

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

H. L. THOMAS Editor.

BED CLOUD. - NEBRASKA.

THE CASE OF THE DOW TWINS.

"My notions about soul's influence on souls," said Dr. Richards, of Saturday Cove, to me one day last September, "are a little peculiar. I don't make a practice of giving 'em away to the folks around here. The Cove people hold that when a doctor gets beyond jalap and rhubarb he's trespassing on the parson's property. Now it's a long road from jalap to soul, but I don't see why one 'nan mightn't travel as well as another. Will you oblige me with a clam?"

I obliged him with a clam. We were sitting together on the rocks, fishing for tomcod. Saturday Cove is a small watering place a few miles below Bel-fast, on the west shore of Penobscot Bay. It apparently derives its name from a belief, generally entered by the Covens, that this spot was the final and crowning achievement of the Creator before resting on the seventh day. The Cove village consists of a hotel, two churches, several stores, and a graveyard, containing former generations of Saturdays. It is a favorite gibe among outsiders who envy the placid quiet of the place, that if the population of the graveyard should be dug up and distributed through the vil-lage, and the present inhabitants laid away beneath the sod, there would be no perceptible diminution in the liveli-ness of the settlement. The Cove proper abounds with tomcod, which may be caught with clams.

"Yes, continued Dr. Richards, as he forced the barb of his jig hook into the tender organism of the clam, 'my theory is that a strong soul may crowd a weak soul out of the body which belongs to the weak soul and operate through that body, even though miles away and involuntarily. I believe, moreover, that a man may have two souls, one his own by right and the other an intruder. In fact, I know that this is so, and it being so, what becomes of your moral respon-sibility? What, I ask, becomes of your moral responsibility?"

I replied that I could not imagine. "Your doctrine of moral responsibil-ity," said the Doctor sternly, as if it were my doctrine and I were respon-sible for moral responsibility, "isn't worth this tomcod," and he took a small fan off his hook and contemptuously tossed it back into the Cove. "Did you ever hear of the case of the Dow twins?"

I had never heard of the case of the Dow twins.

"Well," resumed the Doctor, "they were born into the family of Hiram Dow, thirty years or more ago, in the red farm house just over the hill back of us. My predecessor, old Dr. Gookin, superintended their birth, and has often told me the circumstances. The Dow twins came into the world bound back to back by a fleshy ligature which ex-tended half the length of the spinal processes. They would probably have traveled through life in intimate jux-ta-position had the matter depended on your great city surgeons—your surgeons who were afraid to disconnect Chang and Eng, and who discussed the opera-tion till the poor fellows died without parting company. Old Dr. Gookin, how-ever, who hadn't attempted anything for years in the surgical line, more than to pull a tooth or to cut out an occa-sional wen, calmly went to work and sharpened up his rusty old operating knife and slashed and gashed the twins apart before they had been three hours breathing. This promptitude of Gookins saved the Dow twins a good deal of in-convenience."

"I should think so!"

"And yet," added the Doctor, reflect-ively, "perhaps it might have been bet-ter for 'em both if they hadn't been separated. Better for Jehiel, especially, since he wouldn't have been put in a false position. Then, on the other hand, my theory would have lacked the con-firmation of an illustrative example. Do you want the story?"

"By all means."

"Well, Jacob and Jehiel grew up healthy, strapping boys, like as two peas physically, but otherwise very un-like, Jehiel was all Dow—slow, slow-witted, melancholy inclined and dis-posed to respect the ten command-ments. Jake, he has his mother's git-up-and-git—she was a Fox, of Fox Island—and was into mischief from the time he was tall enough to poke burd-ock burrs down his grandmother's back. Dr. Gookin watched the devel-opment of the twins with great inter-est. He used to say that there was an invisible nerve telegraph between Jake and Jehiel. At any rate Jehiel was accustomed to act very queerly when-ever Jacob was up to any of his pranks. One night, for instance, when Jake was off robbing a henroost, Jehiel sat up in bed in his sleep and crows like a frightened cock until the whole family was aroused."

"I came here and opened an office about ten years ago. At that time Jehiel had grown into a steady, toler-ably industrious young man, prominent in the Congregational Church, and so sober and decorous that the village people had trusted him with the driv-ing of the town hearse. When I first knew him he was courting a young woman by the name of Giles, who lived about seven miles back in the country. Jehiel was a tin-knocker by trade, and a more pious, respectable, reliable tin-knocker you never saw."

