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Milton in Parvo.

According to Solomon, life and death are in the power of the tongue; and Euripides truly affirmed, every unbridled tongue in the end shall find itself unfortunate; for in all that ever I observed in the course of worldly things, I ever found that men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongues than by their virtues, and more men's fortunes overthrown thereby, also, than by their vices.—(Sir Walter Raleigh.)

If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored no further than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense and the ability to express it are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them.—(Steele.)

Blessings light on him that first invented sleep; it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot; in short, money that buys everything, balance and weights that makes the shepherd equal to the monarch, and the fool to the wise; there is only one evil in sleep, as I have heard, and it is that it resembles death, since between a dead and sleeping man there is but little difference.—(Cervantes.)

The grandest operations, both in nature and in grace, are silent and imperceptible. The shallow brook bubbles in its passage, and is heard by every one; but the coming on of the seasons is silent and unseen. The storm rages and alarms, but its fury is soon exhausted, and its effects are partial and soon remedied; but the dew, though gentle and unheard, is immense in quantity, and the very life of large portions of the earth. And these are pictures of the operations of grace in the Church and in the soul.—(Cecil.)

Particulates of science are often very widely scattered, and writers of extensive comprehension have accidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject which are often more valuable than former treatises, and which are not known because not promised in the title. He that collects these is very laudably employed, as he facilitates the progress of others, and by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some adventurous mind leisure for new thoughts and original designs.—(Johnson.)

The Habit of Reading.

The following, from Scribner's Monthly, contains some very suggestive thoughts:

"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading, rather than the time at our command, that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books: If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increase of satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind, and substantial armor for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, is carefully availed of, will in the long run make golden hours and golden days that we shall ever be thankful for.

The Empress of Austria had a delightful time in Paris, because she remained incog, and refused to be bored by official stultekydrom. They say she ate ices and cakes in the restaurants just like a common person.

B. Green of Dallas county raised 2000 bushels of apples this year.

A Benefactor of the Public.

Says a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette: An aged abbe, who did the state much service in his time, has just died at St. Core in his eighty-fifth year; not having dabbled in politics, there was no question of giving him a public funeral and pronouncing orations over his tomb. And yet the Abbe Paramelle deserved well of his country, and his name will live long in the Lot and other departments. In 1818 the abbe was twenty-eight years old, and curate of the little parish of St. Jean Lezpinasse. Living in this parish, he was much struck by the suffering occasioned both to man and beast by want of water, which could often only be procured at great cost and by dint of great labor from some distant river. Cattle taken to drink would rush into the water and be drowned, and when a fire broke out there was no way of extinguishing it. And yet plenty of rain fell in the department, though it all disappeared under the chalky soil. Having some notions of geology, the abbe set to work to find out what became of the rain, and how water could be found in those arid plains. He studied the springs of several rivers evidently fed from underground streams, and also the irrigation in well watered departments. After roaming about for a couple of years, and after nine years of study, the abbe considered himself in a position to put his theories in practice, and having expounded his principles, the general council of the Lot voted him 600 francs to make experiments. He immediately pointed out five spots where wells should be sunk, and the water was found in each case, "the spring of Rocamadour furnishing water enough for the whole department." Further sums of money were voted, and up to 1833 the abbe only failed to strike water five times out of fifty-three. It would be tedious to relate all the wells opened up by a man who was at times regarded by the peasants as a sorcerer, and "who took the precaution," as a paper said, "to hide the diabolical signs he received from the evil spirit." Suffice it to say that in 1843 the abbe succeeded three hundred and five times out of three hundred and eight; and when in 1854, owing to age and infirmity, he was forced to give up a labor of love, for which he had quitted the church, no fewer than thirty-seven departments were demanding his services. The last years of his life were spent in writing his experiences, and he left behind him a work entitled "The Art of Discovering Springs."

Count Nomenclature.

