

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

WEEKLY PUBLISHED BY THE NEBRASKA

NEBRASKA

Nebraska.

Once county is rapidly filling up with people from Illinois and Indiana.

New settlers are flocking into Cum- ing county. Many more are coming.

The spring wheat makes a fine show- ing and bids fair for a bountiful harvest.

About 7,000 acres of land in Seward county have been sold to eastern men during the past month.

Reports from all parts of the State indicate a larger acreage of wheat and other crops than ever before.

Up to March 16th two thousand im- migrants have left the cars at Kearney, this season, for the Republican Valley.

Eastern men bought 1,280 acres of land near Syracuse, Otoe county, a few days ago, besides a number of lots in Syracuse.

Delegations of citizens from Seward and Saline counties have recently been holding consultations in Lincoln concerning rail road extensions.

An illicit distillery in Saunders county was seized a few days ago by the revenue officers. Two of the parties were held to bail in the sum of \$200 each.

Holt county has a militia company of seventy-nine able-bodied men. The organiza- tion is known as the O'Neill Guards, and they have applied for State arms.

Seward county folks have filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State for a driving park association. The articles are signed by some fourteen of the most prominent citizens of that town.

Ripening for Death.

No one (says Von Humboldt) can fear death less than I do, neither am I much attached to life; but I have never known the feeling of an anxious longing for death; and though it be a nobler one than that of absolute weariness of existence, it is nevertheless blamable. Life must first, for as long a period as Providence wills it, be enjoyed or suffered—in one word, gone through, and that with a full submission, without murmuring, lamenting, or repining. There is one important law of nature which we should never lose sight of—I mean that of ripening for death. Death is not a break in existence, it is but an intermediate circumstance, a transition from one form of our final existence to another. The moment of maturity for death cannot be decided by any human wisdom or inward feeling; and to attempt to do so would be nothing better than the vain rashness of human pride. The decision can only be made by Him who can at once look back through our whole course; and both reason and duty require that we should leave the hour to Him, and never rebel against His decree by a single impatient wish. The most and most important thing is, to seek to master ourselves and to throw ourselves with cheerful confidence on Him who changes, looking on every sin as a stain, rather than on other- wise, as a stain from which our interior existence, and individual char- acter may draw increasing strength; and hence spring a entire submission which few attain, although all fancy they feel it.

An Absurd Thing

There is one rather absurd thing about postal cards that seems not to be generally known. A good writer, who gets things down fine, can put several thousand words on a card, but if he pastes a printed slip containing a single word on the card the expense is six cents; one, paid for the card, and the other five collected from the card re- ceiver, yet if words are printed on the card itself it is all right. If a person pastes a printed slip on a card, the size of a postal card, and puts the card and slip in an open envelope, the govern- ment will carry card, slip and envelope for a cent, yet it charges six cents for carrying a post card and slip, without the envelope! Therefore, if you have occasion to paste a printed paragraph on a post card, put it in an envelope and the additional weight will be car- ried four cents cheaper than the card alone goes. It looks ridiculous to carry five thousand or more words in an envelope for a cent and then charge six cents for carrying half a dozen words on a card without the envelope.—De- troit Free Press.

Slightly equivocal: To ask a man how you look, and have him reply that you look well enough as far as he ant

The Norristown Herald has informa- tion that Jacob's Well has been found in the Holy Land, and the Vandal anti- quarians are going to dig it up and carry it to England. Well, well! What

lady was joked the other day about nose which has an inclination to

turn up. "Ah, do not say anything about my nose. I had nothing to do in snapping it. It was a birthday present.

Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston, has two

daughters, weighing 300 and 250 pounds. They have been taught several tricks. They go about the house at will, one of them even sleeping on her bed at night. The police have ordered precautions so the first-class sensation which will be given one of these days, will be con- sidered that house.

The home of Henry Granger, four miles west of Ft. Madison, burned on the night of March 14th. The neighbors, seeing the fire, went to the rescue, but too late to save the house. From all the evi- dence it appeared that they had been murder- ed, and that was the verdict of the coroner's jury. A revolver, not the property of Mr. Granger, was found near the bodies, with one barrel discharged and the hammer raised. There is a strong suspicion as to the murderer. They were supposed to have money in the house.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ROMANCE.

