

DAKOTA DOINGS.

will circulate throughout southern towns of Armour, Douglas county, Nebraska, from that city.

RELIGIOUS READING.

needs before God. Laborers are but only the labor that springs

Downy baby birds are nesting. Under mother's wings they're nesting. Baby birds, good night. Little lambs are warm and quiet. With their mothers close beside them: Baby lambs, good night. Bees and butterflies are sleeping. Folded wings no more take flight; Folded they, until the morrow— Butterflies, good night. Baby buds have gently wrapped them in their faded petals bright; Shut their eyes, the winds will rock them— Baby buds, good night. Over all, the dear good angels, Holy angels, pure and white, Watch the little ones that slumber— Babies all, good night.

TEDDIE'S VICTORY.

The Good That Came from a Poor Little Boy's Honesty and Frankness.

"Oh-h! What is that?" And little Teddie stopped short in his brisk walk on that chilly November morning. With one hand he held firmly in place his poor apology for a hat, which the wind was doing its best to tear from his head. With the other he picked up a well-filled purse which lay at his feet. He tucked his hat under his arm to keep it safe, and with both hands held tight the wonderful purse, that seemed ready to burst with its wealth. He turned into an alley to examine it. Such a purse as that his little hand had never held in its grasp before. There before him lay a glittering gold piece, while a roll of bills were carefully folded away in another of its pockets.

"Oh," he said, aloud, "God must have dropped the purse from Heaven for me, because Madge and I both prayed to him so hard that He would send us some money to buy coals. It is so cold without a fire!" And the little, thinly clad figure shivered in the chill air. "I'll run to Madge with it." And putting the purse in his pocket, where he could hold it firmly with his hand, he started as fast as his feet could carry him for the attic he called home.

But a voice somewhere under Teddie's jacket kept sounding in his ears as he ran: "Teddie, is it yours? Teddie, are you doing right?" He stopped at last, as the sudden thought came into his mind: "I wonder if it is all mine? May be somebody lost it." And a startled look on his face took the place of that glad surprise which had lighted up his bright eyes.

He walked on a little slower than before, thinking almost aloud: "Oh, if it is only truly mine, it will buy Madge a warm shawl, and Sadie an apple, and a fire to keep warm, and ever so many things. May be Madge will say I may keep it. I can run home quickly and tell her all about."

Suiting the action to the word, he started on again. But louder and louder he felt that thumping under his jacket as he went. "You must always do right, Teddie, no matter how hard it is. God will see you, if no one else does. Stop, Teddie, you are doing wrong. That purse is not yours."

He did stop, and said aloud: "It is rightly mine. I found it. And yet, perhaps somebody who has lost it is looking for it now, and feels awful bad about it. I would, if I had lost it. May be, if I would go and ask Madge, I would not find the people there looking for it when I got back."

"Now, Teddie," spoke the voice under his jacket, "turn right back and go and do right. God will see, and God will help. You must not keep what does not belong to you."

"I'll do it," he exclaimed, and pushing his hat back from his face, his bright curls flying in the wind, he turned sharply around and retraced his steps. Presently he saw a policeman and two ladies coming toward him. One was an old lady, with a face pure and sweet in its frame-work of silver hair, that carried no terror to the heart of the timid child; the other a young, fair girl, who seemed to be wild with excitement and grief.

"I must have dropped it on this block, for a little beyond is where I first missed it, and we made a call here," she said, addressing the policeman. "Is it a purse you have lost, lady?" said Teddie. "I found this on the grass here, close to the sidewalk," and he pointed to the place where he had picked it up. "Yes, that is it," exclaimed the young lady with a glad cry. "Look into it, and see if it is all right, ma'am," said the policeman, with a sidelong glance at Teddie as he spoke. "Every thing is just where I left it. My gold piece that Uncle John gave me, and all the rest," she replied, "exactly where I put it."

But the policeman who had hoped to find the purse and receive the reward himself, muttered as he turned away. "He'll take all you'll give him, ma'am. These ragged little urchins are a pack of thieves, any way."

"But this little boy is not," said the elder lady, "and he shall be well paid for his honesty, too. Where do you live, my lad?" she said with a sweet smile. "In an attic in one of the houses in Poverty row," he answered, rather hesitatingly. "Have you always lived in Poverty row?"

"Only since mamma and papa died. Papa died first, and then mamma soon followed. After that we had to live in Poverty row."

"Well, get into our carriage and show us the way to your home." Teddie quickly obeyed, chatting gaily all the way his face aglow with pleasure at a ride, the like of which he had never had before.

