THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

BURR & WORCESTER, Publishers.

COLBY, - - - - - - - KANSAS.

UNDER A THORN-TREE.

Wife, you see I kept them snugly,
Our old pictures of lang syne—
Old ideals grow often ugly,
Not this cottage one of mine—
Yours a color in September—
Wife, it seems but yester morn
When we sketched, do you remember?
Underneath that crimson thorn.

Yes, that large white owl was near us,
In our woodland painting place,
Seeming loth to see and hear us
With an interested face;
Looking, O, so wise and woo'ly,
We could fancy he might say:
"Ah, I know love's frenzy fully
In my young and heedless day!"

Did Sir Robin too deride us
Up against that Autumn sky,
On a tree which could not hide us
From his bright and merry eye?
"Bob," you said, "seems sketching boldly
In his mind a larder bare,
With us twain both crying coldly:
'Not a crumb for Bob to spare!'"

Then you questioned archly, sadly:
"Must love's summer always go?
Can it be that love loves madly?
Owl and redbreast tell us so!"
And I drew a robin peering
Through a cottage window pane,
Singing o'er his crumb-feast cheering:
"True love's summer does not wane."

O, the owl's a cynic, dearest,
And a satirist is Bob—
Love," I said, "oft sees the clearest
All its wealth which none may rob—
If to Heaven's Gate we take it,
Asking for its blessing there,
Love will have a fount to slake it
That can keep it fresh and fair."

So we left that thorn-tree gayly,
Happy-plight, hand in hand,
And our love has since been daily
To us twain a summer land.
Now the bells of age are tinkled
In our ears, my white-haired wife,
But though old love grows not wrinkled
If its summer is for life.

—*H. E. Waring, in Good Words.*

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

How an Accident Determined a Young Lady's Choice.

It was at that time of the year when the period technically known as the season had closed, and the symptoms, natural and artificial, which accompany the progress of the month of September into its second half were present in their usual prevalence, when Ned Chilton found himself pecuniarily justified in purchasing an excursion ticket, good for ten days only, and availing himself of the "greatly reduced rates" at the Mendon House, under the shadow of Weehausett, for a brief outing. It must be brief indeed; for even the small pickings that come to a young lawyer just admitted to the bar were of importance in his calculation of ways and means, and he must be on hand in his little office—shared by a real estate agent, and with desk-room to let, where the promoter of a Mexican railroad had just failed—for fear that his great case should come and find him absent. And it was the very day following his arrival that, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he was stumbling along the bowlders that fret the current of Rocky Branch, with the recklessness which comes of frequent submersion.

His fish basket thumped lightly against his side, for the spell of preoccupation was upon the eager and not unskillful fisherman, and sadly interfered with the exercise of his craft. For, early as he descended to breakfast, there, in the breezy dining-room of the Mendon House, he had seen an apparition which caused a thrill of mingled alarm and delight in his soul.

A round-faced boy, with short hair, brown cheeks and other physical evidences of an out-door life of some months' duration, sat alone, engaged in the demolition of hot soda bread, thin steak and cakes with maple molasses, with one of those appetites which are unappreciated only by their [illegible] It was not so [illegible] the boy as the contingencies which the boy represented that caused the commotion in the young lawyer's breast. Where George Burleigh was disporting himself, neither his devoted mother nor his comely sister Alice could be far distant; and it was Alice Burleigh who had, a short three months before, displayed an amount of worldly wisdom little less than incredible for her years in declining the possible honor and preferment of Mrs. Ned Chilton. How much of the purpose of his sister's suitor this youth had divined can not be known; but it was with a sort of reminiscent grin as well as a start of genuine surprise that he raised his eyes to encounter the glance of Chilton, and instantly exclaimed in a voice largely mingled with potato, "Hello!"

Mastication interfering with the further expression of the boy's sentiments, Chilton was able to return the salutation before George recovered his speech and began to display the usual volubility of his age.

"I say, why didn't you come up here before, Mr. Chilton? It's been getting awful stupid since the fellows went away. Alice is no fun at all, and there's nobody else that's good for anything. Mother thinks so, too, for I heard her tell Alice that she hardly expected any congenial society—that's what she said—after August. She says her health forbids her to return; but I know better. If it wasn't that somebody was coming"—and here the boy's tones suggested confidence and buttered biscuit—"I believe she'd go to-morrow."

"Do you expect friends?" inquired Chilton.

