

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

VOLUME III. RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1876. NUMBER 26.

Rates of Advertising.

One column, one year... Rates of advertising at various rates per year and per line.

Washington's Partner.

Story of the Lady Who Danced a Minuet with the Father of His Country—A Hundred Years Old. The Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Margaret Boggs was celebrated yesterday in the residence of her nephew, Dr. Stephen Beale, at No. 29 Tulpehocken street, Germantown. Mrs. Boggs was born in this city, on the 10th of January, 1776, in Front street below Queen, at that time a fashionable part of the city. She is the daughter of William and Sarah Donaldson, her mother being the fourth daughter of Samuel and Rebecca Grison, of whose family of eight children Elizabeth, who married, successively, Mr. Ross, Mr. Ashburne, and Mr. Cuyppole, was the eighth Elizabeth Claypole, was the maker of the first American flag bearing the stars. Samuel Grison, who was a son of Tobias Grison, who was a son of Andrew Grison, or, as the name was formerly written, Gricombe, of Yorkshire, who came to Philadelphia in 1682, and who is known in history as the builder of the first brick home in the city. Samuel Grison had a ship yard which extended from Race to Vine Streets, and from the Delaware to Fourth street. He was also a master builder, and in that capacity assisted in the erection of the old State House, most of the wood work being done by him. Her father, Capt. William Donaldson, was also a ship builder, and had a yard on the Delaware at Queen street. When seventeen years old Margaret Donaldson married Joseph Boggs, a conveyancer, who died two years afterward, and she had remained a widow for eighty years. She had one child—a son—who died of cholera in 1831. After her marriage she lived for a time at 138 Chestnut street. She and her aunt, Mrs. Claypole, though of Quaker descent, attended the then fashionable Christ Church, where they occupied the pew adjoining that of Gen. Washington, from whom they never failed to receive a polite bow. She afterward attended the meeting of the "Fighting Quakers" at Sixth and Arch streets, and about sixty years ago she joined the Presbyterian Church. On the death of her husband she entered the upholstery shop of her aunt, Mrs. Claypole, where she learned the business and acquired a competence. She gives vivid descriptions of the appearance of Philadelphia in her girlhood, when Fourth street was the limit of the built up portion and when an afternoon's walk to the Pennsylvania Hospital was a long journey into the country, and when they used to go out to Seventh and Arch streets to pick blackberries. She remembers well a review of the British troops, at which her father held her up so that she could see, and when 18 years old she danced the minuet with Gen. Washington. She tells an anecdote of how one day, when the British occupied the city, her father and mother went out sailing on the Delaware and took her with them, she being about a year old. They were hailed by some officers and ordered to come ashore. Her father refused, saying to his wife, who had become alarmed, "Why, those officers dined with us last week; they won't do anything to harm us." The officers again ordered them to come aboard, and saying that unless he did so they would fire on him. "Fire and be damned," replied the sturdy old captain, and fire they did. The captain was shot through the chest, and his wife had her wrist shattered by a ball, but a colored servant, who was aboard, caught the child in his arms and laid it down in the bottom of the boat, and she escaped without injury. Her father and mother fainted, and the boat floated down past the ship yard, where they were seen by one of the workmen, who brought them ashore. Up to the time of the Chicago fire Mrs. Boggs attended church regularly, and belonged to a Dorcas society, but her health was impaired through anxiety at that time, and she gave them up, though she has been to church within the last two years. About five years ago she came into the city alone, and had her picture taken, her friends being ignorant of what she had done till the picture appeared. Until within a year she has taken her meals down stairs with the family, and last summer she walked with a nephew on the lawn. In late years she occupied her time in making bed quilts, showing much taste in the selection and arrangement of colors. Last week she sewed without using her glasses, threading her own needles. She still reads, and her faculties are generally good, though she is slightly deaf. She is quite cheerful, and greatly enjoys visits from her friends. Yesterday she shook hands and conversed with more than 150 persons. She received in her own room, reclining in an easy chair, and when her friends went to her side she took them by the hand and talked with them, showing by her conversation that she still retained her memory to a remarkable degree. Possessing a vivacious disposition and a warm, gentle nature, her manners have endeared her to a large circle of friends and relatives. She has lived to see a sixth generation of nephews and nieces, and hopes to see the Centennial Exhibition.—Philadelphia Times.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

