Historical Society

The Worthington Advance.

VOL. V. WORTHINGTON, NOBLES CO., MINN., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1876. NO. 13.

Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making. The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Beef cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county.

Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southwesterly direction across Nobles county, keeping the people in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to Lu Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making to extend the Southern Minnesota to Worthington within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

Towns and Villages.

There are three villages in the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hersey.

Worthington

Is the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Okabena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of boating, fishing, gunning, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meet markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam flouring mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz.: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodists own the large building known as Methodist Block, containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by a Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a good graded school, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better

BIGELOW is a thriving village located some ten miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc., and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HERSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc, and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A P. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here. No intoxicating beverages are sold in the county. The town charter of Worthington prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilerating air gives energy to constitutions which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarized as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no desperadoes, no Indians.

The National Colony is a community founded, like any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar feature other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the NATIONAL COLONY and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the Colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

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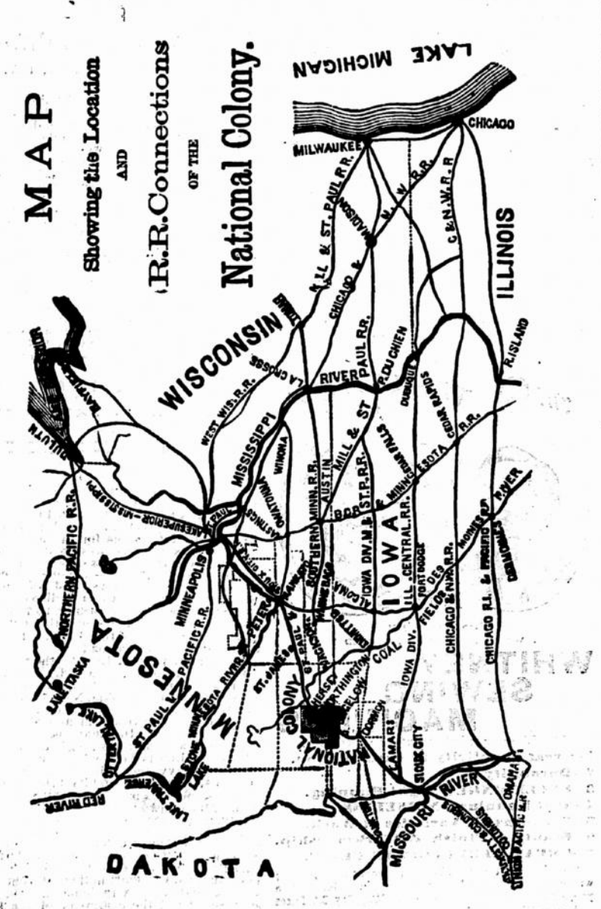

The National Colony.

The nationa. colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and three and one half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this county lies in the very heart of what is called the "CREAM OF THE PRAIRIES." Southwestern Minnesota, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Okabena, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes. Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

THE MINER'S STORY

I married Barb'ry out'n the city, you see,
She was far too nice a lass for the like o' me,
I did my courtin' in brave, fine clothes, my best;
I didn't tell her 'at I was a miner-lad, like the rest.

Not that she thought me a gentleman's son, of course,
I'd never go there, riding, with gig or horse,
But I somehow kept under my workin' ways and talk,
And I'd never notice the common lads in my walk.

P'r'aps I let on that I had a farm at the least,
For I could talk knowin' 'bout any barn-yard beast,
And bees, an' the like, an' crops of barley an' rye,
And seeds, an' roots, 's if I had come there to buy.

She was a delicate, purty, lady-like little thing,
With a cheek like the blush on a rose; there's a shinin' ring
Of her yellow hair, in my Bible; I keep it so,
'Cause it kinder draws me to read the good Book, you know.

So I married Barbary—she went home wi' me the same day;
I took her to my old mother, an' what'd the good soul say?
"She's not fit for you, son, a rough miner wants strength in a wife;"
I thought I sh'd sink in the ground—'twas the sin o' my life,

I didn't dare to look in the poor little quivering face;
"It's the deceiving I mind, dear, 'tisn't the work, or the place!"
Them's just her words, and I wanted to die in my shame;
"You got me with lying;" her look meant exactly that same.

