about eleven or twelve hundred pounds.

In connection with the polar bear we find one of the provisions which nature has made for the Arctic animals, namely, the ability to subsist during the long polar winter upon the fat which has accumulated in their bodies during the summer months. This fat is generally in layers; that is, there is a layer of fat and one of lean, at least among the greater number of animals; but in one specimen which we killed, the fat, instead of being in layers, was distributed as a net-work over the body.

The polar bear is generally supposed to be a ferocious animal. He is, on the contrary, the most cowardly of all the bear family, and can not stand comparison as regards pluck with the black, cinnamon and other bears of the United States and other places. He is at the extreme end of the scale of courage. The polar bear never, or very rarely, faces a man, or goes near him, unless he is able to take him at a disadvantage. An engineer in a German Arctic expedition was seized by a bear which carried him some distance; but this occurred at night and the engineer was unprepared for the attack. Occasionally these bears creep up to their prey and kill it at a single blow.

The food of the bear consists very largely of seals. The seal spends the larger portion, probably nine-tenths, of its time in sleeping on the ice. The bear will then steal up near it, when being disturbed by the creaking on the ice, it awakes; but after a few seconds again goes to sleep. This is the bear's opportunity. He moves nearer and nearer, and then with a sudden spring seizes the seal.

The polar bear, although large, and clumsy in its gait, is very active, and the strength in its forefeet is something marvelous.

In the region of the Arctic circle where I served, the bear is the largest of the land animals.

The polar bear passes over the ice with surprising swiftness; and he may be said to be equally at home on the ice, on the land and in the water. A bear was seen from the mast-head, in the middle of a strait forty miles wide, when no ice could be discovered.

In regard to their amusements, for it really seems at times from their actions that they do amuse themselves, they seem to be fond of an exercise that has become very fashionable within the last year in American circles, *i. e.*, "tobogganing," or "sliding down hill," as it was called in my my early days. The bears seem to like nothing better than occasionally to slide down a large snow-drift. Why or wherefore no one knows.

The meat of the bear is not as a general thing disagreeable to the taste. It is like that of the brown bear. In the spring or summer, after the bear has fed on fish and seal, the meat is rather strong. One portion of the bear, however, the Esquimau does not think is fit to eat, and that is the liver, which, it is said, causes all to become sick. And I have good reason to think this assertion true. I do not, however, state it as a fact, but as what is said by the Esquimau and others.—*General A. W. Greeley, in Chautauquan.*

Human Sacrifice in India.

A strange story of human sacrifice comes from the Madras Presidency in India. A woman was supposed to be possessed of the devil. Her father consulted an exorcist, who said that a human sacrifice was necessary. Accordingly one night her father, the exorcist, and five or six others met, and after some religious ceremonies sent for the selected victim. He came without suspecting treachery, and was plied with drink till he was senseless, when his head was cut off, and his blood mixed with rice was offered to some deity. The body was then hacked so as to deceive the police and thrown into a tank. The murderers, having been arrested, have made a full confession. —*N. Y. Post.*

THE USE OF GYPSUM.

Its Consumption Diminished by Conflicting Theories About Its Action.

Gypsum was introduced into this country for fertilizing purposes by Benjamin Franklin, who learned its value in France. He sowed some on a portion of a clover-field near Philadelphia, and its effects were so noticeable as to attract great attention. Although the country was poor and the soil had not begun to be impoverished by frequent croppings, large quantities of gypsum were imported from France and applied to land. It was afterward discovered in Nova Scotia, and supplies were obtained from there. Subsequently it was found in New York and Michigan in large quantities, and its use became quite general in parts of the country where potatoes and clover were leading crops. Farmers put a handful in a hill of potatoes when they dropped the seed, or placed it about the tops when they first appeared above ground, and found that it increased the yield. They sowed it on clover-fields with equally good results.

While farmers were entirely satisfied with the results obtained by the use of gypsum, and did not weary themselves about the philosophy of its action, all went well, and the use of the fertilizer was very general. Soon, however, agricultural chemists commenced to enlighten farmers about its mode of action, and then the trouble began in earnest. One chemist stated that gypsum furnished both lime and sulphur for the use of plants, and that they entered directly into their composition. Another disputed this, and showed by carefully-conducted experiments that clover raised on what is called "plastered land" contained no more lime or sulphur than that produced on land that had received no dressing or gypsum. A third chemist now brought out a new theory, which was that gypsum absorbed ammonia from the atmosphere and handed it over to plants, thus contributing largely to their growth at a merely nominal expense. One dressing of gypsum, which would remain and "do business" for years, was capable of collecting, storing and delivering ammonia to clover and other plants, without diminishing its stock in trade to the smallest extent. This theory, however, was apparently disproved by a fourth chemist, who passed a current of ammonia over gypsum, and found that it did not absorb any of it.

