The People's Vindicator.

[illegible] advertisements inserted at the rate of [illegible] each insertion and [illegible] each subsequent insertion. [illegible] INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

THE CRICKET AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

The first one comes within the game
When cool and frosty weather
When the crickets and the tea-kettle
Commence to sing together.

Chirr, chirr, chirr, O bubble, bubble, bubble.
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

The cricket with the hearth for his bright
In spring-summer-journey,
The kettle on the glowing coals
Is telling sweet home stories.

Chirr, chirr, chirr, O bubble, bubble, bubble.
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

Pipes the cricket in the warm soft nap
With drowsy mind dreams and glowing
The kettle in his lullaby
And chirr, chirr, chirr, O bubble, bubble, bubble.

There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

The children gather round the hearth,
Their faces bright with long joy;
The thoughts made to play glow
On earth and heaven and sky.

And chirr, chirr, chirr, and bubble, bubble, bubble.
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

Oh, in the farmer's kitchen
The no-world's troubles are strange;
The happy songs are, the cricket complains,
The world of home is changed.

But chirr, chirr, chirr, and bubble, bubble, bubble.
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.

—Sarah Hartley Smith, in Harper's Young People.

A DANGEROUS LOVER.

A pretty, inexperienced girl was Clotilda Fry, daughter of one of the richest farmers in Clarke County. Her pink cheeks, bright eyes and brown locks, with a very attractive expression of face, gave her a certain right to be called the little beauty of Lake Farm.

Tilda knew she was pretty. Added to this, her novel-reading had excited her imagination, and her ideas of life and of her own future were full of romantic notions, that only an inexperienced young girl could have. She turned her head at all the farmers' boys who sought her acquaintance, and felt that she should like to be sought by some elegant suitor, who, if need be, would carry her off by force, as her novels had pictured.

Of course, the child—for being but sixteen she was looked upon by her parents as hardly more than a child—never gave voice to these thoughts. If she had, she would have been soundly lectured by her blunt father.

It happened about this time that two men, who offered unsweetened soaps for sale, had been in town and had called at many of the farmers' houses. Their appearance was such that some of the farmers had suspected them of being something worse than small peddlers.

At this time, too, a house in the village was entered and several articles of value taken from it. This had created great excitement in the quiet country town, and everybody was more careful that doors should be locked, and that the house should not be left without some one to guard them.

One Sunday, Farmer Fry, after a family consultation, decided that Clotilda should remain at home from church in charge of the house, and that a new boy he had just hired should stay on the premises, so that the house should not be left unguarded. Clotilda's heart gave a bound—so did Joseph's. She would have such a "splendid chance" to read a book she had secretly borrowed, "The Robber of the Rhine," while he decided that he would go down to the end of the meadow and spend the forenoon in fishing.

Farmer Fry and his wife stepped into the new carryall, while James, the son, mounted his horse to which Clotilda had given the sonorous name of Thunder.

"If any stranger comes to the door, you must call Joe," said her father, the reins in his hand.

"And you'd better take the key out of the silver closet," added her mother.

"Don't let any one run away with you, sis," laughed her brother. "There's a loaded pistol in my drawer."

Down sat Clotilda on the porch, the coveted novel in her hands, a frightfully-illustrated, paper-covered volume, dirty and thumbed, the prospect of reading in its pages giving her a pleasure of which she would have been ashamed. Tilda knew that her mother would have [illegible] was [illegible] her pleasure in the ordinary concerns of life, declaring to herself that they were very dull and insipid.

She was just reading in the novel: "Girl, startled by the clash of bayonets, started frantically up the companion-way," when suddenly it seemed to her as if some one was walking in the room overhead.

"Perhaps it's Joe," she thought; and going to the foot of the stairs, she called him.

No answer followed.

"Any one up there?"

All was as still as the grave.

"It was only my fancy," she said to herself, and for ten or fifteen minutes became once more absorbed in the volume, when she heard footsteps. This time a well-dressed young man came from the vines around the corner of the porch. Tilda let fall the book with a cry of alarm.

"Pray don't be afraid," said the newcomer, in a pleasant voice. "I am a friend of your father's and have come to ask a favor."