So I did; and it made me ugly as time went along;
For I fancied that Barbara always remembered the wrong,
So't if she was pale, I'd tease her 'most out of her life,
And tell her she ought to be stronger, being a miner's wife.

And once when my temper was up, I cursed her to her face;
She fell at my feet, so white and scared! 'twas a burnin' disgrace;
And then came the awfullest hour a man can ever see,
And a little morsel of new-born life, laid on my knee.

Well, p'r'aps one like me'll never see the angels or such,
If the Lord kept her from me I shouldn't blame Him, much,
I wasn't fit settin' for a di'mond, precious as that,—
You're lookin', I see, at the piece o' crape o' my hat.

Lost both, sir; it's all right, I'm not the man to complain,
They're where the glory and beauty is; I'm left alone with the pain;
But I'm fightin' my cursed temper, fightin' both day and night,
And I'll conquer it if I die—it's all right, sir; all right.

EGYPT AND ABYSSINIA.

The Horrors of the Defiles of Goundel and Goura.

Correspondence New York Herald.

London, Oct. 11.—A correspondent of the London Times furnishes that journal with some extraordinary and interesting particulars relating to the two expeditions which the Khedive sent out against his enemy, King John, of Abyssinia. The history of these expeditions has hitherto remained an unfathomable secret, the Egyptian authorities having "suppressed" it owing to the disasters which overtook their forces; and, moreover, at a time when the Khedive's finances were in such an apparently desperate condition and had excited so much feeling in England it was probably deemed advisable by the Khedive not to add to the panic by proclaiming too loudly his misfortunes in war. Hence the present revelations are in a measure the first authentic news of that secret and terrible chapter of Egyptian history.

The corespondent says he happened to meet at Vichy an officer who took part in he second expedition under Prince Hassan. The officer was interviewed on the subject and gave the following circumstantial details of the horrible events of which Abyssinia has been the theatre during the attempts of Egypt to chastise the Abyssininans. To the question as to what truth there was in the different accounts which had been given in the European papers of the war in Abyssinia, the officer replied:

"These papers were wrong in transforming that terrible campaign into a narrative of imaginary gayety. The truth is too earnest to provoke laughter." Then, giving his interviewer his word of honor that all he would tell would be the exact truth, he proceeded to give the ensuing narrative:

There have been known two expeditions; it is the third which has just been organized, and of which your correspondent at Alexandria speaks. The first of these expeditions—that which met with the most terrible fate—was made in October, 1875. It consisted of 4,000 men, cavalry and infantry, with artillery. It was conducted by Col. Arendrup. The history of this first expedition can be told in a few lines. The force commanded by Arendrup, at the moment when it was advancing on Adoua, without having taken the least precaution to cover itself, merely following the vanguard commanded by Arakel Bey, was surprised in the defile of Goundel, overwhelmed by a force ten times its number, exterminated without mercy from the first to the last—from Arakel Bey at the vanguard to Arendrup himself, from the General-in-Chief to the humblest soldier.

The following dark incident detaches itself from this monotonous horror: Among the volunteers in this expedition there was an officer, an Austrian gentleman, Count Lichy, in the vanguard, who was wounded and left for dead on the field of battle. Fifteen days after M. de Sarseck, the French consul-general at Massowah, wishing to see King John before going away for a holiday, went to Adoua and crossed the horrible defile of Goundel, where the massacred Egyptian army had been abandoned. Among the dead bodies M. de Sarseck discovered a man who was still breathing. M. de Sarseck approached him and gave bim immediate assistance, and found that this sole survivor was Count de Lichy, and that he had been left as dead, had come to himself, and had lived for a fortnight in the midst of an indescribable suffering, crawling from place to place, had supported himself on herbs and roots, drinking the water remaining in the flasks of his dead companions.

M. de Sarseck had him conveyed to an Abyssinian village, and confided him to the care of one of the inhabitants, and then continued his journey, with the intention of taking up the unfortunate Count on his return. During the interview he had with King John he narrated this touching incident, mentioned the village to which he had transported the wounded man, and asked permission to take him with him to Egypt, which he forthwith accorded him. But when, two days after, he came again to the village, he learned that Abyssinian soldiers, armed by an order of King John, had taken possession of Count Lichy and carried him off. Since then he has never been heard of, and the only surviving witness of the deeds of the defile of Goundel has doubtless disappeared forever.