Then the theory that gypsum absorbed moisture from the atmosphere and soil during a wet time, and gave it off for the use of plants when the air and ground were dry was proclaimed. This was disposed of in the same way the theory of absorbing ammonia was, by showing that dry gypsum did not sensibly increase in weight by being exposed to a very moist atmosphere. The latest theory in regard to the action of this substance is that it sets free potash which has been absorbed and fixed to the soil. This theory is an ingenious one, and has the merit of not being disproved to date. It may be, and quite likely will be, the accepted theory of all agricultural chemists at no very distant day. Many who accepted this theory in regard to the general action of gypsum also believe that it does absorb ammonia when it has been completely dissolved by water, of which a large amount is required. The general belief of farmers who are not possessed of much scientific knowledge is that while gypsum is highly beneficial to the field to which it is applied, it actually injures those in the vicinity by appropriating the ammonia that would otherwise serve to enrich them. There is no reason, however, for believing that such is the case.

It is generally believed that the promulgating, defending and denying the various theories about the way gypsum acts have had much to do in preventing its general use. If such is the case it only shows that many persons care more for theory than for fact. If the application of land-plaster increases the yield of potatoes, clover and other crops, its uses should be continued whether any one knows for a certainty how it acts. We should "never mind the why and wherefore" but only judge of the results it produces. If a dollar's worth of land-plaster will produce ten dollar's worth of crops, it is an economical fertilizer to buy and to use freely. That it is capricious—that is, that it does not affect all soils in the same way—should not stand in the way of experimenting with it. It has added much to gains of farmers in some parts of the country, and it is likely that it would be highly beneficial to many bodies of land to which it has never been applied. It costs but little to make an experiment with it, for it is by far the cheapest of any of the commercial fertilizers. It is a cleanly substance to handle, and a hundred pounds is the usual amount applied to an acre of clover land.—*Chicago Times.*

Poor Quality of Milk.

It really looks that the milk-man may, after all, be a grievously wronged individual. In a milk-adulteration case at Cheltenham the other day, a sample of "babies' milk" sold by the defendant was proved to contain ten per cent. of added water. At the request of the defendant, however, the cow responsible for this sample was milked in the presence of the inspector, and the bulk, in legal phraseology, proved to correspond exactly with the sample. I have always urged that to deal with adulteration effectually we must go to the fountain head, but, under these circumstances the question arises: What are we to do when we get there? The analyst in this instance said that it was the worst sample of genuine milk on record, and that he should report on the case. But what then? A cow capable of producing babies' milk with ten per cent. of added water clearly deserves no mercy; but can she be dealt with under the Food and Drugs act.—*London Truth.*

—A good cough sirup is made of one pound of figs, one pound of raisins, three lemons, one-half pound of rock candy, one-half pound of loaf sugar and one quart of cider. Split the fruit and slice the lemons and put them in a fruit jar, in layers; divide the sugar and rock candy evenly between the layers and pour over the whole the cider. Allow it to stand three days before using. Take a wine-glass full three times a day.

—Those who live on land where there is no gravel or sand should haul a load and spread it about the poultry yards. The fowls will enjoy it as much as though it were something good to eat, and in most cases it will do them more good. Don't forget this, as the chickens can't talk, and don't know how to ask for what they want.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—King Humbert IV. of Italy is about forty-three years old, passably handsome and a brave, humane and popular ruler.

—Queen Victoria has in Windsor Castle three vases valued at $100,000 and a Sevres dinner-service worth $250,000.

—Captain James M. McDonald, one of the supervisors of San Francisco, has donated his monthly salary, $100, to charitable purposes.

—A Chicago contemporary assures its readers that "it never sleeps." This possibly explains the drowsiness of its columns.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

—Mr. Beecher's greatest taste in art was for etchings and engravings, of which he had some two thousand, including plates by some of the most eminent masters.