"Papa is at church," said the girl, reassured. The man looked to her like a gentleman. He had black eyes and hair, and the "divinest smile!"

"Indeed! I'm very sorry. I was stopping at the hotel at the Center, and was robbed of my money and watch last night. This morning I received a dispatch that my mother is ill, and I want to get home on this account, for I fear it's a dangerous illness. If I had the money, I could hire a horse and buggy to take me to Dash, where the express train for New York is due this afternoon. I am entirely without money, and I hoped I could borrow twenty-five dollars from your father. He knows me, and if he has it with him, I am sure he would loan it to me. Now I must wait, I suppose, till he returns from church, and then it will be too late to catch the afternoon express. Though if I could only get to Dash, possibly I might find some acquaintance there who would help me out of my difficulty."

"How sorry I am that the horses are all gone! I could drive you there myself if Thunder was only here," said Tilda.

"Thunder! What a fine name for a horse! I wish he was here. And to be driven by so beautiful a young lady!" and he stared at her pretty face.

"I named him after the colt driven to death by the mad Duke of Argyle," said Tilda, growing inexcusably more and more confidential.

"Ah! I might have known you were something superior to the farmers' daughters in this region—that is, judging from those I have seen."

"And I seem to forget that you are a stranger," said Tilda, blushing with pleasure. "If you were not a friend of my father" ——

"Certainly, one in whom he has the utmost confidence; and talking of strangers, I knew a rich young fellow who fell in love only last summer with a pretty girl in a log-cabin. He was hunting. The father would not allow his daughter to see much to him. But he first saw her. He took her off on a fast horse, and the old man chased them with a yoke of oxen. Fact. Did you ever hear anything more ridiculous? Now they are living in fine style in Paris."

"Splendid! Just like a story," said Tilda. "But then, I would go to the ends of the earth with one I loved."

"Ah, then, my sweet girl, go with me—I am rich and well connected, and—but come to think of it—my money and my watch are gone, and my mother is sick waiting for me."

"Of course, I would not go with you under my circumstances," said Tilda, coldly.

"But if I come again to woo, perhaps to win you in the regular orthodox style—perhaps you would not object?"

Tilda, with averted face, blushingly replied that she could not tell.

"And you will accept this diamond ring—one that belonged to my mother, and is a family heir-loom—to remind you of me, while I am gone?"

Tilda's eyes opened wider; she thought she had never in her life seen anything so splendid as this pure, white stone encircled by emeralds, which she allowed him to place on her finger.

It certainly was no harm, she thought, to allow this, and to be suggested that she might let him have only enough money to carry him home, it occurred to her that her father could not object when he learned his name, if she should let him have the twenty dollars in the old money-box, that he had put aside for taxes, particularly as the young man promised to return it in the first mail after he reached home, with five dollars for interest.

So she went to the bureau, opened the box and gave him the money. He took it with a profusion of thanks, and gave his name as Edgar Montague. As he left the door, he stopped and kissed her, declaring that he should return as soon as the illness of his mother would allow him, and gain her father's consent to make her his bride.

It seems almost incredible that any girl could be deceived by such disgustingly silly yet love-making and gross compliments. But Tilda knew nothing of the world, and her book heroes and heroines were of this character.

No sooner had Mr. "Montague" gone than came Patty, one of the neighbors' daughters. "Mother had a spell," she said, "and could she borry some camphire?"

"Oh my, what a splendid ring!" she cried.

"It's my engagement-ring," said Tilda, proudly; "or just as good. The gentleman who gave it to me lives in New York, and I never saw him before, but he fell in love with me at first sight, and I shall probably marry him right away."

Away went Patty with her budget of news. In a few hours, every neighbor within a half a mile knew that Clotilda had a "diamond ring," and was going to be married to a New York gentleman.

Tilda was awakened from her dream of magnificence by the arrival of her parents and her brother. Mrs. Fry went up-stairs to remove her bonnet, and then gave a shrill and terrified shriek. An earthquake and cyclone combined would hardly have created more confusion.