Three months after the second expedition was organized, with the mission of avenging the defeat and massacre of the previous one. The second expedition consisted of 6,000 men, I belive, under the command of Prince Hassan, with Ratib Pacha as Chief of the staff, including Loring Pacha, an American officer, and several others of the same nationality. This expedition left Massowah on Jan. 10, and toward the end of the same month reached Goura, between Massowah and Adoua, without having encountered the slightest obstacle. An intrenched camp was then established to let the soldiers rest without exposing them to surprise; for it was know that King John, at the head of the armed population of Abyssinia was moving about the provinces, because, according to the spies, he did not wish to disperse his army in face of an invasion of the country, because none of his provinces were rich enough to permit him to fix himself anywhere with his troops. The Egyptian expedition, without provisions. remained a month in the intrenched camp at Goura without seeing the enemy.

On the 17th of February they were informed that King John and his army would have to pass between the intrenched camp and the defile of Cazachor. The Egyptian troops, then placed under command of Osman Pacha, consisted of three batteries and nine battalions. The batteries, armed with mountain pieces, and seven battalions left the intrenched camp, and took up their position six kilometres ahead, on the slope of two hills forming a valley, which, prolonging itself beyond them, becomes a plain of some miles in extent. The bed of a dried up stream passes at the bottom of this valley and extends across the plain, cutting it in two. The Egyptians occupied both sides of this bed and distributed themselves from the banks to about the middle of the heights. Facing them, at the extremity of the plain, they could see the Abyssinian army, which seemed to intend advancing to force the defile occupied by the Egyptians. Osman Pacha established his batteries at the head of his army, facing the plain and the Abyssinians. From time to time the latter attempt de to break them, and each time they were repulsed by the Egyptian artillery, and already the Khedive's troops were shouting victory when the most horrible of surprises changed their shout of triumph into cries of despair.

While the mass of the Abyssinian army was pretending to wish to force the defile, this was simply a ruse de guerre. Behind them soldiers had entered the dried-up bed of the stream; crawling along the ground, they got round the hills on which the Egyptian troops were massed. These hills they ascended from the opposite side, and then, once arrived at the summit by thousands, men and women, soldiers on foot and on horseback, from behind rocks, trees, and hollows, rushed down with furious cries on the rear flanks of the Egyptians. Dreadful confusion ensued. The Egyptians made no attempt at resistance. Driven on both sides, they rushed into the dry channel; panic seized them, the artillerymen abandoned their places in the van, and added to the confusion. The bulk of the Abyssinian army crossed the valley and engaged with the soldiers of the Nile. They fought hand to hand.

Hassan Pacha, with heroic efforts then succeeded in gathering around him some of the officers, with 500 or 600 soldiers, who, together, forming a compactbody, fought their waythrough the Abyssinians at the intrenched camp. Of the seven battalions and three batteries that was all that survived. Rachid Bey, Giebri Bey, Col. Deye, and many other foreign and Egyptain officers remained dead or wounded on the field of battle. The following day, while the intrenched camp, reduced in number to 2,000, was fortifying, the enemy did not appear. the day after that they were seen in the distance, but disappeared before the firing with which they were received. On the 19th—that is, the third day, at noon—they made an assault, but were repulsed. A cannon-ball passed close to King John; he was thrown from his horse, and the assault was interrupted.

On the fourth day the Egyptians succeeded in projecting expensive balls into the Abyssinian camp. This caused great terror, aud the day after a messenger arrived from King John. "It was time," he said, "to put an end to this struggle. He was ready to make honorable concessions and to come to a humane arrangement." They required him to consent to a rectification of their frontiers and to return the prisoners and arms; in fact to act as if he had been defeated. Without waiting for an answer he disappeared with his army into the interior of the country, leaving the Egyptians absolute masters of the three provinces of Oconlongonsi, Goura, and Hamasen, and sending back the prisoners.

Here ends the narrative of the second expedition.

The Egyptains have been able to imagine, or at last to say, that they remained masters of the situation thus occupied without resistance and the three provinces; but it would seem King John has repeated what he did in the defiles of Gounedl and Goura, and after having given the Egyptians time to send a new expedition he has again attacked them with an immense army, and, according to reports, crushed them a third time.

BABY FRANKY.

BY CARL CLINTON.