—Senator Stanford owns the largest vineyard in the world. It is in Tehama County, and contains 3,500 acres in bearing vines. The entire ranch comprises 30,000 acres.

—A new and complete edition of the writings of Galileo, in twenty volumes, is to be published at Florence, under the authorization of the Italian Minister of Public Instruction.—*United Presbyterian.*

—John L. Mitchell, the son and heir of the late Alexander Mitchell, is short in stature, with a shrewd Scotch face. He has a flowing full brown beard which reaches half way down to his waist, and wears steel-bowed spectacles.

—The Princess of Wales has had her daughters taught the complete art of dress-making. The Princess herself understands both its theory and practice, and this is one reason why she is always so perfectly dressed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—An exchange remarks: If the majority of readers were to express their honest opinions concerning the authors whom they read, one of their opinions would be that nearly all, if indeed, not all, authors have written too much.

—Scarcely a newspaper existed in Japan twenty years ago, and now there are 551. The book trade has also made a remarkable advance with the advent of printing in Japan, there being 3,538 book-shops supplying the wants of the inhabitants of that empire.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Ezra D. Stiles, of Skaneatles, N. Y., claims to be the oldest Mason on this continent, if not in the world. He became a Mason in September, 1817, in a lodge held in Augusta, N. Y., and in the following winter joined the Chapter of Royal Arch Masons in New Hartford, so he has been a Mason nearly seventy years. Mr. Stiles was ninety-one years old the 11th day of March last, and is hearty.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Queen of Roumania fell into a throne by falling down-stairs. When there was no Kingdom of Roumania in existence she had laughingly said: "I do not want to marry unless I can be Queen of Roumania." Running down the palace stairs at Berlin one day her foot slipped, and she would probably have been killed but for Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who saw her danger and caught her in his outstretched arms. When Roumania chose him for a ruler he claimed the Princess as his bride.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUMOROUS.

—When you say that you don't know which are the fattest letters in the alphabet you will be told O B C T, whereupon you are expected to exclaim O I C.

—Pugilist—"I heard you wanted to hire some one to post bills." Showman—"I do. Have you had experience? P.—"No, but I'm a first-class paster."—*Boston Budget.*

—A Haverstraw woman, who believed there was "good luck" in having a bird fly in a house, chased a canary bird in, and in doing so upset and broke a ten-dollar looking-glass.—*Middletown Mercury.*

—The Proper Study of Mankind.—"What is man?" sighed Haroun Alraschid. "To-day he is here and to-morrow he is in Canada, and the next day nobody knows where in thunder he is."—*Tid-Bits.*

—That Damsel from Maine.

A dashing young damsel from Me.,
With a face most uncommonly Pie.,
Had such cute little Ft.,
That when seen on the St.,
Young "Cholly" was driven Inse.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

cure for rheumatism.—*Boston Budget.*

—There has been much discussion as to what language will be the last to be spoken on the earth; but it is strange that no one has suggested that it will, of course, be the "Finish."—*Golden Rule.*

—"Reuben," said Mrs. Stubbs, laying down the evening paper, "what is meant by optimism? "Optimism?" "Yes. The paper says that optimism is not a characteristic of the modern age." "Optimism, Hannah, is a disease of the eye, an' you'll git it the fust thing you know, if you keep on a-readin' that fine print."—*Tid-Bits.*

—Ma—"Now, you must be good, Algy. Algy—"How much will you give me for being good?" Ma—"How much will I give you?" A.—"Yes'm." Ma—"Nothing, of course." A.—"Then I won't be good." Ma—"You won't?" A.—"Not unless you pay for it." Ma—"Why not?" A.—"Because I would then be a good for-nothing boy."—*Penman's Art Journal.*

—Uncle Jack returns from a long walk, and, being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair. Uncle Jack—"What's the matter, Allie?" Alice (weeping)—"You've drinked up my aquarium, and you've swallowed my free pollywogs.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—Fit For An Asylum—First Omaha Girl—"Yes, that Mr. Newbeam is handsome, but he's such a fool." Second Omaha Girl—"It doesn't seem possible." "It's true, though. At the concert the other night I caught him staring at me and I looked back at him in a surprised, angry sort of way, you know." "Of course." "Well, he didn't once glance in my direction again the whole evening."—*Omaha World.*

—An Irishman, writing to his wife, who was still in "ould Ireland," began his letter by making the following surprising statement: "It's a foine counthry, Bridget, an' no mistake. I've this day put phwat they call an inshoorance on me loife, an' if I'd fall down a ladder wid me hod an' break me neck tomorry, begorra an' I'd get twenty-five dollars a wake as long as I'm dead. It's a foine counthry; that's phwat it is."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TWO DEEP WELLS.

