KINDNESS THAT PAYS.

The Proper Way of Getting Horses from the Pasture Field.

It would no doubt be a very amusing scene were it possible to take a bird's-eye view of some of the busiest farming districts one of these fine mornings about daylight, and see the different ways of getting horses up out of the pasture and into the stables ready for work. The pleading echoes of the "hoap! hoap! he-ap!" from one farm would be answered by the savage bark of the dog on another farm as he chased the poor animals as if they were so many wild beasts that were being drove out of the neighborhood. Getting up the horses on some farms is regarded as one of the hardest tasks of the day, and it is frequently made one of the most wearisome performances both for the horses and those who attend to it. It comes at a time when neither man nor beast can afford to get excited or worried, for the whole day's work is still before them, and with a bad start there is liable to be trouble and worry all the day. This may seem to be a matter of little importance but there is more in it than is generally supposed. Horses which are brought quietly from the field will eat their morning feed of grain with a better relish and get more food from it than if chased around at full speed for a half-hour before he can be captured. The excitement caused by this chasing is more exhausting than the hardest kind of labor, to say nothing about the time lost in doing it. If treated properly horses will not be hard to get up in the morning or any other time. Treat them kindly when they come in, and they will soon learn to come without coaxing or driving. Have a treat in the shape of a good feed of grain or chop that they will relish when the get into the stable, and all you will have to do is to open the gates and doors and let them to it. If they have acquired the habit of running, and are hard to drive, it will take some more tempting than usual to break off this habit. Have their feed in the trough for them when they enter the stable, and they will learn to hurry to it instead of running in the opposite direction. It may take a little time and some patience to break old offenders, but it can be done, and when once accomplished the pleasure it will afford and the time saved will more than pay for the trouble. If you treat and train your horses right they will be awaiting your appearance at the accustomed place instead of skulking away and trying to avoid you.—*National Stockman.*

Jay Gould's Wardrobe.

Mr. Gould considers his time more valuable than money, and it is his habit to visit his tailor and tell him to make so many suits of clothes. "I guess you'd better make me about four suits of clothes this time," Mr. Gould would say. Then he will stroke his whiskers, look thoughtful and add: "Possibly you'd better make me half a dozen suits this time; have them done as soon as you can, and if they don't prove what I like I will give them to my brother." Mr. Gould leaves every thing to his tailor's judgment; that person also selects Mr. Gould's neckties and underwear. The millionaire says himself that he hasn't time to bother with such small details. His tailor explained to me that Mr. Gould's brother, whom he had referred to, is rather an erratic individual. He is the opposite of his brother Jay, for he cares nothing for money, neither does he know how to make it. The millionaire seldom trusts him with very much money, but he has *carte blanche* to go to any of his brother's tradespeople and get whatever he may need. He's exactly the same size as his brother, and a suit of clothes that fits one is equally suitable for the other. Sometimes when Mr. Gould orders a half dozen suits of clothes, and they are sent home to him, there may not be one suit that he likes, and he immediately gives an order for another half dozen suits. He does not even think to ask the price, and finds no fault with his tailor. His tailor says there are few men in New York that dress better than Mr. Gould.—*Washington Star.*

He Was Disappointed.

A Little Rock negro went up to the general delivery window of the post-office and asked if there were any letters for Mr. Phil Potter.

"No," replied the clerk.

"Look yare, ain' you sorter wrang 'bout dat?"

"I tell you there is nothing for you."

"I know you told me dat, but I's got reasons fur b'l'ebin' dat you's wrang.

"I don't care what you've got. Get away from here."

"I ken do dat, sah, wid de grace o' de possuls, but its mighty cuis dat dar ain' no letter yare fur me, I ken tell you dat right now."

He turned away, and, muttering to himself, said: "Mighty strange whut come o' dat letter, fur I put it in dar las' night merse'f. Fotch er lot er niggers down yare ter see me git dat letter out, an' it ain't on de premises. Mebby dat white man did't put my name on it right. Folks kal' speck me ter be a mudwump ef da treats me like dis. Gwine lose my 'fluence ef er change ain't tuck pretty soon. Gwine git somebody ter send me one deze yare tilly-grams."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

He Was a Native.

"I think," said a visitor to her hostess, "that Mr. Inskip is an anomaly."

"Indeed he isn't," reiterated the hostess, decidedly, "he was born in New England and so were all his people before him."

A broad stare and silence from the astonished visitor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.

—Teacher—Hans, name three beasts of prey. Hans—Two lions and a tiger.

