

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

H. I. THOMAS, Publisher.  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

## NIGHT.

Slowly the sunset fades;  
Night's shadows fall;  
The pale moon glimmers thro' the shades  
About the poplars tall;  
The river waves murmur the needs  
Lullaby in gray serpens crawl.

A hushing wind doth go  
In secret, where  
The rushes bend with the waver flow,  
And the streamer's wings  
Slow stealing still it takes the ashen boughs  
With sudden gusts of air.

Somewhere, a too-late bird  
Makes shrilly sound;  
Close by, the merriment of birds  
Upon the weedy ground;  
A white owl fits on ghostly wing,  
And flies about the moon.

The quivering planets shine  
Through the night;  
They seem to hang like fireflies on  
The tree-tops, all aghast;  
The rustling topmost leaves all gleam  
With silvery white.

The pale moon grows away  
A warmer hue;  
It draws a veil across the face  
Of night, which looketh through;  
It floods the hills and hidden dells  
With misty, yellow dew.

Like pale gold dew it lies  
On half-seen trees  
With broad and yellow sheets it clads  
The sloping flowery leas.  
Its misty smile in the night  
Lights up the restles seas.

A hushing wind doth go  
In secret, where  
The river waves murmur the needs  
Lullaby in gray serpens crawl.  
And flies in twined hair,  
And lies in silence on the lips  
Of lilies lying there.

## PRINCESS ALICE'S FATAL KISS.

The following beautiful "dedicatory poem to the Princess Alice," by Mr. Tennyson, opens the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

"Dead Princess, living Power, if that which  
Lived  
True life in me—and if the fatal kiss,  
Born of early love and life—if what we call  
The spirit flash not all once from out  
This shadow into Substance—then perhaps  
The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise  
From thine own state, and all our breadth  
Of realm,  
Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in  
Light,  
Ascend to thee; and this March morn thou  
Thy soldier-brother's bridal orange bloom  
Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy  
grave,  
And thine Imperial mother smile again,  
May send one ray to thee; and who can tell—  
Thou—England's England-loving daughter—  
thou  
Dying so English, thou wouldst have her  
big  
Borne on thy coffin—where he can swear  
But that some broken gleam from our  
earth  
May touch thee, while, remembering thee, I  
In  
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds  
Of England, and her banner in the East?"

## THE RORKE'S DRIFT FIGHT.

One Company of British Soldiers Against  
3,000 Zulus—Repeated Attacks Upon  
the Fort—The Second Battalion  
of—Forty-four Warriors Killed from One  
Soldier's Window.

(From the *Small Mail Gazette*.)

On the same day the fatal battle  
and disaster at Isandlwana, a Zulu army  
numbering at least 3,000 men attacked  
with great bravery and persistence the  
post at Rorke's Drift. It was held by  
13 Company of the Second Battalion  
of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, under  
Lieut. Gonville Bromhead. The company  
numbered 90 men; besides these there  
were 40 "casuals" present, 35 of  
them patients in hospital, left behind  
when the column advanced into Zululand  
under Lord Chelmsford. The whole  
of these were under the command of  
Lieut. Chard, a Third Colonel,  
senior officer, under whose able super-  
intendence and orders Lieut. Bromhead  
and his men worked and acted. At 3  
o'clock in the afternoon of the 22d  
Lieut. Bromhead received a hastily  
written dispatch from Capt. Gardner,  
Fourteenth Hussars, informing him  
that the camp of the Third Column  
had been taken by the enemy, and that  
he would be attacked that night. Capt.  
Gardner had been engaged in the fight  
at the camp, had stayed till the last  
moment, and then galloped for his life.  
He escaped across the Buffalo River  
hotly pursued, managed to write the  
warning to Lieut. Bromhead, and then  
rode on to Helmsknar, another post  
in the line of communications.

