

ADVERTISEMENTS.
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING. A week guaranteed. Remuneration at home, day or evening. Full instructions and value of goods sent free by mail. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS.
Circulars, etc. (which describe a new and superior article) by a popular artist, now nearly ready for publication. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

NEVER.
Nothing is more certain than that for future evil consequences. Send for the greatest success in the world. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

NEVER.
Nothing is more certain than that for future evil consequences. Send for the greatest success in the world. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

NEVER.
Nothing is more certain than that for future evil consequences. Send for the greatest success in the world. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

NEVER.
Nothing is more certain than that for future evil consequences. Send for the greatest success in the world. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

NEVER.
Nothing is more certain than that for future evil consequences. Send for the greatest success in the world. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

NEVER.
Nothing is more certain than that for future evil consequences. Send for the greatest success in the world. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

NEVER.
Nothing is more certain than that for future evil consequences. Send for the greatest success in the world. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

NEVER.
Nothing is more certain than that for future evil consequences. Send for the greatest success in the world. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

NEVER.
Nothing is more certain than that for future evil consequences. Send for the greatest success in the world. Address: J. M. LEAN, Publisher, 233 South Main Street, N. Y.

THE LITTLE FROCK.
Faded and worn in places,
Faded and worn in old,
My tears on it leave their traces,
As I smooth it out upon my fold;
For I weareth a magic power,
The faint of my tears to unlock,
When I think of the happy hour
I fashioned that little frock.

My darling sat beside me,
With his beautiful eyes agleam,
And the joy that was erst denied me
Seemed into my heart to beam,
As I thought of the wondrous mercy,
Of the goodness and the love,
That prompted "Our Father" to send me
Such an angel down from above.

My needle flew faster and faster,
My thought took wing as it flew,
To the courts of the blessed Master,
From whose gates my baby came through;
And I wonder if all God's angels
Looked as pure and frail as he—
If among the shining cherubims
There was any more fair to see.

But there came a pale, sad stranger
Unto my house one day;
My heart stood still, as if danger
And darkness about me lay,
I besought him that he would leave me,
For his touch was chill and strange,
And he laid his hand on my baby,
Who straightway seemed to change.

His pale little cheeks grew whiter,
His bright blue eyes grew dim,
His clasp on my finger grew lighter,
The victory was to him—
To the pale and icy monarch,
Who rules with relentless sway,
Who came to my home in triumph
And bore my treasure away.

But a greater than he remaineth,
Who hath broken the bonds of the tomb—
Who hath robbed King Death of his terrors
And lighted the pathway of gloom;
Who hath promised us sweet consolation,
If we patiently bow beneath his rod,
And I know he has taken my darling
To bloom in the garden of God.

"Chicken and Eggs are Out."
The most sensible thing in the Farm
Ballad line, Mrs. Emerson and Will M.
Carleton to the contrary notwithstanding,
is the following from O. C. Kerr's "Chicken
and Eggs are Out," in which an old
farmer laments the nuisance of being bother-
ed by city folks who want everything for
nothing, as well as those who don't care
what they get so they get it in the country.
The old agriculturist says:

Between the town-folks selfish, who think a
farm is made
Of eggs and chickens and dairy, which no
cash is paid.
And them, more free and foolish, who never
think a cent to sell;
But come, when they'd do better, at home,
A precious sight—
We, farming-kind, get riled, to find the
breed so flat;
And where's our human nature if we made
laughter but that?
We give to the ones we welcome potatoes,
pork and greens,
With apple-pie and doughnuts, and a spice
of corn and beans.

But as for milk and poultry, and things in
skin and shell,
We send them down to the city, for they
were made to sell;
And if 'twas them they wanted, these folks
who range and roam,
They ought to know where to buy them, and
that is in town, at home.

So hide the coop, there, Betsey, and nail
the hen-house out;
We've city-boarders comin', and chicken
and eggs are out;
And what is still more pesky, to happen the
self-same day,
Our milk it is all out, likewise—until they
have gone away!

