

THE CLOUD CHIEF.

By C. L. THOMAS Editor.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

A Strip of Blue.

BY LEVY LABROF.
I do not own a lamp of wood,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard in the morning fields,
The lawn and garden fine,
The white wax-coloured birds,
They bring me tidings divine—
Wild sweet and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, no, no significant than all,
My window looks for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little's rip of sea.
Richer am I than he who owns
Great feet and an agonies;
I have no hand in any ship
Won by the island breeze;
To loiter on any airy road
Above the apple trees.
I brought them with my untold dreams,
Ere I heard my own picket crew;
And no longer care to wait for them
Than ever I do know—
My ship that sails to the East
Across that outlier blue.
Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
The people of the sky—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven which is close by,
I saw them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white as I, but, as I sit like,
From violet mist they bloom!
The sea is a nation of the unknown
Are part reclined from the boom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.
The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in the upper air;
The waves are broken on oceanic stones—
Sapphire and emerald;
Washed for me in celestial basins of blue,
By the winds that sing and stir;
Out through the utmost reaches of space
Fast where the way leads;
To the whirling infinite, my soul
Gilds on a vessel swift;
Yet I am not an anchorage,
In yonder azure life.
Here sit I, as a little child,
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysopease;
No woe the vastness floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I know my head before;
The universe, O God, is home,
In bed, or on a sofa;
Yet here upon a spot of green
I sit as if I were;
Glad, when a spirit to my need,
Some sea like glimpse of Thee.

THE DEATH TRAP.

By C. T. MARRATON.

The ringing sound that came from a blackened smithy told that the steel was smithing steel, and the smith who swung the ponderous hammer was a man of no common muscle. He was young and remarkably handsome; but there was an evil lurking in his cold, black eyes which would have repulsed the close observer. The light of his forge fire rendered ghostly the objects in the remote corners of the shop; but it fell brightly upon the strange looking piece of steel he was hammering. It resembled the jaw of some immense trap, strong enough to hold a bear, and the wonder was that the strength of man could prepare it for its prey. If any man in Middletown could control such a trap, it was the man whose hands were fashioning it.
For a long time David Thrall had been working of nights, with his shop barred to visitors, and the clang-clang of his hammer had sounded in the furthest corner of the growing village. He was a man of strong passions, the first to resent an insult to a friend, and the last to give an argument when he found logic against him. No person had bothered him while he swung the hammer over the terrible steel trap which he was making. It is true that a few boys looked in at the window at the inauguration of his work, but his maddening threats against them had kept the prying urchins away.
"I told her that she should never laugh at my love and live to boast of it to another man!" David Thrall said aloud, one night as he paused to wipe great drops of perspiration from his brow.
"She laughed then and told me not to let anger get the best of me, and thought I would forget it. Forget? Never!" and the hammer came down vengeance upon the glowing steel.
"I am making this trap because you rejected my love, Agnes Temple. But shall not tear your pretty skin. No—no! I would not injure one of your golden hairs; but I am going to teach you that there is one in Middletown whose heart cannot be trifled with."
Thus he talked to himself, while he stood over his anvil and swung his hammer, whose every blow told on his horrible mechanism, and hurried it toward completion. That night he finished it. He held it in the light of his coal fire and pronounced it perfect; smiled upon it with pride, and showed that he had strength enough to master its jaws.
"Now, my boy, we'll try it."
David Thrall put his trap into a sack, smothered the fire, and left the smithy. He walked rapidly toward the outskirts of the village, seen by no one, for the night was dark and the wind high. It was in the fall of the year and the yellow leaves of the time fell around him in a golden shower. But he did not notice them any more than to brush an occasional one from his long beard, begimined like his face with the soot of his shop. He did not come to a halt until he reached the iron track that ran over the road which he was traversing. Middletown had not been honored by the steam cars, which, as if to taunt the place, left it half a mile to the west.
David Thrall threw his burden down and a sigh of relief escaped him. Then he struck a match and looked at his watch.
"He passes about nine," he muttered. "The passenger goes by at ten, then the lightning express."
He spoke with a fiendishness almost foreign to the human heart, and set to work fastening the strong chain attached to his infernal trap to the iron rails. He had evidently studied this part of his work, for he performed it in darkness and then rested. But the end was not yet.
Throwing himself upon the spring, he set the trap, and the terrible jaws were ready to close upon their victim. The wind threw leaves over the trap, as if to aid the jealous blacksmith, and the clouds scurried westward,

he saw the star gleams fall upon the leaves that covered it.
It was a picturesque place which David Thrall had selected for the deed upon which he had set his heart. The road was narrow, indeed not more than a path that led to Middletown, and the home of Agnes Temple. He knew the man he hated would traverse it before dawn, and he knew too that his trap would hold him to the iron track. It was a revenge almost too terrible to be recorded.
"There!" exclaimed the smith, as he removed away a pace and triumphantly surveyed the result of his night's toil in the sooty shop. "Now let the prey come! The trap is ready. I wish you a pleasant time of it, Julian Wingfold. To be plain, I should like to know how a man would feel between two such jaws."
Then he picked up the sack and starting back to Middletown. But he had not gone ten yards before he halted. "The trap might have been set a little easier," he said to himself. "It has not been worked much, and the easier it is set, the surer I shall be of my prey."
Intent upon readjusting the devilish invention, the blacksmith retraced his steps, and for the second time in that lonely and beautiful spot he bent over the cross-ties. He placed his knee upon the spring to prevent the jaws from closing and catching their maker, while he tampered with the trigger. He was in the midst of his work, when from some unaccountable cause, his knees slipped from the spring, and—oh! horror! the mighty jaws closed on his wrists! With a cry, indescribably full of agony, the entrapped man tried to spring to his feet, but the trap, fastened as it was to the rails, held him securely down. The sharp teeth seemed to cut into the very marrow of his bones, and he was experiencing the horror of a human being caught in a trap. He tried to crush the spring, but it would not yield to the power which it had lately allowed, and then he tried to tear himself loose. But the pain occasioned by his efforts was so great that he was forced to desist; lest he should faint, and in that condition be caught by the train.
"If it had caught my leg," he cried, "I could tear it loose; but oh! these precious arms of mine!"
It was a terrible moment for the entrapped man. All at once, in that hour of terror, he thought of the man for whom he had prepared the jaws of unyielding steel. He would doubtless reach the crossing and release him before the train was due, for Julian Wingfold was not a vengeful rival.
All thoughts of revenge against the beautiful Agnes Temple had left his mind; he looked up at the stars, and they seemed to mock his misery; he cried for help from the terror-stricken depths of his heart. But no footsteps sounded upon his ears. God and man seemed to have left the hated to his fate.
Suddenly David Thrall started, and a cry of despair welled from his throat. The shrill shriek of the locomotive told him that the one dread hour of his captivity had passed away and the end of all was near at hand.
"God in heaven have mercy!" he cried. "Do unto me as I would have done unto another!"
But no deliverance came, and the sound of the whistle died away with a mocking echo. Within five minutes the iron monster would be upon him, and the most terrible drama ever enacted in that lovely country would have reached its tragic finale. He heard the rumble of the train, which seemed to approach on the wings of the wind. He raved, he cursed, and tried to wrench his wrists from the jaws of steel, tried to break them off, and bear life and bleeding stumps away, but in vain. With the tenacity of death itself the Samsonian trap held him down. The locomotive shrieked again and David Thrall paused and looked over his shoulder. He saw the headlight now; it dazzled in his eyes, and he could not shade the precious orbs with his hands. Then he shrieked at the top of his voice; but the cars came on.
"No deliverance! oh, heaven!" he exclaimed, sinking back in the few seconds he had yet to live. "I have merited this. What a terrible thing retribution is! He will be happy, and she will smile upon him with all her dazzling beauty. But I—I—oh, God, pity me! Chained to the track—caught in the trap made by my own hands for a fellow being. It is just. Heaven forgive me, and comfort my poor!"
The roar of the coming train drowned the sweetest word that ever parted his lips—mother.
The rumbling of the train had scarcely died away in the distance, when Julian Wingfold, returning from the home of Agnes Temple, crossed the track. He stepped where the instrument of death had been placed, and passed on without noticing its handiwork. If he had but glanced down he might have seen the two battered steel jaws, closed now, upon the lifeless hands only, of his rival, the blacksmith.
The remains were discovered on the following day, and the presence of the trap told the awful story.
David Thrall's widowed mother soon followed him to the grave. The little smithy still stands in Middletown, and the superstitious say that at night David Thrall can be heard beating steel with steel before his forge. Julian Wingfold is a happy husband and father now, but he never thinks of that one night's walk without a feeling of thankfulness as well as horror.

The Bones of Monsters.
"Nature has born strange children in her day," says Shakespeare, and he is not far wrong if we judge from some recent discoveries in the rocks of Colorado. While exploring some rocks in the white sandstone hog-back of the cretaceous period, near Morrison, Bear creek—the same stratum as at Colorado Springs, a few yards west of old Colorado City—we came suddenly upon a huge vertebra, lying as it was carved out in bas relief on a slab of sandstone. It was so heavy that it required two men to lift it. Its circumference was thirty-three inches. We stood for some moments looking in astonishment at this prodigy, and then hunted round for some relics. Presently one of the party, a little in advance, cried out—
"Why, this beats all!"
At his feet lay a huge bone, resembling a Hercules war club, ten inches in diameter by two feet long. On digging beneath it a number of smaller vertebrae were discovered, and at the base of a cliff two enormous fragments, reminding one of the broken columns of some ancient temple or a couple of saw logs, lay on the ground, possibly thigh bones, fifteen inches in diameter at the butt end, in the cliff above them was another fragment sticking out of the rock like the stump of a tree. With the help of a sledge hammer and crowbar the rock was removed around it, and underneath lay some ribs three inches in diameter, with other bones. The rocks in the vicinity were full of fragments. Selecting one of these, we lifted off a large cap of sandstone above it, and disclosed a perfect shoulder, *ulna* and *radius*, of another somewhat similar animal, the thickness of the bones averaging about five or six inches. This, lying as it were like a beautiful sculpture on the sandstone, we succeeded in removing exactly as we found it. Several smaller bones of animals of various sizes were discovered, but as the sun was fast setting behind the mountains we deferred moving our trophies till the following day.
During the night it snowed heavily, but next mornning we succeeded in dragging our prizes on a temporary sled down the cliff to the road, and bringing home to the neighboring village a wagon load of bones and depositing them in a shanty, preparatory to packing them off East to Professor Marsh of Yale College for identification. The monster to whom the bones belonged could not have been less than sixty or even eighty feet long. In the cliff above the bones impressions of leaves were found (Dakota group) of dicyclidiculous trees of very singular shape, some resembling a lyre, and others the leaves of a tulip tree, willow, conifers, etc. These trees grew probably on the shores of small islands in the cretaceous ocean in which the marine monsters roamed, and not far off oysters, *ostrea congesta* clams (moceramus) bivalves and ammonites and other marine shells were found in abundance.
Along the shores of this ancient sea squatted and leapt the dinosaurs or terrible lizards, one of whom, *lelaps*, was twenty-four feet long. From the length of his hinder legs it is supposed that he was able to walk upright, like a biped, carrying his head twelve feet in the air. There was another still larger, thirty-five feet long, and of the same habits. In the air overhead, huge bat-like creatures, comprising a lizard, a crocodile, and a bat flapped their leathery wings twenty-five feet from tip to tip over the sea, plunging every now and then into the water for a fish. There were birds, too; a diver, five and one-half feet high, and some, strange to say, with spinal vertebrae like a fish, and armed with pointed teeth in both jaws. Enormous tortoises and turtles were the batmen of the age. One discovered by Cope, in Kansas, was fifteen feet across the end of one flapper to the end of the other. Huge clams, also, lay scattered over those ancient shores, 26 inches in diameter. Our saurian did not fall short of the biggest of these monsters; he could not have been less than sixty to seventy feet long, and was probably either a *Mosasaurus* or lizard allied to the *Eloasaurus*.
The ocean in which these creatures lived was gradually enclosed by the upheaval of the sea bottom on the west, and soon became an inland sea. As the elevation continued, and its area was contracted, ridges would rise, isolating portions of the sea into salt lakes, and imprisoning the life in them. The stronger soon destroyed the weaker till the water by evaporation, becoming shallower, all life finally died, became skeletons, and, in course of ages, fossils in sandstone.

Old Time School Customs.
At the recent meeting of the Georgia School Teachers' Association, President Mallon read some very amusing extracts from the diary of Judge Junius Hillyer. Mr. Mallon had been a guest of the Judge, and during the evening he became aware of the existence of the record, the use of which he asked for the detection of his co-laborers in the Association. Judge Hillyer gives a very graphic description of a school which he attended near Lexington quite 60 years ago. The teacher was a Frenchman, who had two assistants. No books were used, but each boy, ranging from seven to ten years of age—the Judge was seven—was required to go out into the yard and fill his pockets with little rocks. Returning, the boys were seated at a large table, and the teacher began at once to teach them how to count. Having been introduced into this mystery, they were required to exercise in mental calculations, each boy as he obtained the answer whispering it in the teacher's ear. If the answer proved incorrect the pupil was struck on the head. As the pupils progressed the work became more and more difficult—the simpler forms of arithmetic being succeeded by examples in mental geometry. These latter were so trying that several of the pupils fainted at the black-board while

making strenuous endeavor to write their conclusions in geometrical forms. The school closed at the expiration of the year, so that the course the teacher would have pursued as his pupils became older and stronger is conjectural. Judge Hillyer remarked that the instruction he received proved to be highly beneficial. The mode of punishment was cruel, in some instances approximately brutal. The teacher would draw on the ground two rings at such distances from each other as to require a boy to stretch his legs painfully in order to place a foot in each ring. Occasionally a third ring was drawn, and the boy, holding his position as to his feet, was required to rest a hand therein.
Appearances.
When a man begins to go down hill, he is apt to betray the fact by his exterior appearance; he wears a long face, allows his clothes to look shabby, and acts like one bereft of hope or prospects. Now this is very poor policy; the sympathy and assistance of friends, is not gained by wearing a dirty shirt, and unless a man acts as though he had confidence in himself, he must not expect to inspire it in others. And so with the external appearance of everything. Neatness of appearance does not end with a man's credit, but often enhances the value of articles which he may have for sale. This is especially true upon the farm, and we will venture to say that a farmer who attends to the exterior of things in general, such as clean stables and animals, clean yards and buildings, and fences in good repair, will obtain five to ten per cent more for the products of his farm than one who neglects such simple matters. If any one doubts the effect of external appearance upon values in market or elsewhere, let him try sending butter to market in an old weather-beaten dirkin, no matter how good the butter or clean the vessel may be inside. If this does not satisfy, try some stained or dirty eggs, or half plucked poultry. Producing a good article is one thing, selling it to advantage is quite another, and the good salesman generally makes the most money of the two. The importance of a fair exterior can hardly be over-estimated. This principle is potent in any branch of trade, and in every grade of society; therefore it is too important to be overlooked or passed unheeded.—*Er.*

What Professor Hayden and His Assistants are Doing.
Mr. Stevenson of Prof. Hayden's survey, passed through the city yesterday. He informed a *Herald* reporter that news had been received from nearly all the divisions of the survey now at work, in the field, and all have met with the utmost success. The party under the control of Mr. George B. Caitenden, working northwest of Stambaugh, reports that they have made, up to this time, seventy-six main topographical stations, and numerous auxiliary points have been located. Mr. Caitenden reports that within three weeks his party will return to camp Stambaugh. By that time he will have all the mountain work of his district completed. He will then move down the sweetwater country to work up that portion of his district. This division had 10,000 square miles assigned for examination, which will be finished by the 1st of October.
Mr. Gannett's division, which has been exploring the tributaries of Green river and the western branches of Wind river, reports similar success. Mr. Gannett writes in glowing terms of the grazing and farming resources of his district, stating that it is one of the richest regions in timber, water and grass, that he has ever examined. This party had the same amount of territory assigned to it for examination that Mr. Caitenden's had, and the chief of the party states that he will finish it by the 1st of October.
Mr. G. R. Bechler's party has been on duty about the sources of Snake river, west of Fort Hall, in Idaho. Reports from Mr. Bechler indicate the fullest success. The two latter parties will return to Ogden about the 1st of October where they will disband.
Mr. A. D. Wilson, in charge of the primary triangulation party is now at work along the line of the U. P. R. R. between Rawlin's Springs and Green river, locating the principal peaks in sight of the road, and connecting his work with that of the 4th parallel by Clarence King. Mr. W. has already located all the prominent mountains north and west including Fremont's peak and the Grand Tetons.
Prof. C. A. White, late state geologist of Iowa, has a special party at work identifying and locating all the formations between Cheyenne and Salt Lake. These formations are as yet quite undefined, geologically, and considerable discussion among geologists has arisen in reference to these points. Prof. Hayden, in company with several eminent scientific men, is making special inquiry of the distribution and growth, as well as the climatal influences of our western forests; he is also collecting information and data, and making personal investigation in regard to our western coal measures, for the purpose of indicating them in colors on the sheets of his atlas.
Prof. Hayden is also making a careful study of the extent and economic value of agricultural lands—such as irrigable grazing, etc., which he will also place in appropriate colors on the economic sheets of his atlas. It is thought that the extent and value of the latter lands have, west of the Mississippi, been greatly underestimated. The various divisions of the army will be ready to leave the field by the 15th of October.—*Omaha Herald, Aug. 24.*

No Bones in the Ocean.
Mr. Jeffrey has established the fact that bones disappear in the ocean. By dredging, it is common to bring up teeth, but rarely ever a bone of any kind; these, however compact, dissolve if exposed to the action of the water

but a little time. On the contrary, teeth—which are not bones any more than whales are fish—resist the destroying action of sea-water indefinitely. It is, therefore, a powerful solvent. Still, the popular opinion is that it is a brine. If such were the case, the bottom of all seas would, long ago, have been shal- lowed by immense accumulation of car- casses and products of the vegetable kingdom, constantly floating into them. Dentine, the peculiar material of which teeth are formed, and the enamel cov- ering them, offer extraordinary resist- ance to the chemical agencies, which resolve other animal remains into nothingness. Mounds in the West, in Europe and Asia, which are believed to antedate sacred history for thousands of years, yield up perfectly sound teeth, on which time appears to have made no impression whatever.
Pronunciation.
Speaking of spelling reforms reminds us that a reformation in pronunciation is imperatively needed. The number of public speakers who know how to pronounce their own language is very small. The pupil every week slaugh- ters his mother-tongue by his pronun- ciation. It is true in a literary as well as a religious sense, that he who offends not in word, the same is a perfect man. We convert diphthongs into vowels by substituting bile for coil, and rile for roll; we elip our vowels in such pronun- ciations as *la'n* for latin; the vowel *u* is abolished altogether, and for it we invoke the double *o* in such words as institution, latticed, Toosday, and the same double *o* is also compelled to do service for *ew* in such words as noo, *soo*, etc.; we convert *i* into an indis- tinguishable and indefinite vowel in such words as quantify for quantity, ability for ability; and the *u*, of which the Frenchmen make so much use, is rarely or never heard with us, except at the beginning of a word; we stop our bottles with corks and eat our dinner with forks; while certain consonants drop out of line, as in government and in February.
Permanent Silver Mines.
In his treatise on silver mines, Fuller says: "Wherever in any part of the world silver mines have been worked, they are worked now, unless from war, invasion of Indians, etc. We know of no silver mining regions in the world that have given out. Mexican mines worked by the Aztecs before the con- quest by Cortez are still worked as profitably as ever; the old Spanish mines opened long before Hannibal's time, are still worked with enormous profit; the South American mines have constantly yielded their wealth for more than three hundred years, and are as productive as ever; mines in Hungary that were worked by the Romans before the Savior's time, still yield abundance of ore; the silver mines of Freiberg, opened in the eleventh century and worked continu- ally ever since, yield their steady in- crease. So in Norway, Sweden and Russia, and indeed wherever silver mines have been opened, we believe without exception, they continue to be worked at the present day, and gener- ally are more productive than at any time in their past history."
Moderate Drinking.
There is a difficulty in defining moderate drinking, as Sir Thomas said. And it is almost equally difficult to be moderate in speaking about this sub- ject, though we are convinced that medical men will do good in proportion as their speech is judicial and scientific. We doubt whether it is right to say that moderate drinking is the parent of excessive drinking. But what is moderate drinking? We can best get a notion of it by saying what is not. Drinking early in the day is not consistent with moderate drinking. The man who begins the day with a "soda and brandy" has very little respect for his constitution; and if he does not alter his habits they will alter his health. Nor do glasses of beer and glasses of spirits in the forenoon come within moderate drinking. They will show themselves in some rotundity of fea- tures or figure, or alteration of color, some dyspepsia, lithiasis or rheuma- tism. That is not moderate drinking which adds fifteen or twenty beats to the pulse, or which flushes the face. Finally, all casual drinking is bad, pre- sumably, and no moderate drinking. The system will not receive food as a matter of conviviality, at all sorts of hours, still less will it receive, with im- purity, drink in this way. Drinking which disturbs sleep, either making it heavy or driving it away, is not moder- ate. For want of thought or these points many people who would be shocked to be considered immoderate, charge their blood and tissues with drink so continuously that the system, though never saturated with it, is never free from alcohol. Moderate drinking is that which consists with a clear tongue, a good appetite, a slow pulse, a cool skin, a clear head, a steady hand, good walking power, and a light refreshing sleep. It is associated with meals, and is entirely subordinated to more convenient and less objectionable forms of food.
Influence in the World.
Who can estimate the power of personal influence? The careful, industrious mistress of a house has an influence on her circle the extent of which she herself cannot calculate. So has that fast and frivolous wife, to whom pleasure is as the breath of her nostrils, her fine clothes dearer than her chil- dren, and of all sorrows work and duty the most sorrowful. How many young minds has she not warped by her per- nicious example, so brilliant in its setting, so hard to work, so pleasant to play. Has a bold, slangy girl no influence over her comrades? If a good, pure and modest girl, who neither "sits nor idles, neither talks slang nor

The City of Melbourne now con- 250,000 inhabitants.