On a bright, cold day in April, 1791, a

travelling carriage, with three postillions, dashed, full of the importance which always attends a fashionable, well-built vehicle, into the famous but not progressive town of Innsbruck. The carriage contained four persons, said to be going to Loretto on pilgrimage—the Comte and Comtesse de Cernes, with the brother and sister of the Comtesse; and as the aristocratic party alighted at their hotel they created some sensa- tion among those who clustered round the porch in the clear sharp twilight.

The pretty Tyrolean hostess, whose face was so charmingly set off by the trim smartness of her velvet bodice and scarlet petticoat, together with various silver chains, gleefully returned to her parlor and her burly, good-tempered husband, after attending the ladies to their apartments. Every one at the inn was glad that the amiable party from Flanders were going to rest there four days.

Their supper was ordered in a private room, where the host and hostess waited on them in person, and consequent- ly had the best of it with the loungers afterward. Altogether they were the liveliest Flemings she had ever seen; and their good humor seemed to be shared by the three postillions, two of whom were Walloons and one Italian, and who were making themselves very popular among the habitués of the inn.

"Well, this is a pleasant little town of yours, mes amis," said the vivacious Walloon outsider, who contrasted strikingly with his great, tall, quietly smiling companion. "One could die of ennui here as well as at Liege."

"No, you could not," returned a long, spare, poetic Tyrolean, who spent most of his evenings at the inn, but never drank; notwithstanding which peculiarity he and the host were warm friends. "We mountain folk are not dull; our hills and our torrents permit of no dullness."

"Very well, perhaps, for you who are born to it, to hang by your eyelids on rocky ledges, or balance yourselves over what are called in verses the silver threads of waterfalls, in pursuit of an undoubtedly clever and pretty little animal; but all that would be dull work to us. And then you have not a noble- ness. What should we do without our ennui? There would be no one to whom one could be postillion."

"We are our own noblesse," said the spare, poetic Tyrolean.

"And you cannot say, Claude," observed the tall Walloon, "that Innsbruck is without noblesse at the present moment; nay, more, it contains royalty in the shape of two captive princesses!"

"One of them is the granddaughter of the hero who saved this empire from the Turks, for which the Emperor now keeps her in durance."

"Take care, Monsieur," said the host (he pronounced "Monsieur," ex- ceptably); "we are all the Kaiser's loyal subjects here in Tyrol."

"Pardon, mein Wirth," replied Claude, who pronounced German as badly as the host did French. "You know we men who run about the world laugh at everything, and too often let our tongues run faster than our feet."

"And after all," observed the Italian, "it is doing the young princess no bad turn to prevent her marrying a Prince out of place, who is not likely to recover his situation."

The Flemings spent the few days of the sojourn in Innsbruck in visiting the churches and seeing what was to be seen in the town. The Comtesse de Cernes' brother was the busiest of the party. On the morning after his arrival he met in a church porch a rather lumpy-boy in the dress of a "long-haired page," and the two held a brief colloquy. To this stylish page, in whom the rather shapeless Slavonic type of countenance was widened out by smiles of assurance, the gentleman from Flanders delivered a letter, together with a wonderful snuff-box, cut out of a single turquoise, "for his mistress to look at."

On the three remaining days likewise the two met in different spots; the boy restored the snuff-box, and brought some letters written in a fashionable pointed hand, in return for those with which the Fleming had intrusted him.

The party were to set out on their southward way at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 28th of April. The evening of the 27th was overshadowed by clouds driven by a sharp northwest wind. Notwithstanding the aspects of the weather, the brother of the Comtesse de Cernes, standing in the midst of his little party in their private room, donned his cocked hat and his surtout.

"Well, Wogan," said the Comte, "if practice makes perfect, you are a professor in the art of effecting escapes. After having burst your way out of Newgate, and been valued at 500 English guineas (much below your worth, of course), and cooled yourself for some hours on the roof of a London house, and reached France safely after all, you ought to be able to abstract a young lady from the careless custody of Heister and his sentinels."