Her husband and Tilda and Jim rushed up-stairs. A scene of confusion met their eyes which will not soon be forgotten. Every drawer and closet had been sacked and their contents thrown about the floors. Somebody had dressed himself in Jim's best broadcloth and left in their place threadbare, dirt-crusted clothes and a shocking bad hat. The old gold watch, an heirloom, all Tilda's little trinkets, valuables of every kind, were gone.

Tilda remembered the noise she had heard upstairs, and resolved not to mention her "diamond ring," or more of the conversation of the young man—her father's friend—then she could help. But she forgot that simple Patty knew all about it, and that Patty was the gossip of the neighborhood. In forty-eight hours, everybody in the country was talking of the robbery, and laughing at the silly girl who had confided in a smooth-spoken rogue, dressed up in her own brother's clothes, and had even lent him money out of her father's desk.

As for the ring, that proved to be utterly worthless. Poor Tilda! Never was a girl more thoroughly mortified. In the confusion the book she had been reading was taken up by her father. He laid it aside, and the next day, after showing her its character, he took it between the tongs and threw it in the [illegible] that if he ever saw any more such trash in the house he would shut Tilda in her room and keep her on bread and water for a month.

The upshot of the whole affair was that the tramp, an accomplished villain, who had already served his time in States Prison, was soon arrested, and poor Clotilda suffered the severe mortification of being obliged to identify him in court. Even he, when he saw her, burst into a coarse laugh, while the long-faced Judge and the lawyers had all they could do, as she told her story, to suppress their smiles.

But the cruel lesson sufficed. Romance had lost its attractions for her, and sensational novels and strangers are just now both alike repugnant.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Rocky Mountain Sheep.

The Rocky Mountain sheep inhabit the lofty chain from which they derive their name, from its northern termination in latitude 68 deg. to almost latitude 48 deg., and perhaps farther south. They also frequent the elevated and cragged ridges with which the country between the great mountain range and the Pacific coast is intersected, but they do not seem to have advanced farther eastward than the declivity of the Rocky Mountains, nor are they found in any of the hilly tracts near Hudson's Bay. They collect in herds of from thirty to forty young rams and females, herding together during the winter and spring. Mr. Drummond informs us that the Rocky Mountain sheep exhibited the simplicity of character so remarkable in the domestic species but that where they had been often fired at they were exceedingly wild, alarmed their companions on the approach of danger by a hissing noise, and scaled the rocks with a speed and agility that baffled pursuit. Some naturalists have supposed that this variety of the sheep family is substantially the same as the Asiatic Argali, but of diminished stature. Others dissent from this opinion, not only on account of its size but of a difference in the curvature of the horns. Those who maintain it imagine that some of the Argali originally passed Behring's Strait on the ice to the American continent.

"The fat-rumped sheep," says Dr. Anderson, "resemble one another by having—particularly the males—a solid mass of fat formed upon the rump, divided, as it were, into two hemispheres, which take the form of hips, with a little knob of a tail in the middle. Some of them have horns, but others do not. Its covering is a mixture of hair and wool. Some of the breeds weigh as much as 200 pounds, and the mass of fat formed on the rump varies from a tenth to a fifth part of the entire weight. In the neighborhood of Caucasus, the hind quarters are salted as hams and sent in large quantities to the northern part of Turkey. It has been supposed by some writers that this breed may be the same as that which was bred by the Patriarchs, in the days of Abraham and Moses. The sacred penman mentions that Moses took the fat [illegible] rump, and all the fat which was upon the inwards, and burned them upon the altar [illegible] Breeds of [illegible] it, and was equally [illegible] her pleasure in the ordinary concerns of life, declaring to herself that they were very dull and insipid.

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Supplying the Home Market.