"No, I don't" frankly answered the boy; "but mother's bound that he shall see Alice. I heard her talking about it with Uncle George. He's sort of guardian to Alice, you know. I was out on the piazza roof tending to my snake, and I heard mother tell him they could 'talk freely, because Alice was away and George was in bed.' If my snake hadn't got out of his box I could have heard it all, though it didn't amount to much, except that he was on a tour through the mountains, and would be along this way about the middle of September."

"Who is 'he?'" asked Chilton, undeterred by any fastidious scruples from getting what information he could from this scion of the house with which he had sought to ally himself.

"Why, that Lankton fellow, of course, who's been hanging around Alice. Mother likes him ever so much."

Now, this is but a fragment of the conversation, ranging through topics of home and society, sport and adventure, with which young Burleigh entertained his newly-arrived acquaintance at breakfast, with a wisdom peculiar to his years, and a happy freedom of expression that would hardly have pleased either the mother or the sister whom he so easily introduced in his narrative. But this is the portion which caused the preoccupation of Ned Chilton's mind so favorable to the continued happy existence of the spotted trout against which he had sallied forth after his early breakfast.

For although he had received his dismissal from the lips of the fair Alice, he had, being an obstinate fellow, by no means relinquished his purpose, and, being so foolishly in love, had neither given up his hope; and the appearance of Arthur Lankton as a suitor, favored by parent and guardian, was peculiarly unpalatable. It was not college rivalry which had bred antipathy between these young men, nor yet competition in the business of the law, to which profession each had devoted himself; but the chance which brought them into contact in the courts had also imposed upon Chilton the unpleasant duty of exposing, in the interest of his client, certain conduct on the part of the opposing counsel which touched close upon unprofessional sharp practice. And the natural consequence was that Lankton heartily hated his former playmate and rival, while Chilton was far from kindly in his sentiments toward such a claimant for the hand of the girl who held captive his own fancy.

The singular coincidence that brought them all to this particular spot in the mountains together, with associated thoughts, had been in Chilton's mind as he hoked up the brawling stream all the day with such poor luck, and was uppermost in his cogitations as he unjointed his rod and took the homeward route.

This led him, when near its close, through the Cathedral Woods—a wide and long growth of heavy pine and hemlock growth that occupied the plateau between the green meadows of the intervale and the slope of the Weehausett range. The lofty stems mounted straight from the ground, bare, after the manner of their kind, until they reached a height of thirty or forty feet, where scraggy branches began to obtrude, finally widening far above the head into masses of foliage that jealously struggled to interpret the sunlight, softly muttering and crowding against each other as the wind swept by. In mid-day it was indeed church-like, and in moonlight it was weird as the woods about Camelot.

It was here that Alice Burleigh had betaken herself that sunny September afternoon, and thither had George, much to her discontent, followed her. His boyish gabble distracted her thoughts from the high romantic subjects of which at that time she considered much, and his unsympathizing practicality jarred upon her customary mood. Therefore it was only with increased annoyance that an exclamation from her brother directed her attention to a figure seen indistinctly making its way along the avenue of tree trunks at a little distance.

"Mr. Chilton! Mr. Chilton!" cried the irrepressible youth, hailing the advent of a more congenial companion. "How many have you caught?"

"Hush, George," said Alice. "Don't call any gentleman here."

"But it's Mr. Chilton, and he's been fishing. You know Mr. Chilton first rate," persisted the boy.

The angler had advanced until too near to either feign ignorance or to make a graceful retreat. The salutations were somewhat awkward on his part, a trifle cold on the other, when George interrupted the formal exchange:

"We're just going to the house, Mr. Chilton; ain't we, Alice? And I wish you'd let me carry your fish for you. You can take Alice's book, or she can put it in the basket."

Chilton had recovered his self-possession enough to realize that if his rival was soon to appear on the scene, fortune had not done him an ill turn by bringing him into the field of action, even in wet clothes; and he set himself to make the most of it, calling in all his resources for agreeable conversation. But Miss Burleigh was in one of her lofty moods, to whose prevalence Chilton conceitedly attributed his rejection, and her responses were not encouraging.

"I suppose it was very gay here earlier in the season," at length ventured her companion. "When I left, all the town had returned, with reports of excursions by day and hops by night."

"Yes, it was quite lively at some of the houses; but mother prefers quiet, and I really don't care much for such things," replied Alice, adding, with an air as if the gravity of a hundred years of worldly experience rested on her young spirits, "I don't find society very satisfying as we have it at these resorts."

"And so you come out for the best of all good company—yourself and solitude. Well, I can't disagree with you. But you see you are not safe even when you take sanctuary in the Cathedral. Society follows you, even in wet boots; and no wonder."