—Never buy any thing you don't need because it's cheap. This includes beer.—*Puck.*

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.—*Chicago Standard.*

Nothing is more essential to one's future happiness and success in this life than the wise employment of spare moments.

True happiness can only be attained through the love of God.

Character is the great desideratum of human life.

BEES VERSUS INDIANS.

A Touching Story Told by a Veracious California Pioneer.

Many readers are familiar with Wall's extraordinary feat, in 1849, in driving, according to his statement, a swarm of bees across the plains. A day or two since, as one of our business men was coming down town, he happened to discover a large bee quietly resting on Wall's shoulder, as preparations were being made for sprinkling the court-house lawn. "Say, Wall, what are you doing with that bee on your shoulder?" Wall was startled for a moment, but, recovering his usual composure, spoke with gravity, carrying conviction of untarnishable truth. "I'll tell you, and it's the solemn truth, if ever I spoke it in my life. That bee is the queen of the swarm I drove across the plains. She has been hunting me for years, and knew me the moment I called her name. You see, she is getting a little gray, but I knew her on sight. She piloted the swarm, and I used to feed her from my own molasses can. That bee is the last of her race, and I shall take care of her in her old age. I tell you, John, that bee brings up many reminiscences of that memorable trip. Several times that swarm stood by me in an hour of peril. They could scent an Indian several miles away, and they got to really enjoy an Indian attack. The fact is they understood tactics as well as the best-trained soldiers. When the queen sounded an alarm, every bee was under arms ready for fight. First a skirmish line was thrown out, and you could see more or less uneasiness among the red-skins as one and another would claw at his ears, eyes or nose, but when the order to 'charge' was sounded, and the bee battallions began to move in 'double quick,' a route and stampede always followed. It is a fact, John, if ever I told the truth in my life. What I am saying is true. Those bees fought all my battles across the plains, and this is my old 'queen.'"

—"Non-explosive dynamite?" Well indeed, Henry, we never heard of such a thing and consequently can't tell where to find it. But we have no doubt that should the Government advertise for 50,000 pounds of high proof, double force dynamite for torpedoes, some patriotic contractor would find a way of furnishing at double price a kind of dynamite with about one-tenth the explosive force of wet sand.—*Burlette.*

—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, M. Chevreul communicated, in the name of M. Arnaud, Curator at the Museum of Natural History, a very interesting note on the toxic substance which the Comalis employ to poison their arrows. This substance is the "Ouabajo" wood, and from this wood M. Arnaud has extracted a crystalline matter endowed with terrible venomous properties. In subcutaneous and intravenous injections three one-hundredths of a grain of the poison suffices to kill a dog. Death rapidly occurs by an arrest of the heart's action.

Bent whalebone can be restored and used again by simply soaking in water a few hours, then drying them.

White and pale shades of paint may be beautifully cleaned by using whiting in the water.

White Elephant of Siam, Lion of England, Dragon of China, Cross of Switzerland, Banner of Persia, Crescent of Egypt, Double Eagle of Russia, Star of Chili, The Circle of Japan, Harp of Erin.

Lightning can be seen by reflection a distance of two hundred miles.

Yes, he loves you now, 'tis true,
Lass with eyes of violet blue,
Lips as sweet as honey-dew,
Bonny little bride!
Will he love you as to-day,
When your bloom has fled away,
When your golden locks are grey,—
Will his love abide?

Yes, if it is the true kind it will survive all the inevitable wastes and changes of life. But, it is every woman's desire and duty to retain, as long as she can, the attractions that made her charming and beloved in youth. No one can keep her youthful bloom or equable temper if weighed down and suffering from female weakness and disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy for these troubles. Sold by druggists.

Let us find happiness in bringing joy and gladness to those around us.

Neighborly love and interest in the welfare of others are productive of much sunshine everywhere.

—To cure hiccoughs sit erect and inflate the lungs fully. Then, retaining the breath, bend forward slowly until the chest meets the knees. After slowly rising again to the erect position, slowly exhale the breath. Repeat this process a second time, and the nerves will be found to have received an excess of energy that will enable them to perform their natural functions.

—By using the following preparation for cleaning kid-gloves, ribbons and laces, these articles may be kept in the "pink of perfection" with little trouble. Two quarts of deodorized benzine, and two drams of sulphuric ether, two drams of chloroform and four drams of alcohol. Pour the fluid in a bowl and wash the articles as if in water, rinsing in a fresh supply.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—To clean paint that is not varnished put upon a plate some of the best whiting; having ready some clean warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new.

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