INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

W. P. ROSS, Editor.

VINITA. - - - INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

(AFTER "LOCKSLEY HALL.")

Comrades, leave me here a little, while I muse on many things;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound the banjo's dulcet strings.

Let me cast my roving optic down the vista of the Past,
Meditate on all my follies, from my first act to my last.

All the list of weary blunders had their origin and start
From the day I first determined I would give myself to Art—

From the day I perpetrated an umbrella stand much garnished.
'Twas a drain-pipe with scrap pictures neatly pasted on and varnished.

But this kind of decoration speedily went out of style,
So I turned me round and painted daisies on a sky-blue tile.

Then a red-legged stork I painted, 'mid some rushes, on a panel;
Next I made a lovely study of some cat-tails worked on flannel.

"Unconventional and worthless" were those efforts, said the croakers,
So I did some gorgeous sunflowers, just as straight and stiff as pokers.

Then we girls all took to sketching, in a way off-hand and easy,
With strange streaks and freaks of color; this we called "so Japanesey."

I have "etched" a dozen doyleys, painted four depressing placques,
Covered with Kate Greenaway children menu pasteboards by the stacks,

Done "drawn-work," made ribbon roses, burnished plaster things with gilt,
Sketched papa's face on the tea-pot, and have made a "crazy quilt."

Then, as if this list of objects didn't "write me down an ass,"
I must needs with all the others madly try to hammer brass.

Comrades, I am very weary, and my heart is sorely vexed.
Is this game of Art 'most finished? If it isn't, what comes next?

Must I try to do wood-carving? Must I learn to model some?
Hark! the banjo calls me onward. Comrades, wearily I come.

—*Bessie Chandler, in Harper's Bazar.*

WANTED, A WIFE.

Jack Hornby, of Brazenface College, Oxford, had just finished his usual after-breakfast pipe, on the last day of the summer term, 1880, when his attention was arrested by a sharp rap at his door, immediately followed by the entrance of the well-dressed person of his college friend, Methven.

"Come along in," said Hornby, "and light yourself a pipe."

"No, thank ye, can't stop," replied Methven, "as I have a lot to do this morning; but I thought I would just run across and tell you a bit of news. I have just arranged a glorious hoax, at the expense, I need hardly say, of old Crofton. He has become too cute lately to be caught by our old time-honored jokes, and so I have arranged the following plan: A week ago I inserted in the agony column of the *Morning Advertiser* a glowing matrimonial advertisement, in which I stated that the advertiser, who was handsome, rich and all that sort of thing, desired to meet with a pretty and accomplished girl with a view to matrimony. All applicants were to send their photographs; the replies to be sent to H. C., No. 151 St. Giles', Oxford—that's the house where my scout lives, and so, of course, I told him to bring me any letters thus addressed. I got no reply for a day or so, but four days ago I received a letter from a certain damsel, who described herself as young, handsome and accomplished, inclosed me the photograph of a very pretty girl, ended by asking me when and where I should meet her in town, and signed herself Miss L. Bernard, Piccadilly Circus Post-office: she also expressed a desire to have the advertiser's photograph, so I promptly sent her that of old Crofton, which he had lately given me, and said I would write to-night when and where I should meet her; so my scheme is, to somehow induce Crofton to meet this girl: she will of course recognize him by the photograph I have sent, will probably rush into his arms, the kangaroo will be utterly overpowered, and there will be an interesting *denouement*. Now, Hornby, don't you think that a magnificent piece of strategy?"

"No, indeed, I don't," said Hornby; "I think it is an infernal shame; and, what's more, I have half a mind to go and tell the kangaroo of the hoax."

"Oh, come now," said Methven, "you'd never do that, Jack, I know. Well! I can't stay any longer, so good-bye for the present."

There is not the very slightest doubt that, if the fates had not intervened, Hornby would have gone straight to Crofton and warned him of the impending hoax, and this story would never have been written; but, as it happened, no sooner had Methven gone out of Hornby's rooms than in rushed the Secretary of the College Cricket Club in a state of breathless anxiety; there was a match at 11:30; it was now eleven o'clock, and he could get together only eight men. So Hornby was promptly enlisted, and by the time the match was over Methven and his scheme had entirely faded from his not too retentive memory. Methven, in the meantime, had gone straight to Crofton's rooms. Now, this Crofton, who was about to fall a victim to Methven's wiles, was the son of a large Australian sheep farmer, and had come up to Brazenface the previous October. Like most colonists who have not been to school in England, he was very simple and unsophisticated; and though the kangaroo, as he was generally called, was very popular, he was constantly being made the victim of small practical jokes, most of which were originated by Methven, who was the professional hoaxer of Brazenface. He always forgave them heartily, and joined in the laugh himself. However, his one year's residence in college had opened his eyes a little, and being naturally anything but a fool, his friends found it not quite so easy to take him in now, as it used to be, and several attempts having lately failed, Methven, to sustain his dwindling reputation as a joker, had concocted the plan he had just disclosed to Hornby. He found the genial giant busily packing his traps ready for going down the next day. After chatting a moment or two the tempter began:

"As you're going to town to-morrow, I want you to do me a little favor. I promised to meet a girl, a cousin of mine, to-morrow. We each had got an order for the House of Commons, and I was to have escorted her, and as we meant to have a little lunch together at Lucas' before we went in, we had arranged to meet at a quarter past two at the Westminster Bridge landing pier, that being a place where we couldn't possibly miss each other. Now, as bad luck will have it the dean has sent for me to see him after collections, so that I can't let the girl know, because she's away on a visit for a day or two to some friends, whose address I have forgotten, and she won't return home till after she's been to the House. Now, I don't want the poor child to wait an hour for me, so would you mind going there at a quarter past two and telling her I can't come, because of that beastly dean? And so that you can't mistake her, I've brought you her photograph. By-the-by, her name's Miss Bernard. Now will this be too much trouble for you?"