HOW TO MAKE SOURKROUT.
AS SUNG BY JOHN THOMPSON.
Now if you want to find out how to make
good sour kroust,
Youst listen by my story, und I tould you
all about;
Sour kroust ain't made from leather, like
some peeples suppose,
But from dot bully flower vot dey call der
cabbage roses.

**NED GAINER'S GOLDEN DREAM,
AND HOW IT ENDED.**
About the year A. D. 1812 there lived
in one of the eastern counties of Penn-
sylvania an extensive farmer by the
name of James Armstrong. He owned
and cultivated three hundred acres of
limestone land; had a son named John,
a young man of twenty-two summers,
who had the management and over-
sight of the farm; had two daughters,
the elder of whom was married to
Samuel Green, who had a farm of his
own two miles distant from that of his
father-in-law; the second daughter was
in her teens, named Mary, and budding
into womanhood.

The hero of our tale was named Ed-
ward Gainer, but usually went by the
cognomen of Armstrong's Ned. He
had been raised in the family, as a bound
boy, until the age of sixteen, which
period he had passed, but still re-
mained in the family, working for
wages. He had been sent to school so
many months in the year, according to
the terms of the indenture, but had
never applied his mind to book-learn-
ing—took more interest in ball-play-
ing and rabbit hunting; would always
shirk hard work when it could be done,
but was willing to do light, pottering
work, such as little turns about the
house and garden. This caused him to
be rather a favorite with the female
part of the family. In regard to in-
tellect, he was evidently below medi-
ocrity and was so considered, not only
by the family, but by the neighbors.

At the age of about eighteen or twenty
he began to dream dreams of gold
that lay buried in the ground by the
side of certain old logs in Mr. Arm-
strong's woodland. This he communi-
cated to the family, who laughed at
him for being so seriously impressed
about such foolish dreams. He still,
however, continued to dream about the
gold and to tell his dreams, not only
to the family, but to his fellow laborers
and the neighbors.

The dreams began after some time
to take a more definite shape; the par-
ticular locality was pointed out by ob-
vious marks, with the injunction to not
disclose the locality or the gold would
disappear, a very probable circum-
stance. He now began to stay out late
at nights occasionally, not coming in
until after the family had all retired.
His clothes would be somewhat soiled
and he would go immediately to his
trunk before retiring.

After a while he began to call the
attention of his fellow servants to his
treasure, not by letting them handle it,
but by letting them look at it from
a distance, by candle light, while he
would handle and put it back in his
trunk. The evidence now assumed a
tangible shape and some people began
to think there was some truth in it,
though he still refused to let any one
handle it but himself. A few months
later he carried a ten dollar gold piece
in his pocket, which he would let any
one handle and his fellow servants de-
clared that the handfuls they had seen
him have looked just like that one.

Mr. Armstrong, Jr., said to him one
day, "Ned, how much gold have you
found?" "I am not at liberty, at
present, to tell that," was the answer.
"What good reason have you for with-
holding the information?" "All I
know about the gold comes through my
dreams, and through them I am war-
danted to let no one handle more than one
piece of it until the whole is collected,
which will not be until the end of three
years from my first dream about it."

"We would be better satisfied about
the reality of this matter if we had
more tangible evidence," said Mr. Arm-
strong, Jr. Ned's reply was, "I am
fully satisfied so far, and am bound to
obey instructions for fear I may not
get the remainder, which is to be much
greater than what I have already found.
I shall want to buy a farm or go into
some other business at the end of three
years."

In a family conversation about this
matter, John told the conversation
he had with Ned and intimated that
he believed that Ned was in earnest
and determined to be governed by his
dreams and make no further disclo-
sures until the expiration of the three
years. It was also suggested in this
conversation that Ned ought to have
more schooling to fit him for the so-
ciety that his wealth would be likely
to throw him into, and further that he
ought to be better dressed, as the
wages he had been receiving would
only enable him to dress in home-made
attire.