"I shall be ashamed if I fail, after wringing from Prince Sobieski his consent to the attempt, and after his giving me the Graud Vizier's snuff-box; but I always find that doing things for other people is more difficult than doing them for one's self."

"I should say she was a clever girl," remarked the Comte, "and her page a clever page."

"I wonder if Jannetton is ready?" said the Comtesse, retiring into the bed- room occupied by the ladies, whence she soon emerged with her sister, and wore her paleot, and was smiling suffi- ciently to show two rows of exquisitely white teeth. The Comtesse on the contrary, seemed somewhat affected.

"Adieu Jannetton, mais au revoir. There will be no danger to you, and the Archduchess will take care that you join me in Italy."

Jannetton vowed she had no fears; and went forth into the deepening twilight, being shortly afterward followed by the gentleman in cocked hat and surtout. Curiosity did not now dog the Flemish pilgrims, as it had done while they were altogether novelties, and the adventurers slipped out unob- served. Meanwhile the "long-haired page" was busy at one of the side-doors of the castle, where he was often wont to converse with the sentinel on duty.

"I don't envy you your trade, Mar- tin," he said, standing within the porch, to the hapless soldier pacing up and down in the keen wind. "Glory is one thing and comfort another; but, after all, very often no one hears of the glory, whereas the comfort is a tangible benefit. With the wind in the north-east, and a snowstorm beginning, I, at least, would rather be comfortable than glorious."

"A man who has seen campaigns thinks but little of a snowstorm, Herr Konkska."

"But they generally put you into winter quarters," said Konkska, not wishing the sentinel to pique himself on his hardihood.

"No matter; a soldier learns what hardship is. I wish you could see a shot-and-shell storm instead of a snow- storm, or a forest of bayonets poked into your face by those demons of Irish in the French service."

"Well, I say it is a shame not to treat your men better who have braved all that. See here: there is not even a sentry-box where you can nurse your freezing feet. Ugh!" And Konkska with- drew, presumably to warmer regions, while the soldier preserved a heroic ap- pearance as he paced shivering on his narrow beat. But a few minutes later Konkska, stealing back to the door, saw that his martial friend was at his post. The impish page pointed for a moment in ecstasy to a tavern temptingly visible in the sentry's beat. Then he darted back in delight to whence he came.

While the snow clouds were gather- ing over Innsbruck, and before the Flemish cavalier had put on his sur- tout, two ladies conversed in low tones in a chamber of the castle of which General Heister was then the command- ant. Only one lady was visible; rather elderly, very stately and somewhat care- worn in appearance. But that the other speaker was of gentle sex and rank might be presumed from the tones of a voice which issued from the closed curtains of the bed. It might even be the voice of a young girl.

"I hope you will not get into trouble, mamma," said the mysterious occupier of the bed.

"Hardly, if you write a proper letter on the subject of your departure, as the Chevalier Wogan advises. You must cover my complicity by begging my pardon."

"I am afraid you must write it your- self, mamma, as I am hors de combat."

"That would not be to the purpose, my dear child; the General would know my handwriting. I will push a table up to you; no one will disturb us now till your substitute comes." She carried a light table, furnished with ink- stand and paper, to the side of the bed, and made an aperture in the cur- tains, whence emerged the rosy, bright- eyed face of a girl—who certainly did not look the invalid she otherwise ap- peared to be—and a white hand with an aristocratic network of blue veins.

"Will that do, mamma?" she asked, after covering a page with writing equally elegant and difficult to read.

"Have I apologized and stated my reasons for going eloquently enough? Oh, how I hope that I shall one day be a queen in my capital, and that you and papa will come and live there!"

"I shall leave you now," she said; "you will find me in my room when you wish to bid me farewell." She spoke with a certain stately sadness as she left the apartment. The next per- son who entered it was the Comtesse de Cernes' sister in her paleot, with a hood drawn forward over her face. She only said: "Que votre Altesse, me pardonne!" (Pardon me your Highness.)

