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Isolated. We hold our dear ones with a firm, strong grasp. We hear their voices, look into their eyes...

THE RANCHMAN'S WIFE

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

'What! Another story about the wild and woolly West? I should think you boys would get tired of hearing of Indians and all that sort of thing. Well, let me think a minute.'

Luckily, I struck on my right shoulder; as, though badly bruised and shaken, I was on my feet like a cat in a second. And the instinct of self-preservation, as a matter of course, led me to run at full speed toward the cabin...

was fast returning. But the situation was an almost desperate one. Night was fast approaching, and though the Apaches were making no definite move toward dislodging us, we of course presumed that they only waited the cover of darkness to carry out their purpose.

about a fortnight, and then I said good-bye to Mrs. Rainsford, for a time at least. Did I ever see her again? Why, yes, I married her the year after, and we came East to live, for it's your aunt Bess I've been telling you about—didn't you mix that up? Well, those are the facts in the case, as the lawyers say, but—there she comes across the street, better not mention that I have told you the story; she never likes to talk of that experience, or hear it mentioned. But her hair has been as white as it is now ever since that night in the cellar of the building house.—The Argosy.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A FAIRY SLIDE. If only I were a fairy. I'd put on my tiny and light. Away in the night. When the stars are bright. And the moon-ams-shine and glow.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

HOW TO CLEAN CARPETS. For a carpet of about twenty yards or so take a pound of hard, white castile soap and scrape fine, add a quarter of a pound of washing soda and as much spirits of turpentine as will bring it to the consistency of dough; make it into a ball. When it is time to clean the carpet take a pail of clear hot water and a large flannel cloth, wet the carpet with the flannel, then rub over with the ball of soap, and wipe off the soap with the flannel wrung as dry as possible. If the carpet is very much soiled a scrub brush may be used after the soap is applied.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

DO MONKEYS THROW STONES? A scientific traveler in India cautioned not to go near a certain landslide on the shore of a lake, as the monkeys would throw stones at him. This advice, naturally enough, only made him the more desirous to visit the spot.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

CRAZY RUG PATTERNS. Take a coffee-sack, rip it apart, and make a hem as wide as all around it. Then hunt up all the wasted pieces of heavy cloth, the more different kinds you have the better your rug will look; fasten them on the coffee-sack in any shape and size, just as you do your silk pieces for a quilt. Only you need not turn the edges under, for if they are cut with sharp scissors they will not ravel before they are worked around. Now, after the sack is covered with pieces basted on, take different colors of carpet warp, which you may have had left from your last rag carpet, and work around each piece in some crazy, stark around the edge of the rug in button-hole stitch, and finish by pulling out your basting threads, which by the way should be of very coarse thread. If you have no pieces of cloth that will do, tear up an old jacket, coat, pair of pants, etc., brush or wash them and they will do almost as well as new.—The Pilot.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE FISHING-BOAT. The following legend, which carries its own moral, is told by Auelien Schell, a charming French writer: There was once a little girl who could not bear the sight of ugly creatures, as she called them; and she had killed them whenever she could. She had a particular dislike for spiders.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

RECIPES FOR ROASTING MEATS. Roast Beef.—Put three pounds of porter house roast (the butcher will skewer and tie it up in a dripping pan. When it has bled about an hour take out and salt and pepper. Lay boys, put in the oven and bake an hour longer before putting in the pudding. Do not put any water in the pan while cooking. Ask your butcher for a little suet. Gravy.—After taking the meat and putting in the dripping pan in half pint or more of boiling water. Stir in tablespoonful of flour previously rubbed smooth with cold water, a pinch of salt. Boil until the flour is cooked and serve in a gravy boat.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

HER EYES OPENED. The following legend, which carries its own moral, is told by Auelien Schell, a charming French writer: There was once a little girl who could not bear the sight of ugly creatures, as she called them; and she had killed them whenever she could. She had a particular dislike for spiders.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Roast Chicken.—Take a pair of spring chickens, three pounds to the pair; split through the back; put them in a dripping pan, with small bits of beef suet; season with salt and pepper; roast one-half hour, basting often; ten minutes before taking out baste with melted butter; serve with parsley. The oven must be hot before beginning. Roast Veal.—Get of your butcher a piece of veal for roasting. It will remove the bone, and into the cavity put your dressing, which is made of one and a half cups of bread crumbs, a small piece of butter and seasoned with poultry dressing. Rub salt, pepper, butter and flour over your meat, and place in the oven with a half pint of water, which should be renewed as required. When done, remove the meat, thicken the liquor with one tablespoon of flour and cook until brown for a gravy.

THE ROSES BY THE RUN.