Before the age of railroads and steamboats farmers kept the villages in their vicinity well supplied with meat of all kinds, as well as with fruit, grain, butter and cheese, and other farm products. Since facilities for transportation have improved the majority of farmers ship the surplus products to large cities as soon as they are ready for the market. As a consequence, villages and small towns are often very poorly supplied with the products of the soil raised in the immediate vicinity of them. They are also very poorly supplied with many of those articles that might be produced if farmers would give attention to them. If they are offered for sale at all they are procured from some large city to which they have been shipped from the country. Many grocers and provision dealers in country villages obtain all their supplies from some large city, though many of the articles they sell are or could be produced on the farms about them. The present disposition of farmers is to limit the number of the crops they raise for sale and to send them to a city market as soon as they are in a condition to sell. The demand of villages is overlooked. They are poorly supplied with many common farm products, and have no way to secure those that are rare except to obtain them from a large city. Sending farm products to a city and then bringing them back to the country is bad policy. The cost of carriage is considerable, the charges of commission men and wholesale dealers add to the cost, while the quality of the article is almost certain to deteriorate. Still no inconsiderable proportion of the articles that are sent from the country to the city find their way back to the country again.

The usual course of trade in this particular is well illustrated in the matter of pork products. The majority of farmers slaughter and pack the number of hogs they think they will require for the use of their own families. The remainder of their hogs they sell in bulk to some shipper or drover, and they are immediately sent to some large city where they are slaughtered and packed, or sent to some point further East. It is no unusual thing for farmers who have considerable hired help to be out of pork, bacon and lard before the year is out and another crop of hogs are ready to kill. As to the people in the neighboring village, they are of necessity obliged to obtain their pork, hams and lard from some city where they are kept in stock at all times. The difference between the price of dressed hogs and that of salt pork, hams, bacon and lard is always large. Especially is this the case after the latter have been kept six months or more. The cost of curing and of storing is light, but after the supply of fat hogs is exhausted there is a great rise in pork products. Of late there is a decided preference on the part of consumers for country-cured hams, bacon and pork, and for country-rendered lard. Still no one seems ready to take the requisite steps to supply the demand. A farmer who will pack the pork he produces, properly cure and smoke hams and bacon, and render the lard in the hogs he fattens, will be quite sure to find a market for them in the village next to his farm within three months of the time they are ready to sell. What is more he will realize about twice as much for them than he will if he disposes of his hogs alive or dressed for the city market. A farmer or an association of farmers can do well in starting a small packing establishment in the vicinity of the village that is most convenient to them.

Good, sweet corn-meal and prime, unadulterated buckwheat flour are generally quite difficult to obtain. An inferior article is furnished by city mills and is sold in towns and cities. Farmers who raise the grain can have it ground in considerable quantities at a time, and can dispose of it near home. Country villages are generally very poorly supplied with fruit of all descriptions, and especially with small fruit. Unless the people raise their own trees, vines and bushes, they either go without fresh fruit or obtain it from a distant city. There is generally more profit in selling fruit in small towns than in large cities. The price is ordinarily higher, while there is a saving in transportation and commissions. If a farmer raises more of any kind of fruit than he can dispose of near home in a fresh state he can preserve or dry it and keep it till it is salable. Country villages are also generally very poorly supplied with garden vegetables. Ordinarily they get no vegetables that deserve to be classed with luxuries. They have common potatoes, cabbages, tomatoes and turnips, but they have no sweet potatoes, asparagus, cauliflower, lettuce, cress or radishes, unless they raise them. There is generally a demand for these articles, and if none exists it can be created by a little effort. Articles that tempt the appetite can generally find purchasers at good prices. It requires no more exertion to build up a trade in a village than in a city. Farmers who make cider and wine can generally sell them at better advantage near home than in a large city, as they save the cost of shipping and selling. Cider can be converted into vinegar, which always commands a ready sale. With good vinegar and fresh vegetables farmers can make pickles for the supply of the home market. In short, farmers can dispose of a large amount of produce near home, if they set about it.—*Chicago Times.*

How to Make Summer Silk Dresses.