Instantly the curtains divided once more, and the whole radiant vision of the mysterious invalid, clad in a dress- ing-gown richly trimmed with French lace, and showing a face sparkling with animation, sprang forth laughing: "You are the substitute?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"I am sure I thank you, very heartily, as well as you, Mme Misset and the Chevalier Wogan and all the kind and loyal friends we are taking so much trouble for my consort and for me. The Archduchess will take good care of you, Jannetton."

Jannetton again showed her teeth in a courtly smile as she courtesied deeply. She was already persuaded that she would be well cared for in re- ward for the mysterious services she had come to render the captive lady. She disencumbered herself of her paleot, and looked amazingly like a very neat French waiting-maid until she had bedizened herself in the young lady's beautifully worked dressing-gown. Then she speedily disappeared behind the curtains of the bed; while the in- valid, wrapping herself in the paleot, rushed into the next room to embrace with tears and smiles her anxious mam- ma, who said but little, and was now only eager to hurry her away. There, too, she took possession of her page and a small box which was to accompany her flight down the dark staircase. "Your Highness will find all safe," said the solemn page, who was careful to sup- press all signs of his innate roughness in the presence of his mistresses.

"The sentinel will not know me," said the young lady.

"I am sure that he will not. Even if by chance he should look out from the window of the tavern where he is now ensconced, it is not very likely that he would know your Highness."

The black clouds which obscured the blueness of the April night had broken forth into an April storm of hail and wind before the young girl and the page sallied forth into the darkness. At the corner of a street they suddenly came upon a dark figure, whose first appear- ance as it crossed her path caused the fugitive to start back in some alarm. But it was only the Comtesse de Cernes' brother, and the young lady's mind was relieved when, with a swift grace, he bent for a moment over her hand with the words: "My princess, soon to be my sovereign, accept the homage, even in a dark street and a hailstorm of your loyal servant, Charles Wogan."

"Oh, my protector and good angel! is it indeed you?" replied the young lady. "Be assured that I would gladly go through many dark streets and hail- storms to join my consorts!"

And certainly this was a generous ex- pression to use concerning a consort whom she had never seen. She and

the Flemish cavalier were apparently old friends; and he had soon conducted her to the inn, which the page Konkska, however, was not to enter with his mis- tress; he was to wait in a sheltered arched way until the Comte de Cernes' traveling carriage should pick him up on its way out of Innsbruck in the dark- ness of early morning. With a grimace he departed for this covert, while his mistress was hurried into the warm at- mosphere of the Comtesse de Cernes' bedroom, where that would-be Loretto pilgrim knelt and kissed her hand. But better even than loyal kisses were the bright wood fire, the posset, and the dry clothes which also awaited her in that room.

"And you are Mme. Misset, the noble Irish lady of whom my good angel, Wogan, speaks in his letters. How can I thank you for the trouble you take for me? I regard him quite in the place of my papa. But you all seem to be as good as he is."

"Madame," replied the lady thus ad- dressed, with all the loyalty of an eighteenth century speech, "your Highness knows that it is a delight to a subject to serve such a sovereign as our gracious prince, and all that I have done is at my husband's bidding."

"With such subjects I am sure it will not be long before he regains his throne. Ah, this delightful fire! Do you know, madame, it is snowing and hailing outside as if it were January?"

If Mme. Misset felt some concern at the thought of the impending journey, if not for her own sake, at least for that of her husband, she expressed none, except on her Highness's account. How- ever, her ladyship gayly laughed at hardship and difficulty, and was not at all depressed at having left her mother in the castle prison. Her only fear was that she should be missed from the castle before she had got clear of Inns- bruck. But matters were not too well arranged for so speedy a termination of the romance. By 2 o'clock of the wind- y spring morning the traveling car- riage was ready, the Tyrolean landlord and landlady little suspecting, as they sped their parting guests, that the second lady who entered it in cloak and mask was any other than the sister of the Comtesse de Cernes who had arrived four days before.