In looking over an official list of the counties in the United States, some interesting facts are developed. There are in all, 1,441 counties. The letter most largely represented in the naming of these counties is S; the next, M; and the next C. More counties are named after Washington than any other President of the United States, the number being 29. The names of the other Presidents represented by counties occur as follows: Jefferson, 23; Jackson, 21; Madison, 19; Monroe, 18; Lincoln, 17; Grant and Polk, 12 each; Johnson, 11; Harrison, 9; Adams, 8; Taylor, 7; Van Buren, 4; Pierce, 4; Buchanan, 3, and Fillmore and Tyler, 2 each. In many cases, however, in the above list, counties were not named after the Presidents; but the selection of a name was influenced by local considerations. There are 22 counties named after Franklin, 17 after Marion; 2 after Fremont; 3 after Greeley; 1 after Hendricks; 3 after Benton and Boone; 9 after Cass; Marshall and Putnam; 14 after Carroll; 11 after Douglas, and 19 after Montgomery. The names of almost all of the Revolutionary heroes except Arnold, are represented in the list.

How a Patriotic Fisherman Mistaken a British Sea Captain.

On last Monday arrived in Piscataqua River a ship from England intended for Boston. It appears that the day before her arrival she was in company with the Raven man-of-war, bound to the same place, but parted with her in the night. Meeting with a Fisherman to the eastward of Cape Ann, the crew requested some directions what course to steer for Boston; the "honest" fisherman pointing toward Piscataqua River, telling them there is Boston. The crew shape their course accordingly, and soon they "luckily" found themselves, with their ship and cargo, under the guns of a New Hampshire. The commander of the battery very humanely goes on board to their assistance, and offers to pilot the ship up to Portsmouth. I cannot go there, says the Captain of the ship; I am bound to Boston. But you must, replies the other. And immediately orders the ship to be got under way, and soon carried her safe into a wharf, where she was taken proper care of by the people of Portsmouth. She had been eleven weeks from Bristol, in England, and had on board 1,000 barrels and 600 half barrels of flour for the use of the besieged army in Boston.—(Hartford Courant, Oct. 9, 1775.)

Sonnet.

I stood and leaned upon a balustrade; Beneath me lay the gray-roofed city, Rome. The sun had sunk beneath faint Peter's dome, While all the bells their Ave Mary played, Sweet music fit of the air, and the young moon Trembled in liquid tenderness on high. But I was looking northward with a sigh, And said, "Ah, quiet vale, I greet thee soon!" Now when the daylight fades I stand and gaze Upon the silent fields and the dark hills That close around my lonely home, till all My heart with longing for the Roman days. O longing, longing heart! O world too small! Would all were one, or one dear place were all! —F. S., in November Atlas.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

Climate of Norway.—The Temperature.—The Temperature of the Sea.—Cloud Strata.—Rainfall.—Thunder Storms.—A Chain of Banks in the Deep Sea.

BY E. T. STABECK.

The coldest tracts in Norway, where the mean annual temperature is below zero, are the loftiest of the mountains and the interior portion of Finmark. On the shores of the ocean the region bordering on the Varangerfjord is the sole locality where a mean annual temperature is below the freezing point. The highest mean annual temperature (7.5°) prevails along the centermost coastal line from Lister to Sogne Fjord. (I shall use the Degree Celsius.) The interior of Southern Norway and of Finmark have the most protracted winter (it freezes 206 days of the year) and the coldest climate of that season, the mean temperature of the coldest day and night being under 1°. The nearer you approach the coast in winter, the milder becomes the climate. From Villa on the Foldsjordet in the Naaze in the south, there is a narrow strip of coast where the mean annual temperature of the coldest day and night is above zero. The summer is warmest in the eastern part of the country—above 16° in July; next comes Hardanger (16°) and Indre-Sogne. The temperature at this season is lower on the coast than in the interior; it is lowest on the Finmark coast and in the alpine region of the mountains. The interior of Finmark enjoys a warmer summer in July—from 12° to 13°—than any portion of the outlying coastal regions north of Stat. The interior of the country having a hot summer and cold winter, and the coastal regions a cold summer and a mild winter, the annual extremes of temperature are most considerable in the inland districts, embracing in Finmark more than 30° and upward of 35° in the south of Norway, and less marked along the coastal line; on the Romedal coast not over 10°. For the whole stretch of coast from Vardo to Cape Lindesnes it is very nearly 15°; in the province of Osterdal and the inner localities of Finmark, the mercury occasionally freezes—40°. Throughout the extreme coastal region, from Romedal to Jorckren, the severest cold never exceeds 10°; as many as 39° of heat are some years experienced in the east of the country and in Finmark, but on the west coast the thermometer never rises above 25°. The rise of temperature in spring proceeds from the coast inward, from north to south in Finmark; and the fall, in autumn, outward, from the interior to the coast, in Finmark from south to north. The temperature of the entire west coast of Norway is 20° higher than the corresponding average temperature of localities on the same degrees of latitude. No vast surplus of heat is to be found in no other quarter of the globe.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE SEA.