Shirred basques with shirred sleeves and trimmed skirts will be used for thin silks. The skirts have lengthwise double ruffles between clusters of shirring down the front and side breadths; sometimes, instead of making this ruffle of silk, lace will be used, and in other cases the ruffle will be of figured foulard lined with plain foulard. At the foot there are puffs that lap, with a plain ruffle at top and bottom. The over-skirt will be drawn up very high and full on the hips, and may be opened down the center and drawn back on each side, or else in a closed front in apron shape; the back drapery falls in soft folds and bows, yet is very full and bouffant. The basque will be shirred on the shoulders, again on the bust, and also at the waist line, and inside this shirring will be a gathered plastron or vest of plain foulard. The shirred sleeves will be arranged in lengthwise puffs for short arms, and in puffs around the armholes and elbows. If the arms are long and need to be rounded out; but these puffs must be very soft and drooping, and will look best if made separately and sewed upon the sleeves. Polonaises that are very full on the hips and tournure, yet are drawn back plainly on the sides, will be made of the large-figured foulards to wear over skirts formed entirely of puffs or lengthwise plaits, or covered with ruffles of the plain goods. The plain foulard is shirred in the front from throat to waist line, and edged with lace frills, and it is also formed in a great sash and bow made of a whole width laid in folds, and passed across the tournure between the under-arm seams. Dark velvet is sometimes preferred to the plain foulard for the accessories of these polonaises, and velvet ribbon bows are on the front of the waist and knotted on the side, or behind as a sash, but velvet skirts are no more effective than those of foulard, and add to the weight, when one of the greatest commendations of these summer silk dresses is their lightness.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Down in Pennsylvania, when a man gets mean enough to rob his family of food to buy whisky he is horsewhipped by the Vigilants. Robert Crosier has just had a stinging interview with the organization.—*Chicago Herald.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A Pennsylvania fruit-grower, when he plants a strawberry bed, applies manure at the rate of thirty to forty tons per acre, and dresses it annually afterward with a fall mulch of twenty-five tons more. He raises 5,000 quarts to the acre, and they are big berries.

—The Germantown *Telegraph* says, "Our judgment and practice have always been to treat the soil in which the trees, fruit and ornamental, grow, as far as can be done, the same as soil that is cultivated for vegetables or general farm crops, and we have always been satisfied with the result."

—A good way to save and use small slices of cold meat is to chop them fine, add some bread crumbs, salt and pepper, moisten with milk or with gravy or stock. Make this into flat cakes, dip them in egg and fry them until brown, or put the meat in a pudding dish or basin, press it for two or three hours, and slice it for tea.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Corn pone is highly recommended as a breakfast dish. Take one heaping coffee-cup of boiled hominy, heat it, and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, and nearly one pint of sweet milk; as much corn-meal may be added as will serve to thicken this till it is like the batter for "Johnnycake." Bake in a quick oven, and serve hot.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A lady of San Francisco lately received some plants from Mexico, and with the plants came the advice to fertilize them with waste coffee and coffee-grounds. This was done, and the results were so satisfactory that the same treatment was tried on roses, and the effect was a healthy and vigorous growth, and more and better flowers and of richer colors.

—A veterinary professor says that "a great majority of ring-bones in young horses come from the failure to shorten the toes." To this may be added that ring-bone is apt to be formed if colts are allowed to stand on a plank floor, or anywhere else where the footing is hard, during the first eighteen months of their age. Whether in stable or yard during this period, let them have earth for standing or walking, free from stone or gravel.

—Superior Johnnycake: Two eggs, one half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one pint of buttermilk, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ground allspice, and make a batter with two-thirds meal and one-third flour. To be eaten warm. Now sisters, do not say "that is too rich for a johnnycake," but just make one, and whatever you leave out be sure you do not leave out the allspice, and I am sure the "Johns" will call for more.—*The Household.*

—Pure honey should be used unsparingly by every family. It is no longer a luxury to be used only by a few, but it is sufficiently cheap to be within the reach of all. It has properties which make it a valuable food. It differs from alcoholic stimulants, which dull the intellect—on the contrary it produces a bright intellect as well as a healthy body. Children are very fond of honey, and one pound of it goes further than a pound of butter. It has the peculiarity of keeping good, while butter often becomes rancid and injurious to health.—*American Bee Journal.*

Calves During the Early Spring.

Young things that have done exceptionally well during the past three months, will, in the same hands, undoubtedly go on to grass as young growing stock always should, namely, with pliable hides and oily coats—two evidences that they have not put in the whole winter without making some growth. Yet, even such as have done capitally up to February, will possibly require more attention till grass than they have from time of grass in the fall till the present time. As winter nears its close, efforts are likely to be relaxed, in view of the near approach of the spring bite and due attent on to the bad influence of the cold rains and mud under foot, so liable to come in all except the more northerly States, be neglected.