"Oh, my good Papa Wogan!" ex- claimed the latest addition to the party of pilgrims, as they were rolled into the darkness of that wild night, "how delighted I am to be free again, and about to join my royal consort! I owe more than I can express to all, but most to you!" Which she might well say, seeing that it was "Papa Wogan" who had selected her as the bride of this consort to whom her devotion was so great. The two gentlemen in the car- riage assured her that no harm would happen to two such dashing cavaliers; but perhaps the Comtesse thought that to those who are safe it is easy to talk of safety. Not that any of the party were really safe, but the cheerfulness of the young lady, whose passport was shown at all the towns as made out for the sister of the Comtesse de Cernes, seemed to preclude the idea of peril to her companions. At Venice the mind of the Comtesse was finally set at ease by the reappearance of the outriders, telling a funny, unscrupulous sort of story about having fallen in on the road with a courier from Innsbruck, to whom they made themselves very agreeable, and whom they finally left hopelessly tipsy at an inn near Trent.

"It was very wrong of you, Messieurs," said the escaped fugitive, "to make him drink so much; you ought to have tied him up somewhere. But I thank you very much for all the dan- gers you incurred for my sake; and I assure all of you, my good friends, that your king and queen will never forget you."

There were no telegrams in those days; but before a week was over, all Europe, or rather, all political and fash- ionable Europe, was talking of the escape of the Princess Clementina Sobieski, granddaughter of the hero who re- pulsed the hordes of Turkey on the plains before Vienna, from her captivity at the castle of Innsbruck, where she and her mother had—for political reasons connected with Great Britain—been placed by her cousin, the Emper- or Charles VI. of Germany. It was told with indignation at the courts of London and Vienna, with laughter and admiration at those of Rome, Paris, and Madrid, how she had been carried off by a party of dashing Irish people, calling themselves noble Flemish pil- grims, and how she had left a French maid-servant in her place in the castle, and a letter to her mother apologizing for her flight. The prime contriver of the adventure, it was said, was that Chevalier Wogan, who had been in mischief for sometime past, and had made his own way, with great aplomb, out of Newgate.

At Venice a singular readjustment of the dashing party took place, the vivacious outsider now appearing in the character of Captain O'Toole, the husband of Mme. Misset, hitherto called the Comtesse de Cernes, and the tall outrider in that of Captain O'Toole—both being of the Franco-Irish regi- ment of Count Dillon, was also the gallant Major Gaydon, alias the Comte de Cernes. The Comtesse's brother was now no longer related to her, but ac- knowledged himself to be that Charles Wogan who had really done so much for the Chevalier, having fought for him, been taken prisoner for him, escap- ed her liberation as cleverly as he had effected his own. In fact the Italian peasant Vozzosi was the only one of this curious group who had acted at all in propria persona.

The 15th of May, 1719, was a gala day in Rome, when a long string of coaches and the Prince—whom a large number of British subjects, expressing their loyalty by peculiar signs of ap- proval considered to be rightful King of Great Britain and Ireland—went out to conduct the fugitive young lady tri- umphantly into the Eternal City. She now no longer needed the passport that had franked her as the sister of the Comtesse de Cernes, being openly and joyfully welcomed as the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski.—Exchange.

A song heard by a hive: "Bee it ever so humble, there's no place like comb."

An Enormous Fee.

Hon. Caleb Cushing has a big thing in his legal practice in the case of Don

Joaquin Garcia de Angarica, a Cuban, who died in New York, at the age of eighty-eight years. The Don left Cuba in 1868, on the breaking out of the revolu- tion, he being with the Cubans. He left a very great estate, which fell into the hands of the Spanish Government. Mr. Cushing recovered for de Angarica his plantations, and receives for his services one-third of the amount, which is more than \$300,000, and another claim for \$2,000,000 has been made, and if established, will make Mr. Cushing a rich man. The claim is one which probably can be collected, and Mr. Cushing will profit largely as well as the heir to the estate.

Rules for Spelling.

In the Oxford editions of the English Book of Common Prayer, the word penny is spelt with one n, "peny," in one place where the word occurs, the "Gospel for Septuagesima Sunday."