"Please don't make it personal, Mr. Chilton," said Alice, annoyed that she should have led the talk along in that channel. "All my friends know how I feel on this subject. What I do not find in society is a high and earnest purpose, a knightliness, and a true elevation of spirit which I feel confident would make themselves evident in the face and form as well as in the mind of the people who had them."

"*Sana mens in corpore sano,*" murmured the young man, quietly amused at this girlish rhapsody.

"There is nothing ideally good or great," went on the young woman, now fairly mounted on her hobby. "It is all commonplace and dull. The girls have their little sentiments, the women have their dress and their children, and the men have their tiresome and vulgar business. They make money and they grow bald. There is no romance in it anywhere. One of King Arthur's knights would be laughed at in our society, but a true woman would worship him."

"This is the very place where one of these knights ought to be found, if anywhere," said Chilton, anxious to make a diversion. "How his charger's hoofs would crush these yellow ferns! But armor would be uncomfortable wear in fighting the dragons of these days."

"You don't understand me," replied Alice, with a touch of haughtiness in her tone. "I could recognize a knight in blue flannel or broadcloth."

Here the path led them out toward the road, from which George was seen running with excitement.

"I told you he was coming, Alice. Now I hope mother will be satisfied, and get ready to go home."

"Who is coming?" asked Alice, a little nervously.

"Why, Mr. Lankton—Arthur Lankton; and he just drove by in one of the teams from Foskitt's. Come along quick, and you will see him."

They met at the supper table. Lankton was a fine fellow, physically and mentally, a model of elegance both in action and repose. His manner was faultless and impressive; and whether he was listening to Mrs. Burleigh's talk of her symptoms, or was interjecting remarks in Alice's fluent conversation on more æsthetic subjects, his tone and his air indicated the most intense sympathy. Chilton recognized him as a dangerous companion where the peace of mind of a romantic young girl was concerned, especially since the first two days developed an evident preference and attraction between the two; while Mrs. Burleigh had the satisfaction, which does not always come to match-makers, of seeing her work prosper under her hands from the start. Chilton saw that, while he had doubtless won the esteem and a measure of the confidence of the girl who had rejected his warmer advances, the brilliant Lankton had already fascinated her, and knowing the man to be in some sort a moral sham, he was by no means content.

One morning, at the end of the first week of his stay, coming down to a late breakfast, Chilton found the Burleigh family, with Lankton in attendance, already packed in a mountain wagon, preparatory to an ascent of Weehausett, and the young lawyer was asked, with more or less cordiality, according to the individual, to make one of the party. He excused himself, and sat down to a solitary meal; in the course of which, revolving all the circumstances in his mind, he decided that his interests, if he had any, would perhaps be better served by remaining near Alice for the short time that was left, not leaving the field to the enemy. It was not too late to reconsider. There would be delay in changing from carriage to saddle at the foot of the mountain, and he could walk there in time to join them or horseback.

A brisk tramp of a few miles brought the young man to the station where guides and horses were taken for the ascent. But with the exception of Mrs. Burleigh, who was comfortably ensconced in the farmhouse parlor, her courage having failed at the last moment, none of the party was visible. The rest were already on their way up the great slopes of the mountain, and had taken the last horse from the stable with them.

There was nothing left for him but a day's climbing on his own account, whether or not fortune brought him into the society of his friends. So, cutting a stout staff, he set out with a swinging step up the bridle-path. He passed the cold spring, near which was the fresh imprint of a little boot in the moist earth, telling that here Alice had dismounted, and perhaps drank from the very tin dipper which Chilton, on the chance of it, put reverently to his own lips. He passed on and upward into the region of broad ledges, past small plantations of stunted pines, ash and cedars. Far above him once he caught sight of the little cavalcade moving like a march of ants. Here the bridle-path made a wide detour to the northward to avoid the precipitous slope of the eastern side. Let him take the chord of the arc described by the traveled way, and he would gain a half-hour and meet them at the summit.

It was a rough scramble after leaving the path; more difficult than he had imagined. He battled his way through interlaced scrub, scaled a slippery incline, clambered a precipice. Then he found himself among bowlders, great fragments split by frost and storm from the ledges, and set standing apart until storm and frost should again dislodge them for a reeling plunge down the mountain. They stood breast-high in terraces, with narrow paths between, or hung balancing over each other. Chilton leaped from bowlder to bowlder on his upward path, helping himself now with his hands, now with his staff.