These influences, added to the disturbed digestion, accompanied by a more or less distended abdomen, in the case of calves that have not done well during first half of winter, will call for extra care to the latter class. The coarse feed, especially straw, should be entirely ignored, no access being allowed to any other than concentrated food, except moderate allowances of fine, bright, well-cured hay. The trouble which usually comes to very young stock from feeding ground foods is the indigestion, liable to overtake them through fermentation of the food given. For this reason, oil-cake meal is undoubtedly the best food in use for calves. Farmers naturally have a prejudice against buying feed for farm stock of any kind, under the belief that the grains grown upon their own farms are good enough for any animal reared thereon.

They forget that calves are usually reared artificially; that is, they are, as a rule, too early deprived of their natural sustenance, the milk of the mother. This involves the necessity of substituting as nearly an equivalent as can be found. On account of the tendency to fermentation of ground foods, when given freely to young things, and the cake meal being only in a slight degree, compared to some other feeds, liable to ferment in the stomach of the calf, the latter is adopted, especially in Europe, by pretty much all who rear cattle and sheep, as the most important food at their command. Especially is this true as regards their management of young stock; nor do they restrict its use to growing things, but use it freely as a basis for foods during the entire process of fattening.

Now is a good time for observing men, with judgment well matured in such matters, to look up and buy young stock to rear, as the discerning eye will see the evidences of good strains in the breeding and good care in the wintering, where these are present. Calves that have been properly cared for till February 1st are, with proper protection, easily carried through to grass, in good shape for rapid gain. Calves should be isolated, from older cattle, as their food requires to be selected and very carefully given. Even such calves as in line to play master, should be restricted in their opportunities for doing so, being fed separately.

Where shelter had not already been provided, it is not too late to attend to this important duty. As a dozen calves can find sleeping room in a covered enclosure twelve feet square, the expense of putting up an unpretending, yet warm calf room, need be but trifling. A very serious mistake is made by many men in discontinuing the feeding of grain upon first turning to grass. There is a material loss to the strength of the calf by this practice, as the system undergoes a radical change when green grass with its abundance of water is taken into the stomach in place of the substantial dry feed to which it has been accustomed during the winter.

Under the coming system, sure to hold sway in the near future, namely, the feeding off at half the age heretofore thought proper, no owner can afford to lose any time through omitting to follow up the grain and oil-cake feed on young animals. If these strong foods are required, and pay while on the dry hay, even during the absence of grass, they will pay equally well after the latter is entered upon, and should not be discontinued till the young things have become well accustomed to them, have plenty of it, and are thriving apace.—*Live Stock Journal.*

—The word "masher," an Americanism to describe a man who glories in his ability to win the admiration of women, has come into use in London, where that kind of human being is plentiful. "He is a fungus," says the London *Truth*; "not an honest mushroom, or even a respectable toadstool, but a wet, spongy, and unwholesome emanation from a rotten and poisonous soil. Ridiculously overdressed, starched up to the very eyelids, smothered like a girl in jewelry, decked out with flowers like a footman, idiotic in countenance, and sparse in conversation, with a knobbed stick to suck, he has become an observed form of social cold veal."

—The necessity of always speaking good grammar had a curious illustration the other day in Philadelphia. An old lady nearly blind heard a noise in the upper part of the house, and on calling up-stairs she was answered by a strange voice, saying: "It's me, mother." Having brought up her children to use proper language, the old lady knew at once that there was a strange man in the house, and quickly effected her escape to a neighbor's, although she suffered some violence at the hands of the bogus son. Burglars in Philadelphia will hereafter probably add an English grammar to their "kits."—*Buffalo N. Y. Express.*

—The story is told, it may or may not be true, that during a free fight in a Chicago saloon a man was shot in the mouth but escaped injury through the ball flattening itself against his breath.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Post.*

[New Haven (Conn.) Union.]

How a Lawyer Treated the Case.