The advanced guard of the Zulus  
appeared at first at 4 p. m. It came round  
the south corner of the hill in a body  
of from 500 to 600 strong, led by a chief  
on horseback. They halted a moment,  
and then advanced quietly but quickly,  
at a run, taking advantage of every bit  
of cover. It seemed as if they had ex-  
pected to surprise the camp. Our men  
opened fire at 500 yards. The first man  
to fall was the Chief. He was shot by  
Private Dunbar, and fell off his horse  
headlong. Numbers of the enemy fell  
at once. They hesitated, broke, and  
the greater number scattered to their  
left and occupied the grass and  
orchard, where there was plenty of  
cover. A few got up close to the houses  
and lay behind the field oven and  
kitchens that were there built. Scarcely  
any of these men had guns or rifles.  
Others came on in a continuous stream,  
occupied the hill above, and gradually  
encircled the two houses. All the  
men who had guns were stationed on  
the hill, and kept up a continuous and  
rapid fire on the yard. It caught our  
men in their backs as they were guard-  
ing the garden side, and five men were  
thus shot dead.

It now became dark. The Zulus crept  
up nearer and nearer. Under cover of  
the bushes along grass they were able  
to get within five yards of the hospital  
without being seen. From this point,  
in parties of fifteen to twenty, they  
repeatedly attacked the end room of the  
hospital. They made these attacks in  
the most deliberate manner, advancing  
after the manner of their dancing,  
with a prancing step and high action.  
They carried nothing for slaughter,  
but endeavored, in the most persistent  
manner, to get over the barricade  
and into the hospital. Many times,  
seven or eight at least, Lieut. Bromhead,  
collecting a few men together, had  
to drive them off with a bayonet charge.  
Then they would retire, and all of them  
in chorus shout and strike their shields.  
Our men cheered in answer, and they  
have it. There was plenty of am-  
munition. After the first half hour  
there was no waste.

How deliberate and telling the fire  
was may be gathered from the following  
incidents: Private Joseph Williams, a  
young Welshman, under two years' service,  
had a small window in the hos-  
pital to shoot from. Next morning 14  
dead warriors were counted outside his  
window, and several more down his line  
of fire. As soon as his ammunition was  
expended, he and the other men with  
him defended the door of the room till  
the enemy, by sheer weight of numbers,  
forced it open. Poor fellow, he was  
seized by the hands and arms, dragged  
out, and assailed and mutilated before  
the eyes of his comrades. Another in-  
cident: Private Dunbar, the same man  
who shot the Chief on horseback, was

posted to watch the hill. As the Kafirs  
streamed down from their right, this  
man (also a Welshman, and of less  
service than the above mentioned) shot  
eight of the enemy in as many consecu-  
tive shots. Lieut. Chard was standing  
by him as he did it, and the bodies were  
seen heaped one on the other next  
morning.

The enemy at last effected a lodgment  
in the hospital. Thirty of the patients  
were got out in time. Most of them  
were pushed and pulled through a win-  
dow which opened on the yard. Ser-  
geant Marfield, a fine young soldier,  
was very ill with fever and delirious.  
He could not be moved, and he was killed  
in his bed. They now set fire to the  
hospital. The roof was thatched, and it  
quickly blazed. By its light our men  
were enabled to see their foes better,  
and many fell before they retreated to  
better cover. After a pause, encour-  
aged by a Chief who from time to time  
aborted his orders from the hillside,  
they came on again. The fighting in  
places became hand to hand over the  
mealsacks. The assailants used only  
their assegais. These they did not  
throw, but used only as stabbing weap-  
ons. Directly a soldier showed his head  
over the parapet to get a shot, he was  
thrust at. Once or twice the Kafirs ac-  
tually seized the bayonets and tried to  
wrench them off the rifles. One of our  
men loaded while a Zulu was tugging at  
his bayonet. He pulled the trigger and  
blew the plucky fellow to atoms. They  
next tried to set fire to the thatched roof  
of the store. In face of a hot fire they  
got up to the house, and one fine savage  
had his brains blown out as he was hold-  
ing a brand against the eaves.

And so the fight continued till after  
midnight, from which time till 4 a. m.  
they gradually withdrew, only every  
now and then making a charge. They  
carried with them all their dead and  
wounded that they could. The last of  
them left just before dawn. They left  
370 dead on the field. These were  
counted and buried in heaps. Many  
of them were recognized by their shields  
as belonging to one of the crack royal  
regiments. The majority were of a cer-  
tain age, in poor condition, and of small  
stature. Our loss, counting five of the  
patients, was 13 killed and 10 wounded.  
Three of the latter have since died of  
their wounds.