It was at the end of half an hour's hard climbing that, as he grasped the overhanging edge of one of these obstructing rocks, he saw it lean slowly toward him. The great stone had rested there perhaps for a hundred years, waiting the touch of his hand to disturb its delicate equipoise. Slowly it swayed under the impulse of gravity, and settled down upon Chilton, caught in one of the paths of the stony labyrinth, an immovable rock behind him, others on each hand. Slowly it seemed, but too quickly for escape. One desperate leap he gave, and the descending bowlder settled against his thigh, pinning him with a giant grasp to the rock beneath.

So gently was it done that Chilton failed to realize its power. As well as his constrained position would permit, he grappled the edge of the bowlder and strained to lift it from his pinioned limb. One effort was enough. It rested as firmly as the mountain itself against any strength he could bring to bear.

He had retained his grasp of his staff. This he placed beneath the stone and endeavored by leverage to shift the weight. The staff bent, then snapped in his hand.

No wonder the young man's brain whirled, or that he leaned his head against the cruel granite that imprisoned him in an agony of fear lest faintness should overpower him and make his doom certain. For pain had now come. The grinding weight of the stone became each moment less endurable. The dull ache in his fettered limb was followed by sharp pangs, and these became fiery tortures shooting through his whole frame.

Even then the incongruity of his situation and surroundings was not lost upon him. Horribly grotesque it was, this contrast between solemn beauty and intense suffering. The bright September sun never shone on a fairer land than that which lay spread out in intervale and mountain and river and glinting lake and distant villages before his agonized vision. A peace that was hardly life-like lay on it all. Amid all this beauty and glory and peace of nature he was caught to die like vermin in a trap—to figure as a "mysterious disappearance."

It was too horrible. He must cry for help if only the birds heard him; for the increase of pain and cramp would soon deprive him of all power to call.

"Help!"

Hardly had the first cry issued from his lips when a distant clatter reached his ears. He called again, and listened. It was in truth a party descending the mountains. Every moment brought nearer the sound of hoofs striking sharply the rocky path and hammering across the bare ledges. Yes, they were surely coming in his direction.

"Thank God!" groaned Chilton. "If I can only make them hear."

Nearer and nearer came the invisible cavalcade. A light breeze sprang up from the north, and on it was borne to his ears the sound of an airy laugh mingled with the clank of the horses' steps. Even in his anguish Chilton rebelled at the thought that this laugh was in answer to Lankton's pleasantry. But the breeze that carried these snatches of merriment to Chilton's ears wafted away the cries which he sent up for aid.

"Help! Help!" he called. And "Help!" came back in musical echoes from the opposite hills.

The tramp and the laughter suddenly ceased. Had he been heard? No; the sounds returned again, but fainter. The party had turned the corner, which had momentarily shut off the noise of their march.

For an instant Chilton yielded to despair, and prayed for the insensibility which was so painful in its coming. It was more as a duty than as a hope that he again raised his voice in the solitude, and uttered the monosyllable of such awful import on human lips.

"Help! Help! O God! help me!" he groaned, as he weakly bowed his head on his granite rock.

"Hi!" was the response to his prayer, in a boyish voice.

Raising his glance in wonder, he saw, peering over the ledge above him, framed in some stunted bushes, a pallid and terror-stricken face, round-cheeked and sunburned, with stains of mountain blackberries about the mouth, and eyes expanded beyond belief.

The angel had come in the shape of George Burleigh

"George," said Chilton, abbreviating his directions as much as possible, "run after your party, and bring back the guides to get this rock off me."

George was not lacking in perception or lazy in execution; and as Chilton bowed his head again in pain and thankfulness, he stumbled back along the route on which he had recklessly wandered from the path in search of berries, and slid rather than walked down the steep mountain road in pursuit.

From his lofty position Chilton saw the party emerge upon and cross the rocky plateau far below him, and enter the woods where the cool spring flowed. His throat was parched and his body seemed on fire. Then a smaller figure, on foot and with no hat, was seen to dart across the stony ledge, tripping and falling at full length as it went, and to disappear also among the trees.

Chilton was now at liberty to faint, which he did forthwith.

How the two stout guides found him insensible; how between them they managed to raise one end of the bowlder and release his limb from its terrible grip; how George steadied the limp body as it slid down to a safe place among the rocks—of all this Chilton knew nothing. He awoke to consciousness to find himself flat on his back, staring at the bright sky, with scared faces about him, and rough but kindly hands rubbing his limbs.

When at length he was swathed in compresses, put on gruel diet and stretched on his bed at the Mendon House for slow recovery, he had time for reflection and for explanation. It all came out when George was allowed to visit and talk to the convalescent.