I, David Strouse, of New Haven, Connecticut, was attacked with a severe rheumatism in my right arm, hand and foot, so that I walked with difficulty and could hardly use my hand to eat with. I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rubbing well three times a day, and obtained instant relief and a perfect cure.

DAVID STROUSE, *Attorney-at-Law.*

It is related of an up-town resident that, after the butcher bill had grown to such figures that the butcher could no longer carry the debt, he gave his note for ninety days in settlement. Three or four days after the butcher had received the note he called upon the creditor and said: "I have your note for $215, due in three months." "You have," "What would be the discount on such a note?" "Well, you ought to be able to realize at least $25." "Would you hand me $200 and take the note?" "I should only be too glad to," promptly replied the creditor, "but for my pride. To ask a man to discount his own paper is to humiliate him." "But I have tried all the banks, sir, and none of them will take it." "Ah! I see! It's too small a matter for them to handle. I owe the grocer $100.50. Suppose you pay it and let me tear up this note, and give you one for both amounts combined!" The butcher is still holding the original note.—*Wall Street News.*

A PHYSICIAN writes: "I have recommended Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla in my practice as a general tonic. I consider it superior to every other preparation in cases of female complaints and general prostration. As a blood purifier it always acts like a charm, and as a true strengthener it has no equal."

"I REALLY was puzzled what to do for the best," said our own Mrs. Ramsbotham. "I was quite 'on the corns of a duenna,' as the saying is."—*Punch.*

DR. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug, and are highly recommended for headache, neuralgia and nervousness. 50 cents, at druggists.

CRYSTALIZED—the man who wears glasses. *Somerville Journal.*

"*I had Salt Rheum for 19 years. Four packages of Dr. Benson's Skin Cure entirely cured me.*" —F. P. Lavelle, Merced, Cal. $1, at druggists.

THE man of great wait—the creditor.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"Better bear present evils than fly to those unknown." Better still, use Kidney-Wort and make your present evil fly to parts unknown. If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. Use it as an advance guard—either in dry or liquid form—it is efficient.

SIX HUNDRED criminals were pardoned from the Chicago Bridewell last year. It means so nothing when a Chicago man says, "Beg pardon."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Age of Miracles

is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

AN Erie woman has robbed a hair store. Like a pistol, she went off with a bang.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Get the Original.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach and bilious attacks. By druggists.

THE shopmen of the last generation used to achieve success with great pains, but now they use great panes instead.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription," for all those weaknesses peculiar to women, is an unequalled remedy. Distressing backache and "bearing-down" sensations yield to its strength-giving properties. By druggists.

GIRLS are more courageous than men. They are ready to make a match with a fellow twice their size.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP" for feverishness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c.

A BEAR majority—the inhabitants of the North Pole.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

BRIGHT days in store—when there is a rush of customers.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—*No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.*

HAVE you seen the Chrolithion Collars and Cuffs? Something new. Ask for them.

ANOTHER hotel horror, as the man said when the hash was set before him.

BROWN doesn't like his new colored domestic so well as he had anticipated. She is never at home evenings; always going somewhere. She is, in fact, a regular Dinah out.

THEY were talking over music and the drama, at the table of their host, who, as they were already aware, owed his fortune to his own unaided exertions. "You are fond of Rossini?" asked one of his guests. "Passionately," replied the host. "How do you like his Barber?" "Don't know, sir—never patronized the man; have shaved myself for the last forty years."—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

THE calico manufacturer is well red, and a prints among men.—*N. Y. News.*

WHY are so many classic concert places called "polonaises" on the programme?—*Edith.* Because they are quite long and generally drag.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE man who is always behind will have no followers.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE new five-cent piece contains a figure of the American eagle, which is all right; but it would be more appropriate to put a dog on a scent.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE real glove fight occurs when a woman tries to put a No. 6 glove on a No. 7 hand.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A MAN lately applied at a butcher's shop for a "liver pad."—*Chicago News.*

AS a harmless initiation into the use of fire-arms, pretty girls might practice shooting glances through double-barrelled glasses.—*Judge.*

MONEY is called the great circulating medium because men have to circulate