Josie Young was fifteen years old. Her father was dead and her mother poor, and the times very hard. "What can I do to help mother?" she said to herself; and "What can I do to help you?" she said to mother. There were three other children besides Josie: Kitty, and Tommy, and "baby Franky." Her mother was a seamstress, and she said:

"If I had a little lady to look after the children, and keep them out of mischief, and take care of them, and wash and dress them, why I could get a great deal more time to sew, and could earn more money. Could you do that, Josie?"

"If it would help you very much, I can try," said Josie, and try she did.

That very night the little helper commenced her new duties, and put the children to bed. Kitty and Tommy she quickly disposed of. It took Tommy just a minute and a half to get out of his clothes, and into his "nighty." One good plunge into his bed and down he sank, down, down, down, into the feathers, and nothing was seen or heard of him again until morning. Pretty soon there was no Kitty to be seen; and then baby Franky was made ready; but not so easily as the others. After he was ready for bed he must be put to sleep. So Josie took the big rocking-chair, and took Franky in her lap, and began trotting him to sleep, just as she had seen her mother do. She trotted and trotted, but baby didn't go to sleep. Then she trotted more gently; but that didn't put him to sleep. Then she carried him about the room in her arms; and then she began to sing to him; and finally to trot him up and down in her lap again, and to rock him in the chair. She rocked and trotted, and trotted and rocked; and she carried and sung, and sung and carried, till she could do it no longer.

She began to think he would never, never go sleep. She wondered what kind of a baby he would be if he should conclude never to shut up his eyes and sleep again, but always be wide awake. She said to her mother perhaps Barnum would take him, and carry him round the country, and have him posted up on show cards as the sleepless baby. But mamma said Barnum should never have her baby to carry over the country. So Josie and her mother talked about the baby and Tommy and Kitty, and about her own father, who had died but a few months ago, and how kind and affectionate he was, and how he loved them all, and used to work hard all day, and then hold little Franky at night in his arms. Then the tears came into poor Josie's eyes as she remembered it all. She forgot how troublesome baby had been, and how tired she had grown trying to put him to sleep, and she bent over to give the little creature a kiss, and sure enough the little bit of a baby was sound asleep; his eyes shut tight, and his little breast rising and falling with his gentle breathing. Thus ended Josie's first attempt at helping mother, and she retired feeling very proud of her success.

So she worked away day after day and day after day her mother worked. Some days it was real fun to care for the baby and the other children. Other days it was not so pleasant. Sometimes baby was cross and fretful, and nothing would please him. He was a very queer baby, and wanted his own way. He wanted to paddle in the water after he was dressed for afternoon. He liked to handle over the pieces of coal in the coal-hod, and when his hands were very black he always put them up to his face, and that made the other children laugh. From the coal-hod he would go to his mamma's work-basket, if he could. He would put the thimble in his mouth the first thing; then he would get the scissors; then throw the spools of cotton about, and then, if he was not stopped, he would tip the whole thing over. Once he tipped all there was in the work-basket into a pail of water. Sometimes if Josie took a thing from him he would get angry; and then he would scream and kick. Oh! how those little feet would fly; and how those little hands would strike, and how that little throat would scream.

Well, then she had Tommy and Kitty to please. Tommy was always in trouble. One day his top was broken and his sister must mend it. Another day a big boy in the street struck him and sister must see to that; another day he cut his finger, and another day he tore his jacket, and another day lost his clean new collar. Well, what about Kitty? She had troubles by the bushel-basket full. Her doll fell out of the chair and broke her nose; her kitten scratched her own nose; she tumbled down strairs, and fell into the cistern, and oh dear! nobody knows what didn't happen to her. Twenty times a day she must run to sister Josie, or sister Josie must run to her. What times they did have some days; Tommy crying with a burnt finger, and Kitty sobbing with a scratched face, and baby Franky screaming louder than all, and his feet and hands kicking and swinging in every direction and poor Josie trying to comfort them all. But all this time the good mother was working away for dear life, and her sewing machine was clicking away as hard as it could click, to earn bread and clothes for them all. And so it went on day after day. How tired Josie would be at night; and how discouraged! Sometimes she cried herself to sleep; and then in the morning wake up refreshed, and then perhaps it would be one of the good days, when everything would go on smoothly, and she would almost wonder how she got so tired and discouraged the night before.