They reached the street, and though Teddie said that carriages did not drive through Poverty row, Mrs. Bell's coachman found a way. They mounted the narrow, dingy staircase, Mrs. Bell and her daughter following Teddie's lead, until they reached the small attic room, where patient sister Madge was seated by the one small window earning a livelihood with the needle for herself, Teddie and little Sadie. The story of the lost purse was told. And Teddie, with a timid look, said:

"Oh, Madge, how I wanted to keep it, and bring it home to you. But, then, I knew it must be wrong, and I went right back when I thought of that."

"Do you know, Teddie, that you won a great victory when you made up your mind not to keep what you felt certain was not yours?" said Mrs. Bell, looking at him with kindly eyes. "Great victories are not always won on the field of battle."

The visitors remained long enough to freely discuss the needs of the little family, and left a generous gift when they went away, with a promise to return in a few days. Then Teddie's curly head nestled close to his sister's arm, as he whispered:

"Was that my victory, Madge, that Mrs. Bell told me about?" "Yes, Teddie. When you made up your mind to do right, that was your victory; and a big victory it was. For the temptation was very strong to make you do what was wrong. You fought that battle with sin in your heart, and you have won the victory nobly."

"Ain't you glad I did, Madge?" "Glad! I can not tell you how glad I am, Teddie," said his sister, holding him in her loving arms for a moment while she pressed a loving kiss to his lips. "I hope you will win those victories over sin and wrong all your life. God always helps us to fight our battles if we ask Him. You see how He has answered our morning prayer far better than we could have done for ourselves. God will always hear us if we trust Him, no matter where we are; and He will help us to win our victories."

Mrs. Bell and her daughter lost no time in interesting their friends and neighbors in the little orphan flock. It was not long after that visit before she came again, and took them all to a lovely, sunny room, far from Poverty row. They gathered about the bright fire on their first evening in their new home, and the cozy room with its many comforts seemed like paradise, indeed. Teddie crept close to Madge, with a wistful look on his face.

she White Oak settlement" were speaking of some one named Tompkins, when an old fellow who had been standing near advanced and said: "You air talkin' about young Tobe Tompkins, I reckon."

"Yes," one of the men replied. "Are you acquainted with him?" "I reckon I oughter be, when he used to be my stepson, before his mammy got a divorce from me, like she dun from his father, an' married another feller. Tobe has got the brightest mind o' any man in this here community. You may talk about Steve Parker, that's gone to Congress, an' Ab Joyner, that belongs to the Legislatur, but Tobe he's jest nachully got the mind."

"Smart, is he?" "Smart! W'y, he jest nachully lays over any thing in this community; an' when it comes to sense, w'y, thar ain't nobody in the State that ken touch these here folks. Smart, w'y, lemme tell you, if Tobe ain't the Gov'nor of this yere State befo' the next six years thar'll be a slatherin' sight o' folks in this part o' the country that will be goin' 'round axin' the reason why. Smart—w'y, lemme tell you what he done. He had a old one-eyed, stumblin' away-back hoss, a rope bridle an' a saddle made outen a sheep-skin an' some bar'l staves. The folks laughed at him fur riggin' up sich a lay-out, 'but, never mind,' says he. 'Providence has made big room in this here community for a feller to snatch up ability an' swing it around by the tail; an', gentlemen, let me tell you that he done it. He started out with that disgustin' rig, an' befo' the end o' two weeks he had as high a steppin' a hoss as you ever seed, a saddle that made a noise like a year-old baby a-cryin', an' a bridle that looked purty enough to take holter an' chaw."

"He was lucky," said one of the men. "Lucky! W'y, I tell you that he's got the brightest mind in the State. Lucky! Step out in the the road an' make a hoss, bridle an' saddle. Smart—w'y, let me tell you. He had a ole cow that you couldn't a squz mor'n ten draps o' milk outen with a cider press. What did he do? Let her die on his han's like many a smart man woulder done? No, sir. He started out, an' in less than a week he came back drivin' a great big fine cow that laid the dust with milk as she walked."

"He is unquestionable a skillful trader." "A skillful trader! you have heard o' genius, I reckon. Well, Tobe's a genius, a plum flat-footed genius."

"And you think he will be Governor of this State, eh?" "Just as shore as you live this munit. W'y, sir, lemme tell you; with his genius he kin take the office o' justice o' the peace and keep a tradin' fur first one office an' then another till the fust thing you know he'll land slam bang in the Governor's cheer. Smart! W'y, sometime ago, befo' the folks acknowledged his genius, he fell in love with a gal so ugly that the green persimmons fell offen the trees as she went along the road. What did he do? Did he marry her? Well, no. He started out tradin', an' now he's engaged to be married to the purtiest woman in the State. Oh, thar ain't hardly nothin' that's beyond the reach o' his ability. He's jest nachully bright, an' as I say, if he ain't the Governor o' this here State you ken skim the 'stonishment offen this community with a spoon."

Arkansas Traveler.

PROGRESS IN COOKERY. Discoveries Throwing New Light on the Physiology of Food. It is a well-recognized fact that simple food is the healthiest diet for man. Excesses in eating produce numerous disorders that are frequently attributed to other causes.

The question of diet is to-day receiving marked attention in Europe. The medical profession is giving it much thought, prescribing the kinds of food for certain diseases, thus making advancement in preventive as well as in curative remedies by regulating the diet.

The chemist has also come to the aid of the cook, and the chemistry of cookery is taught in schools. All this simply indicates that civilization is advancing. What a man eats, and how he eats it, is a fair index of his civilization. A savage may be a brave warrior, a splendid type of manhood, with flashing eyes and broad shoulders. He will probably be admired by all who come to see him until he comes to the table to eat. Then the rouble comes to the surface, and he is soon rated as a savage. Man's fall from the happy surroundings in the garden of Eden was brought on by eating, and we have no doubt that the appetite will have much to do with the fall of many others who are better posted about its danger than were Adam and Eve.

Every Georgian is well acquainted

tainly salts and potash that is abstracted from the vegetables while boiling of great value in gout, rheumatism and neuralgia, and a diet of liquor distilled from boiling certain kinds of vegetables, mixed with other kinds of food, is prepared to relieve these complaints.

Whole chapters are written on "How to boil water," "How to cook an egg," and it is astonishing how much good common sense is taught in the discussion of these apparently simple questions. Take, for example, "How to boil an egg." The orthodox manner all will admit it to keep it boiling for three and a half minutes, but after you study how to practically apply the laws of albumen coagulation, you will find the egg much better, far more healthy and nutritious if you will put it in water about thirty degrees below the boiling point and keep it immersed about ten or twelve minutes. Eggs cooked in the ordinary way are necessarily raw in the middle, the white is subjected to a higher temperature than the yolk, and is, to a certain extent, indigestible. In the plan of cooking described, there is uniform diffusion of heat throughout.

There can be no doubt that the discoveries and indications of the present age have thrown a new light on the physiology of food. It is a happy thought that some time in the future a man's cook will be his doctor—that he can prevent as well as cure his ailment, prolong his life by securing a good cook. The cook and the physician have both killed their thousands in the past, and if they come to be the benefactors of humanity by uniting their best efforts, and pave the way to the millennium, they will certainly atone for much of their misconduct in the past.—Atlanta Constitution.

DANGERS OF BENZINE. Why the Utmost Care Should Be Exercised in Handling It. Some weeks ago in a Philadelphia music printing establishment, while a boy was engaged in cleaning a press with benzine, rubbing it with a rag, the fluid blazed up; the lad's clothing caught fire, and he was so severely burned that his recovery was stated to be doubtful. It has been popularly supposed that flame, or at least a temperature equal to the white or red heat of iron, was necessary to ignite benzine, but this is a mistake. It is a fact little known that hard friction can develop sufficient heat to inflame benzine vapor, especially if the surface rubbed be varnished with shellac. We are informed by a competent and truthful mechanical engineer that a few years ago (while trying to construct a thermostat to ignite a powder giving out sulphurous gas in case of fire outbreak), he found that the vapor was leaking from a minute crack in a seam. He requested a tinman to solder the leak, supposing that a copper soldering tool at dark heat would not be dangerous. To his surprise and that of the workman, the vapor ignited, with a blue flame, as soon as the tool approached near the crack, and a flame played around the tool like a will-o'-the-wisp. This gentleman several times experimented afterward and found that at a dark heat the tool did not inflame the vapor when at a distance of twelve inches from the crack, but did always set fire to it if within six to four inches. No matter how small the crevice, there always came out enough vapor to ignite at this low degree of temperature. In these trials, as in the first instance, the tin-man's furnace was kept at a considerable distance. We mentioned a few months since a case in which this vapor was ignited by electricity generated in rubbing a flannel garment, which was being cleaned in a tub of the fluid. This last occurrence once more emphasizes the need of the utmost caution in the handling of benzine in the scouring and furniture establishments and printing offices, in which it is so generally and extensively made use of.—Fire and Water.

—There is now living within a mile of this town, in the pine woods, says the Kentville (N. S.) Sentinel, an aged colored man by the name of Elisha Laurence, who was on board the Chesapeake at the time of her encounter with the Shannon, during the American war of 1812. This individual was yet but an infant, whose parents were cooks on board the ship, and, of course, remembers nothing of the fight. He, nevertheless, seems to think that he is entitled to some honor on account of his presence on that memorable occasion.

—The law requiring the placing of ropes and fire escapes in hotels is being generally complied with by the hotels of York State. The expense of fitting up an ordinary hotel, according to the requirements, is \$500.

—A tussle with a boarding-house steak is now called a "bull fight."

—To find out how old a lady is—Ask some other lady.—Denville Press. —The "big head" is entirely distinct from the "big brain."—N. O. Picayune. —A 'cycling young man is good and a sigh-cing young woman is better.—New Haven News.

—No mouse or rat will gnaw through a granary surrounded with two thicknesses of hemlock board, breaking joints.—Oha'ham Courier. —No matter how bad or destructive a boy be, he never becomes so degraded or loses self-respect sufficiently as to throw mud on a circus poster.

—An exchange says that a young lady never likes to "give herself away." That depends on whether or not the right fellow asks her.—N. Y. Ledger. —Contractor—"I've called to have you settle for building the house." Owner—"I'm ready to settle with you when the house is done settling."—Philadelphia Call.

—"Aim high," is the Savannah News' advice to young men. This is the same old chestnut that the girl sprung on the fellow who kissed her on the chin.—Nashville American. —Nothing has been done to stop the robbing of poor immigrants at Castle Garden yet, but an ordinance to prohibit the sale of oil paintings by gas-light has just been passed in New York.—Omaha World.

—No man knows how much he really loves a woman until she has presented him with the worked canvas for the sides of a natty traveling-bag, and he has paid seven or eight dollars for having it made up.—Lowell Citizen. —The coils of rope which hotel-keepers in New York are obliged by law to place in every room, for a fire-escape, are proving very useful to impetuous guests, who slide down at night without waiting for the cry of fire.—Boston Post.

—Behind the Scenes.—Her appetite is delicate: She can not eat to-day; But see her in the pantry Whether beau has gone away.—Boston Courier.

—Change is Rest.—Beggars Wife—"August, why are you taking off your wooden leg?"—Beggars—"Darling, I am only going to strap it on the other foot; one gets tired of hopping about all day long on the same leg."—Humoristische Blatter.

—Countryman (to dentist)—"I wouldn't pay nothin' extra for gas Jes yank her out if it does hurt." Dentist—"You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth." Countryman—"Oh, 'tain't me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."—N. Y. Sun.

—Some people claim that a fellow doesn't get any rest by going on an excursion, as he generally works hard a week before to get ready and then puts in the hardest day of all when he goes—but this is not so; an excursion usually makes him sick abed for a week after he gets back and that is the time he gets his rest.—Dakota Bell.

—Not soil alone nor sun alone gives strength and majesty to the sturdy oak, but also its exposure to the changes of the seasons and its battles with the storms and winds. So it is through hardships and well borne trials cheerily met that man attains to the power and dignity of his full nature and the stability of his true manhood.—Farmer and Manufacturer.

Advice to Smokers. Favarger gives sound advice to those who smoke, to obviate the danger of poisoning by tobacco. He recommends: Never to smoke when the stomach is empty, but always after a meal. In this way the number of cigars smoked will be limited, the nicotine will be made to act on a full stomach, loss of appetite will be prevented and the antidotal ("anti-nicotine") action of the tannin contained in the wine, tea or coffee of the meal will be obtained. Tannin, according to Favarger, is the best antidote to nicotine. Smokers should avoid holding their cigars long in their mouths. Cigar-holders should be frequently renewed and regularly cleaned. Smokers should smoke the milder cigars occasionally, instead of always choosing the strongest. According to Erlenmeyer, smoking cigars is vastly more injurious than smoking a pipe, because the preparation of tobacco for the latter purpose destroys as much as two-thirds of its nicotia, while the former loses but little of its active principle in the manufacture.—Boston Journal of Health.

A Natural Inquiry. "Who'll we put up for Congress this year?" asked one local statesman of another. "General Dashem. He's bound to be elected." "Can he command votes?" "You bet he can; more than any other man in this district." "How much is he worth?"—Merchant Traveler.