"Oh, not a bit," said Crofton, "I shall be delighted."

"Well, remember, Westmininster landing pier, at a quarter past two! And now, good-bye, and a pleasant 'long' to you."

Methven, highly elated with the result of his scheme, immediately wrote a note to Miss L. Bernard that H. C. would meet her at the Westminster bridge pier, at a quarter past two punctually, and that she must come up and speak to him if she saw him first.

The next morning Crofton, having undergone that dread ordeal called "collections," having been bullied alternately by the principal, the dean and the senior tutor, hurried off to the station and just managed to catch the mid-day express to town. On his arrival, leaving his traps at a hotel, he rushed off to Westminster Bridge landing pier and arrived there within a minute or two of the appointed time. There were but few people on it when he arrived, and certainly no one resembling in the slightest degree the photograph of Mr. Methven's cousin. He looked up and down, but no—there was only one young lady there, and she wasn't in the least like the photograph. She was standing close to the ticket-office, holding the hand of a little boy of ten or so—and she seemed to watch Crofton with an amused smile as he impatiently walked up and down, looking now at her watch and now at the Parliament clock tower. The little boy, getting tired of waiting, had slipped away under the protecting chains around the side and began to play with a little dog that was vaguely roaming about. The young lady did not miss him, and when Crofton happened to turn he saw the child, in trying to avoid a sudden bound of the dog, stumble and fall over the pier into the river. The child yelled, the girl shrieked, and the dog barked for sympathy, but Crofton, who fortunately had plenty of presence of mind and was a good strong swimmer, dived quietly into the water, caught up the child in a couple of strokes, and in a very short time had restored his dripping burden to the young lady. She was of course most grateful to him for having saved the life of her little brother (for so the child turned out to be), and as Crofton put them into a cab, she asked him to call on them at home and give her parents an opportunity of personally thanking him. Crofton at first pooh-poohed the idea of being thus made a hero of, but there was a pleasing look in her pretty eyes which quite overcame his scruples; and, having ascertained that her father was a Mr. West, and lived at No. 136 Cavendish Square, he promised to call there the following afternoon. And, as there was still no sign of Miss Bernard, and as he was dripping wet, he hailed a passing cab and returned to his hotel.

The next day according to his promise, he called at No. 136 Cavendish square, and was received most kindly by Miss West, his acquaintance of yesterday, and her mother, an old lady, who thanked him most volubly for having saved dear Bertie's life, who, she added, was none the worse for the ducking, and was at that moment in bed, with a mustard plaster on his chest and a basin of gruel by his side, probably thinking the drowning would have been infinitely preferable to the doctoring.

Of course Crofton was invited to stay to dinner, so as to meet Mr. West, who did not return from business till after six. About that time he arrived, and a fine cheery fellow he was, and right heartily did he welcome his new acquaintance. After dinner, as he and Harry were discussing a bottle of '34 port, Mr. West found out from the simple-hearted fellow that he was a native of Australia, and that, though he was happy enough during term-time with his college chums, he found it very dull during vacation, having but few relations and friends in the old country; and so Mr. West, liking the honest, manly lad, and feeling, of course, intensely grateful to him for having saved his child from drowning, invited him to spend a month with him at his shooting-lodge in Scotland. Crofton, being passionately devoted to sport, snapped at the offer; and so it was arranged that he should go up to Mr. West's shooting lodge, in Cromarty, on the 11th of August. To this day he swears that the month he spent at Balbriggan Lodge was the happiest time of his life—good sport, nice men in the house, and, ah! far best of all, the society of Lilian West. At first it struck him that she looked upon him for some reason or other as rather a puppy, which considerably surprised him, for whatever his faults might be, conceit was certainly not one of them. But as time went on, and she had plenty of opportunity of seeing what a modest sterling fellow he was (besides being the best shot of the party) the feeling seemed to pass away, and soon gave place to a sincere regard. Sunday afternoon rambles through the heather, cozy chats in the gloaming after dinner, lessons in the mysteries of "gobang" and chess, have brought together less susceptible hearts than those of Harry Crofton and Lilian West, and the day before he was returning to England he plucked up courage, proposed, and to his delight, was accepted. The next morning, however, just before starting home, Lilian came up to him and said:

"Harry dear, before you go I want you to forgive me for the silly joke I played you about that advertisement."

"Advertisement!" said he, "what advertisement?"

"Why the one, of course, you put in the *Morning Advertiser.*"

Crofton looked very mystified, and again shook his head.

"Oh, come now, Harry," replied Lilian, "it is not a bit of use your trying to deceive me; do you mean to say you didn't put the advertisement in the *Morning Advertiser?*" and so saying, she drew from her card-case a small newspaper cutting and handed it to Crofton. It ran as follows:

> WANTED A WIFE.—The advertiser, who is strikingly handsome, very accomplished, and extremely rich, wishes to meet with a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be good looking, amiable and accomplished. Applicants must forward their photograph and address.—H. C., 151 St. Giles', Oxford.

"Never saw it before in my life," said Crofton.