"Jake had turned out very differently. By the time of Sumter he had made Saturday Cove too hot to hold him, and everybody, including his twin Jehiel, was glad when he enlisted in a Maine regiment. I never saw Jake in my life, for I came here after he had departed, but I have a pretty good notion of what a reckless, loud-mouthed, humor-scurm reprobate he must have been. After the war he drifted into the Western country, and we heard of him occa-sionally, first as a steamboat runner at St.

Louis, then in jail at Jefferson for swindling a blind Dutchman, then as a gambler and rough in Cheyenne, and finally as a dead-beat in Frisco. You could tell pretty well when Jake was in deviltry by watching the actions of Jehiel. At such times Jehiel was rest-less, knocked tin with an uneasy impa-tience that wasn't habitual with him, was as mum and glum at prayer-meet-ings as the worst sinner in Saturday Cove, and evidently had to struggle hard to be good. It seemed as if Dr. Gookin's knife, which cut the physical twins apart, had been unable to sever the psy-chical twins, and that some part of Jake's soul lingered at times in Jehiel. Whether Jehiel's piety ever influenced Jacob, I am unable to say."

"The most singular thing of all was in regard to Jehiel's attention to the young woman named Giles. She was a sober, demure, church-going person, whom Jacob had never been able to endure, but who, as everybody said, would make an excellent helpmate for Jehiel. He seemed to care a good deal for her in his steady, slow way, and made a point twice a week of driving over to bring her to prayer-meeting at the Cove. But when one of his old spells was on him he forsook her altogether, and weeks would go by, to her great distress, without his appearing at the Giles gate. As Jake went from bad to worse these periods of indifference became more frequent and prolonged, and occasioned the young woman named Giles much misery and a good many tears."

"One fine afternoon in the summer of 1871, Jacob Dow, as we afterwards learned, was shot through the heart by a Mexican in a drunken row at San Diego. He sprang high in the air and fell upon his face, and when they laid him away a good Catholic priest said mass for the repose of his soul."

"That same afternoon, as it happened, old Dr. Gookin was to have been buried in the graveyard yonder. He had died a day or two before at an extreme age, but in the full possession of his facul-ties, and one of the last remarks he made was to express regret that he would be unable to follow the career of the Dow twins any further."

"It became Jehiel's melancholy duty to harness up his horse on account of old Dr. Gookin's funeral, and as he dusted the plumes and polished the ebony panels of the vehicle, his thoughts naturally recurred to the great service which that excellent physician had ren-dered him in early youth. Then he thought of his twin brother Jacob, and wondered where he was and how he prospered. Then his eyes wandered over the hearse, and he felt a dull pride in its creditable appearance. It looked so bright and shiny in the sun that he resolved, as it still wanted a couple of hours of the time appointed for the funeral, to drive it over to the Giles farm and fetch his sweetheart to the village on the box with him. The young woman named Giles had frequently ridden with Jehiel on the hearse, her demure features and sober apparel de-tracting nothing from the respectable solemnity of the equipage."

"Jehiel drove up in state to the door of his betrothed, and she, not at all re-luctant to enjoy the mild excitement of a funeral, mounted to the box and set-tled herself comfortably beside him. Then they started for Saturday Cove, and joggled along on the hearse, dis-cussing affectionately as they went."

"Miss Giles affirms that it was at the third apple tree next the stone wall of Hosea Getchell's orchard, just opposite the bars leading to Mr. Lord's private road, that a sudden and most extraordi-nary change came over Jehiel. He jumped, she says, high in the air, and landed sprawling in the sandy road alongside the hearse, yelling so hide-ously that it was with difficulty that she held the frightened horses. Picking himself up and uttering a round oath—something that had never before passed the virtuous lips of Jehiel—he turned his attention to the horses, kicking and beating them until they stood quiet. He next proceeded to cut and trim a willow switch at the roadside, and pulling his decent silk hat down over one eye, and darting from the other a surlly glance at the astonished Miss Giles, he climbed to his seat on the hearse."

"'Jehiel Dow!' said she, 'what does this mean?'"