One thing made her happy, and it was this, that she was helping mother; and she thought she could never do too much for such a patient, loving mother; and truly she could not. One dark, gloomy, rainy day when nobody could go out doors Josie took the children up into the attic to play. Now there was everything in the attic; old spinning-wheels and loom, boxes and band-boxes, old-fashioned tables and worn-out chairs. Queer old pieces of furniture and old-fashioned chests of drawers, and ancient china-ware were all thrown in together topsy-turvey. Hurrah! what a time they all had in the old attic, dodging among the relics, hiding behind the old boxes, and bumping their heads on the rafters.

When they got tired of play, then Josie must read them a story; so she did.

It was a fairy story. A little girl had wandered from home. It was a bright September day, and she went into the woods and could not find her way out. When she was lost she began to cry. The great shiny tears came into her eyes and chased each other down her cheeks, on her clean white dress; her hair became tangled and her dress torn, and her hands were scratched with the brambles. Poor little thing! She was so tired she could hardly move; and down she fell right among the leaves under a great oak, and fell asleep.

While she slept she had a beautiful dream. The queen of the fairies came that way, and found the little girl. The fairy queen was very handsome and very richly dressed, but not proud. She rides through the air in a little golden chariot, with silver wheels, drawn by two beautiful large butterflies, who were trained to stop or go, and fly high or low at the queen's command. Now when the queen saw this little girl under the oak, she ordered the chariot to glide down from the air down under the oak, and she knew the little girl was lost. She told her not to be troubled, and not to cry, for she would find her home; so she gave her a charm; and told her to keep it in sight and she would surely find her way home.

With that the fairy queen started off in her chariot; and either the noise of her starting or something else woke up the little girl. The first thing she thought of was the charm. Just above her head but beyond her reach was a thread of silver. This she felt was the charm. So she determined to keep it in sight. She walked along, but kept her eye on the silver thread all the time. Sometimes she almost lost sight of it. Sometimes the clouds would come over the sun, and it wouldn't show so clearly. Somtimes the thread would run through some bushes, and she would almost lose sight of it. Sometimes she would have to go back a few steps to find where she had lost sight of the thread; and then she would go on for a long time again.

At last she came to an open pathway where she knew the rest of the way, and she was so happy to find the path once more, that she started off on a full run, and left the thread, or it left her, she didn't know which, and she ran all the way home and right into her mother's arms. What do you think her father said when she told him about the silver thread? Why, he said he guessed it was only a spider's rope, such as the spiders throw out so they can find their way back to their webs. Well, the little girl was safe home anyway, and Tommie and Kitty and Josie herself, were very glad of it, when suddenly they all began to wonder where baby Franky was. He was nowhere in sight. Had he tumbled down stairs? Had the fairies got him?

They all began to look round, over the old attic, and at last Tommy found the little rogue all cuddled down in the lowest of a chest of drawers, which they had opened, and he was fast asleep. What a laugh they all had then, and how they shouted to mamma come up and see the baby! So mamma came up and lifted the little treasure and kissed him over and over again. And then Tommy had to kiss him; and then Kitty, and then Josie..

And while the children were showering their affectionate kisses upon the little innocent, their mother looked over the old papers in the drawer. She found old papers that were printed in the time of the Rovolutionary war, and old letters and old manuscripts, and just as she was about to leave, she found one that should have been found ten years before, it was a deed from Mrs. Young's own grandfather giving her the entire right to a large amount of property in a distant State. It was property that no one of the family knew of his having, and by mistake the deed had been overlooked, and other people had the use of the property. A skillful lawyer soon put the whole thing right, and Josie's mother didn't need any longer to keep that sewing machine clicking all day, to earn bread and clothes for her children. But the question now is, what would have become of them all but for baby Franky, or if Josie had not so kindly taken care of him, and if baby Franky had not gone to sleep in the lowest drawer?

WHAT A SMELL you have in your nose; It is all stopped up; get some of Dr. J. H. McLean's Catarrh Snuff. It soothes, heals and will cure any disease in your nose or throat. Trial boxes 50 cts. by mail. Dr. J. H. McLean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

SINGERS AND PREACHERS in danger of losing voice, can be cured by this new principle, Dr. J. H. McLean's Cough and Lung Healing Globules. They cure Coughs, Consumption, &c. Trial boxes 25 cts. Dr. J. H. McLean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

HOUSE, FARM AND GARDEN.