Subsequently in conversation John
said to Ned, "If you are assured of ob-
taining this wealth which you dream
of, how do you propose to get along
until the end of three years and fit
yourself to take a respectable position
in society?" "Well," said Ned, "I am
helpless in the matter until that time,
except what I earn with my hands.
Your family have always been very
kind to me, and I hope you will still
give me employment; but if you will
advance me some money from time to
time as I need it, I will give you my
notes, payable in gold, at the end of
three years, with interest, and I will
go to boarding school at the county
town, and get some better clothing."

After further family consideration,
Ned's proposition was agreed to, and
he went one session to boarding school,
and thus finished his education. He
came home again, not to work, but to
act the gentleman.

Mr. Armstrong being a wealthy
farmer kept, besides horses and oxen
to do the work of the farm, three blood
horses for the saddle; one of these was
for Miss Mary's use whenever she
chose to use it. John was fond of fox
hunting and kept a pack of hounds,
Ned, or Mr. Gainer, as he was now
being called, would sometimes accom-
pany John in his fox hunts, using one
of the saddle horses. Mr. Green, the
brother-in-law of John, was also a fox
hunter and kept two blooded horses;
sometimes Mr. Gainer rode one of
these and was made their equal among
their associates.

Mr. Gainer now lived well, dressed
well, and spent his time very pleasant-
ly. Sometimes he would ride with
Miss Mary to church, at other times
ride with Mr. Armstrong, Jr., or Mr.
Green, or both. At this period, every
body who rode at all, rode on horse
back—it was the fashion. The riding
vehicles of that day were heavy, lum-
bering two horse carriages after the
English fashion; the only exception
was the quaker one horse chair, with
wooden elbow springs. I would not
intimate from the fact of Mr. Gainer
riding to church, occasionally, with
Miss Mary, that there was, or ever had
been anything like courtship between
them—there is no evidence to sustain
such a supposition. They were both
going to the same place, from the same
house.

One of Mr. Green's blooded horses
was a splendid animal, bright bay,
black feet, mane and tail; the latter
shin, and reaching to his heels. This
horse Mr. Gainer frequently rode,
while Mr. Green would ride the other
saddle horse, which was also a very
fine one. One day while riding to-
gether, Ned said, "Sam, sell me this
horse; I have got so accustomed to
his pace that I can't enjoy the riding
of any other horse." "Ned," said
Sam, "don't ask me to sell that horse;
there is not his equal in the county."
"Sam, I will pay you four hundred
dollars in gold for this horse in one
year—give my note for it to-day."

"Ned, say no more about the horse;
I can't spare him, and Mrs. Green
would not part with him, as he is the
only one she will ride."

In a few weeks after this conversa-
tion Mr. Green thought better of it
and agreed to take the note, as it was
a great price. Two hundred dollars
would have bought any other horse in
the neighborhood at that day. In fact,
it took a very good horse to sell for
one hundred dollars.

Mr. Gainer now began to look around
the neighborhood to see where he could
buy a farm to please him, as he would
be able to pay for it in less than a year;
the limitation given in his dreams would
permit others to handle his gold after
that date. This caused him to make
frequent visits to the county town to
have titles examined. At last he had
selected a farm, agreed upon the price,
to be paid down in gold, but there was
some doubt about the title; such was
whispered by the neighbors. So, the
next morning after breakfast, off he
starts on his splendid horse to the
county town to have the title of that
particular farm thoroughly traced, as
he had set his heart on that as his fu-
ture home.

That night he did not return. The
next and the next night came and no
return of Ned or the horse. A flood
of light broke in upon the two families
he had deceived. His trunk was broken
open, and behold! about half a peck
of bright new pennies presented them-
selves to the astonished gaze of the be-
holders!

There were no railroads in those
days; no telegraph wires over which
the news could fly. The fastest loco-
motive power was a horse. Ned was
well mounted, two or three days ahead,
and some borrowed money in his
pocket.

How the neighbors talked, how they
shook their sides with laughter, must
be left to the imagination of the reader.
Some said the joke was too good;
others said it was too bad, but about
its quality of good or bad they were
not disposed to quarrel. The fact had
been demonstrated for the ten thou-
sandth time that "it is not all gold that
glitters."