Sandstone Found at a Depth of Over Three Thousand Feet.

A firm of silk manufacturers at Northampton, Mass., about two years ago began sinking an artesian well there. It has now reached a depth of 3,440 feet. All but 200 feet of the boring has been through sandstone. When the sandstone was reached it was thought that at a depth of 750 feet that would be the last of it, but when this depth had been attained and the sandstone still continued it was then predicted that by the time the drill had gone down 1,250 feet it would be through the stratum, but not so; and again another prediction was in order, and 1,500 was the depth named. But now the best geologists are at a loss what to say, for the question how far the sandstone does extend is a conundrum which they "give up." Prof. Emerson of Amherst College and other eminent geologists declare that it is impossible to tell any thing about it. Mr. Haskell, the solicitor of the North American Mining Company, which is sinking the well, has brought the matter before the geologists of the Boston School of Technology, and they do not attempt to give any theory which affords any encouragement as to how far it will probably be necessary to go down before getting through with the sandstone. The theory is that the sandstone is the deposit of a vast river current in the past ages, and therefore it is difficult to arrive at any conclusion as to what the depth of this deposit may be. The well is now the deepest in the country, and, with one or two exceptions, the deepest in the world. There is one at St. Louis 3,180 feet in depth, which flows seventy-five gallons of water per minute.—*Northampton Herald.*

Ferns for the House.

Ferns are easily cultivated if a few practical details are observed. Growing in their native ground they are mostly to be found in shady places, where the soil is moist. Under cultivation a shady window or exposure, with a good supply of water at the roots, is necessary. Perfect drainage is very essential, and to give this, broken pot, tile or small stones, or small pieces of charcoal, should be placed in the pot or in the ground if the ferns are outdoors. Moss may also be used as a foundation soil, covering it with black loam and garden soil—a mixture of half each, sprinkling a good mixture of sand throughout. A fern platter is a pretty embellishment for the dining room or library and is made by banking up on a platter or large dish some good soil and planting in it a few fern plants. They grow well, sending out new fronds, and keep green and fresh the entire season with very little care. A basket or pot of ferns set in an open fireplace will thrive well and fill the aperture with leaves long before the season for making a fire, and help to ventilate a room.—*Detroit Tribune.*

$500 Reward.

If you suffer from dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; and there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and having a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; experience a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough, and general debility, then you are suffering from chronic nasal catarrh. Only a few of the above named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case at one time, or in one stage of the disease. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh which they can not cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

WHAT character of Dickens does the new method of doing the hair resemble? All-of-a-twist.

"GOLDEN at morning, silver at noon, and lead at night," is the old saying about eating oranges. But there is something that is rightly named Golden, and can be taken with benefit at any hour of the day. This is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, literally worth its weight in gold to any one suffering with scrofulous affections, impurities of the blood, or diseases of the liver and lungs. It is unfailing. By druggists.

FIGURES of speech—estimates on the speed of a stenographer.—*Merchant Traveler.*

YOU CAN GET FREE a five hundred page COOK BOOK of original and thoroughly tested recipes, if you send ten 2-cent stamps to pay postage and 15 top covers of Warner's SAFE Yeast packages, to Warner's SAFE Yeast Co., Rochester, N. Y. The book, in cloth, will be sent, postpaid, for $1.15. The paper bound books, will *not be sold*, they can *only* be had as above described. It is a wonderfully fine book. "Every woman will want it," says Harper's Bazar.

A ROLLING mill—prize fight on a steamboat when there is a heavy sea on.

FOOD makes Blood and Blood makes Beauty. Improper digestion of food necessarily produces bad blood, resulting in a feeling of fullness in the stomach, acidity, heartburn, sick-headache, and other dyspeptic symptoms. A closely confined life causes indigestion, constipation, biliousness and loss of appetite. To remove these troubles there is no remedy equal to Prickly Ash Bitters. It has been tried and proven to be a specific.