## A Good Word for the Pig.

Dr. Ballard, in a report which he  
some time ago presented to an English  
Government Board on the "Effluvia  
Nuisances Arising in Connection with  
the Keeping of Animals," bears the fol-  
lowing testimony in favor of the pig:

"When the pig wallows in the mire  
he merely follows an instinct implanted  
in him in common with some other  
pachydermatous creatures, the object of  
which is cutaneous cleansing. The mud  
stands to him in the relation of soap to  
a human being, but instead of washing  
he uses the pig instead of water, and  
drying it off with water to wipe it all  
dry upon the skin, and then rubs it all  
off, mud and cutaneous debris together,  
upon some sufficiently rough surface.  
Loose hair and cutaneous scurf irritate  
him, and he takes his own way of clean-  
ing his skin from them. Cleanse his  
skin for him and he will rest in content-  
ment, without offending the eyes of his  
master. It is a humane being, and in  
this matter than he is, by his wallow-  
ings, scratches, and scrubbings. It has  
long been known that a pig thus  
cleaned with soap and water not only  
becomes less objectionable, but grows  
fat more speedily than if left to clean  
himself in his own way. Similarly as  
respects his food. Garbage is not the  
best of food for him, but he will eat  
fact, a pig which has been fed for any  
time upon sweet food will turn away  
from sour and disgusting food. If left  
to pick up his living where he can find  
it, he will eat any thing he can find that  
is eatable, but even will eat acorns, fall-  
en fruit, or roots, in preference to gar-  
bage. A humane being, and in similar  
fact, a pig which will eat precisely the same  
may be economical, and perhaps even  
desirable, to convert into pork matters  
which can in no other way, or in no way  
more convenient, be made subservient  
to the subsistence of mankind, and the  
pig is perhaps properly utilized in this  
manner. Our only desire is to vindicate  
his character as a cleanly feeder, and he  
has the chance of cleanly feeding  
vouchsafed him."

## About Teeth.

Teeth have been both a source of  
trouble and vanity to their possessors  
from all time, as they still continue to  
be. Dentists were common among the  
Egyptians, on the authority of Herodotus,  
and the extraction of teeth was known  
to the ancient Greeks. Sprengel, in his  
"History of Medicine," says:  
"Even surgical instruments were be-  
lieved to be invented by the Egyptians,  
and the use of the tooth-drawer, Er-  
astrius presented to the Delphic Tem-  
ple of Apollo an instrument for ex-  
tracting teeth." The Romans were  
acquainted with the use of false teeth,  
and they are mentioned both by Horace  
and Martial. Among the ancient Jews  
it was a violation of the Sabbath to  
wear a false tooth on that day. Teeth  
which have been found at Pompeii  
were very sound, a discovery which led  
to the supposition that the people of  
that ancient city did not indulge in the  
luxuries which have attended the pro-  
gressive march of civilization. Artifi-  
cial teeth became known in England, it  
is supposed, about the fifteenth or six-  
teenth century. They are mentioned  
in the "Mathematical Jewel," 1585; and  
Ben Jonson, in the "Silent Woman,"  
refers to them. "O'er (speaking of  
his wife)—A most vile face! and yet  
she spends me £40 a year in mercury  
and hog's bones. All her teeth were  
lost in the Black Friars."—*All the  
Year Round*.

LEAVE FOR HENS.—Poultry keepers  
should remember, especially at this season,  
that hens require lime in some form  
to make the shells for their eggs.  
When they are seen picking at lime-  
wash on the weather-boardings of build-  
ings or on fences, it is an indication  
that they should be furnished with cal-  
careous matter. Oyster shells, where  
they are to be had, are the cheapest and  
best source of supply. They should be  
broken in pieces small enough for the  
hens to swallow easily, and may be given  
in liberal quantity. Where shells can  
not be obtained, broken bones will do,  
but they are more difficult to break, and  
scarcely so good. Old mortar furnishes  
lime, and hens are fond of picking at it  
when they can do no better. Ground  
bone and ground oyster shells are sold  
by dealers in poultry supplies, and can  
be bought at prices which will repay  
their cost. The shells of eggs used in  
cooking should be fed to the hens, but  
not without being crushed or broken.—  
*Cor. N. Y. Tribune*.