The Pilgrim's Progress: 1620-1875. The following clever production, the authorship of which is unknown to us, is well worth reprinting. 1620. Lands on Plymouth Rock, and sets up for himself. 1621. Keeps Thanksgiving—in no danger of overeating. 1622. Builds a Meeting House. 1623. Proclaims a Fast Day. 1628. Cuts down a May Pole at Merry Mount, as a rebuke to vain recreations. 1635. Is crowded for accommodations, and stakes out a new farm in Connecticut. 1667. Makes war on the Antinomians and the Pequot Indians—and whips both. 1638. Starts a College, and 1640. Sets up a Printing Press. 1643. Goes into a Confederacy—the first Colonial Congress. 1648. Lays down the Cambridge Platform. Hangs a Witch. 1649. Sets his face against the unchristian custom of wearing long hair, "a thing uncivil and uncomely." 1651. Is rebuked for "intolerable excess and bravery of apparel," and is forbidden to wear gold and silver lace, or other such gew-gaws. 1657. Coins Pine Tree Shillings—and makes the business profitable. 1663. Prints a Bible for the Indians. 1680. Buys a "hang up" Clock, and occasionally carries a silver watch that helps him guess the time of day. About this period learns to use Forks at Table; a new fashion. 1692. Is scared by Witches again, at Salem; but gets the better of them. 1701. Found another College, which, after a while, settles down at New Haven. 1704. Prints his first Newspaper, in Boston. 1705. Tastes Coffee, as a luxury, and at his own table. 1708. Constructs another Platform—this time at Saybrook. 1710. Begins to ship Tea—very sparingly. It does not come into family use until five and twenty years later. 1811. Puts a letter into his first Post Office. 1720. Eats a Potato—and takes one home to plant in his garden as a curiosity. 1821. Is inoculated for the Small Pox—without grave remonstrance from his conservative neighbors. Begins to Sing by note, on Sundays, thereby encountering much opposition and opening of a ten years' quarrel. 1749. Manufactures tin ware, and starts the first Tin Peddler in his travels. 1742. Sees Fannull Hall built. The cradle of Liberty is ready to be rocked. 1745. Builds an Organ; but does not yet permit it to be played in the Meeting-House. 1753. Buys a bushel of Potatoes for winter's use—all his friends wondering what he will do with so many. 1755. Puts up a Franklin Store in his best room, and tries one of the newly invented Lightning Rods. 1760. About this time begins to wear a collar to his shirt. When he can afford it, takes his wife to meeting in a Chaise, instead of on a pillion, as heretofore. 1765. Shows his dislike to stamped paper, and joins the "Sons of Liberty." 1768. Tries his hand at Type Foundry—not yet successful—in Connecticut. 1770. Buys a home-made Wooden Clock. 1773. Waters his Tea, in Boston Harbor. Plants Liberty Trees, wherever he finds good soil. 1774. Lights Boston streets with oil Lamps; a novelty (though "New Lights" had been plenty, some years before.) 1775. Shows Lord Percy how to march to "Yankee Doodle." Calls at Concord, to take lodgings for the season. Sends Gen. Putnam (under the command of several Colonels) with a small party, to select a sight for Bunker Hill monument. 1776. Brother Jonathan—as he begins to be called in the family—declares himself Free and Independent. 1800. Buys an "Umbrello," for Sundays; and whenever he shows it is laughed at for his effeminacy. 1791. Starts a Cotton Spinning factory. 1792. Has been raising Silk Worms in Connecticut; and now gives his minister (not his wife) a home made silk gown. Buys a Carpet for the middle of the parlor floor. 1793. Invents the Cotton Gin—and thereby trebles the value of Southern plantations. 1795-1800. Wears Pantaloon occasionally, but not when in full dress. Begins to use Plates on the breakfast and tea table. 1802. Has the boys and girls vaccinated. 1806. Tries to burn a piece of Hard Coal from Philadelphia; a failure. 1807. Sees a boat go by Steam on the Hudson. 1815. Holds a little Convention at Hartford, but doesn't propose to dissolve the Union. Buys one of Terry's patent

"Shelf Clocks" for \$36, and regulates his watch by it.

1817. Sets up a stove in the Meeting House and builds a fire in it on Sunday; an innovation which is stoutly resisted by many. 1818. Begins to run a Steamboat on Long Island Sound—and takes passage on it to New York, after making his will. 1819. Grown bolder, he crosses the Atlantic in a steamship. 1822. Lights Gas in Boston (but doesn't light Boston with gas till 1829). At last learns how to make Hard Coal burn, and sets a grate in his parlor. Buys a Steel Pen. Has his everyday Shirts made without Buttons. 1825. About this time, puts a Percussion Lock on his old musket. 1826. Buys his wife a pair of queer-shaped india rubber overshoes. Puts on his first False Collar. Tries an "experimental" railroad by horse power. 1828. Tastes his first Tomato—doubtfully. Is told that it is unwholesome to feed himself with a knife—and buys Silver Forks for great occasions. 1833. Rubs his first Friction Match—then called a "Lucifer," and afterwards "Leco Peco." Throws away the old Tinder Box with its flint and steel. 1835. Invents the Revolver, and sets about supplying the world with it as a peace maker. Tries a Gold Pen, but can not find a good one yet—not till 1844. Builds a real Railroad, and rides on it. 1837. Gets in a panic—and out again, after free use of "shinplasters." 1838. Adopts the new fashion of putting his letter in Envelopes (a fashion which does not fairly prevail till seven years later). 1840. Sits for his Daguerrotype, and gets a picture fearfully and wonderfully made. Begins to blow himself up with "Camphene" and "Burning Fluid;" and continues the process for years, with changes of name of the active agent, down to and including "Non-explosive kerosene." 1844. Sends his first message by the Electric Telegraph. —in the vain hope that somehow it will keep the buttons on his shirts. Begins to receive advices from the "Spirit-World." 1855. Begins to bore and be bored by the Hoosac Tunnel. 1858. Celebrates the laying of the Ocean Cable, and sends a friendly message to John Bull. Next week, begins to doubt whether the Cable has been laid, at all. 1861. Goes South, to help compose a family quarrel. Takes to using paper money. 1861-65. Climbs the Hill Difficulty—relieved of his pack after January 1, 1864; but loses GREAT HEART, April 14, 1865. 1865. Gets the Atlantic Cable in working order at last, in season to send word to his British cousins (who have been waiting for an invitation to his funeral) that he "lives yet." 1865-75. Is reconstructing, and talking about Resumption. Sends his boys to the Museum to see an old fashioned Silver Dollar. 1875. Goes to Bunker Hill, to pay honor to the illustrious men who commanded Gen. Putnam. Gets early to celebrate his second golden wedding by a grand family reunion, this year, in Philadelphia.

Slang Phrases.

At a regular interval there comes to the surface some peculiar slang expression which the American people seize upon and hold on to until they wear it threadbare. It may be said, too, that Americans are prone to the use of slang. For a long while the saying, "That's a, Johnny Roach!" had free sway, and "Bully for you!" was equally a favorite. "You bet!" had its origin in the mines west of the Rocky Mountains, while "If you don't believe I'm a butcher, just smell of my boots!" emanated from the old district of Spring Garden, and was the pet of the members of the Fairmount Engine Company. "I'll bet my pile!" "I can't see it!" "Too thin!" and "How's that for high!" have "gone to take a rest" with "everything's lovely" and the "bully boy with a glass eye." The street Arab no longer asks, "Do you see anything green in my eye?" but with a degree of nonchalance such as can only be obtained through the nomadic life he leads, will hurl at you, "Oh, take a bath for fresh air!" "Shoo it!" was an importation, and applied to any old style of hat, but the expression never took firm root here. Occasionally a bore is saluted with "Oh, hush!" or "Go hire a hall!" And the latest for "Let's go see a man" is "Let's go have a tooth pulled." The most popular slang expression of the day, however, is "Pull down your vest." After doing good service in the Western country, it has at length reached the Eastern cities, and is to-day as freely used as ever were any of the slang phrases that preceded it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A New Cure for Paralysis.

How a Young Woman Restored Her Paralyzed Arm to Action. "About a year ago a curious thing happened here," yesterday remarked a robust and rosy-cheeked butcher, whom we had been complimenting on his fresh and healthy appearance. "I know," continued our butcher acquaintance, "that, as a rule, men engaged in my business enjoy good health, and have a fresh rosy look; but whether dabbling in blood and breathing and absorbing the fumes and vapors arising from fresh meats has anything to do with this, as you appear to believe, I cannot say; neither have I seen any blood drinking, either by butchers or others. But, as I have said, a very curious circumstance occurred here about a year ago. I generally work in the market—so I must get my red cheeks through what I absorb from the meats I handle—but about a year ago one of our butchers took sick, and I filled his place in the slaughter house for about six weeks. "I had not been in the slaughter house long until one afternoon about 2 o'clock—our time to begin killing—a strange drove up. Two ladies alighted; one known to me as the wife of the superintendent of one of our leading Comstock mines, and the other a young lady from San Francisco, as I afterwards learned. I saw, almost as soon as the ladies arrived, that the younger one had no use of her right arm. It was so completely paralyzed that she was obliged to reach with her left, get hold of the hand, and then draw it to where she wanted it, just as though it had been a skein of yarn. Well, it appears there had been some understanding about the young lady coming there, but what she did not a little surprised some of us the first day she came. The ladies stood looking on while we hauled up a bullock and knocked him on the head. No sooner had the knife been withdrawn from the animal's throat than the young lady threw off the large mantle that she wore, and, rushing forward, sat down upon the floor, just as blood was gushing. She then bared her right arm and thrust it to the shoulder into the gaping and blood spouting throat of the animal, holding it there until the blood ceased to flow. We were then killing about thirty animals, every afternoon, and every day, regular, the girl came and thrust her dead arm into the bleeding throat of one or more of them. The girl had great courage, and was not one of our over-nice kind. I can tell you. She had a coarse dress of some heavy woolen stuff that she wore for the purpose, and when the bullock fell, and the knife had done its work, she at once ran up and seated herself on the floor, as regardless of the blood as if it had been so much water. There she would hang across the neck of the beast until it ceased to bleed. She was so brave that we were all glad when she got well. I remember how happy she was when she came one day and showed us that she could begin to open and close her fingers. From that time forward she improved rapidly. Soon she could move her arm, and finally could grasp and lift things with her hand. I think she came for about three weeks before she was cured. The last day she came she was quite bright and merry—more so than I had ever seen her. After putting on her mantle she thanked us all for our kindness to her and shook hands with us, giving us the cured hand, which, as she laughingly said, we had "some right." After the young lady went away we thought we should see many persons there to try the blood bath, but none have ever come, and I never saw anything like it before or since."—Virginia Enterprise.

A Profane Reminiscence of J. Ross Browne.

J. Ross Browne was once sent upon a mission "out West" by the government, to investigate, among other things, the character of a certain improvement on a far-away stream which had absorbed a good deal of Government money, and which the authorities at Washington desired to have a little light shed upon. It had been reported to Browne that a mill stood upon a dam near which he was instructed to pursue his investigations, but never a mill could he find. The dam was there, to be sure, but the mill had gone where the woodbine twined. He accordingly informed the Government in a grave official report, that he had arrived at his destination, and had discovered the dam by a mill site, but no mill by a dam site! We have never heard that the authorities called the language of Mr. Browne's report in question. On the contrary, we can imagine that the solemn official mouth of the Government, when it came across this passage in the report, widened into a grin stretching from ear to ear, and that the joker was rewarded for his temerity in introducing a stray sunbeam into the dusty records of red tape, by another mission and bigger pay.—Saint Paul Pioneer Press.

Mrs. Ames Tries Retrenchment in Household Expenses.

A good joke is told about Custom House Inspector John P. Ames, of the Nineteenth Ward. Being a practical man, when notified that his salary had been reduced ten per cent, he resolved to bridge the difficulty by retrenchment. That evening he held a council with Mrs. Ames, and presented his resolution for her indorsement. It so happened that the lady had planned to buy a new dress on the following day, and had also determined upon her choice of materials. Mr. Ames suggested the selection of goods that should cost ten per cent less than the kind decided upon. Mrs. Ames didn't fancy that sort of economy; so she voted "No" on the resolution, and temporarily deferred her purchase. The next morning Mr. Ames' coffee was very weak. (He has a passion for strong Java.) It was barely half sweetened, and just tinged with skimmed milk. Mrs. Ames explained that she was saving the cream to sell, and had reduced the allowance of coffee and sugar ten per cent. The head of the household missed his sirloin, but he got a solid round steak; "it was ten per cent cheaper." But the worst was to come. After a supper on the ten per cent basis, Mr. Ames retired. He particularly enjoys a soft couch, and looks the picture of contentment when tucked in beneath plenty of bed covering. His discomfiture may be imagined when he found the wonted feather bed replaced by a straw mattress, and the usual covering by blankets that "were short at both ends," leaving the feet and shoulders exposed. He remonstrated, but she was inexorable. She "must economize." The next day she exchanged her husband's last box of Flor del Fumars for two boxes of vile things that a street gamin would turn up his nose at. "They'll go so much further, you know," was her excuse. Then Mr. Ames went into executive session to consider the matter of retrenchment. In what new light the subject was presented to his mind will probably never be made public, but the executive committee himself got the dress she wanted, and my board and lodging got back to the old standard.—Brooklyn Times.

Seeking a Teacher for Linda.

She was at one of the Union school houses half an hour before school opened. She had "Linda" with her. She was a tall woman, forty years old, with a jaw showing great determination, and "Linda" was sixteen, and rather shy and pretty good looking. The mother said she hadn't been in the city long, and that it was her duty to get Linda into school and see that she was properly educated. When the teacher came the mother boldly inquired: "You know enough to teach, do you?" "I think I do," replied the teacher, blushing deeply. "And you feel competent to govern the scholars, do you?" "Yes'm." "Do you pound 'em with a ferrule, or lick 'em with a whip?" "We seldom resort to punishment here," replied the embarrassed teacher. "That's better yet," continued the mother. "I know that if Linda should come home all pounded up I'd feel like killing some one. I suppose you are of a respectable character, ain't you?" "Why—ahem—why—" stammered the teacher, growing white and then red. "I expect you are," continued the woman. "It's well enough to know who our children are associated with. Now, then, do you allow the boys and girls to sit together?" "No, ma'am." "That's right. They never used to when I was young, and I don't think Linda is any better than I am. Another thing: Do you allow any winking?" "Any what?" exclaimed the puzzled teacher. "Do you allow a boy to wink at a girl?" asked the woman. "Why, no." "I was afraid you did. Linda is as shy as a bird, and if she should come home some night and tell me that she had been winked at I don't know what I'd do. Now, another thing: Do you have a bean?" "Why—why—" was the stammered reply. "I think you do," resumed the woman severely. "I know just how it works. When you should be explaining what an archipelago is if you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is way, way off!" "But Madam—" interrupted the woman. "I want Linda brought up to know joggerly, figures writing, and spellography, and if you've got a bean, and are speaking to the stre one night, a candy pulling the next, a horse race the next, and so on, your mind can't be on education. Come, Linda, we'll go to some other school house."—Detroit Free Press.

Southern Winter Games.

A Few Tricks Which Can Be Easily Acquired for the Amusement of the House Circle. THE CANDLE TRICK. One of the simplest tricks in this department of fireside entertainments is the candle trick. Take a common candle, in a brass cardstick, light it, and let it stand until it has a good head on. Then let one of the children—a boy about fourteen years old is the best—take the candle, shake the grease from around the wick, and opening his mouth very wide, stick the candle in it, immediately closing his lips. The candle will not go out, but will shine through the boy's distended cheeks with a ruddy glow. Now, let the parent suddenly chuck the boy smartly under the chin. The candle will be observed to go out immediately, or at least it will come out just as soon as the boy can get his teeth out of the tallow. This will teach the boy who swallows the candle never to attempt uncertain tricks when his father is near enough to play practical jokes on his own children. The other children will appreciate the lesson. THE EGG TRICK. Procure a large egg—Brahma eggs are the best—and on the large end draw a cross with a lead pencil, and on the opposite end draw a smaller cross in ink. Place the egg—after showing the children the marks and permitting them to examine it carefully, so they will know it the next time they see it—upon the head of the oldest boy present, or if there is a grandfather handy with a bald head, balance the egg on his head. Then let one of the company take a large book and see if he can strike the egg hard enough to break it. To the surprise of everybody, the egg will be unscathed at the first blow. Then you can show the person on whose head it was balanced the two crosses marked on the shell to prove it was the same egg that he saw in its entirety, but he will probably be too cross to have much interest in the matter. This is not a very difficult trick, and can be quite easily learned, but care should be exercised in the selection of the egg. An egg that would be apt to create an unpleasantness if it should be used in the trick. THE DOG TRICK. This trick is not always easy to be performed, on account of the necessity of introducing a strange dog into the family circle. You must entice a strange dog, the more unsober the better, into the room. Then let one of the company take hold of its ears, and hold the dog still, while another ties its tail in a bow knot. If the dog has been properly trained and does his part of the trick promptly, there will be four or five legs in that room chuck full of dog's teeth before the first wrinkle is laid in that knot. This will teach the children to let a dog's tail retain the shape which nature has given it. Any dog of ordinary sagacity can be taught to perform this trick in two or three days' practice. A terrier is generally considered better for this experiment than a bull-dog, because it doesn't hold on so long, and knows when it has had enough. THE CHAIR TRICK. You can derive a never ending fund of amusement by properly improving a common chair. With an ordinary hand saw cut off about an inch and a half of the right front leg of the chair, and about the same length from the left hind leg. Then keep the chair in a conspicuous place. No matter which of the short legs it may rest upon when anybody sits down on it, it will immediately settle on the other one, and the party using it will wail and shriek in the liveliest terror. No house should be without one of these chairs. They will be found very useful in the case of visitors who drop in about dinner time.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel.

An Immense Eagle.

Emmet Perkinson and Charley Runyon killed an immense eagle Tuesday near the Lagoon bridge, on the Washoe House road. Its claws twitched nervously as it watched from the cover of an oak tree some lambs which, unconscious of danger, were frisking about near by. When the boys got within thirty feet of the tree, it flew. Runyon gave it a load of duck shot, checking its course; Perkinson gave it another, also. It took four shot and some severe blows to kill it. When stretched with extended wings, it was three good paces from tip to tip, or by exact measurement, eight and a half feet. The span of its extended claws was seven inches. A well grown lamb would have been an easy victim for this royal bird of prey. Its weight was sixteen pounds.—Sonoma Democrat January 1.

Jonathan P. Cilley, son of the Cilley killed in the famous duel with Graves, has been elected Adjutant General of Maine. He served with the First Maine Cavalry during the war, was repeatedly and severely wounded, and brevetted Brigadier General for gallantry on the field.

Premeditated Starvation.

Last Wednesday afternoon two young men, twin brothers, were taken to the County Infirmary for treatment, who, it has been learned, have, for some time past, been slowly starving themselves. The story, as I learned it from the County Judge, who was called in to examine the matter, is as follows: The young men (aged about 24 years), give the names of Alonzo and Lorenzo Pike. They claim to be from Iowa, but previous to their arrival here, about three months since, were engaged in teaching school in Oregon. They rented a room in the house of Dr. Hooker, on San Fernando street, and when the time was up for them to make their first payment they stated that they were out of money, but expected to get some in a few days from Iowa; this was repeated, after a few weeks, and the same answer given. The Doctor, noticing that neither of them looked very hearty, asked them if they had enough to eat, and was answered in the affirmative, but they continued to grow more cadaverous looking. For a week or two past they were not out of their rooms much, and the lady of the house thinking it very strange, found out that they would not touch any little delicacies she would prepare for them, and soon after learned that they did not eat anything. At this time (about a week ago) one of them was taken to bed. The other, after being questioned as to their manner of living, confessed that neither had eaten anything but apples for nearly three months, and that the other brother was then in a trance, from which he would awake to write a great work, similar to Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." He also stated that it would not do to disturb him, as it would likely break the influence, &c.; that he was not being physically weakened, but would be all right in a few days. Last Monday Judge Payne and one of our physicians visited the house to find one of the strange pair stretched out in bed as if asleep. The other did not want him disturbed, but the Judge insisted, and upon telling the one in the trance (3) that he would either send him to the hospital or to the insane Asylum, was told by the latter to go and attend out a pain in his back, and on seeing spirits; that he was then undergoing the trance-like state which preceded the writing of John Bunyan's great work. The speaker did not open his eyes or make any motion, only of the lips. The interview was very unsatisfactory, and the Judge had the matter under advisement when the other, who had remained up, took to bed Wednesday, and remained similar to the first. The County Physician was then notified, and they were taken to the infirmary. They made no motion or sign at the change, and appeared as if dead, the pulses, however, beating regularly. A letter from their mother in Iowa was found, bearing date of last June, in which she spoke cheerfully, and expected them home next June. A book containing a collection of original poems was also in the room, several of the pieces showing measured sayings teeming with thought, indicating a high poetic fancy. On all subjects, aside from religious or spiritual, their conversation was rational, and showed more than the average intellect. They were entirely destitute of either means or clothing. Taking it all in all the case is one of the strangest. Both will die if they continue as they have been much longer.—San Francisco Call.

Survival of the Most Transparent.

In a fantastic tale entitled "Manat's," printed in the January Atlantic, he is found these curious suggestions: It occurs to me very soon that animal life does exist of so transparent a texture that to all intents and purposes it is invisible. The spawn of frogs, the larva of certain fresh water insects, many marine animals, are so clear of texture that they are seen with difficulty. In the tropics a particular inhabitant of smooth seas is as invisible as a piece of glass, and can be detected only by the color mingled in its eyes. At first reflection a thousand instances arise of assimilation of animal life to their surroundings, of mimicry of nature with a view to safety. Why, then, by survival of the most transparent, should not some invisible life hold a secure position on the earth? Pondering thus, I had been startled not a little by coming now and again on facts that seemed to bear this out. Strange tracks through untrod den grass suggested footprints of the unseen. Flat-nosed spores of peculiar shape in the standing rye, where human beings could not have intruded, looked suspiciously like human visitation. Or I lay concealed and watched the crows in a roadside field. What was it caused them to look up suddenly, and flap away on sooty fringed wings? No bird, beast, or man came. Then the rats scampering about under a dock, like so many giant Virginia swine; all at once came a flurry of whisking tails, and they were off! Yet I had not stirred, nor did anything move on the dock above. Nevertheless all seemed to realize a common danger, a noise of some kind, perhaps a step! Again, you sit like a block while a snake basks unconscious in the sun, and may watch many hours without event; but sometimes it happens that he raises his head, quivers for an instant his double tongue, and slides of the stump into a bush. At such times put your ear to the earth. Do you not distinguish—or is it all imagination—a sound, or a breaking!