The Poughkeepsie Press, in reply to
a suggestion that the exhibiting bear
which has been making a tour in this
section, be sent to Vassar female col-
lege to give lessons in scientific hugg-
ing, says: "Don't send the bear.
Send us. We'll go for nothing, and
save the hire of the bear; besides, we
warrant perfect satisfaction."

A LAWYER and a parson were talk-
ing about which way the wind was
blowing. The former said: "We go
by the court house vane." "And we,"
said the parson, "go by the church
vane." "Well," said the lawyer, "in
the matter of wind that is the best au-
thority." And the parson went to cog-
itating.

**"Cording" Your Mother-in-Law's
Bedstead.**
It is a little singular why your wife's
mother will persist in sleeping on a
cord bedstead. But she does. You
don't think so much of this until you
are called upon to put it up, which
event generally takes place in the even-
ing. The bedstead has been cleaned
in the afternoon, and having been
soaked through with hot water, is
now ready for putting up. Your wife
holds the lamp and takes charge of
the conversation. The rope has been
under water several times in the course
of the cleaning, and having swollen
to a diameter greater than the holes
in the rails, has also got into a fit of
coiling up into mysterious and very
intricate forms. You at first wonder
at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases
to be a virtue, and then you scold—
The thread which has been wound
around the end of the rope to facili-
tate its introduction in the holes has
come off, and you have to roll it up
again. Then after you have pulled it
through eight holes your wife makes
the discovery that you have started
wrong. The way the rope comes out
of those holes again makes your wife
get closer to the door. You try again,
and get it tangled in your legs. By
this time you notice that this is the
smallest bed room in the house, and
you call the attention of your wife to
the fact by observing: "Why on
earth don't you open the door? Do
you want to smother me?" She opens
the door and you start again, and she
helps you with the lamp. First she
puts it on the wrong side to the rail,
then she moves it so the heat comes
up from the chimney and scorches your
nose. Just as you need it the most
you lose sight of it entirely, and turn-
ing around find her examining the
wall to see how that man put on the
white wash. This excites you, and
brings out the perspiration in greater
profusion, and you declare you will
kick the bedstead out of doors if she
doesn't come around with that light.
Then she comes around. Finally the
cord is laid all right, and you proceed
to execute the very delicate job of
tightening it. The lower ropes are
first walked over. This is done by
stepping on the first one and sinking
it down, hanging to the head-board
with the clutch of death. Then you
step with the other foot on the next
link, spring that down, lose your bal-
ance, grab for the head-board, and
miss it, and come down in a heap—
This is repeated more or less times
across the length of the bed, the only
variance being the new places you
bruise. The top cords are tightened
in another way, and you now proceed
to that. You first put one foot on
each rail, which spreads with you some,
and as you do it the frightful thought
strikes you that if one of these feet
should slip over, nothing on earth
would prevent you from being split
through to the chin. Then you pull
up the first rope until your eyes seem
to be on the point of rolling out of
their sockets, and the blood in your
veins fairly groans, and on being con-
vinced that you can't pull it any fur-
ther without crippling yourself for
life, you catch hold of the next rope
and draw that up, and grunt. Then
you move along to the next, and pull
that up, and grunt again. Thus you
have got to the middle and commence
to think that you are about through,
even if your joints will never again
set as they did before, you some way
or other miss the connection, and find
that you have got to go back and do
it all over. Here you pause for a few
minutes of oracular refreshment, and
then slowly and carefully work your
way back. You don't jump down and
walk back, because you are afraid to
spread out in that way again. You
sort of waddle back, working the way
inch by inch, and with consummate
patience. A man stretched across
a bedstead never becomes so excited
as to lose his presence of mind. It
would be instant death if he did—
Then he goes over it again waddling
and pulling, groaning and grunting,
while his wife moves around with the
lamp, and tells him to take it easy,
and not scratch the bedstead any more
than he can help, and that she can't
tell which creaks the most, he or the
bedstead. And after he gets through
she has the audacity to ask him to
bring in the feather beds. In the
dead of night that man will steal up
to that room and look at that bedstead,
and swear.—Danbury News.