"I tell you what, Mr. Chilton," said he, "if Alice didn't send that Lankton fellow kiting!"

"What do you mean?" asked Chilton, with as much animation as could be expected of a man still unable to turn over in bed.

"You ought to have been there," continued the boy, which, as Chilton was at the moment referred to, under the rock, would have been a pleasure as well as the duty which George's words indicated. "It was when I got to the spring. Mr. Lankton was lying on the ground close by where Alice was sitting, looking up in her face, and asking her something, and I couldn't see where the guides were, and I ran right up to him, and he said: 'Confound the boy!' But I didn't mind that, Mr. Chilton. And I called out to Billy Westman—Billy was one of our guides, and he is a good fellow, too—and I told him a man was under a rock up on the mountain. And Westman said: 'Where?' And Mr. Lankton said: 'He's fooling.' And I said: 'I ain't fooling, for it's Mr. Chilton, and he told me to come and get you to help him.' And Westman said: 'Come along Mr. Lankton, and my brother will bring the horse.' And Mr. Lankton said: 'I don't believe the story,' and he looked wicked, and said he would ride that horse down the mountain himself. And Westman said: 'I'll be hanged if you will, so long as that horse belongs to me.' And Alice she got white as a sheet at first, but now she was red enough, and she drew herself up just as she does when she feels top-lofty, and said: 'Mr. Lankton, you can take your answer right here, and it's no, siree.' She didn't say just those words, but she looked like it. And she pointed to her own horse, and said: 'You may take mine to ride down the mountain, and as far away as you choose, and you will find a side-saddle an appropriate seat for the chivalry you profess.' But he didn't take her horse, though he went right away. I told Alice yesterday I thought she gave it to Lankton first-rate, for a fellow that won't run to help another fellow isn't fit company for a fellow. She said I mustn't say 'fellow' so much."

"George, you're a brick," exclaimed Chilton, somewhat irrelevantly.

"That's another word she says I musn't say," answered George.

Nothing more was needed to expedite Chilton's recovery. The revulsion of feeling in Alice's mind caused by Lankton's conduct in a moment that called for chivalrous service—although the complex motives working upon him at that time were not all known to her—seemed to have influenced her judgment of the qualities of her other rejected suitor. Lankton was not seen again; and before the family's departure it was Alice's arm that supported, or pretended to support, the limping Chilton in his promenades on the piazza; and it was George who, when tending his snake in the box on the roof of that structure one evening, surprised them both gazing at the moon, and leaning over, like an angel from above, hoarsely whispered:

"Alice, I'm mighty glad o' it. You can't help it, nohow."—*Harper's Weekly.*

HOME NURSERIES.

The Advantages of a Well Stocked Nursery.

The numerous advantages of a well stocked home nursery, especially where planting is extensively carried on are so well known and are appreciated by every proprietor of large estates, that comment on this subject seems almost unnecessary; however, a few remarks on the subject may not be out of place. I do not propose to dilate on the details of nursery management, my object being more to dwell on the advantages of a home nursery for the rearing of plants for special purposes, such as the planting of barren, exposed districts, as well as the convenience of having at hand a stock of plants suitable for all emergencies, and whose hardiness can to a great extent be relied upon.

Where ornamental planting, game coverts, or hedging is performed on an extensive scale, the convenience of a home nursery can not be overvalued, the plants being always at hand and of the size and in the quantity required, thus obviating the necessity of sending to a distance for these when wanted. The advantages in these cases are too well known to require comment, and plants, more especially those of a large size, sent from a distance can not, after packing and transmission by road and rail, be expected to succeed equal to those raised and planted on the same day. The extra soil or ball with which large plants can be removed for a short distance is also much in their favor, but which is next to impossible where packing and transit have to be resorted to. It is well known that too sudden a change from rich, well-sheltered nursery borders to bare exposed hillsides often proves fatal to young plants; and when we consider that few public nurseries are at a greater elevation than three hundred feet, the necessity of proprietors rearing their own stock whose plantations are perhaps upwards of one thousand feet above sea level will the more readily be seen. There are certainly difficulties to contend with in planting high-lying ground, more especially if the soil is poor and the situation exposed, and in these cases the advantages of using hardy plants that have frequently been transplanted in a well-chosen home nursery are only too perceptible, especially when contrasted with others that have been grown under more favorable circumstances and in a sheltered position. Some plants seem better adapted than others for this removal, but in the majority of cases the shock sustained by transferring from low-lying ground to that of a great elevation is only too apparent, and from which the plants seldom recover. A good deal of comment has taken place as to the necessity of rearing trees from seed sown on the site of the future plantation; and although the suggestion has many points in its favor, still, artificial planting is better adapted to the wants of our country and not at all likely to be superseded by artificial reproduction, which is more fitted for countries differently situated from our own. The nursery treatment of plants is, therefore, sure to remain a prominent feature of British forestry, and as such the soil and situation, as well as most successful treatment of these, so as to produce plants suitable for the positions they are intended to occupy, will require due consideration, and very much according to the situation of the estate and ground to be planted.