On the Norwegian coast is almost invariably above zero on the surface. This is also the case with the bays. The deep water shows degrees of heat all the year round. In summer the water is warmer at the surface than at some depth below it; in the winter the reverse is the case. The annual fluctuations of temperature are greatest at the surface; they are but trifling in deep water. During the greater part of the year the surface of the sea exhibits a higher temperature than the atmosphere; in one or two of the summer months only is it colder. Hence the waters of the ocean on the Norwegian coast may be regarded as a vast reservoir of heat, whence the atmosphere supplies its losses nearly the whole year through.

THE CLOUD STRATA.

of Norway is of very considerable extent, more particularly in the coastal region. The most overcast portion of the country is the Finmark coast, Vardo having but one bright day to every four days that are cloudy. In the interior of the country, on the other hand, the number of bright and cloudy days are about equal. The weather is brighter in summer than in the winter.

THE RAIN FALL.

is greater on the coast; in the interior of the country it is less; the height in millimeters is greatest on that part of the coast which stretches from the Sogne bay to Stat., in particular throughout Soudfjord and Nordfjord, where the fall for the entire year reaches as high as 2,900 millimeters. Further south it is less (Bergen 1800 millimeters) and further north (Alesund 1100 millimeters.)

In the east of the country the rain fall does not average more than from 540 millimeters (Christians) to 230 millimeters. On the west coast the rain-fall is greatest in autumn and winter; in the east of the country, in August, the number of days when it either rains or snows is greatest on the west coast (as many as 200) and least in the eastern part of the country. The farther north the locality and the greater the latitude, the more frequently it is found to snow. From Vardo to Vesteraalen, and indeed on the Dovre and other mountain ranges, snow is more frequent than rain. Snow falls occasionally in all months of the year from the north cape to Sotofen.

THUNDER STORMS.

are not common in Norway. They occur most frequently in summer. I have only experienced one storm, and that was in the month of July, which would only have been an infant in comparison with some of the American storms in that month. But in winter time very heavy gales of wind are frequent, and attended with thunder and lightning, which, owing to the low altitude of the clouds, are most destructive in their effects. No less than forty churches on the coast from the Naaze to Lodvingen have been struck and destroyed by lightning in the winter tempests during the last fifty years.

The mild climate which Norway enjoys, and which renders this country a habitable abode for civilized beings, must be ascribed to the high temperature of the ocean whose waters have her shores. From the east toward the bottom does not sink precipitously into the deep; a vast chain of banks, whose extent in a westerly direction is yet unknown, bridges over the space between the coast and the ocean bed. Over these mighty banks flows from south to north the warm surface current of the Atlantic, which, from the easterly direction of its course, is steadily attracted to the shores. The underlying banks below prevent the water from perishing with its heat below, and so this warm ocean current can preserve its heat-giving power as far north as, nay even farther than, the Russian frontier. On the banks and in the depths of the bays, the temperature of the water at some depth beneath the surface of the sea, heat is being continually given off by the water; but so immense is the store accumulated in the ocean depths, and so incessantly it is replenished at the tropics—that never-failing source of heat to the Atlantic—that the most rigorous northern winters is unable to exhaust it. The banks not only serve to prevent loss of heat from below, but they are an impassable barrier to the icy waters of the Polar Sea. But for the banks the climate of Norway would likely be as rigorous as that of Greenland. It is to be regretted that the knowledge of these "national bulwarks," their depth, position, and extent, should be meagre in the extreme.