THE position of a judge is an exceedingly trying one.—*Merchant Traveler.*

LADIES who possess the finest complexions are among the patrons of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, June 7.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 00	@	$4 35
Native cows	2 35	@	3 40
Butchers' steers	3 40	@	4 10
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 35	@	4 65
WHEAT—No. 2 red	72½	@	72¾
No. 2 soft	78	@	79
CORN—No. 2	31½	@	31¾
OATS—No. 2	28½	@	28¾
RYE—No. 2	50	@	50½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 55	@	1 55
HAY—Baled	9 50	@	10 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	14	@	18
CHEESE—Full cream	10	@	12½
EGGS—Choice	10	@	13
BACON—Ham	11	@	11½
Shoulders	6½	@	6¾
Sides	7½	@	8
LARD	6	@	6¼
POTATOES	1 00	@	1 10
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 40
Butchers' steers	3 70	@	4 20
HOGS—Packing	4 75	@	4 80
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 10	@	4 00
FLOUR—Choice	3 35	@	3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	86½	@	86¾
CORN—No. 2	37¼	@	37½
OATS—No. 2	27½	@	28
RYE—No. 2	55	@	56
BUTTER—Creamery	14	@	17
PORK	14 00	@	15 00
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 90	@	4 90
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 97	@	5 15
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 60	@	4 65
FLOUR—Winter wheat	3 75	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	69½	@	71½
CORN—No. 2	46	@	46½
OATS—No. 2	25½	@	25¾
RYE—No. 2	53¾	@	54
BUTTER—Creamery	13	@	18½
PORK	13 50	@	13 60
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 40	@	5 20
HOGS—Good to choice	5 15	@	5 40
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 80	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	87½	@	87¾
CORN—No. 2	47½	@	48
OATS—Western mixed	34	@	37
BUTTER—Creamery	17	@	17½

For Rickets, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children,

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAYN, M. D., New York.

"THIS is the most unkindest cut of all," said the public man when he saw his picture in the newspaper.

To be Absolutely Certain

of most things is difficult, but if the united testimony of people in every walk of life, for more than a quarter of a century, be good evidence, then dyspepsia, loss of appetite, headache, wakefulness and debilitation, from whatever cause, may be cured by Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

CAN it be said that diamonds are not in good taste because they are flashy?—*Merchant Traveler.*

BEAUTIFUL woman, from whence came thy bloom,
Thy beaming eye, thy features fair?
What kindly hand on thee was laid—
Endowing thee with beauty rare?
"'Twas not ever thus," the dame replied,
"Once pale this face, these features cold,
The 'Favorite Prescription' of Dr. Pierce
Wrought the wonderous change which you behold."

IT was the lady who thought she was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A CABLE dispatch—killing a man on the cable railroad.—*Texas Siftings.*

MERRELL'S FEMALE TONIC

Is prepared solely for the cure of complaints which affect all women. It gives tone and strength to the uterine organs, and corrects dangerous displacements of the organs. It is of great value in change of life. The use of MERRELL'S FEMALE TONIC during pregnancy greatly relieves the pains of motherhood and promotes speedy recovery. It assists nature to safely make the critical change from girlhood to womanhood. It is pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety. Price, $1. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. J. S. MERRELL DRUG CO., Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS, MO.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VESTABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES, SENNA - MANDRAKE - BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, &c disappear at once under its beneficial influence.

It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbids its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO Sole Proprietors, St. Louis and Kansas City

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER KIDNEYS STOMACH AND BOWELS. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 1 DOLLAR

SWAYNES

THREE A LUNG TROUBLES CONQUERED BY SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY TO KEEP HEALTHY 1. EXERCISE DAILY 2. EAT GOOD FOOD 3. BE CHEERFUL 4. USE SWAYNE'S PILLS

SWAYNE'S VERMIFUGE THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE

SWAYNE'S PANACEA PURIFIES SYPHILYTIC BLOOD.

LONDON HAIR RESTORER (ENGLISH) THE SWAYNE & SON PHILA. PA. ASK FOR IT

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES AND SKIN HUMOR

SYMPTOMS Moisture, intense itching, stinging, most at night—worse by scratching—very distressing. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Stops itching & bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. By mail, 50 cents.

PREPARED BY ONLY DR. SWAYNE & SON PHILADELPHIA

THE OLDEST MEDICINES IN U.S. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and RESTORE the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from compla