"And you never wrote this?" continued Miss West, handing the last letter from H. C. to Miss L. Bernard, appointing the place and time of meeting.

"Most certainly not, it's not a bit like my handwriting. Couldn't write so well if I tried for a month."

"Well, Harry, you must at least own that this your photograph."

"Good gracious, yes," replied Crofton; "that's mine, sure enough; but who on earth could have sent it, and why to you of all people!"

"Oh," said Lilian, "I'm afraid you will think me very silly, but when I read that advertisement I longed, I simply yearned—for I'm very curious, Harry, as you'll soon find out—to see in the flesh the human being who could be so consummately conceited as to frame an advertisement like that; and so I replied to it, directing my letter from the post-office at Piccadilly Circus and signing myself by a fictitious name. I also sent the photograph of a pretty little maid I once had, and next day received the photograph and letter you have just seen. So, with Bertie as my companion, feeling sure that the advertiser couldn't possibly mistake me for the original of Parker's photograph, I went to the Westminster landing pier at the appointed time. Imagine my delight, then, when I saw you, the original of the photograph, stalking up and down the pier, apparently awaiting the faithless damsel. But, Harry, dear, if you did not go to meet me, why in the world did you go to the pier at that very time?"

"I went on a commission," said he, "for a college friend of mine, named Methven."

"What! Mr. Methven, of Brazenface!" said she.

"Why, yes; is he a friend of yours?"

"Oh, I only met him when staying in the country last Christmas; and I think, Harry, he liked me better than I did him."

"Well," continued Crofton, "I went there to meet a cousin of his, and to give her a message from him, but I have a shrewd idea this is one of his practical jokes he is always playing."

"But, tell me, how were you to know this young lady, Harry?" said Lilian.

"He showed me a photograph by which I was to recognize her."

"Was it that of a pretty girl with a large hat and feather, with a fan in her hand?" said Lilian with a smile.

"The very same," said Crofton.

"Then, Harry, you are quite right, it was a practical joke, for that was Parker's photograph which I sent to the mysterious Mr. H. C. And now, Harry dear, it's not a bit of use getting angry about it, for we were both 'sold' a little, and it has ended very happily for you and me; and so we will make a promise not to chaff one another in the future for the parts we have each played in the strange little 'Comedy of Errors.'"

I need hardly say Crofton sealed the bargain with a kiss.

When Harry next returned to Brazenface the October term had begun. Port Meadow was flooded, the elms outside St. John's were rapidly losing their leaves, and the creeper on St. Mary's porch was in all the glory of its autumn foliage. Crofton arrived, first day of term, just in time for "hall," and as he was finishing his dinner, the scout who waited on the third-year table handed him the following brief epistle, scrawled on the back of the dinner-bill:

> Dear Kangaroo—Come to my rooms directly after "hall." Yours ever. J. HORNBY.

So after "hall," Crofton went straight to Hornby's rooms, and found him uncorking a bottle of college port; and over this bottle, soothed by the fragrant weed, Harry Crofton told Hornby the story of his love, the whole tale—how it had happened, and what a very lucky dog he was. He had just finished his narrative, when a knock came at the door and in walked Methven, just arrived.

"How d'ye do, Jack? Hillo, Kangaroo, how are you, old chap?" he began.

But, somehow, the look on Crofton's face Methven had never seen before, and what's more, didn't like it.

However, he continued, "well, did you meet my cousin, eh? Come, come, old chap, you must really forgive me: it was a beastly shame, I own."

"Now, look here," said Crofton, quietly—and there was an ugly look in his eyes, and a firmness in his jaw that made Methven unconsciously creep near the door—"I don't want to have a row with any man, much less in Jack Hornby's rooms. But I tell you plainly, I think, it was awfully low of you to take advantage of my good-nature in the way you did—I strongly advise you for the future, if you like a whole skin, not to try the game on again. I may tell you, your scheme entirely failed, and it's entirely through your attempt at a hoax I have become engaged to the nicest little girl in England."

"Really," said Methven with a sneer, "then I think the least you can do is to introduce us, as she may possibly like to make the acquaintance of the unconscious author of her happiness."

"Perhaps she might," replied Crofton, quietly, "if she hadn't unfortunately made it before. Good-night, Jack," and so saying he left the room.

"There Methven," said Hornby, "I knew quite well some row would come of this hoax of yours."

"Well, tell me what happened, Jack, if you know."

Thereupon Hornby told the whole story, from beginning to end; when he had finished, Methven said:

"I wonder who the girl was, and when and where she met me."

"Of course I can't tell you the latter," said Hornby, as he walked up to the chimney-piece to refill his pipe, "but her name, if I remember rightly, is Miss Lilian West."

Hornby heard a sharp groan, and on looking around saw Methven as white as a sheet, with his head buried in his hands.

"Good God, man, what's up?" cried Hornby.

"Oh Jack," said Methven, "that's the very girl I loved myself. I met her last Christmas in the country, and I would have sold my very soul for her! And now," he continued, with a sob, "and now she's lost forever." With those words he walked out, leaving Hornby to ponder deeply on the strange irony of fate.

Two years have rolled on, Lilian West is now the wife of Henry Crofton, B. A., of Brazenface College, Oxford. And Methven has long since come to the conclusion that there safer modes of playing practical jokes on one's friends than by inserting in the papers fictitious matrimonial advertisements.—*J. Randal, in Time.*

Sights in Bombay.

Bombay is exceedingly interesting to me. I love to soak my handkerchief in camphor, and then start off in the edge of the evening for a long ramble on foot, oblivious of the danger from cholera and other prevalent pestilence.