The warm ocean current that washes the shores of Norway, raises the temperature of the atmosphere during a great part of the year. By the copious supply of vapor it engenders, and the heat given off it materially reduces atmospheric pressure, drawing to northern latitudes the soft winds of the south, that mitigate the rigour of the climate. These genial breezes carry the aqueous vapor over the whole expanse of country, where at a considerable altitude it condenses into clouds, thus providing against loss of heat by radiation during the long night of winter—to fall at last as rain, and give off the pent-up heat of evaporation, yielded originally by the waters of the ocean to the surrounding atmosphere, and hence this warm ocean current in conjunction with the long sunlit days of northern summer, is the main condition on which agriculture in Norway depends, as it is also, by supporting countless myriads of creatures in the waters of the deep, the origin of that other source of perennial wealth—the great fisheries.

A Curious Safe Robbery.

The drug store, postoffice, and office of the People's Paper, at Clermont, Fayette county, Iowa, were burglarized a few nights ago. One hundred and forty dollars in currency and four registered letters containing about \$60 were taken; also, a large number of checks and drafts. The latter were subsequently recovered where the robbers had thrown them, along the railroad track. The safe was broken into in a novel manner, which will be of importance to safe makers. The lock was a dial combination. The burglars drove the dial plate through to the inside of the safe, when they turned the safe upon its side, and the bolts fell back out of place, unlocking the safe.

John Bright makes the sweeping assertion that in mental powers girls are not inferior to boys. There is room for discrimination here. Girls differ from boys as one star from another in glory; and it would be a mistake to say that the constellation Virgo is either inferior or superior in power to the constellation Arics.

A Dark Bit of History.

When that tempest of madness I was speaking of just now first swept through the streets of Paris (in the reign of Louis XVI), it drove the crazed people in herds to glut their vengeance upon those who were keeping captives in chains within the great prison of the Bastille. It was indeed a grim and dismal looking building upon the borders of Paris, with sluggish water around it, and its door was entered by a draw bridge. Toward the frowning walls of this prison (there is only a tall bronze column upon the spot now) the populace of the city rushed headlong, with whatever weapons they could lay hands upon. Butchers took their cleavers, stable men their forks, carters their heavy oaken stakes, carpenters their axes; and there were thousands with guns and cutlasses, and there were brazen women with heavy pistols. The soldiers who guarded the prison were so frightened by the sights and sounds of this tempest of the people's fury that they could hardly make any opposing fight at all. The governor of the prison, seeing what mad rage he must encounter, would have blown up the huge building altogether, and had actually laid the match to do so, but the soldiers rebelled and forced him to surrender. Then the raging mob flowed in, and those who wore the uniform of the king were smitten to death, and dungeon gates were unlocked, and prisoners staggered out who had not seen the day for dozens and scores of years.

A beautiful girl was caught sight of flying down one of the great stairways, and she was straightway seized upon by those who believed her to be a daughter of the governor, and would have been burned in the courtyard had not a few generous soldiers stolen her away and secured her until the sack was over. As for the governor, who was a marquis and the king's friend, they cut off his head and bore it bleeding from the top of a pike staff all down the street; and all down the street poured the mad, rejoicing rabble, slaying many another as they went, and carrying the trophies with them—gory heads on pikes, or gory heads on chafing dishes carried by women. As it was that day so it was on many a day thereafter, and for many a week and month; and for years who ever was a noble, or friend of the hated nobles—or rich, or friend of the hated rich—lived, if he lived at all in that city of revolution, in great dread and danger.

There was not much feeling at the first against Louis XVI, for he was a far better king than those who had gone before him. He was kindly at heart, and what we might call nowadays a gentlemanly, amiable man, with not much force of character, and disposed to yield to the opinions of those who had been his old advisers. There, by his obstinacy, brought him very soon to grief. The people forced him to trial, and there was a forced condemnation. His head, too, fell before the fury of the enraged people, and was held up by the executioner upon the scaffold for the thronging mob to look upon.

This poor king had left behind him in the prison a son, whom he had taught, as he best could in those dreary prison hours, arithmetic and geography. Do you think the boy ever forgot those lessons, or ever forgot the sorrow and loud wailings of his mother, the queen, when the king went out to his bloody death?