Keeping Floors and Carpets Clean.

Having just spent so much time and labor in getting our habitations pleasant and wholesome, we should not now neglect any reasonable measures for keeping them in such condition; and among other labor-saving appliances, the simple door-mat for the cleaning of muddy boots and shoes should not be overlooked. "Prevention is better than cure," is a wise old maxim, but one of which many housekeepers seem wholly incapable of making application. I know of dozens of hard-working, order-loving housewives who, year in and year out, continue their uninterrupted round of alternate scrubbing and scalding, while it never seems to occur to them that good scrapers and mats at the doors would do away with much of this annoyance. "But," says one and another, "I'm not a blacksmith; I couldn't make and put up a scraper, were I to try." No, but a pleasant request on your part would, I am sure, speedily fix this simple affair upon your door-step; and even old pieces of carpet or matting thrown down are better than nothing for mats, though those made of braided corn-husks are preferable—simple durable, and within easy reach of every farmer's wife at least.

Now, too, that the dust has been well shaken from the carpets, and they are down again over clean fresh straw, it is a favorable time for cleaning any spots of dirt or grease that may adhere thereto. Take a small, hard brush and a basin of good hot suds. Dip the brush in the suds and rub the spot over quickly but thoroughly; then rinse off with a soft flannel cloth wrung from clear warm water, care being taken both in scrubbing and rinsing not to wet into the straw, nor farther than is needful about the dirty places. Also a favorable day should be chosen, that the damp may dry out thoroughly before being trodden upon or soiled. In this manner even dirty carpets may be made to look quite fresh and clean; it is much better than ripping the breadths and putting into the wash-tub every year or two. I always clean my carpets in the foregoing manner, and when they finally come to ripping and washing upon the rubbing-board, or in the pounding-barrel, I consider them worn out and of no farther use, save for mats or rugs at the door. Rooms used so commonly—or carelessly—as really to necessitate the ripping and washing of carpets once a year, had far better be furnished with a good stout oil-cloth, or a heavy body of paint. This can be kept in a more healthful and cleanly condition, and with scarcely more work in the end.

STANDARD REMEDIES.—It is a fact well known to all our readers that a few proprietary medicines have achieved a reputation as standard remedies, and occupy a place in every well regulated household, almost as universally as the Bible and the family almanac. Foremost among these is the Merchant's Gargling Oil, manufactured by the well-known company of that name at Lockport, N. Y.—a sovereign remedy for man and beast, and one which has wrought hundreds of well-attested cures. We need hardly say here what the patrons of the BLADE fully understand—that we do not make a practice of praising indiscriminately the numerous compounds offered to the public, but since we believe the "Gargling Oil" to be a carefully compounded and efficacious remedy, we do not hesitate to say as much.—Toledo (Ohio) Blade.

Consumption Cured.

An old Physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple Vegetable Remedy, for the speedy and permanent Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a Positive and Radical Cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curatiae powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send (free of charge) to all who desire it, this receipe, with full directions for preparing and successful using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, Dr. W. C. Stevens, 126 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Winter is now fairly upon us, and the teams are hastening to the lumber woods in various parts of the country. Our advice to every man who goes to the woods, be he captain, cook, teamster, or any other man, is to take along a good stock of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and Parsons' Purgative Pills. Many months of labor (in the aggregate) may be saved by this precaution.

It is becoming all the "go" to chew "Matchless" plug instead of fine cut, as it is made of better material and finer and more delicate flavor, so much liked by old chewers. The splendid flavor of this brand is known only to The Pioneer Tobacco Company manufacturers, 124 Water St., N. Y. Every plug has the words "Matchless P. T. Co." thereon.

Chapped hands, face, pimples, ring worm, saltrheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and rough skin made soft and smooth, by using Juniper Tar Soap. Be careful to get only that made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, as there are many imitations made with common tar, all of which are worthless.

Bad enough to look and feel bad yourself; but no excuse for having your horse look and feel badly, when for a small sum you can buy Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, which given in grain two or three times a week, will make him look and feel well.

"Ma, dear," said an intelligent pet, "what do they play the organ so loud for when church is over? Is it to wake us up?"