Here is a single, lone Chinaman, the only one I have seen in all Bombay, who is stepping along to his shoe shop. Here are a group of my esteemed countrymen, as I immediately gather from the gilt inscription "U. S. S. Trenton" around their hat-bands, and also from their blue sailor suits. They are slightly moistened with benzine I can see, and I have grave doubts as to the nature of their mission ashore: but they compare so favorably with the men from the British ships in conduct that I do not rebuke them as I pass by. Here are some bootblacks, the first I have seen since leaving San Francisco. Your shoes are always blacked by the hotel porter, or the boarding-house porter, or the steamer porter in these ports, so that the business of the street urchin is sadly injured. I do not hear the familiar American cry: "Shine yer boots?" These Hindoo bootblacks should visit New York and "see how it is done."

Here a great crowd of natives are looking off at the sky over the bay. I look, also, but see nothing. I move on further, until I come in sight of the sea-shore, when I discover thousands of people sitting down and gazing at the blank, cloudless sky. I ferret out a Parsee (the Parsees almost always speak English), and he explains it all to me. This is the first day of the Hindoo new year, and it is a great National custom to look for the new moon. After much looking I discover the queen of night—the smallest crescent I have ever seen.

The streets are thronged with men, women and children, all attired in costumes that are more showy than any I have ever seen elsewhere in the world.

A series of terrible shrieks now rise above the babel of street cries. I elbow my way along to the scene of operations, and find that a Hindoo is piercing the nose of one of his daughters, aged perhaps ten years. This is, of course, a part of every girl's education, but is a medicine that is not appreciated in the taking. The means adopted for performing the operation are rather primitive. The child's head is held by one person, while another jams the wire of the jewel through the shrinking cartilage of the nostril.—*Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.*

—"Bye-bye, love," he murmured, as he started down to his office in the morning, and she did to the extent of a fifty-dollar bonnet. He says good-morning now.

—An Englishman succeeded in reducing his weight five and a half pounds in one week by dieting.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Do not let the weeds get a day ahead of you.

—Sprinkle hellebore and water on rose bushes to kill the insects.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Every bunch of grass or weeds that grows in the garden is just so much nutriment taken from the vegetables.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Baked Milk: Put a half gallon of milk in a jar and tie it down with writing paper. Let it stand in a moderate oven eight or ten hours. It will be like cream, and is very nutritious.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—Every garden should contain a few rows of small fruits, not only for useful purposes, but for ornamental. On rich garden soils the product is sometimes large enough to supply a family from a very small area with all they require.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—In sowing seeds in the garden it is well to remember that though the soil should be deep and finely pulverized, yet a loose condition is unfavorable to good growth. After the seeds are sown a heavy rolling would be a great advantage.—*Chicago Times.*

—To prevent the ox-fly or gad-fly from depositing its eggs on cattle, which process greatly annoys the animals, especially during warm summer days, the backs of the cattle should be sponged every forenoon with a solution of penny-royal or walnut leaves.—*Exchange.*

—If a room is in very general use have materials that will bear usage. Hair-cloth and cane furniture are not very fashionable now, yet if one has them, they will look better at the end of ten years' wear than the cheap upholstered colored furniture, of which so much is now sold.

—A delicious side dish is made of apples and is called apple omelet. Peel and stew, stir in a large lump of butter, a little sugar and four well-beaten eggs; add fine bread-crumbs and fry in hot lard on a griddle, dropping from a spoon. If you have no stale bread use flour or cracker crumbs.—*N. Y. Post.*

—If possible, buy an oil-cloth which has been made for several years, as the longer it has lain unwashed the better it will wear, the paint being harder. Never scrub. Sweep with a soft hair-brush, and wash with a soft cloth dipped in milk and water. Don't use soap. Rub dry with a handful of rags. —*Detroit Post.*

—Orange custards: Boil the rind of an orange till it is tender, pound it in a clean mortar and add to it the juice of two oranges, eight ounces of loaf sugar, the yelks of four eggs and the whites of three, beat altogether for ten minutes, then add a pint of milk, stir over the fire until it is set, then pour into glass dishes or cups.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A fine, lustrous polish for delicate cabinet work can be made as follows: Half-pint linseed oil, half-pint of old ale, the white of an egg, one ounce spirits of wine, one ounce of spirits of salts. Shake well before using. A little to be applied to the face of a soft linen pad, and lightly rubbed for a minute or two over the article to be restored, which should be first rubbed off with an old silk handkerchief. It will keep any length of time if well corked. —*Exchange.*

Stirring the Soil.

As soon as the young plants are well above ground, the work of stirring the soil should begin, not only because the weeds will thus be kept down, but because the soil needs lightning up to let in the air. When most of the hoed crops are planted, the earth is firmed over the seed to make them germinate better; thus a crust is formed that is not beneficial to the growth of the young plants; therefore, the sooner the crust is broken after the young plants are above ground, the better it is for their growth. Mistakes are often made by neglecting to stir the soil until the weeds get well started, under the belief that the object of cultivation is principally to kill the weeds; but a neglect for one or two weeks to break the crust, and pulverize the soil, is an injury to the young plants, so serious that the crop is permanently injured.