A little after this, those crazy ones, who were governing France so madly in this time, gave over this prince boy to the care of a shoemaker and his wife, to whom they furnished a lodgment in the prison for this purpose; and they did this in order, as they said, that the bringing up of the boy might be as poor as that of the lowest of the people. Poor boy! poor prince!

A little later, Marie Antoinette, the queen, was taken out of her dungeon to go to trial. They called it a trial, for the sake of decency; but I think they knew how it would end before they called on her to appear. If the judges before whom she stood had said she was innocent and must go free, I am sure that the wives of the wine-sellers, and the fish women, and the hags of Paris would have snatched her away and carried her off to execution, if they had not slain her with their own bread knives in the street. These mad people had such a thirst for blood! It was better, perhaps, that the judges should say the queen must be beheaded (as they did), than that these wild women should cut her in pieces. She certainly died an easier death by the guillotine. You don't know what the guillotine is? It is simply a great knife sliding in grooves between two upright posts, which by its fall severs the head from the body in an instant; and it is the most humane way of executing capital punishment—if there be any humanity about it. The machine was called Guillotine, after a Dr. Guillotin, who, in the French Assembly in 1791, proposed a better way of cutting off people's heads than the old way of doing it by an ax; which he said was a clumsy way, and clumsy headmen sometimes made bad work of

it. But Dr. Guillotin was not the inventor, as some books will tell you, nor did he lose his own head by it, as other books will tell you. In 1794, the question of finding some new way of execution was referred to Dr. Antoine Louis, the Secretary of the College of Surgeons, and he advised such a method as had been hinted at by Dr. Guillotin the year before. So then they had a machine made by one Schmidt, who was a knife-maker. And they tried on a body of two, and found it worked so well that they adopted it; and people called it at first "Louisette." But Dr. Louis said he didn't invent it or make it. (Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which is so rarely wrong, makes a mistake in saying he did invent it.) So the people went back on the name of Dr. Guillotin—all because a post of that day had made some jingling rhymes, in which the honor had been referred to him. The real truth is, that a machine like it had been used in Italy, at Genoa, two hundred years before; and in England, at Halifax, and in Scotland, at Edinburgh, more than a hundred years before. The Scotch people had called it "The Maiden." It is a dreadful machine, and does very quick work, as I know, for I have myself seen a man's head taken off by it; and I never wish to see such a sight again.

And now, why do you suppose I have run over this bloody bit of history? Only as a sort of introduction to two of our good friends—a man and a woman, who lived in Paris through all this time of blood, and who yet have written the two most charming and pleasant stories for children that are anywhere to be found in the French language. You know them both in English. Who the writers were, and what the stories were, I must tell you some other month.—Donald G. Mitchell, in St. Nicholas for Nov.

The Lapps.

Of the 100,000 inhabitants of Lapland, only about 15,000 or 20,000 are Lapps (in their own language Saibne or Sami), who form a subdivision of the Finnic race. They were originally inhabitants of Finland, but were gradually pushed by the Finns farther north and west to their present territory. According as they are fishermen or reindeer herders they are distinguished as "sea Lapps" and "mountain Lapps," and either occupy settled habitations or lead a nomadic life. They are extremely small in stature, and their hair is black and straight, presenting a great contrast to the tall and blond Norwegians and Swedes. Their skin is yellow, the forehead broad, the head poised on a short and rounded neck, the nose well formed, the cheek bones protruding, the chin pointed, the cheeks hollow, and the lips straight and thin. They are agile, but quickly exhausted by labor, rather by bodily weakness than laziness. They dress in furs, with trousers and shoes of reindeer skin. They protect the head by means of a sort of cow, but the Russian Lapps generally wear fur caps with ear covers. The dwellings of the mountain Lapps are small tents, consisting of a skeleton of bent sticks, covered with a coarse cloth. In the middle is a hole which serves as a flue for the fireplace underneath. The sea Lapps have better habitations, generally consisting of wooden huts with several apartments. They live exclusively on animal food; bread, which they obtain from Russian traders, is considered a delicacy. Polygamy, though not prohibited by custom, is very rare on account of the high price which has to be paid for women. The daughter of a rich man costs sometimes as much as one hundred reindeer, while a poor girl is seldom sold for less than twenty. The price is considered as a repayment of the expenses incurred in bringing up a daughter, and also as a remuneration to the father for losing her services. The Lapps have been converted to Christianity, and belong to the Lutheran Church in Sweden and Norway, and to the Greek Church in Russia.—Appleton's American Cyclopaedia, revised edition, article "Lap Land."

POTTED MEATS.—It sometimes happens from some unforeseen circumstances that large quantities of cooked meats, prepared for a party which did not come off, perhaps remain on hand, which are measurably lost. Such should be potted. Cut the meat from the bone and chop fine, and season high with salt and pepper, cloves and cinnamon. Roasten with vinegar, wine, brandy, cider and Worcestershire sauce, or melted butter, according to the kind of meat, or to suit your own taste. Then pack it tight in a stone jar, and cover with about a quarter of an inch of melted butter. It will keep for months and always afford a really an excellent dish for the table.

Andrew Wagner, Columbus Archer and Monroe Archer, are accused of an attempt to murder an old man in Madison county. They had some difficulty with the old man (whose name is not given) some time ago, and on the 29th of October they went to his house, and engaged in an altercation with him during the course of which one of them shot him with a revolver. They immediately fled, and at last accounts the sheriff was in search of them.

The Burning of Moscow.

The burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance. The French entered the city September 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his winter quarters. On that very day several fires broke out, but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction; by the 18th the whole city appeared a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th almost all that was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 12,000 and 15,000. The Russians at the time, in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the orders of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were kindled by the orders of the governor, Rostoptchin, acting beyond all doubt upon the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the governor would have ventured such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter from the winter. Ample precautions had been taken to insure the entire destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city. In burning the French out of this proposed winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames. The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000; and beyond this it is estimated involved the retreat in the dead of winter, and the almost complete annihilation of the great French army. This act, which the Russians at the time repudiated, is now considered by them as their highest glory, the greatest example in history of national self-sacrifice for the destruction of an invader.—Appleton's American Cyclopaedia, revised edition, article "Conflagration."

An Awful Brute.

Yesterday afternoon, a young lady, dressed in the fashionable narrow-gauge style, had occasion to cross Lake Avenue where there was no cross walk. She had just alighted from a car on the opposite side of the street from her home. Near her paternal residence two men were standing, engaged in conversation. On the side of the street there was quite a large puddle of water, or rather quite a stream as it was flowing down the avenue in good style. This the young lady must necessarily cross. Maudling her diminutive skirts as best she was able she then cast an eye over the situation. She thought she could step over it, but alas for human calculations, she made an error in the distance, or in the supposed extent of her skirts, or something, for she lifted up her delicate foot and planted it directly in the centre of the dirty pool. In her dismay she dropped a parcel she held in her arms, and while trying to pick it up, in unaccountable manner she lost her balance and sat plumply down in the water and mud. One of the gentlemen at once ran to her assistance and helped her within the gate, handkerchiefs and all. The other man was unable to restrain his giggles and burst into a hearty laugh, wrong as such proceeding certainly was. The young lady's face required no rouge as she turned around, thanked her benefactor, cast a withering look on the other chap and ejaculating, "You're a big brute," scampered into the house.—(Hochster Democrat.)

Captain Lockhart.

In the city of New York at the present day resides Captain Frederick Lockhart, formerly of the British army, said to be aged 109 years, and enjoying good health. A gentleman of the most engaging manners and natural refinement receives a large number of visitors, and relates a history of romantic interest. He resides in Third Avenue, almost every Sabbath, at the Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue. Childhood's trouble of his worn-out voice may be heard above the worship of the congregation. He rises about five in the morning, and retires shortly after seven in the evening. He is abstemious in his habits, though in the daily practice of eating opium, to which drug, it is believed, he attributes his long life. Captain Lockhart claims to have long under Wellington in the Peninsula, and to have witnessed the signing of the famous Treaty of Tilsit, which took place in 1807 (on a raft moored in the River Niemen) between Napoleon, Alexander of Russia, and the King of Prussia. It is but fair to add in regard to this case of longevity that Mr. Lockhart has written across its record with an unrelenting hand, one with a pen of iron, and those curious about such matters referred to his work, "Longevity of Man."—(Eugene Thomson, Scribner's November.)