The roses and the clover. Are very sweet and fair, And I love the fragrant odors. They breathe upon the air; Beside the meadow run. The time that you were twenty, And I was twenty-one. How fondly I remember. The time we called them there, And north the steady nuptial. I wove them in your hair; How there in bliss we tarried. Until the day of sun. The time that you were twenty, And I was twenty-one. It may have been the flowers. Or a look benign and free, That looks me whisper softly. How dear you were to me; I never stopped to question. I only know 'twas done. The time that you were twenty, And I was twenty-one. We've had our summer, a d'ring. The fields of life are brown. We've traveled up the hillside. Were on our journey down; You oft I wake from dreaming. Those days have just begun. That you again are twenty, And I am twenty-one. —Merchant Traveller.

HUMOROUS.

A sign of summer—Keep off the grass. A Western letter is dated Miss Fish. She is considered a "good catch." Fond mother: "You must remember, Emeline, that fine feathers don't make a fine bird." Daughter: "This mamma, but they do make awfully pretty hats." Officer to Court:—The charge against this man is false pretenses. He should be hanged on the whole ward, but I give him one month and furlough him. "However could you think of falling in love with such a homely fellow? His figure is something awful." "Yes, but he has a lovely one at the bank."

THE DISCOVERY IN THE SAHARA DESERT.

A discovery of much archeological interest was recently made in the Algerian Sahara. M. Tarry, who has been carrying on work in connection with the proposed Trans-Sahara railroad, having noticed a mound of sand in the neighborhood of Wargel, had the sand dug up, and discovered the top of a dome. This naturally aroused his interest, and getting his Arabs to dig still deeper, he found underneath the dome a square tower, then a platform of masonry, and finally a complete mosque. Continuing the excavations, M. Tarry soon unearthed seven houses in perfect preservation, and came upon a subterranean watercourse. At the last news nine houses had been discovered, and M. Tarry was getting additional assistance to clear out the profuse watercourse, which he describes as sufficient to irrigate a small forest of palms. It is well known that the Sahara was at one time much more populated than it is now, and its trade much more extensive, but no one seems to have supposed that riches had been buried under its sands, at least so recently as since the introduction of Mohammedanism.

THE PRESIDENT'S EXCHANGE READER.

The official at the White House who does the President's newspaper reading and clipping is Benjamin Montgomery, the telegraphic secretary. He is one of the most valuable officers of the force, as in addition to his knowledge of telegraphy, he possesses a wonderful acquaintance with men and measures, and is singularly active in clerical work. He now attends to a duty that was formerly performed by Col. Lamont, namely, perusing the newspapers of the country and transferring to a scrap book all articles regarded as worthy of the President's consideration, either because of their praise or criticism of his administration.

SAVAGES WHO CANNOT PRODUCE FIRE.

It is not often that explorers discover savage people who are ignorant of the art of producing fire. As far as is known, fire has been a necessity even among the rudest savages for many centuries, and it always excites wonder when we hear at rare intervals of people who, while enjoying the blessings of fire, express themselves as wholly ignorant of the methods of producing it, and who imagine that if by some calamity all their fires were extinguished they could never rekindle them.

AN ABSURD IMAGE OF WASHINGTON.

Sypher, the New York dealer in art relics, curios, etc., has in his establishment a wooden statue of George Washington with a history. The statue was set up at the battery in 1794 and there it stood for 49 years or more until it got badly battered and became an eyesore to artists and art lovers. It was then put up at auction by the city, and the city got soundly berated for the indignity. A French dealer in relics named Jacques bought the figure on speculation for \$250 and failing to realize upon it stowed it away in the attic of his country-house at South Norwalk, Conn. M. Jacques died in 1863 and at the subsequent sale of his effects the wooden George fell into the hands of a Yankee curiosity hunter, who paid a mere trifle for it and sold it at a considerable advance to one Francis J. Theobald, who placed it in front of a modest establishment in Harlem, which was henceforth known as the "Washington Cigar Store." Every 22d of February and 4th of July Mr. Theobald religiously decorated the statue with flags. One day, not very long ago, Mr. Sypher heard of the ignominious use to which the father of his country was put and opened negotiations which resulted in his getting possession of the same. The figure is 8 feet 10 inches high, and is a creditable work of its kind. Washington is represented as standing in an easy posture, holding a chapeau at his hip. The Continental costume consists of a bluish-black coat, white waistcoat, buff breeches and top boots. The old-fashioned jab is in its proper place, and the expression of the face is benignant.—Not Obedient Postpone.

IN DOUBT.

Wife: Ny-a-w bonnet came home this afternoon, Charlie, won't you take me to see Mrs. Baker, to-night? Husband: Do you want to see Mrs. Baker, or do you want her to see you?—Tins.