Successful cultivators do not wait for the weeds to get large before they begin to cultivate, but commence the work as soon as the crop is high enough to see the rows. This would be good policy even if it was only to keep the weeds down, for when the weeds are just above the surface it is very sure death to them to disturb the soil, but when they get several inches high, with ordinary culture, not half of them will be killed. It is less work to keep the weeds down by cultivating once extra when the plants are small, than not to cultivate until the weeds are well-established. Thus, two objects are accomplished by commencing to cultivate when the crop is small, first, by loosening up the soil, and second, the more certain destruction of the weeds.

There is no work that pays the gardener better than that of frequently stirring the soil, not only when the plants are small, but until they are large enough to shade most of the land. A soil that is well manured is greatly improved every time it is stirred; and one that is not well manured, unless it is frequently stirred, will bake so hard that the young plants will not grow; therefore, whether the soil be rich or poor, if the crop is to be kept in a vigorous state, cultivation must be frequent must be frequent. Some farmers will grow larger crops with but little manure, than others do with heavy manuring, because, understanding the the advantage, they make it their practice to frequently stir the soil, even though there be no weeds to kill.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Clover Hay.

It is a prevalent and well-founded belief that clover hay is not a desirable food for horses, and that it provokes the common disease known as "heaves." It has been supposed that it is the dust in the hay which produces the disease by irritating the sensitive lining membrane of the bronchial tubes. This supposition is probably a mistake. Clover hay is not necessarily dusty, not nearly so much so as timothy cut before it is ripe, in which the immature blossom exists in the form of fine dust, which, being partly pollen, has a very irritating effect upon the membranes. And yet we are recommended to feed only timothy hay to horses and keep the clover hay for cows. Now, heaves is a nervous disorder, and does not arise from irritation of the bronchial membranes. This condition of the membranes, with the resulting thickening of them and consequent obstruction of the air passages, produces the disorder known as roaring, or wheezy, noisy respiration, but not the heaving of the flanks, which is the effect of the spasmodic action of the diaphragm, produced by disordered nervous action, and which is known as heaves. It is more probable that the nitrogenous quality of the clover hay is the real cause of the disorder, as food rich in nitrogen stimulates the nervous system, while food rich in starch, as potatoes, for instance, has a very favorable effect upon a horse that is troubled with heaves. Cotton-seed-meal and peas are also highly nitrogenous foods, and these, if their use is persisted in, will cause heaves in a horse in a short time. It is a valuable thing to know wherein and how foods differ in respect to their nitrogenous and carbonaceous character, for much of their value in feeding depends upon this difference.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Reformed Farmer.

The reform of the farmer is preliminary to any improvement in the farm. A man makes his own environments. It is in the man, and not the place, always, that success or failure consists. Just as in a moral sense "a change of heart" is necessary to reform a man's character, so it is in regard to a man's conduct of his farm—the farmer must be reformed before the farm can be improved. It is useless to talk of beauty of form or color to a blind man or to preach of cleanliness to a man who is instinctively and practically unclean, or of neatness and order to a careless man, or of regularity and promptness to one who is constitutionally averse to exertion either of body or mind. There are men who are utterly incapable of the sense of gratitude, who are meanly dishonest, who are so incapable of a sense of shame as to steal the products of a man's work, whether it be of his hands or brain, so long as they are in no fear of punishment, and what can change these vicious habits excepting a total rearrangement of the man's moral nature? It is precisely the same in regard to a man's work on the farm. What startling contrasts may be found in near neighbors! Here, for instance, we see a farmer surrounded by every evidence of thrift, with the best kind of stock, the most improved implements, neat farm buildings, substantial fences, all the labor-saving conveniences in barns, stables and household; flowers and shrubs adorn and make attractive the homestead; the fields are in good order; the crops are forward and prolific, and, withal, the farmer has plenty of leisure and is able to devote it to making himself and his family comfortable and happy, and to securing every enjoyment in life.

Across the lane one may see an instance of the very opposite of all this, and a weary farmer struggling with his work, which enfolds and grips him in a close and crushing embrace like that of the serpent coiled about Laocoon and his sons, as told in the old fable. He is a slave, driven by his work, which goes all amiss, because it is his master: and when a man is mastered by his work he has a hard, relentless taskmaster and a cruel tyrant over him. Such cases are to be seen on every hand and by every one who uses his eyes. What are the reasons? They are not in the farm naturally. Indeed, at times we may see naturally rich land with a very poor owner, and a poor farm naturally with a rich owner. Just as we see the stony mountain farms of some countries occupied by thrifty, happy farmers, enjoying abundance of good things because they are industrious, and the richest, sunniest plains, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," occupied by the most wretched of human beings, who seem to enjoy their misery so long as they can lie in the sunshine and no one shade it from them. It is in the man and not the place every time.

Now, the first thing necessary to a reformation is to know that such a process is indispensable. Some reader may feel hurt that we seem to intimate that his misfortunes are due to his own fault. But we beg him to believe that this is precisely the truth of the case. What such a man calls bad luck, that follows him up so closely and pesters him every day, is simply the result of his own inefficiency or carelessness or dilatory and neglectful habits. We have to plead guilty of such mistakes at times, and we have suffered from them, but have learned wisdom from them and hope to have reformed. But it has taken many years, and there are very few farmers who can learn all the lessons that are required for their thorough schooling and to enable them to graduate in this school of experience in less than a score of years. The sooner one begins to learn, however, and the more apt he is to learn, the sooner he will reach the desired end.