In choosing the site of a home nursery a good deal will depend on the general elevation and exposure of the estate. The situation should be neither too much exposed nor yet sheltered, but partaking to a certain extent of both, and with a southern or western exposure; for although too sudden a change from sheltered to exposed ground often proves fatal to young trees, this should not altogether form a criterion for rearing such in situations unfavorable to the development of strong, healthy plants. The soil should be good friable loam on an open, porous subsoil; but the quality of ground required for different seedlings is so diversified that it is next to impossible to suit all within the small bounds required for a home nursery. As water is indispensable where seedlings are raised, as well as for numerous other purposes in the nursery, it is well to have provision made for a continuous supply, either by a stream running through the nursery ground or in close contiguity to it. From six to ten acres will be found sufficient nursery ground for most estates, but it is advisable to add a little more than is really required, so that the breaks may not all be under forest trees at the same time, but undergo, when found necessary, a course of green crops, which will not only enrich, but clean the ground and leave it in good condition for replanting with seedling forest plants, bearing in mind that farmyard manure should always be applied first to the green crop, and never directly to the plants themselves. Land intended for nursery ground should be thoroughly trenched to the full depth of the soil, and, where necessary, heavily manured & enriched by the addition of lime, vegetable soil, or loam, as the case may require. In laying out the ground into breaks it will be found convenient to have these either square or rectangular in shape, and, if possible, parallel to each other. The breaks may be divided by different kinds of hedges, which, when well kept, give not only a neat and tidy appearance to the nursery, but are highly beneficial in the way of shelter. The site chosen for the seed beds should be naturally sheltered, or, failing this, such artificial shelter as is found necessary should be provided, as exposure of the young plants to cold, cutting winds causes them to become stunted and bark-bound. Young trees, like other plants, rarely thrive well in a bleak situation.

In the management of a nursery the amount of care and attention required is certainly great, but any trouble as well as expense connected with starting and keeping it in good condition afterward will be amply repaid by the increased value and superiority of the stock obtained; and as the subject of extended planting is one well worthy the consideration of proprietors owning exposed or otherwise worthless tracts of land, a step in the right direction will be the establishing and maintaining in good order a well stocked home nursery.—*Cor. The Garden.*

—The saltpetre beds of Nevada are far better situated for the development of the r deposits than the nitre region of South America, which is a desert entirely devoid of water and all vegetable life. Water for all purposes is condensed from the ocean water, and carried to the nitre fields, while fuel has to be procured from the mountains in the South of Chili. In Nevada the saltpetre deposits are in the vicinity of a rich farming country, with an abundant supply of water and wood close at hand.—*Chicago Journal.*

MEXICAN SENORITAS.

Peculiarities of Dress and Personal Carriage.

The pretty girls are exquisite, the slender oval of the face, the rich olive of the cheek, the long, sweeping, dark lashes of the eyes glowing at once with passion and tenderness; the low forehead, with its rippling mass of dusky hair; the slender neck, the lithe form, the springy step and dainty foot make them like a poet's dream of darkly brilliant loveliness, not to be measured by any type with which we have heretofore been familiar. But nature is never over-lavish, and the number of these splendid creatures is as few as their perfections are many. Remembering the streets at home after the Friday afternoon rehearsal, filled with the fragile, flower-like bloom of winsome, but delicate girlhood, its brave eyes looking the world full in the face, with that mixture of innocence and boldness which is the hybrid blossom of modern civilization, these shy but rich specimens, as rare as they are wonderful, look few indeed. Their perfection is offset by an equally pronounced ugliness on the part of the many, and young womanhood changes into faded middle age even sooner than with us—which is saying a great deal. Nevertheless the graceful lace mantilla, which is yet almost universally worn in the street, but which unfortunately is beginning to give way to the ugly stiffness of the French hat and bonnet, gives to many a plain face such a soft and effective background that one brings back from a walk only a piquant and pleasing impression. If the Mexican women knew what they were about they would cling to this becoming head-dress as they do to their faith; the sex has no right to set aside such a charming accessory.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

Cures For Insomnia.