"'It means!' he replied, giving the off-horse a vicious cut with his switch, 'that I have been goin' slow these thirty years, and now I'm goin' to put a little ginger in my gait. Gelang!'"

"The hearse horses jumped under the unaccustomed lash and broke into a gallop. Jehiel applied the switch again and again, and the dismal vehicle was soon bumping over the road at a tremen-dous pace, Jehiel shouting all the time like a circus rider, and Miss Giles clinging to his side in an agony of ter-ror. The people in the farm houses along the way rushed to the doors and windows and gazed in amazement at the unprecedented spectacle. Jehiel had a word for each—a shout of de-erision for one, a blast of blasphemy for another, and an invitation to ride for a third—but he reined in for nobody, and in a twinkling the five miles between Hosea Getchell's farm at Duck Trap and the village at Saturday Cove had been accomplished. I think I am safe in saying that never before did hearse rattle over five miles of road so rapidly."

"'O, Jehiel, Jehiel!' said Miss Giles, as the hearse entered the village, 'are you took crazy of a sudden?'"

"'No,' said Jehiel, curtly, 'but my eyes are open now. Gelang, you beasts! You get out here; I'm going to Belfast!'"

"'But, Jehiel, dear,' she protested, with many sobs, 'remember Dr. Gookin!'"

"'Dang Gookin!' said Jehiel.

"'And for my sake,' she continued.

"'Dear Jehiel, for my sake!'"

"'Dang you, too!' said Jehiel.

"Drawing up his team in magnificent style before the village hotel, he com-pled the weeping Miss Giles to alight, and then, with an admirable imitation of the warwhoop of a Sioux brave,

started his melancholy vehicle for Bel-fast, and was gone in a flash, leaving the entire population of Saturday Cove in a state of bewilderment that ap-proached coma.

"The remains of the worthy Doctor Gookin were borne to the graveyard that afternoon upon the shoulders of half a dozen of the stoutest farmers in the neighborhood. Jehiel came home long after midnight, uproariously in-toxicated. The revolution in his char-acter had been as complete as it was sudden. From the moment of Jacob's death, he was a dissipated, dishonest scoundrel, the scandal of Saturday Cove, and the terror of quiet, respectable folks for miles around. After that day he never could be persuaded to speak to or even to recognize the young woman named Giles. She, to her credit, I think, still remains in spinsterhood, faithful to the memory of the lost Je-hiel. His downward course was rapid. He gambled, drank, quarreled, and stole; and he is now in State Prison at Thomaston, serving out a sentence for an attempt to rob the Northport Bank. Miss Giles goes down every year in the hopes that he will see her, but he al-ways refuses. He is in for ten years."

"And he deserves all of it," I ven-tured to remark.

"See here," said Dr. Richards, turning suddenly and looking me square in the face, "Do you think of what you are saying? Now, I hold that he is as in-nocent as you or I. I believe that the souls of the twins were bound by a bond which Dr. Gookin's knife could not dissect. When Jacob died, his soul, with all its depravity, returned to its twin soul in Jehiel's body. Being stronger than the Jehiel soul, it mas-tered and overwhelmed it. Poor Jehiel is not responsible; he is suffering the penalty of a crime that was clearly Jake's."

"My friend spoke with a great deal of earnestness and some heat, and con-cluding that Jehiel's innocence was a hob-bey of his, I did not press the discus-sion. That evening, in conversation with the village clergyman, I remarked: 'That was a very singular case, that of the Dow twins.'"

"'Ah!' said the Parson, 'you have heard the story. What way did the Doctor end it?'"

"'Why, with Jehiel in jail, of course. What do you mean?'"

"'Nothing,' replied the Parson, with a faint smile. 'Sometimes, when he feels well disposed toward humanity, he makes Jehiel's soul take possession of Jacob, and transform him into a pious, respectable Christian. In his pessimis-tic moods the story runs as you heard it. So this is one of his Jacob days? He should take a little quinine.'—*New York Sun.*"

The Gaines Case.