A few rules of conduct thoughtfully made and consistently kept will do wonders in this reformation. For instance, let a careless farmer determine to think twice before he acts once; to finish everything he undertakes in a thorough manner before he leaves it; to do one thing only at a time; to begin his work in good season; to keep no unprofitable things, stock, tools or land—which would be included—on his farm; to be willing to learn, and to know the ins and outs of everything relating to his work, by reading and study and observation, and by the example of his most successful neighbors, which he should not be above profiting by. In addition to these, he might profitably determine to think of small things, as always to shut a gate or put up bars or close a door after he goes through; to keep his wagons greased, his machines oiled and his tools sharp; to have a place for everything and keep everything in its place; to have a time for doing all daily tasks and to do each one in its time; to be good-natured and kind to his stock and feed them liberally, and, as he trains them to be docile, to train himself also at the same time. There are many more things to be done, but these should not be left undone, and a farmer who habitually does any one of these will "keep the whole law," because to reform in one point is equivalent to a complete reformation. And, as the man reforms, the farm will be a complete index and record of every step in the moral regeneration of the owner.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

Encourage the Birds.

War is being waged by farmers against all birds, except a few popular songsters, and most boys are taught that birds and birds' nests are their rightful prey. These little creatures do some damage it must be admitted. They will pick up seed that has not been well covered, but that ought to teach the farmer to sow his seeds more carefully. They will feast upon the ripe grain, and sometimes destroy more than they eat; but the farmer seldom considers that he might not have any grain to harvest, were it not for these same feathered intruders. During the time between sowing and harvesting, birds must live upon something besides grain, and I fancy that farmers seldom think that that something is principally insects, and the eggs of insects. They rear their young on these, and one can hardly estimate the immense number of insects thus destroyed. Were it not for this safeguard that nature has kindly furnished us in the form of the feathered race, the world would, according to the best calculations, be completely over-run in a few years of uninterrupted propagation, with crawling, stinging pests. Birds have an important work to do, and we should aid them with all the means at our command; certainly we can not afford to destroy our protectors. Every farmer should teach his children to cherish and protect their feathered friends. Encourage the birds, and children too, by building bird-houses about the farm buildings. Teach the boys to build these houses, and thus serve two purposes at once—accustoming them to the use of tools, and imbuing their minds with humane sentiments. Many a farm home knows naught of music but that which floats on the air from nature's own orchestra. Let us have all the sweet sounds we can, to soften and lighten our rural toils.—*W. D. Boynton, in American Agriculturist.*

—There are no less than half a dozen dog schools in New York, where dogs are taught some very neat tricks for $150. Dogs with diplomas vouching for graduation from this institution are worth from $500 to $1,000.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Charcoal as Food for Live Stock.

Charcoal has recently been recommended as an addition to the food of animals, as it increases their power of accumulating fat, and promotes the rapid and healthy production of flesh. This was recently proved by taking the live weights of two lots of sheep, and simply separating them by an ordinary net; the artificial food, corn and cake, being carefully weighed out to each lot alike daily, one pint of charcoal being added to one lot only. When re-weighed, prior to selling to the butcher, the increase in weight was in favor of charcoal by 16.25 per cent. Sanitation causes easy and complete digestion; and assimilation only can account for these results, which charcoal alone can accomplish. The charcoal should be given mixed with the food, except in urgent cases, when it may be mixed in water or thin gruel, and given as a drench. The dose is one pint to every twenty-five head of sheep or lambs, one-quarter pint per head for full-grown cattle, horses or pigs, half the quantity for young cattle, and two teaspoonfuls to one dessert-spoonful for young calves, daily, when suffering from disease, or in ill condition. To keep in good health, and fortify against diseases, the dose should be given two or three times per week, according to the class of food they are having, and the state of the atmosphere. The best plan is to wet a quantity of bran, pollard (malt-combings); mix the charcoal among it, and then among the food you give them. For rapid and healthy fattening of cattle, it should be used daily among their food. Charcoal for internal and medicinal purposes must be pure vegetable charcoal, free from all irritating and injurious foreign matter. The charcoal when coming into the user's possession must be kept perfectly dry, and free from any ill-smelling surroundings, such as the vapors of a stable or artificial manures, etc., or it will absorb them, and thus become septic, and of no medicinal value. It is better kept in a closed bin or tin canister with a tight cover.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Did it with a Chip.

An interesting story is told in connection with the old State Prison at Charlestown, which shows how small and insignificant a thing may give liberty to a prisoner. A convict had been sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years for committing a series of burglaries, and had served between three and four years when one day he brought a small chip of wood from the shop where he was engaged in labor to his cell. This fact was not worthy of notice at the moment. When, however, the prisoner, with others, had marched to their cells, he placed the chip in such a way, as to prevent the bolt of the door of his cell from fastening. The officers on duty made their usual inspection, saw each man in his cell and so reported. After the inspection had been made the convict in question opened his cell door, closed it again and passed quickly out of a side door into the yard. In a moment he had gained the shop where he worked. Here he put on a pair of overalls belonging to one of the instructors employed by contractors, and from there he got upon the prison wall and entering one of the guard houses he found an overcoat which he donned. He was now ready to bid adieu to the prison. His movements were in no way slow, for he knew that at any moment his absence might be noticed and the officers be upon his track. Leaping from the wall the convict was soon in the street and off "for parts unknown."

At one o'clock, when the prisoners were to return to the shops for the afternoon, the absence of the escaped man was noticed, and although diligent search was made and the usual reward offered for his arrest, the fellow was never captured, but made his way to Halifax, where to-day he is engaged in a legitimate business.—*Boston Globe.*

The Big Brewery.