**Novel Method of Collecting Pay for
a Cow.**
Some years ago a widow living on
the line of the Ohio and Mississippi
Railroad, owned a young cow, of
which she was particularly proud.—
One day the express train came thun-
dering along and struck and killed the
widow's cow as it stood ruminating
on the track. The widow applied to
the station agent for pay for the animal,
and was told to send in a bill to the
general office of the road. She did so,
but received no reply, and after
writing several times without effect,
called on the paymaster the next time
he went through the town to pay the
section hands. With this official she
fared no better. Little attention was
paid to her threats until about a week
after, when the morning passenger
train, bound West, came along. The
station house of Flora is situated at
the top of a gentle slope, about half a
mile in length, and which the pas-
senger trains always run up at the
regular speed of twenty miles an hour.
It was a fine frosty morning, and the
sun was just rising, and the engineer
noticed what he supposed to be frost,
plainly glistening on the rails. He
sounded his whistle for the station,
and putting on more steam, started
up the slope. The speed at which the
train was approaching carried it about
half way up the rise, but the driving
wheels of the locomotive spun around
on the rails without pulling an ounce.
The train came to a dead stop and
then began to slide backward. The
engineer whistled down brakes and
got off to inspect the rails. He found,
as he expected, that they were artifi-
cially covered with soft-soap, and as
he had had some previous experience of
that kind, knew exactly what to do.—
He backed down the track about half
a mile, and putting the full head of
steam on, charged at the rise with full
speed. When he found the speed slack-
ening he opened the sand valves and
allowed the sand in the boxes to glide
through the pipes and on the rails in
front of the driving wheels. This, to
some extent, counteracted the effect of
the soap, and the train got nearly fifty
yards further than it did before. It
finally stopped again, and the engineer
again backed out and again charged
the rise. The process was repeated
several times, and would have finally
been successful had not the sand given
out. The soil in the neighborhood
was a soft, dark loam, and where the
railroad cut was made a stiff, yellow
clay was turned up. No sand, how-
ever, could be procured anywhere, and
finally the whole force of train men
went to work to remove the soap.—
This they succeeded in doing after half
an hour's hard work, and nearly an
hour behind time the train reached
the station. A few days after a simi-
lar difficulty was experienced, and the
road officials began to get decidedly
angry. An attorney was sent out
there to discover and prosecute the
perpetrator, but soon after his arrival
was confidentially informed that the
road would have no trouble in future
if the widow was paid for her cow.—
He took the hint, telegraphed to the
President, and received the necessary
authority, paid for the animal and left
the place. The track was never soap-
ed afterward and the widow got al-
most even.—St. Louis Democrat.

THE BEST BED.
Of the eight pounds which a man
eats and drinks in a day, it is thought
that not less than five pounds leave
the body through the skin. And of
these five pounds, a considerable per-
centage escapes during the night while
he is in bed. The larger part of this
is water, but in addition there is much
effete and poisonous matter. This,
being in great part gaseous in form,
permeates every part of the bed. Thus
all parts of the bed—mattress, blank-
ets, as well as sheets—soon become
foul, and need purification.

The mattress needs this renovating
as much as the sheets.
To allow the sheets to be used with-
out washing or changing for three or
six months would be regarded as bad
housekeeping; but I insist, if a thin
sheet can absorb enough of this poison-
ous excretion of the body to make it
unfit for use in a few days, a thick
mattress which can absorb and retain a
thousand times as much of these poi-
sonous excretions, needs to be purified
as often certainly as once in three
months. A sheet can be washed. A
mattress cannot be renovated in this
way. Indeed, there is no other way
of cleansing a mattress but by steam-
ing it or picking it to pieces, and thus
in fragments exposing it to the direct
rays of the sun. As these processes
are scarcely practicable with any of
the ordinary mattresses, I am decid-
edly of the opinion that the old-fash-
ioned straw bed, which can every three
months be exchanged for fresh straw
and the tick washed, is the sweetest
and healthiest of beds.