It would be hard to invent or to im-agine a more bitter sarcasm upon the administration of justice in this country—and upon the whole scope and method of the law—than is expressed by the judicial decision which awards to Mrs. Gaines her property after the weary struggle of half a century. That de-cision tells her that she has been, during a long life-time, the true and sole owner of a property which has always been of immense value; that if she had de-sired to surround her life with luxury, or to increase the wealth she had in-herited, or to contribute from her im-mense resources to the relief of human suffering or the increase of human knowledge, she was the real owner of an estate which would have made any of these things easy to her. But during all this time the law, to which we all look for protection in our rights, has kept her out of her property, has made her the sport and plaything of delay and uncertainty, has thwarted her, cheated her, worn her life out, while generations of lawyers have grown and fattened and chuckled at the litigation which brought grist to their mill, while it ground out the substance and the heart's blood of the litigants."

One such mockery of justice as this is a national disgrace, and yet the Gaines case is exceptional only because the plaintiff who sought her rights at law was a woman of exceptional tenacity of purpose and physical endurance. Had her courage been less heroic, she would long ago have succumbed to the reverses, the hope deferred, the rebuffs and disappointments which have in-flicted an indelible stain upon the history of legal practice in this country. And there are to-day hundreds and thousands of cases dragging their slow way through the Courts, or ignomin-iously bundled out because the costs have eaten up the substance of the sui-tors, every one of them cases in which justice is denied and baffled, while the low chicanery of the attorney is en-riched. There is no other civilized country in the world in which such a disgrace as the Gaines case is now pos-sible. The law's delay was once a proverb in England, but while our cunning lawyers have shrewdly clung to the abuses we inherited from the mother country, England has steadily abolished the old abuses, until law and justice are almost synonymous terms. And if the law reform which has ennobled the history of England during the past thirty years should be astonished and grieved to find that there still lingered among the relics of the past any device which might use the forms of law to cheat the ends of justice, as has been done in the case of Mrs. Gaines for fifty years, they would not allow a session of Parliament to close before the nation was redeemed from the danger of such disgrace from such a cause forever afterward.

But in this country, under any fla-grant act of legalized injustice arouses the honest indignation of public opin-ion, the lawyers, who live by litigation, band themselves together in the de-fense of chicanery and visit the heavy weight of their condemnation on the sack skeptic who ventures to doubt the perfection, holiness and purity of Amer-ican laws and American practice. No college of Roman augurs could be more

vociferous in denouncing any one who would question their calendar of *dies fasti et nefasti* than the average bar association, or the average legal editor is in insulting and slandering any one who lifts his voice up against such abuses. The obstinacy and stupidity of the bar in perpetuating these abuses is growing to be one of the serious questions of the day. There is no other title to property, no other incentive to exertion, no other reward of labor, except such as is secured through the ap-plication of the law, and if the law can be successfully and continuously per-verted to feed the greed of unscrupu-lous lawyers instead of ministering to the public good, it is merely a question of time when this legal cancer shall eat out the vitals of society. The Gaines case should be a lesson and a warning, and if we had in this country any jurists whose learning and character would ensure them proper deference, they would not let the warning pass without providing against its repetition. As it is, we fear the only lesson the lawyers will learn from the Gaines case is that if a property is rich enough to pay the costs, it may last a lawyer a lifetime, and be left as a legacy to his children.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Universal Language.

The philologists may take a back seat, with all their schemes about improving or reforming our English language. A youth of barely 24 years has invented a universal language—no less—for all nations of the world," his claim reads: It is not like Stephen Pearl Andrews' "Alwato," which few men, considering the prevalent shortness of life, will ever look into seriously enough to see whether or not it has any merits. This is a sort of language that one may learn to read in four weeks and speak in three months. It consists of twenty-four sounds, with a letter for each; no sounds are used except such as most nations have in common; the difficult consonants are omitted—no German *ch*, no English *th*, no Slavonic *cz*. Every letter is pronounced exactly so; there are no irregularities and no exceptions. Passing to words, there will be no de-terminations, all relations of case to be expressed by prepositions; plurals are made by adding *s*. There are three gen-ders—masculine, feminine, and neuter. There is but one conjunction of verbs, and tenses are largely formed by auxil-iarries. All substantives, and verbs and adjectives are unchangeable; compar-ison is made by modifying words. The roots of this absolute language are drawn from all languages, but particu-larly from the Latin. To exemplify one run of words: Fortun, to be fortun-ate; fortun, a fortunate man; fortun, a fortunate woman; fortun, a fortune; fortun, fortunate. Few words of this language will have more than three syllables, most will not ex-ceed two. There is no rule where to put any component of a sentence, but every one who writes the "universal language" can use its words according to the order of his own. This scheme is the invention of Julius Bordollo, of Phil-adelphia, who, through the columns of the *Universe*, a new journal of that city, asks co-operation.—*Exchange.*

A Snake in the Stomach.

On Wednesday of last week the wife of a prominent citizen of Jackson dis-charged a snake, that, for some time previous, had made its abode in her stomach. The reptile was ten inches long and as large around as the third finger of a man's hand of ordinary size. It was in a decaying condition when expelled, and appeared as if decomposi-tion had been going on for some time. It was unquestionably a genuine snake, well defined as to head, eyes and mouth, in fact a sure-enough snake out and out.

The lady is 57 years old, and for nearly half that period has been the victim of dyspepsia, the disease fluctu-ating, at times, leaving her comparatively well, then again entirely pro-strated. Since Christmas she has been confined to her room, most of the time in bed.

For six months previous to the expul-sion of the reptile she contended with her physician and the members of her family that there was a snake in her stomach. She could feel it crawling about, could detect a spiral motion at times, as if coiling and uncoiling itself. The reptile was always more lively in its movements a short time after food had passed into the stomach, at these times changing its position rapidly, and causing the victim the most unpleas-ant sensations of both mind and body—producing nausea, heartburn, and a slight distension of the stomach.—*Jackson, Tenn. Sun.*

Danger of Sleeping in Moonlight.

The evil consequences liable to result from exposure to a burning sun are only too well understood, but it is per-haps not so generally known that in many parts of the world, notably in India, there is a strong and very gen-eral prejudice against sleeping in full moonshine, as it is supposed to produce "moonstroke." An old Indian resident, has recently been devoting his atten-tion to the subject, and comes to the conclusion that any ill effects arising from sleeping in the moonlight are not due to any direct influence of the moon itself. His explanation of the origin of this prevalent belief in the baleful qual-ities of the Goddess of Night is very rational, and may be summarized thus: A clear sky admits of rapid radiation, and any person exposed to such radia-tion is sure to be chilled by rapid loss of heat. There is reason to believe that under the circumstances paralysis of one side of the face is sometimes likely to occur from chill, as one side of the face is more likely to be exposed to rapid radiation, and consequent loss of heat. This chill is more likely to occur when the sky is perfectly clear and in full moon. The whole matter thus comes clear on this explanation. Pro-longed exposure to cold is almost cer-tain to produce headache, neuralgia, or

even paralysis, owing to the re-ardation of the circulation, and these or similar injuries have been attributed to the moon, when the proximate cause may really have been the chill, which will always be the greatest on the very clear nights.

Atmosphere of the Planets.

In this column in the *Tribune* of March 3d, a summary was given of Prof. Proctor's arguments assigning a great depth to the atmosphere of the major planets. Among the evidences adduced it was mentioned that a satel-lite occulted by the edge of one of these planets has reappeared briefly just after concealment. Quite recently a re-markable addition has been made to this class of evidence. Mr. Todd and his assistant, Mr. Ringwood, using an eight-inch telescope in the observatory at Adelaide, Australia, have separately and more than once observed that a satellite of Jupiter, after passing be-hind the edge of the planet's disk, was distinctly visible, being viewed through the planet for about two minutes before being finally concealed. The vertical depth within the apparent edge of the planet at which the satellite was seen can not be estimated at less than 2,000 miles. It seems likely that the atmo-sphere of Jupiter may be 6,000 or 7,000 miles deep; some estimates exceed even these figures. A notion of such an atmosphere is given by the statement that a globe of the size of this earth, resting on the true surface of Jupiter, would be covered and concealed by the outlying clouds of that planet.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Volcanoes of the Moon.

The most prominent instance of sup-posed lunar change on the surface of the moon is that of the crater Linne. On the northwest quadrant of the moon, near the center of a level tract about 40 miles in diameter, there is a bright crater called Bessel, nearly fourteen miles in diameter, with a circular wall rising 4,000 feet above the interior, and about 1,000 feet above the surrounding plain. Scattered over this plain are a few small craters, some two and one-half miles in diameter, with walls about 300 feet high. Near its eastern center an eminent selenographer named Lohrmann placed a distinct, bright cra-ter, about five miles in diameter, which he described as being, after Bessel, the most conspicuous object on this tract of level ground. Ten years later, our greatest selenographer, Baron von Madler, confirmed Lohrmann's obser-vations, and made this crater a special study, naming it Linne. In the draw-ings of Schmidt, who was about this time making lunar observations of this part of the moon, Linne is shown as a deep crater, corresponding with the descriptions of Lohrmann and Madler.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Schliemann on the Platform.

When Schliemann rose to speak he was received with a hearty welcome. I do not so judge from the mere fact that hands were clapped; I looked around on the company while the ap-plause was prolonged, and it was as if all had one face, and that face flushed with excitement and pleasure, and beaming welcome to a hero. Schlie-mann evidently felt this. As he had to bow again and again he realized that the atmosphere around him was cordial and sympathetic. No one who has seen the man can doubt the truth that lies in physiognomy. He has a form and a front fit for Cæsar—not big, but thor-oughly knit, erect, full of vitality. His head is something like a full-sized can-non ball—evidently meant to go. Time has delicately tanned him in a circle of two inches diameter at the back of his head, which for the rest is covered with close-cropped grayish hair, which, however, extends only over the center of the forehead, clearing the two high lobes on either side. His chin is cov-ered also with a grayish cropped hair, but his mustache is quite black. His face is ruddy and slightly bronzed, but decidedly German. His eyes are light and full of amiability, butable now and then to give a very penetrating look. Altogether, the impression conveyed is that of immense force and vivacity.

His voice is that of an enthusiast. In reading his paper—and it was all carefully read, and occupied an hour to the very second—he began his pages with a low voice, which, as he warmed with the theme, gradually rose until it became almost a tenor. His English was perfectly intelligible, no word be-ing even lost; but his German accent remained, and his pronunciation some-times combined the characteristics of English, German, and modern Greek. But it was delightful to hear him; there was no attempt at fine writing, no ges-tures, only an artless tale simply told; but the eloquence of the facts was enough to thrill the audience and hold them breathless.

There is something almost childlike in his confidential anxiety to bear wit-ness. Several times he alluded to her, and once with emphasis declared that she had undertaken alone one of the most difficult of the excavations. Women are not admitted yet into the So-ciety of Antiquaries, and it is a new thing to hear women speak of their interest, unless the women are prehistoric, or at least very dead; and it was not until Mr. Gladstone's elo-quent address to Mrs. Schliemann was heard that the lady's oration came on. The world is destined to hear more yet about Mrs. Schliemann, a lady not only beautiful and cultivated, but also able to dig with her own hands until she finds such a necklace as she re-cently wore at a party in Athens—a necklace that may have been worn by Mlle. Priam between 3,000 and 4,000 years ago.—*M. D. Conway's London letter to Cincinnati Commercial.*

A steel-making process is in operation at Danville, Pa., said to be a marked improvement on the Bessemer process.

HUMOROUS.

John Adams wrote to his wife in 1777: "Gen. Washington sets a fine example. He has banished wine from his table, and entertains his friends with rum and water. It is much to the credit of his wisdom, his policy, and his patriotism." Mrs. Partington insults the doctor: "Yes, doctor, and a few days previous, feeling somewhat predisposed, and having a grooping pain in the abdomen, I took some patient medicine, and I feel convinced that it seriously repaired my constitution. I suppose I'm of an ex-cerable temper, for I'm always a-worrying ever since Betsy Smith had con-gregation of the lungs, or some ton-sorial affection; but to tell the truth, I've always dreamed an infernal rumor."

He was a young man fresh from the country on a visit to his city cousins, and on the day after his arrival, there being a dinner party at the house, they seated him next to an old gentleman, Professor Somebody, who has European politics at his fingers' ends. The water had just placed a plate of *Dindon Rofi* before the young man, when the Pro-fessor cheerily asked: "Now, Mr. —, and what do you think would be the effect of a protocol upon Turkey?"

"Well, really, Professor," replied the youth, bracing up and looking at the plate before him, "I've never tried it. I think I'll try Worcestershire Sauce on mine."

An Aberdeen man was telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a Scotch medi-cal friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed: "Charming! Del-ightful! Pray, go on." And when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct. I am so glad."

Gentleman—"I hear you had had luck on Friday, Jim?" Huntsman—"Luck sir? I believe yer! A lot of them blasted townies came out a 'ollerin' and a shoutin' a frightenin' the poor foxes out of their senses! The Queen ought to make a law as they shouldn't build no towns within ten miles of a pack o'ounds."

Jame Russell Lowell tells a good story about his butcher. One morning the man expatiated upon the loveliness of the moonlight of the night before, and just as the poet was thinking that he had done him an injustice in never having given him credit for refinement of soul, the butcher added, "The night was so fine I just couldn't sleep, and had to get up and go to killing."

They have only just introduced the bell-punch on the San Francisco street-car lines, and this is what one of the Frisco conductors says about it: "If a conductor knocks down for 10 cents, that's stealing; but, if a stock-holder gets away with \$10,000, that's a neat business transaction. It's all mighty nice; but I tell you, if you wanted to keep a stock-holder from stealing you would have to harness a fog-bell to him."

Jennie has strict ideas about equity in little things. When she first heard the story of the Saviour's miracle in feed-ing the multitude with the few loaves and fishes obtained from the young lad's basket, she was awed into thoughtful and solemn amazement. Some time afterward, in the midst of a talk about other matters, she suddenly paused, and asked with special concern, "Did they give back the basket to that boy?"

A city pastor and a penitentiary chaplain were comparing views as to the drawing near of the millennium. City pastor said, "I feel that the mil-lennium is near at hand; the world is getting better; I see it in the increase of my congregation." Penitentiary chaplain responded, "Well, perhaps it is so; but I notice that my congregation, too, is on the increase." The two min-isters agreed to drop the subject of the millennium.

USEFUL RECIPES.

FRENCH TOAST.—Beat four eggs very light, and stir them into a pint of new milk, with a little salt. Slice some light sweet bread, or baker's bread, dip the slices singly into this egg and milk, and lay carefully and without breaking in a spider of hot lard, and fry brown. Sprinkle a little powdered sugar on each slice as it is taken out, and a little nutmeg or cinnamon, and serve hot. If prepared nicely this is an acceptable and convenient dish for breakfast.

TO SETTLE COFFEE.—Don't put white of egg, or fish skins, or pebbles, or mustard seed, or emancipation pro-clamations, or tenpenny nails, or burnt leather, or scorched bran, peas or molasses into your coffee-pot and then call it coffee. Don't put "extract" in it either. Be satisfied with ground coffee and hot water, saving the other ingre-dients for different occasions. Boil your coffee until it is done, then pour it out, while boiling, into the pot for the table, and add half a gill of cold water, let it stand three minutes, and it will be clear. There are philosophical and scientific reasons why the cold water makes it settle.

EXCELLENT MOCK FRUIT CAKE.—One and a half cups of sugar, one cup of shortening (beef or pork drippings will do), three eggs, half cup of sour milk, one nutmeg, half teaspoon of clove (if liked), two teaspoons of all-spice, three teaspoons (heaped) of cin-namon, two large teaspoons of salera-tion, two heaping cups of canned or pre-served cherries, after they are drained from the sirup, and half cup of the sirup from the cherries, four and a half cups of flour or not more than five. Bake in paper lined tins in a moderate oven. This makes two good loaves. Dried cherries may be used by adding half cup more molasses, and a very nice spice-cake can be made by using the cup of remaining sirup in the room of molasses.

Gen. Sheridan wants the Indians to become a nation of herdsmen. But how are they going to get horses and mules to herd, if the troops are taken away?

How the Sultan Looks and Lives.

The present queen of the harem is new, and a new love is strong, but it never returns the Sultan in his harem beyond the hour of his habitual appear-ance in the imperial study. By 10 o'clock in the morning, clad in a fur-lined angora, the Sultan takes his place in the cheerful little room in the right wing of the palace which he has made his own—a little gem in its way, fur-nished in ebony and green velvet, its only adornments a select library, a number of maps hung on the walls, the busts of his father and uncle, and por-traits of his father and grandfather. The first person he sends for in the morning is Said Pasha, Grand Marshal of the Palace, with whom he draws out the programme of his day; he then calls for the other Said Pasha, his First Secretary, with whose assistance he carefully examines all the papers sent to him from the Porte. Occasionally, while still in his dressing gown, he receives Ministers on pressing business, otherwise he works at his papers till about noon, when he breakfasts, and shortly after reappears in his study dressed in the Quaker-cut black frock coat, called *Stamboulo*. Then com-mence the official receptions, generally followed by a second interview with his Grand Marshal, after which he either takes a walk in the palace grounds or a trip on the Bosphorus in his yacht. He dislikes driving, but on Sunday he drove over to Stamboul, where I saw him, to inspect the arrangements of the new Chamber of Deputies. He dines shortly after sunset, takes no raki before his dinner and no wine with that meal. Once or twice a week he invites some members of the Cabinet to spend the evening with him, and talks to them on public affairs; other evenings are de-voted to music; he has a special pianist, an Italian, attached to the palace, and sometimes the palace troupe performs a pantomime for his amusement. About 11, or earlier, he retires to his harem, which, expressed prosaically, means to go to bed. He is perfectly conscious that his constitution is not robust, and his physicians say that he adheres most faithfully to their advice for the pre-servation of his health. No one who saw the Sultan on Sunday examining with interest every detail of the new Chamber, visiting the Imperial Loge, mounting the Tribune, noticing the silk stuffs which cover the benches, and jauntily descending the broad-stair-case of the *Dars-i-Fanem* with Said Pasha, could conscientiously conclude that the *mens sana* was wanting in that slender frame, although the frame is undeniably slender, and the expression of the face anxious and sorrowful.—*London Truth.*

The Nebula Hypothesis.

Latterly many mathematicians have contributed a variety of evidences in support of the nebular hypothesis. Professor Pliny E. Chase has produced voluminous essays conveying different proofs of this character. Quite re-cently Mr. George H. Darwin, of Cam-bridge, England, has offered a mathem-atical explanation of the earth's obli-liquity to its orbit—a circumstance which causes our varying seasons. He starts with the assumption that the planets were nebulous masses that con-tracted symmetrically through the gra-vitation of their materials. The law of contraction employed in calculating is that on which Laplace expounded the nebular hypothesis. The results of Mr. Darwin's calculations show that if a nebulous mass is rotating about an axis nearly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, its equator will tend to be-come oblique to that orbit as the mass contracts. Applying the theory to this earth, it is found that when the diam-eter of the nebulous mass of the earth exceeded its present diameter by 1,000 times, the obliquity to the ecliptic was only a few minutes of arc; but when contraction brought down the mass to the size of the moon's orbit and the moon itself became detached, the obli-liquity was nearly the same as at present. When similar calculations are extended to other planets, the results are less satisfactory, but they do not contradict the ascertained facts.

Birds and Steam Engines.

In a German engineering journal a writer discusses the behavior of differ-ent animals and birds toward steam en-gines and steam works generally. He noticed the boldness, and, at the same time, dexterity with which dogs will run about amid the wheels of a depart-ing railway train without suffering the least injury, while hosts of workmen continually lose their lives. On the other hand, the ox, "proverbially stupid animal," continues standing composedly on the rails, having no idea of the danger which threatens him, and is run over. But birds, strange to say, have a peculiar delight in the steam engine. It has often happened that the larks have built their nests and reared their young under the switches of a much-travelled railway, while in engine houses the swallow is a frequent guest. In a certain mill where a noisy 300-horse power engine is thumping and bumping night and day, two pairs of swal-lows have built their nests for years, and rear their young regularly. The writer mentions an instance of almost incredible trustfulness on the part of swallows, a pair of which early last year built in the paddle-box of a Dan-ubian steamer, and regularly made the journeys from Pesth to Semlin.—*Lon-don Paper.*

Of the 250,000 Germans in New York City 80,000 are Protestants, 60,000 are Roman Catholics, 60,000 are Jews, and 50,000 are unclassified. There are 41 Protestant churches, besides several chapels, embracing 14,000 communicants.

The Presbytery of Buffalo, at a recent meeting, licensed Henry Silverheels, a Seneca Indian, nearly sixty years old, to preach the Gospel. He has long sus-tained a high character as a Christian and a faithful warrior.