Mr. J. Hirsch, College Point Brewery, L. I., N. Y., writes that he employs a large number of horses and hands, and having tried St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, for rheumatism, aches and pains of his men, and for galls, splints, thrush, wind-galls and other affections of his horses, finds it superior to all remedies, and would not be without it.

WHY is a United States Treasury note like a caterpillar? Because it is hard to counterfeit (count-her-feet.) — *Chicago Tribune.*

NOT FIVE DOLLARS FOR DOCTOR IN FORTY-FIVE YEARS.

WATSONVILLE, SANTA CRUZ CO., CAL.,
Feb. 24, 1884.

I am eighty-four years old and my wife is seventy-seven. We have raised a family of ten children. I have used BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last forty-five years as my only family medicine, and my doctor's bills have not amounted to five dollars in all that time. I have used hundreds of boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS; with them I have cured my boys and girls of Scarlet Fever, Measles, Croup, Colds, Mumps, Diarrhœa and Constipation. I have recommended them to hundreds of other families, and never knew them to fail where ever they were used for disease of any kind. When my wife was seventy-three years old she was troubled with a very bad Cough, and it looked as if she would die with Consumption. She would not call in a doctor, but commenced taking BRANDRETH'S PILLS, two and three every night. In three weeks she was completely cured of her cough, and her general health is very good. I am sure that BRANDRETH'S PILLS have preserved and prolonged our lives. My health is particularly good, and before I die I wish you to publish this letter, as I want the world to know and profit by my experience.

R. S. DAY.

IT is said that boots can be blackened with a banana peel. So can eyes, if you happen to fall right.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, June 27, 1884.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers....	$5 25	@	6 30
Native Heifers.....	4 25	@	4 75
Native Cows	3 15	@	4 30
Butchers' Steers..	4 25	@	5 25
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 60	@	5 15
Light............	4 80	@	4 85
WHEAT—No. 1............	1 02	@	1 03
No. 2............	89½	@	90
No. 3............	79	@	79½
CORN—No. 2............	42	@	44
OATS—No. 2............	28	@	29
RYE—No. 2............	50	@	51
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack.....	2 25	@	2 40
HAY—Car lots, bright........	7 00	@	7 50
BUTTER—Choice dairy......	14	@	16
CHEESE—Kansas, new........	11	@	12
EGGS—Choice............	10	@	12
PORK—Hams............	11	@	12
Shoulders............	7½	@	8½
Sides............	9¼	@	9¾
LARD............	9	@	10
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed..	15	@	18
POTATOES—Per bushel......	43	@	48
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers....	6 65	@	7 00
Butchers' Steers...	5 00	@	6 00
HOGS—Good to choice.........	5 20	@	5 45
SHEEP—Fair to choice.........	2 25	@	3 75
FLOUR—XXX to choice........	3 75	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red............	1 07½	@	1 08½
No. 3............	93	@	95
CORN—No. 2 mixed............	52½	@	53½
OATS—No. 2............	31¼	@	33
RYE—No. 2............	56	@	57
PORK............	16 00	@	16 25
COTTON—Middling............	10	@	11¼
TOBACCO—New Lugs............	4 00	@	4 75
Medium new leaf	6 25	@	5 75
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Good shipping.....	6 25	@	6 75
HOGS—Good to choice.........	5 30	@	5 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice.........	4 25	@	4 90
FLOUR—Common to choice..	5 00	@	6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red............	85½	@	86½
No. 3............	85½	@	87¼
No. 2 Spring........	87½	@	88
CORN—No. 2............	54½	@	55¾
OATS—No. 2............	30	@	30½
RYE............	60	@	65
PORK—New Mess............	18 75	@	19 00
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports............	5 75	@	8 00
HOGS—Good to choice.........	5 00	@	5 50
COTTON—Middling............	10¼	@	10¾
FLOUR—Good to choice........	4 75	@	6 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red............	1 01	@	1 01½
No. 2 Spring........	1 05	@	1 06
CORN—No. 2............	63½	@	64
OATS—Western mixed........	36½	@	38
PORK—Standard Mess......	18 50	@	18 75

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

How General Scott's Life Was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveler of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old time stage drivers is met with now-a-days and when the writer recently ran across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport, N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in stage driving (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo) is hale and hearty and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brakes gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side and into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara River, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow dock was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length and the horses brought to a stand still before the pale lookers-on could realize what had occurred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and his robust constitution the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said:

"I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October when I went all to pieces."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up; could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate both day and night and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment. Finally it ceased to flow entirely and I thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before: listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages and what was still more wonderful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished: my appetite returned and I am now well and good for twenty more years wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure that has done wonders for me as well as for so many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

—A grand festival was recently held in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in honor of the emancipation of the slaves in Ceara. The ceremonies were continued through two weeks. The work of freeing the slaves in Rio city is being rapidly pushed, and it is expected that the 33,000 slaves now held in Rio de Janeiro will all be freed in two years. There was great enthusiasm during the "festival of the redemption of Ceara," and the name of the Emperor was hailed with the wildest acclamations and shouts of "Viva Brazil!" There are now about 1,200,000 slaves in the empire. Ceara is the first province to be entirely free.

Insurance.

Insurance is a good thing whether applied to life or property. No less a blessing is anything that insures good health. Kidney-Wort does this. It is nature's great remedy. It is a mild but efficient cathartic, and acting at the same time on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, it relieves all these organs and enables them to perform their duties perfectly. It has wonderful power. See advt.