Like dyspepsia, insomnia is becoming to be regarded as a peculiarly American malady. The excitable nature of the American people renders them more susceptible to nervous disorders than those of a more phlegmatic temperament. To many persons who suffer from sleeplessness the following hints as to the most efficient means of inducing natural sleep may not come amiss.

If the sleeplessness be occasioned by undue nervous excitement the application of mustard-plasters to the abdomen will afford relief. Where this remedy fails the freshly made solution of lactate of soda or some milk or whey may be used with good results. When brain exhaustion is responsible for the inability to sleep, the administration of a tumblerful of hot claret and water, with sugar and nutmeg, is recommended. When acid dyspepsia is present the alkalies and alkaline earths are useful. The irritant properties of the air which hinder sleep during hot weather can be counteracted by sprinkling the floor with water. When sleep is broken by severe pain nothing is more useful than opium and morphia. These latter remedies should never be taken, however, without the advice of a physician. A hypodermic injection of morphia, however, is to be preferred to taking the drug internally when the wakefulness is due to neuralgia.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Very Useful.

Landlord—"I don't think this house will suit you, Madame. The price would also be very high on account of some extra additions which could not possibly be of any use to you."

Lady (wishing to purchase house)—"I don't know about that. What are the additions?"

Landlord—"Well, the house was originally built for a machinist, who had a twenty-ton steam hammer put up in the cellar. Now that would not be of any use to you."

Lady—"That would certainly be a decided advantage to me, for which I would pay a considerable higher price."

Landlord—"How could you use such a large hammer as that? A hammer that size is only needed to flatten out the heaviest kind of work."

Lady—"I keep a boarding house and would use it to soften up the beefsteak."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"It is terrible to see what revenge these plumbers show," he said, as he laid down the paper he had been reading. "Yes, it is," she replied. "What special circumstance do you refer to now?" "A Philadelphia knight of the solder has just poisoned a dado at the Zoological Garden because the bird had a larger bill than he did."—*The Judge.*

"If I can not have the fat of the land I can take a little lean," said a tramp, as he rested his shoulder against a lamp-post.

The latest mathematical (?) problem sent to the State University is the following: "If the earth's orbit about the sun is 2,500,000,000 miles what would be the hypothenuse of a right-angle triangle inscribed within a circle circumscribed by a hexagon?"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed the tramp, as he leaped over the fence. "Great seizer!" observed the farmer, as he watched the dog returning with a sample of the tramp's trousers.—*Boston Transcript.*

The home stretch—Roping an old-fashion bedstead.

An Irishman, while sleeping by the side of a negro, had his face blackened by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning he caught sight of himself in a mirror. Puzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed: "Be jabbers, they've woke up the wrong man."—*N. Y. Mail.*

A Chicago girl never gets her foot caught in a railway-frog. When the frog sees her coming it gets out of the way. It doesn't want to be mashed.—*Boston Courier.*

"Where does Mr. Jenkins live, and how old are you, my dear?" he asked of the pretty attendant at the apartment hotel—and demurely looking into the pockets of her apron she answered: "Suite 16, sir." *N. Y. Graphic.*

"An Omaha doctor kisses his wife seventy-five times every day." Doctors are fond of giving disagreeable doses, we know.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.
DR. SANFORD'S
LIVER
INVIGORATOR
An Edible Remedy for Long Constipated Ills, such as a decrease or total condition of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Malaria, Hypochondria, etc. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nervous system, invigorates AN INVALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE. The genuine has a red and black wrapper, with signature of Dr. Sanford on the front. ASK DRUGGISTS WHO TELL YOU THIS IS THE BEST.
$75 THE WORLD'S [illegible]

Sufferers of Notre Dame, Govanstown, Md., say Red Star Cough Cure is beneficial.

Dore & Sill keep a drug-store in Chicago. The other day a cowboy came in and inquired for "his Knobs, the proprietor."—*Current.*

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.
'Tis the deepest and the ch apest
Cure for ills of this description,
But for those that woman's heir to,
Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Why is it dangerous to be out in spring? Because the grass has blades, the flowers pistils, the leaves shoot and the bullrushes out.

I Had a Dreadful Cough,

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health *completely* by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

"Are reptiles mathematical?" asked Harry of Larry. "Certainly," replied Larry. "There's the adder snake, for instance."—*Golden Days.*

Deserving of Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the confidence of the public as Brown's Bronchial Troches. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds, should try them. *Sold only in boxes.*

A doctor's patients must put their tongues out and a doctor's wife must keep her tongue in.—*Dr. Holmes, in the Atlantic.*

* * * * Delicate diseases, affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book three letter stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The way to make an overcoat last is to make the undercoat first.—*Lynn Union.*

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

HAY-FEVER.