If in the winter season the porous-
ness of the straw bed makes it a little
uncomfortable, spread over it a com-
forter or two woolen blankets, which
should be washed as often as every two
weeks. With this arrangement, if you

wash all the bed covering as often as
once in one or two weeks, you will have
a delightful, healthy bed.

Now, if you leave the bed to air,
with open windows during the day,
and not make it up for the night be-
fore evening, you will have added
greatly to the sweetness of your rest,
and, in consequence, to the tone of
your health.

I heartily wish this good change
could be everywhere introduced. Only
those who have thus attended to this
important matter can judge of its in-
fluence on the general health and spir-
its.—Dio Lewis.

**Josh Billings on Love and Mous-
taches.**
Dear Susan: You tell me in yure let-
ter that yure lover has been kluss at-
tentive for two years, and yu was when
yu begun.

This iz pesky butchersum.
There ain't no law or gospel tew
make a phello pop the question, who
ain't on the pop, nor there ain't no
science neither that wont vary.

Science never ought to be resorted
to only in desperate cases, but whare
kourting bekims kronik, it is allow-
able.
No man has to kourt forever, I'll be
damned if he has.

I have no doubt that kourting aver-
ages phull as happy as getting married,
but we have got, in this world, tew
take the bitter with the sweet.
Dear Susan, after you have exhaust-
ed all maidenly and honest efforts try
melancholly—try histerics—try a de-
cline, try going tew yure uncle's for
a fortnite and see if yure phello will
phollo—talk about the other world,
(I don't mean Eurpp, but whare
the weary are at rest)—try sich like
things.

If all these don't phetch a bris and
make the little bife, the last and only
hope is tew start a counter irritant in
the shape ov another phello.
If yu kaint make yure lover jelous
drop him like a kold potato; he ain't
worth trying tew warm up.

If he marrys yu it will be bekuse
he kaint think of any thing else tew do,
and is entirely out of his wits.
Pardon the sincerity ov mi advice,
dear Susan, and do just as yu please in
the premises. Adew.

Dear Smuggings: I kaint tell yu what
will make yure mustach gro; suppose
yu try lamp life; if that don't sprout
it suppose yu try a poultice ov tan
bark; if that don't jerk it suppose yu
buy a ticket in some gift lottery; and
if that don't draw suppose yu let it
alone and go tew kuitivating yure
branas.

I hav knw young men tew make a
mark this way in the world who had'n't
emy mark on their upper lip.

BAILEY'S DANBURY NEWS.—If you
have got any secrets you can now tell
them to your wife. She will keep
shady.

When in California we saw Joe
Goodman of the Virginia City Enter-
prise. Virginia City is 250 miles from
San Francisco, and Joe had come over
to spend the afternoon. It is a mile
country out there.

A Danbury agriculturist made a
scarcerow so infernally frightful that
it not only kept away the crows, but
caused a winter-killed pear tree to
leave.

A milk pitcher, thrown by his wife
at a Nelson street man on Monday
noon, missed the aim and rained a
handsome frame which enclosed the
words, "God Bless our Home."

A round-shouldered and inquisitive
stranger kicked an ornamental dog on
a Nelson street stoop to see if it was
solid or hollow. It was not an ornam-
ental dog, however, but one that was
dead in business, and the round-should-
ered and inquisitive stranger is now
quarantined with an agit on Delay
street.

The lairns are quite verdant now,
and nature's monograms illuminate the
linen pants of the romantic. They are
the only greenbacks current every-
where.

THESE are persons now living in
Benton who remembered old Billy B.,
of whom it might be said he furnished
an example of the "fading passion
strong unto death." When very ill,
and friends were expecting an early de-
mise, his nephew and a man hired for
the occasion had butchered a steer
which had been fattened; and when the
job was completed the nephew entered
the sick room, where to the astonishment
of all the old man opened his eyes, and
turning slightly, said, in a full voice,
drawing out the words:
"What have you been doing?"

"Killing the steer," was the reply.
"What did you do with the hide?"
"Let it in the barn; going to sell it
by-and-by."

"Let the boys drag it around the
yard a couple of times; it will make
it weigh heavier."

And the good old man was gathered
unto his fathers.

It's the little cross in the piddle that