OBJECTION is made in New York to drowning stray dogs for fear so many sunken barks may obstruct navigation.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Is used in Hospitals as a disinfecting agent. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

WHEN an old bee wants to punish a little bee she gives it beeswhacks.—*Warm Weather Wit.*

IF you feel yourself growing weaker, your strength failing, the functions of your body becoming impaired, take warning in time! Your blood is starving for want of nourishment. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is food for the blood. It purifies this stream of life and strengthens every part of the body, rebuilds a broken down constitution, produces dreamless slumber, and restores wasted energies and a shattered nervous system. A trial bottle will convince. No other remedy equals it.

"CAN the ball-player, who 'steals bases be called a base deceiver?" asks the Boston *Star.*

NO LADY need be without Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because she is far distant from drug stores. The proprietors send it postage paid by mail from Lynn, Mass., in the form of lozenges or of pills; price, $1 per box, or six for $5. Send for the "Guide to Health" which gives full particulars.

IT is leap year and every good girl should have a air prize.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT will cure Whooping Cough? That is a question asked every day. We can answer that we have found the remedy in Papillon Cough Cure. It never fails, and can be administered to infants without danger. It is perfectly harmless.

IS IT proper for an old toper to speak of his drunken companion as his booze-um friend?—*Gouverneur Herald.*

JOHN A. SMITH, the largest merchant in Gainesville, Ga., says: "I suffered for years from the combined effects of Erysipelas and Eczema. I continued to grow worse under medical treatment and by taking medicine containing Potash. S. S. S. cured me thoroughly and absolutely. My appetite, strength and flesh returned as I was cured with it."

A SURE sign of rain—leaving home in the morning without an umbrella.

☞ You will be Happy. Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10c. at the druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ANY man can make money—go.—*Whitehall Times.*

KIDNEY Complaints, Female Weakness, and Debility are absolutely cured by Papillon Blood Cure.

EVERY one has a right to drop a line to a fish.—*Picayune.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

MEN who hate long sentences—Criminals. This is a Life sentence.

PISO'S REMEDY for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

LIVER "ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS." The Best Cure for Liver and Bilious complaints, Costiveness, Headache and Dyspepsia. Price, 25c. at Druggists or by mail. Samples free. St. Bernard Pill Makers, 53 Mercer St., New York.

FARM DRAIN TILE. Catalogue and Price List mailed free. Address C. A. BROCKETT, Sup't, Kansas City, Mo.

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SOMETHING NEW.

We make up special cases for Private and Family use, containing a fine assortment of Fireworks of all sorts.
Our $5.00 case contains . . . . . . 200 pieces.
Our $10.00 case contains . . . . . . 400 pieces.
Our $15.00 case contains . . . . . . 500 pieces.
Will express any of the above cases on receipt of amount. No Fireworks sent C. O. D.
Club in and send for a case, and we know they will delight both young and old.

E. E. MENGES & CO.,
121 & 123 W. Fifth St., Kansas City, Mo.

PAPILLON

"WHAT HON. J. C. BURROWS SAYS."

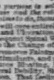
For more than five years past a member of my family has been afflicted with Hay Fever, culminating late in the fall with a hacking cough, which would increase in severity until the return of warm weather. Every remedy proved futile, and relief was only found in a change of climate. There was a recurrence of the difficulty last fall, attended with the usual cough and violent protracted sneezing. Not half a bottle of Papillon Catarrh Cure had been used before the cough entirely disappeared, and general relief followed. It is simply wonderful! Don't fail to try it.

J. C. BURROWS,
(Ex-Memb. Congress, 4th Dist., Mich.)
Kalamazoo, Mich., March 13th, 1884.

"A DRUGGIST'S TESTIMONY."

On the 11th of March I sold Manson Gates, (barber in Martindale's Block), one bottle of Papillon Cough Cure, and a week later he told me that it had not only relieved his child, but had almost entirely cured it of Whooping Cough. JULIUS A. HAAG.
Denison House Drug Store, Indianapolis, Ind.

Fortify the system. All who have experienced and witnessed the effect of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters upon the weak, broken down, desponding victims of dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, rheumatism, nervous debility, or premature decay, know that in this supreme tonic and alterative there exists a specific principle which reaches the very source of the trouble, and effects an absolute and permanent cure. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



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VEGETABLE COMPOUND
*** IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR ***
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

* Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. *

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* Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. For sale at druggists.

20 Years!

A CANCER FOR TWENTY YEARS.

"For twenty years I suffered from a Cancer on my neck. 'Patent Poisons and Mercury Mixtures' fed instead of curing the Cancer. I lost the use of my arms and the upper part of my body. My general health was broken down, and my life was despaired of. S. S. S. cured me sound and well. This new lease of life it gave to me can not be measured by any monetary value. I owe my life and the support of my family to Swift's Specific." W. R. ROBISON, Davisboro, Ga.

HOPES TO BE CURED.

"Mr. Brooks, near Albany, was hopelessly afflicted with Cancer. It had eaten through his nose into his mouth and throat. The time of his death was only a question of a very short time. He prayed for death, his suffering was so great. S. S. S. has had a wonderful effect on him. His improvement is so great that we all feel sure of his being perfectly cured in time.
W. H. GILBERT, Albany, Ga.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants.

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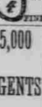

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Nos. 1, 2, 3.	4, 5, 6.	7, 8, 9.
For Trout.	For Bass.	For Pike.

For sale by the principal dealers in St. Louis. If you can not procure them, will mail sample dozens on receipt of price, or enclose stamp for descriptive list.
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

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