In the Oxford Bible the word has its full table of consonants, and is spelt "penny." The reason given is that the printers follow the standard books, as by law and custom established; the "sealed" book of Common Prayer of 1662, and the Oxford Folio Bible of 1769. If the same iron rule were adopted in legal documents, and in the orthography of state laws the present generation would almost need a glossary. The truth is that spelling was done in the old times as seemed right to each writer. Take as a specimen, the following sentence from a letter written in 1683. The writer was Sir James Dalrymple, who was driven from Scotland to Leyden, by the troubles of the times. "I have been much searched after than any man I know. Hundredths of witness have been of sworn against me & my familie even my domestic servants yet nothing was found personally in me of any miscarriage. I found it so hoat by that great man Claverhouse that it was fitter for me to be out of the way of suspition and trouble and therefore I fixed heer to give breeding to my two youngest sons." The best rule for spelling is to follow the accepted use of the present, to which the eye is accustomed. That use, whatever may be alleged against it, presents such an appearance of uniformity as contents the eye, and makes mis-spelt words seem out of order and harmony. If changes are necessary or desirable they will come by the force of use, and without disturb- ing announcement. It is easier now to spell than it was to read when Sir James Dalrymple wrote.

To Girls.

Never marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. If he is not otherwise what he should be, you will never be happy. The most perfect man who did not love you should never be your husband. But though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do. If the man is dishonorable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level. It is hard to remember, amid kisses and praises, that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love-mak- ing; but the days of life are many, and the husband must be a guide to be trusted—a companion, a friend as well as a lover. Many a girl has married a man whom she knew to be anything but good, because he loved her so. And the flame has died out on the hearthstone of home before long, and besides if she has been sitting with one that she could never hope would lead her heavenward—or who, if she fol- lowed him as a wife should, would guide her steps to perdition. Marriage is a solemn thing—a choice for life; be careful in the choosing.—Baltimore.

Mrs. President Tyler.

Mrs. Tyler arrived here last week, and called to pay her respects to Mrs. Hayes. That lady promptly invited her to receive with her last Saturday. As the two stood beside each other, it was observed that they were not unlike. Mrs. Tyler is the oldest by a score of years, but has the same bright ere- preservative face which is the charm of Mrs. Hayes' appearance. Both have black hair, and have always worn it in glossy bands on the temples and cheeks; both have great suavity of manner, and are fluent and affable in conversation. The old-time courtesy of the White House is revived by the present occu- pants. As long as Mrs. Madison lived the President's carriage would be sent for her whenever there was a State din- ner or reception. She was impover- ished in her old age by a spendthrift son, but her friends never permitted her to know want. Navy officers brought to her shawls from India; her satin turbans were the gift of friends; the necessities of life were unfaithfully left at her door. She received charities as she did homage, as her due, and to the end of her long life maintained a court and enjoyed the respect of a dis- tinguished circle.—Philadelphia Press.

Decline of Australia Gold Mining.

The change that has come over the mining industry during the past year of 1877 is remarkable. The dividends de- clared for the twelve months show a falling off of no less than £275,000 as compared with those of 1876. There is a reverse, however, to this dark picture. This year in round numbers the in- creased yields of our wheat fields has enabled us to send away some ten thousand tons of bread-stuffs, valued at £12 per ton. This represents no less than £120,000, while, again, if we add the value of the wheat and flour import- ed in 1876, we bring up the total to £215,000, an amount which will go a long way to compensate for the loss of our gold yield.—Melbourne Leader.

Sharpshooter, Ky., has a natural mathe- matician in Reuben Fields, who, while he knows not one figure from another, correctly solves intricate problems in his mind, without hesitation, computes the time of day almost in an instant, and tells how many revolutions the drive-wheel of a locomotive will make between given points. He can neither read nor write.

Josee Pomeroy in Prison.