My brother Myron and myself were both cured, to all appearance, of Catarrh and Hay-Fever last July and August. Up to this date, Dec. 28, neither have had any return of those troubles. Ely's Cream Balm was the medicine used.—Gardiel Ferris, Spencer, Tioga Co., N. Y.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER
HAY-FEVER

CREAM BALM

has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

A warranted cure for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, such as Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Sun Pains, Dumb Chills, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and all other Fevers caused by malaria. It is also the safest and best cure for enlarged Spleen (Fever Cake), General Debility and Periodic Neuralgia. For Sale by all Druggists.
CHAS. F. KEELER, Prop., Chicago, Ill.

WARNER'S
TIPPECANOE
THE BEST
THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1840.
ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.
[COPYRIGHTED].
TONIC
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON BORN FEB 9 1773
[COPYRIGHTED].
BITTERS.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.
FOR
All Gone Sensations.
$1.00 A BOTTLE.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

PHILLIP VAN TASEL, Newark, N. Y., suffered for many years from dyspepsia and malassimilation of food, and reports that he derived greater benefit from Warner's Tippecanoe Tonic Bitters than from any other medicine he ever used. His daughter also used it with success when every other known remedy failed.

AS A
Constitutional Tonic
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
$1.00 A BOTTLE.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

W. K. SAGE, of St. Johns, Mich., was completely prostrated by the hardships endured during the late war. He returned home a wreck both in mind and body. For twenty years he simply existed, half the time more dead than alive until he was restored to health by Warner's Tippecanoe Tonic Bitters. The Best, he advises all old vets to try it. Write to him at St. Johns, Mich.

METAL POISON.

I am a coppersmith by trade, and the small particles of brass and copper from filing got into worse on my arms and poisoned my whole system. Various remedies administered brought on rheumatism, and I became a helpless invalid. I took two dozen bottles of Swift's Specific. My legs, arms and hands are all right again. I use them without pain. My restoration is due to S. S. S. Peter E. Loyr.
Jan. 9, 1885. Augusta, Ga.

ULCERS.

For six or eight years I suffered with ulcers on my right leg. I was treated with Iodide of Potassium and Mercury, and I became helpless. Six bottles of Swift's Specific made a permanent cure.
Feb. 26, 1885. M. D. Wilson, Gainesville, Ga.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

RIDGE'S FOOD

One special feature of Ridge's Food, in contradistinction to others, is its neutral action upon the bowels. For this reason, it is specially adapted to those seasons when bowel troubles are so frequent. Remember Ridge's Food is an old and tried preparation, having been in use for thirty years in England and America. It is a perfectly safe and nourishing diet for all conditions.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

OUR DRUGGIST

Says that when a customer asks for THE BEST Spring Medicine he confidently recommends

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

From E. S. Russell, Druggist, Nashua, N. H.
I have been in the drug and prescription business in Nashua over forty years, and am the oldest druggist here. I was the first to introduce your valuable medicines in this city. I believe in them. Ayer's Sarsaparilla I take pleasure in recommending to my customers, well knowing it to give satisfaction. In all my experience, as a druggist, I have yet to hear the first complaint against it.

From F. & E. Bailey & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Having sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla since it was first placed upon the market, we can say, after an experience covering a quarter of a century, that we have yet to learn of a case where it has failed to give satisfaction. Its merits are fully established.

From C. Way & Co., Portland, Me.
We have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for years, and our customers are much pleased with its effects. We believe it to be one of the best medicines in the market.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles $5.

FIRST-CLASS FARM LAND
FOR SALE IN NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.
40,000 Acres in Nebraska—Price $8 to $12.
100 Improved Farms in Rooks County, Kansas—Price $7 to $10.
60,000 Acres very fine land in Ellis and Graham Counties, Kansas—Prices from $5 to $10 per Acre.
ALL ON EXTRAORDINARILY EASY TERMS. ONLY INTEREST PAYMENTS FIRST TEN YEARS. INTEREST 7 PER CENT.
Also 60,00 Acres first-class land in Dakota, near railroad towns, for sale.
C. B. NELSON, Cen'l Ag't, 604 South Tenth Street, Omaha, Neb. | Or, WM. NELSON, Stockton, Kansas. " H. BLANCHARD, Hays City, "

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH