THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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Editors and Proprietors.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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GENERAL NEWS.

Phil. Sheridan is to be married on June 3d.

George Vail, a noted politician of New Jersey, is dead.

Abraham Jackson's defalcations in Boston swell up to $700,000.

Supreme Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias met in Cleveland the 25th.

A Confederate memorial monument was unveiled in Savannah on the 24th.

In the Brooklyn court room, Porter is still being poured out on Tilton and Co.

That new disease of horses continues in St. Louis, several more having died.

Erie's financial troubles are such that it will probably go into the hands of a receiver.

Henry Lippitt, Rep., has been elected governor of Rhode Island by the legislature.

Bluford Wilson, Solicitor of the Treasury, is investigating Chicago whisky frauds.

Col. D. R. Anthony, shot by Embry, is slowly improving, but may die suddenly any moment.

Uncle Sam continues dismissing revenue officers in Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri. Some die daily.

A Good Templars' Congress, composed of delegates from all parts of the world, is in session in Peoria, Ill.

A fire at Waco, Texas, on the 19th, destroyed several fine buildings. Loss, estimated at $125,000; insurance, $50,000.

Total receipts of the National Grange for 1874, $216,381.02; expenses, $175,000; expenses of the executive committee, $42,198.11.

Presbyterian General Assembly, Cleveland, recommended its ministry to pray for the aversion of the grasshopper plague in the West.

Jay Cooke's country residence, near Philadelphia, was put up at auction on the 25th, bids being limited to $850,000. No bidders.

New York Board of Trade declares that smuggling is due to the demoralized custom service and exhorbitant tariffs. It censures the wholesale merchants who deal in smuggled goods.

Only $87,000,000 of the $500,000,000 5 per cent. loan remain to be negotiated, and Secretary Bristow believes the remaining amount will be taken this year. This will reduce the interest debt $5,000,000 a year.

Mabel Young, four years old, was killed in the belfry of Warren Avenue Baptist church, Boston, Sunday the 23d. Thos. W. Piper, the sexton, has been arraigned for the act. He denies it, but says he was not in his right mind that day.

Copeland The Scoundrel, who fooled Iowans so badly a few years ago as an impecunious clergyman, preached in a New Orleans Baptist church on the 23d, and left suddenly the same night, through police pressure.

A letter published in New York on the 25th by W. L. Grosvenor, scientist, claims that the insect ravaging western crops is not grasshoppers but the young of the Rocky Mountain locusts, hatched this spring from eggs deposited last year. He apprehends no injury of consequence east of Sedalia or Des Moines.

A Man Dies from Sheer Fright.

Five weeks ago Alexander V. Brower, of Schenectady, lacerated a finger by means of a corn-cutter. He was attended by a leading physician, and in due course of time the wound healed, leaving a mark for a while of a pinkish indigo tint. While attending church subsequently, at the East Avenue Mission Chapel, a fellow pew occupant asked to see his hand. Observing the partly healed wound, he whispered to Brower that in his opinion the wound had mortified. Brower's father sat in the seat with him. His son took a piece of paper and wrote thereon, and handed to his father a request that they leave church. The father, on reaching the outside, asked the cause of the sudden request. The answer was that he (the son) was going to die. Mr. Brower ridiculed the idea, but proceeded home. After a time following their arrival, the father found the son engaged in prayer, and was again told by the latter that his time was near. The son had soon to be removed to a bed, and the doctor was again summoned. The latter on arrival found his patient with high pulse, much excited, and showing marked symptoms of typhoid fever. The former wound on his hand was found in the same condition as when last seen—that is everything presaging rapid and permanent healing. Friday young Brower died—an evident victim of fright.—*Troy Times.*

One of the scuttler's officers has informed a correspondent of the London *Standard* that many persons on board the steamer were drunk when she struck, and that several of the firemen and many of the steerage passengers lay helpless till they were swept away by the waves.

The Interior of the Ocean.

The popular ideas with regard to the sinking of bodies in the sea have usually been quite unscientific. Some have theorized to the effect that, in the case of ships which founder at sea, they sink to a certain depth and then float about until broken to pieces, or thrown upon some bank beneath the sea—indeed, a book was some time ago published, sustaining this idea. Others, again, argue that the buoyant force of the water at great depths is enormous, and due to the whole pressure of the water above, and that all bodies which are lighter than water at the surface, will, if sunk to the bottom and detached from the sinker, shoot upward with a great velocity, or, in other words, that the density of the water increases directly with the depth.

Now, it is proved by the most reliable investigations, that, though the pressure increases with the depth—even to the amount of fifteen pounds upon every square inch for every thirty-four feet in depth—the density is not thereby increased sensibly, owing to the incompressibility of the water; so that, in reality, neither the buoyant force, nor the resistance to the motion of any body, is sensibly augmented from the surface to the bottom.

At the depth of three thousand fathoms, for instance, the pressure upon a square inch is nearly eight thousand pounds; but the column of eight thousand feet of water is only shortened about sixty feet. The density is thus but slightly increased; but the effect of such enormous pressure upon compressible bodies, as air, wood, etc., is to condense them into a smaller bulk, by which they may be rendered heavier than water, and will sink of their own weight. A piece of wood cannot float to the bottom of the ocean, but a very slight extraneous force will bring it to the surface.

Five Minutes for Refreshments.

When a train draws up to a station five minutes for refreshment, it is easy to distinguish the experienced traveler from the rest. He has already got out on the platform, and is either on the bottom step or close enough to it. Just as soon as the speed of the train becomes less than he can make, he springs off and dashes madly for the saloon door, through it and up to the counter, giving his order for coffee while moving and snatches up the right article the first time. He knows how much time is required to make five minutes and when it is expired he is out on the platform, picking his teeth and is talking about real estate. Alas for the inexperienced traveler! such is not his record. He is inside the car when it stops, with twenty persons ahead of him. He jumps down on the platform in time to see the mass surging into the door, and then it strikes him that he may be too late, and under this inspiration he moves into the struggling gang he don't reach the table. He and the other inexperienced travelers form the outside line, shout their orders through the openings, and receive what's handed them with thankfulness and what dexterity they can muster. Such a man will perspire, and choke and paw, and jaw, during the entire five minutes and and in that time may get down two-thirds of a sandwich, one third of a custard pie or more and less of the coffee, and and then get out of the door just in time to get hold of a car rail and be pulled on by the brakeman. And when he has reached his seat and is scraping the rest of that pie from his boot, and drawing cold air into his throat to allay the pain of the scald, he will think up things about the keeper of that restaurant that would make the hair of a saw horse stand straight on end.

Women in the Professions.

Of the sixty-four medical graduates of Michigan University, at the recent commencement, twelve were ladies, some of them in the front rank of excellence. In one instance, says the correspondent of the *Christian Register*, a husband and wife who had been studying together were separated by the fatal verdict of the judges; the wife was accepted while the husband was rejected in spite of the fact that he was the graduate of a Methodist college, a bachelor of laws, a master of arts, and had studied for some years in the universities of Europe. Like a loyal wife, nevertheless, the woman preferred to share the disgrace of her husband and went away with him, not wishing to receive an honor which he could not share.

In the law school there were three lady graduates; and the large class had no more competent or well trained members, more accurate and quick in their answers to questions than these beautiful young women, whose presence on the platform was greeted with loud applause, who were praised by the class not less than by the professors. Now for the fifth time ladies have received degrees in law and medicine in this university, and have established the presumption that in these callings they are in no degree inferior to the stronger sex.

Spanking in many families is hereditary. The blows received by little boys are often handed down to them by their fathers.

Marshalltown will give the B. & N. W. narrow gauge $50,000 to come there.

Mark Twain on Spelling.

There was a spelling school at the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn., and Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) being called on for a few preliminary remarks spoke, as follows:

I have been honored with the office of introducing these approaching orthographical solemnities with a few remarks. The temperance crusade swept the land lately, that is that vast portion of the land where it was needed, but it skipped Hartford. Now comes this new spelling school epidemic, and now we are stricken. So I suppose we needed the affliction. I don't say we needed it, for I don't see any use in spelling a word right and never did. I mean I don't see any use in having a uniform and arbitrary way of spelling words. We might as well make all clothes alike. Sameness is tiresome; variety is pleasing. I have a correspondent whose letters are always a refreshment to me; there is such a breezy, unfettered originality about his orthography. He always spells Kow with a large K. Now it is just as good as to spell it with a small one. It is better. It gives the imagination a broader field, a wider scope. It suggests to the mind a grand, vague, impressive, new kind of a cow. Superb effects can be produced by variegated spelling. Now there is blind Tom the musical prodigy. He always spells a word according to the sound that is carried to his ear. And he is an enthusiast in orthography. When you give him a word he puts all his soul into it. I once heard him called upon to spell orang-outang before an audience. He said, "O-r-a-n-g, orang, g-e-r, ger, orangger, t-a-n-g, tang, orangger tang!" Now a body can respect an orang-outang that spells his name in a vigorous way like that. But the feeble dictionary makes a mere kitten of him. In the old times people spelled just as they pleased. That was the right idea. You had two chances at a stranger then. You knew a strong man from a weak one in his iron clad spelling, and his hand writing helped you to verify your verdict. Some people have an idea that correct spelling can be taught—and taught to anybody. That is a mistake. The spelling faculty is born in a man like poetry, music and art. It is a gift; it is a talent. People who have this gift in a high degree only need to see a word once in print and it is forever photographed upon their memory. They cannot forget it. People who haven't it must be content to spell more or less like—like thunder—and expect to splinter the dictionary wherever their orthogragraphical lightning happens to strike. There are 114,000 words in the unabridged dictionary. I know a lady who can spell only 180 of them right. She steers clear of all the rest. She can not learn any more. So her letters always consists of those constantly recurring 180 words. Now and then when she finds herself obliged to write upon a subject which necessitates the use of some other words, she—well, she don't write on that subject. I have a relative in New York who is almost sublimely gifted. She can't spell any word right. There is a game called Verbarium. A dozen people are each provided with a sheet of paper, across the top of which is written a long word like kaleidoscopical, or something like that, and the game is to see who can make up the most words in three minutes, always beginning with the initial letter of the word. Upon one occasion the word chosen was was cofferdam. When time was called everybody had built from five to twenty words except this young lady. She only had one word—calf. We all studied a moment and then said, "Why there is no l in cofferdam!" Then we examined her paper. To the eternal honor of that uninspired, unconscious, sublimely independent soul, be it said, she spelled the word "caff!" If any body here can spell calf any more sensibly than that, let him step to the front and take his milk. The insurrection will now begin.

Frightening Children.

Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare is slow to recover from. It remains sometimes until maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not unfrequently fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them, and punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the sufferings they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children, as near as possible, should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which, above everything else, is to be feared in their education, early and late.

HUMOROUS.

One of the safest places during a thunder storm is a railroad train in motion, because it is furnished with a conductor.

A letter carrier might swear by the horn spoon that he hadn't read your postal card, and yet you'd have an inward feeling of distrust.

Delaware refuses to abolish the whipping post, and Delaware is right. Nothing like a good rawhiding to cure a resident of that State of indulging in his peculiarities.

Where will it all end? A man can't set his house on fire, collect the insurance and put on any style with the money without some one is mean enough to throw out insinuations.

When six patent medicine almanacs are poked under a man's front door every day, there is no excuse for that man's painful ignorance in not knowing that spring is here.

There is only one man left in this country who can swallow a sword, and if you want to work your boy into a good thing let him commence now to work on pen holders, shears, paint-brushes, etc.

By declining to eat things that you want because they are unhealthy, by going to bed early when you want to sit up, and by making your life wretched in a thousand ways, you have a chance of living to a ripe old age, if that is any satisfaction to you.

The regnant thought with most men is: How to make money; and the regnant thought with most women is: How to spend it. In their better moments some of these women have been heard to admit that a man is a useful animal.

A fellow with a red nose and blind in one eye is selling the negroes down South a pill warranted to make them white, and about fifteen minutes after they swallow it they lean across a saw buck and turn themselves inside out, but the white is all in their eyes.

Two years ago a Pennsylvania servant girl was sent to prison for stealing $600 from her employer. The money was found the other day where the man had hidden it, and now he offers the girl $5 as a recompense, while she wants $10,000.

Woman in Art.

You will doubtless be interested to know how Miss Elizabeth Thompson, of whom so much was expected from her "roll call" contributed in the Academy last year, has done to redeem the promise of the picture which first gave her distinction. "The Twenty-Eighth Regiment at Quatre Bras," will probably be as popular as the "Roll Call." With some undoubted defects it unites striking merits. Its defects lie in the conventional, moderaisms, into which Miss Thompson has fallen; its excellence in the fidelity with which she reproduces the incidents of a stirring scene and the happy enthusiasm with which she has caught the more characteristic features of an historical event. From Siborne's "Waterloo Campaign" Miss Thompson has gained her ideas. She there reads that, "in the battle of Quatre Bras, June 16, 1815, the Twenty-Eighth Regiment, formed together with the Royals into a square in a field of particularly tall rye, were repeatedly assaulted by the enemy's cavalry, cuirassiers and Polish lancers, who closed a long series of unsuccessful attacks by a furious charge simultaneously delivered against three faces of the square." This picture represents the last effort of the enemy at about five o'clock p. m. "The failure," adds Miss Thompson, "of these attempts to break the formation of the squares was productive of much levity on the part of the younger soldiers, incidents of which are traditional in the regiment." Accordingly, Miss Thompson has interspersed the ranks of her warriors, whose features speak of grim determination and silent resolve, with here and there a younger soldier, whose muscles have relaxed themselves into a broad grin, and who is evidently hurling forth a laugh of defiance at the foeman who impetuously bears down, but can produce no effect on the firmly planted phalanx. The whole picture is instinct with life and and movement. Nothing can be better than the manner in which the clouds of smoke arise from the plain; nothing more powerful than the excessive tension of which the faces of the officers, French and English, tell. But there is less of dramatic contrast, and therefore less of suggestiveness, in the picture than in that sent by Miss Thompson last year.

Grasshoppers and Small Pox.

A Troy chemist proposes to catch a few grasshoppers, to inoculate them with something like the small pox, and then to set them at liberty among their fellows again. The idea is inspirational, but it won't work. A stomach that can digest old boots, fence rails, and mouldy grind stones, wouldn't pay any attention to small pox, to speak of.

Mrs. Abe Lincoln Sent to an Insane Asylum.

On the 19th of May, the trial of the question of the insanity of Mrs. Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, came up in the County Court of Cook County, Illinois. The proceedings were based on a petition filed by Robert Lincoln, setting forth that his mother, Mary Lincoln, has property not exceeding $75,000; that she is *non compos mentis*, and incapable of managing her estate, and praying for the issuance of an order for a warrant and venire to test the question of her sanity. The petition was accompanied by a certificate of the family physician, to the effect that he had examined Mrs. Lincoln and was of the opinion that she is insane and a fit subject for the hospital treatment. Several witnesses testified to eccentricities in the conduct of Mrs. Lincoln, which commenced with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and which have become marked as time progressed. She imagined she heard voices in the walls, that strange beings beset her in the entries of the hotel, and that she was the victim of poisoning plots, etc. Her closets are full of unopened packages of goods which she has ordered sent to her room. After a short argument the case was given to the jury, who brought in a verdict in accordance with the facts elicited. Mrs. Lincoln will be removed to the hospital at Batavia, Illinois. Her relatives and friends delayed this step as long as was considered prudent, but finally agreed that nothing else would suffice. At the announcement of the verdict, Robert Lincoln took the hand of his mother affectionately, when she exclaimed, "Oh, Robert, to think that my son would ever have done this!" There were but few spectators in court.

John C. Breckinridge.

John C. Breckinridge, born near Lexington, Ky., Jan. 21, 1821, was educated at Danville, and studied law at the Transylvania Institute, in the same State. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, in 1847, he volunteered for military service, and was chosen major in a regiment of Kentucky volunteers. On his return he was elected to the Kentucky house of representatives. In 1851 he was elected to congress, and re-elected in 1853. At the election of 1856 Mr. Breckinridge was chosen vice president, with Mr. Buchanan president, and presided in the senate with dignity and ability for the next four years. In 1860 he was one of the candidates of the democratic party for the presidency, but was defeated. At the commencement of the civil war he was a United States senator from Kentucky, but openly avowed his sympathy with the confederates, and soon after joined them, and was expelled from the United States senate in December, 1861. The following summer he was appointed a major general in the confederate army, and took part in several battles, but did not distinguish himself as a military commander. He was secretary of war in Jefferson Davis' cabinet from February, 1865, to the close of the war. In June of that year he escaped from the country to Cuba, and thence to England. He remained abroad till 1869, when he returned, and avowed his determination to take no part in politics henceforth, a resolution which he has strictly observed, devoting his attention entirely to his profession.

Honors are Easy.

The Baptist paper of the West, the *Standard*, is inclined to have sufficient sense to see that religious and other titles are humbugs and no index to the worth of their wearers. It says: "In continental Europe a man must prove his fitness for a degree before he can have it. In this country he does the same, so far as the lowest degree is concerned, the college "A. B." Beyond that, the higher the degree, apparently, the more indiscriminately it is conferred. It is very much the same with other titles. It may always be presumed that a captain or a colonel has seen service, but we have known more than one general who had much the same right to that distinction that Gen. Tom Thumb has, and have now in mind another man who has for years borne the title of 'Governor,' just because in a certain election somebody voted for him in sport. Doctorates are even more easily come at; many good people take it for granted that a man is a doctor because he is a minister, especially if he happens to be pastor of a city church; and many a poor fellow blushes under the imputation, without knowing whether propriety dictates that he shall repel it or let it pass.

Of grasshoppers says the Perry *(Mich.)*: "Grasshoppers, in immense numbers, were seen flying over this region this week, and in some places the grass on the prairies was literally alive with the little hopping pests, scarcely large enough to fly. We have not, as yet, heard of any damage being done by them about here, and they may have to before the crops are grown enough for them to eat. We think there is no cause for alarm at present, but if they stay with us a week or two longer, look out."

A Problem in Nature.

Is the Auriferous "Big Blue Lead" of California the Ancient Channel of the Columbia River?—Interesting Speculations.

The Portland (Oregon) *Bulletin* says the most striking auriferous deposit in Eastern Oregon is the gravel mixed with boulders, clay, and sand, varying from six to hundreds of feet in depth, "in strata distinguished from one another by difference in color, in the size of the boulders and size of particles of gold." This is particularly the case with the "gravel lead" in the bed of the extinct river in Baker county, Oregon, which runs in a southerly course.

The channel of this ancient river has not been defined as yet, but it is believed, I am informed, that it runs southerly through this State. Its course was impeded by upheavals. It is believed that this is the ancient channel of the Columbia, whose course was turned by some freak of nature through the Cascade Range to the ocean centuries ago. The belief is that it flowed through to California, and emptied into the ocean somewhere north of Mexico.

As this channel of the ancient river passes through the auriferous regions of the Sierras, it is known as the "Big Blue River lead."

In relation to this subject, the *Overland Monthly*, of September, 1868, in an article entitled the "Dead Rivers of California," says: "A dead river is a channel formerly occupied by a running stream, but now filled up with earthy or rocky matter, and is not to be confounded with a channel that is open and remains dry during the greater part of the year because of lack of water, or that has been abandoned by the stream for a deeper channel elsewhere."

The dead rivers of California, so far as known, are on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada, from 500 to 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. They are all auriferous, and therefore they have all been sought for and examined. They have yielded probably $300,000,000 in all; they have produced perhaps $8,000,000 annually.

The largest dead river is known as the "Big Blue lead." Its course is "southeast along the line of the summit of the Sierra Nevada," traced about 110 miles. "Why did the Big Blue River die and leave nothing but its grave and its gold to tell the story of its existence and its greatness? The main cause must have been the subsequent rise of the Sierra Nevada." The Big Blue River bed "was parallel to the Sacramento, and has, to a certain extent, been succeeded by it; but it drained a much larger district than the Sacramento does. The Sacramento does not carry one fourth of the water which ran in the Big Blue—perhaps one tenth. If we could ascertain that the quantity of rain had not altered, then we would be justified in presuming that the Columbia River, which would about fill the bed of the Big Blue, instead of turning westward at Walla Walla, originally continued southward, until the lifting up of the Shasta and Lason and the adjacent ridges stopped its course and compelled it to break through the Cascade Range at The Dalles."

Did the ancient Columbia wind its way southward and deposit its golden sands in the Sierras? Where did these auriferous deposits in the Big Blue River lead come from. Could they come from the Snake or the Columbia branches? Or were they collected from both and along the entire course of the ancient Columbia southward? Is the Big Blue lead in California the bed of the ancient Columbia, and the continuation of the gravel lead of Baker County, Oregon? If so, is the gravel lead of Eastern Oregon as rich as the Big Blue lead in California? and is it rich in gold along its entire length for 600 miles more? If so, what a harvest for future explorers!

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in California to develop this auriferous lead. Millions of dollars have been taken from it, and millions more are being expended preparing machinery to take out much more. On this end of that lead (or supposed to be) great preparations have been made to work it. A large canal or ditch has been constructed in Baker County, Oregon, to carry water to supply this gravel bed or lead. It was constructed at great cost to carry the water of a river a long distance to this dry region, where water was before partially unknown. This water is carried along the mountain summit 116 miles, and distributed to the busy miners along its line. This enterprise is a rare thing for Oregon capital, and a step in the right direction. A few more like it will open to the world the riches of the placer mines of Eastern Oregon. Its projectors deserve great credit for their untiring energy in pushing forward such an enterprise, which will not only benefit themselves and the entire state, but the thousands to come.

If a man wishes to cruelly lacerate the feelings of an acquaintance he remarks: "A cow would regard your feet with complacency," and upon being questioned why, he answers: "Because she would see at a glance that her kite wouldn't have to be cut down very much to make shoes for them."

What is a Snipe?

The Question on Trial in Lawrence, Kansas.

Two cases have been before Judge Smith this week, of persons who had been violating the game laws. The last case was defended upon the grounds of the birds killed not being snipes, snipe being the term used in the statute. This case occupied the greater part of the day, attracted a crowd and created much fun. Experts in birdology were called as witnesses, and all writers upon ornithology fully quoted to prove that the particular birds then and there lying dead in the court room were not snipes, but curlews, or dough birds, a bird migratory in its habits, very plentiful now and exceedingly palatable and tempting to sportsmen. But this case was managed by able counsel and the witnesses had to swear to their knowledge of many things that they perhaps had an idea they were well posted about until they (like Beecher) got into the hands of the lawyers.

One witness testified that the birds were snipe, or were known in his neighborhood as snipe, and that they were quietly engaged picking away at the young grasshoppers when the guns of the enemy opened upon them. They were seen devouring the young hopper, and the birds should be protected as the farmers' friends. Another witness who started to tell what he knew about snipe, was asked by one of the lawyers if he could tell the difference between a snipe and a heron, collapsed the court and bar when he inquired if the attorney alluded to "smoked herrings," and he solemnly believed that a brant was larger than a goose. An expert in ornithology testified that the birds were curlews, as before stated, and the question as to their eating grasshoppers could be easily solved by opening the birds. A post mortem examination was therefore held in the court room, and the contents of the "crops" analyzed. No grasshoppers could be found, but on the contrary the gizzards were found to contain some beetles that are known to destroy insects that prey upon the products of the farm. Therefore, the birds instead of being the farmers' friends, are really their enemies. The judge has this intricate case under advisement.

In this connection, is it not proper to suggest that a commission be appointed, of men competent to judge, with full power to kill any number of birds necessary, and make an official report as to their habits and what they prey upon, and whose report could be taken as authority in deciding upon what birds are or are not the farmers' friends?—*Lawrence Journal.*

The Grecian Knot.

For the benefit of our lady readers we give what a woman says concerning the Grecian knot, a coiffure now coming into favor: About one woman out of twenty-five has a head and features of the shape necessary to make this style becoming: Given a broad, half high white forehead rather straight nose, well rounded face and throat, and the careless knot of hair low in the nape of the neck, with a pure white part in the center of the head, from which the hair ripples naturally over the temples and ears, is beautiful, making the wearer a Greek goddess at once, or, what is better nowadays, a charming American woman. But, take the remaining twenty-four women, who have all kinds of foreheads and features, and who are stately with the hair massed on the very top of their heads, or braided and banded smoothly neither high nor low, or bewitchingly coquettish and girlish with a chatelaine braid with a curl or two, finger puffs above the forehead, and little rings falling over it; put the severe Greek knot low down on these heads, draw the hair over the pretty pink ears, narrow the temples and cheeks by nearly obscuring them, and what is the result? The stately woman looks prim and belittled, the bright, coquettish one is ten years older, and in many cases startling defects of features, or odd expressions never before noticed by those who know them best, and to whom they were once pretty, are developed by the change.

How to Keep Furs.

Is thus told in the *Western Rural* by a "Young Housekeeper" in Minnesota:—"I would say in reply to the question "How shall I keep furs?" that I purchased a set of one of the leading fur houses of Chicago three years ago, and made inquiry there and was told that they always sealed theirs up before the first of May (that being the month the moth miller commits its depredations). Put your furs in their box and with good paste or mucilage fasten a strip of paper over the crack left between the lid and box and put them in your closet. You need not entertain any fears that the fall will find them anything but safe and free from the unpleasant odors that tobacco, camphor, etc., always leave in furs."

The Agricultural College of Connecticut [illegible] strongly recommending the [illegible] of Hardy and Stalwart [illegible] though not supporting all [illegible]

R. R. Hazeltine [illegible] to hold on to their [illegible]