Probably there is more curiosity concern- ing the prison career of Josee Pomeroy than any other convict in the institu- tion. His atrocities are known the world over, and hundreds make the vain visit to the prison to get a sight at him. Indeed scarcely a visitor appears here but who asks for the privilege, and, strange as it may seem, the most important and persistent of these are found among the lady visitors. It is no uncommon thing for the Warden to be importuned for half an hour at a time by a delegation of these philan- thropic females, and, finding that their pleadings are useless, they go off in a rage, probably declaring inwardly that Pomeroy is a saint and angel in com- parison with Gen. Chamberlain. This singular phenomenon of a fiend and murderer is even more singular since his incarceration for life in a lonely cell than he was in the palmy days of his atrocities. He has, in fact, become quite an exemplary young man, and is evidently determined upon acquiring a thoroughly classical education. He is away by himself in a cell in that part of the prison known as the "Upper Arch," out of the sight of everything and everybody, and the only sounds which greet his ears are the whistles of the passing locomotives and rumbling of the trains. Three times a day only is the solitude broken by the appear- ance of a keeper with his meals, and then not a word passes between them. It should be added, in qualification, however, that the chaplain visits him occasionally, and also that his mother and brother are every three months. This is in accordance with the general rules of the prison, all of which are applicable to Pomeroy, with the terrible exception that his confinement is to be solitary during his natural life. During the regular working hours he is employed making shoe-brushes, but in this respect he is not the most profitable convict in the prison. He seems to have taken to literature rather than to the mechanic arts, and spends much of his time in the acquisition of knowledge. So far as the English branches go he is already master, and has now attacked Latin, French and German, and is making astonishing progress in all three of them. If it were not for the conditions which forbid his mingling with the rest of the prisoners it would not be a bad idea to make him "Professor of Languages" of the institution. He writes a letter to his mother every week, and receives one from her regularly in return. The poor woman brings over her communication every Saturday, and invariably finds one awaiting her. The letters which the young murderer writes are marvels in the way of parental correspondence, and some of his descriptions of his lonely life are characterized by a sad- ness which is indeed harrowing. He never makes any reference to his crimes, and when questioned by the officers about the multitude of murders and outrages which he has committed he invariably answers that he knows nothing whatever about them. He has al- ways shown a great affection for his mother, and her devotion to him has shown her to possess those natural instincts which are the charm of pure womanhood. She seems to be an exem- plary woman in every respect, never complaining, but always anxious, and has the condolence and sympathy of every officer of the prison, as she should indeed of the whole community.—Boston Globe.

HUMOROUS.

"Who was the author of the Psalms?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of a little girl. "I know, ma'am. It was Sam."

"During his ministry he made 600 hearts beat as 300," is the way a Maine paper neatly puts it concerning a local pastor.

A Boston writer, in alluding to the musical taste of the Hub, says: "Our ears have been cultivated until they overshadow our other organs."

She said: "Oh, yes, I am very fond of little boys," and as a snow ball stuck in the back of her neck, she added, "I feel as though I could eat a couple this minute, boiled."

The New York Herald thinks we are a borrowing nation. Well, yes, in the matter of umbrellas, we're not so slow.

"Irritable school master"—"Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull boy—"A mouse, sir."

James Freeman Clarke has taken the trouble to write a book about "How to Find the Stars." Don't wait to read it—step on an orange peel.

There are eight thousand and sixty-four distinct languages, and yet the man who smashes his nose on the edge of a door, in the dark, finds difficulty in expressing himself.

On a recent trial a witness was asked as to the common sense of Joseph Buck- ley. "When Buckley was sober," he said, "he was very sensitive—as sensi- tive as any other man—but when drunk he was very much exaggerated."

Peck, of the La Crosse Sun, proposes a law to monetize butter and make it a legal tender. We have seen and smelt, in the market here, many a roll of but- ter that wouldn't discount a single cent on the hundred. Let the law pass.

A man who had filed a petition for divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a cross petition, as lawyers call it. "A cross petition?" exclaimed the husband; "that's just like her. She never did a good natured thing in her life."

Arrangements have been completed for a meeting of the State Sportsmen's Association in Des Moines, in May. The tournament will begin on the 26th, and continue three days. Among the prizes offered by the Association are an elegant silver trophy, valued at \$150, for the best club team, and a gold medal for the individual championship of the State. All other prizes will be open to all amateurs, professionals being barred. The total value of prizes will amount to \$2,000. Numerous and valuable donations of guns, ammunition, &c., have been presented by the manufacturers of these goods, and will be offered as prizes. A contract has been made with a Chicago firm to furnish four thousand wild pigeons.