A JAMESVILLE (Wis.) hunter looking  
for a buck last week near Richmond,  
Walworth County, shot and killed a  
young wolf and bagged six of them  
with one gun. He hurried on to Elk-  
horn and pocketed \$90 in bounty.

## Hints on House-building.

For a country house no other ma-  
terial is so good as wood. Health is the  
first point to be considered, and no other  
material will give a building that is  
so cool in summer and warm in winter  
as wood. The moisture at all times.  
But to secure these several ends,  
knowledge of the best methods is very  
important. Without going into every  
detail, it is sufficient to give general  
rules for construction.

First, the modern so-called balcoo-  
frame is much better than the old style  
of heavy timbers held together by  
tanons and mortises. Even the sills are  
best when made of two-inch plank bolt-  
ed or nailed together, or otherwise se-  
cured in place. Four planks, each two  
inches thick and 10 inches wide, set on  
their edges, make a timber 8 by 10 in-  
ches; and any desired length can be had  
by splicing, cutting the sills only one-  
quarter of an inch apart.

The outside studding of a first-class  
house should be two inches thick and  
six wide, and the corner and window  
studs should reach from the sill to the  
plate. The frame having been put to-  
gether and diagonal braces put in the  
partitions, and bridging between the  
floor joists, the outside covering should  
be made of pine siding one inch thick  
and six wide, matched, and having the  
outer corner of the upper edge cut off,  
with a slant downward—commonly  
called "board and batten." Having never  
known a luxury of any kind, they do not  
know how wretched they are. Unfor-  
tunately, such people constitute the over-  
whelming majority of the luckless Mex-  
ican nation. It is the country of con-  
trasts.

## The White Lady Again.

A strange story is making the rounds  
of the German press, being an account  
of the appearance of the white lady,  
who is supposed to make her appear-  
ance as a ghost at certain times to an-  
nounce the death of some member of  
the Hohenzollern family. A very recent  
case of the kind has been reported in  
the death of the young Prince  
Waldeimar of Prussia, the third son  
of the Crown Prince of Germany, and now  
we learn from an account telegraphed  
by an English correspondent from Ber-  
lin that the mysterious lady in white  
made her appearance on the eve of the  
young Prince's death. It may inter-  
est the cable browser, and the interest  
of Berlin legends to know," says the cor-  
respondent, "that according to report  
the white lady, whose visits always pre-  
cede the death of some member of the  
Royal family of Prussia, was seen on  
the eve of Prince Waldeimar's death. A  
soldier on guard at the Old Palace was  
the witness of the apparition, and he in-  
stantly fled to the castle. He was  
he was at once arrested for deserting his  
post. No further particulars are yet  
to hand, and it will probably be found  
that the sentinel had been listening to  
stories of the occasional appearance of  
the mysterious lady just before he  
mounted guard, and that the "apparition"  
was something very human after  
all. Legendary history does, however,  
tell us of many visits of the white lady  
to the Hohenzollern castles, at Bayreuth,  
Ansbach, and at Berlin. She made a  
great stir about the commencement  
of the present century on the occasion  
of the French occupation. The last ap-  
pearance of a white lady in Europe was  
in 1873, in the Imperial castle, Vienna.  
But, the white lady being a Hohenzol-  
lern specter, that Hapsburg visitor  
was in all probability an impostor. We  
are inclined all the more to this belief  
from the fact that the sentinel to whom  
she appeared tried the effect of his bay-  
onet upon the phenomenon, and there  
was a gentle rumble of whistles and  
Vienna, the time that somebody had  
been wounded—some lovely lady whose  
white dress shone in the moonlight cor-  
ridors. The Berlin "apparition" will  
probably be found to have a different  
explanation—namely, that the sentinel  
had already been greatly excited in his  
mind by the ghost stories he had heard,  
and his imagination was just in that  
condition necessary to transform an  
flattering white into the phantom form  
of the White Lady of the Hohenzol-  
lerns.—*New York Herald*.

## A Female Burglar Shot.

Small articles having for some time  
been appearing from the grocery  
store of Geo. R. Thompson, on Market  
Street, Jeffersonville, Ind., Eugene  
Moir, a clerk in the store, had his suspi-  
cions aroused that a mechanic, the  
name of whom he does not remember,  
was the thief. Accordingly he laid a  
trap to make sure of his game. He  
determined to sleep in the store one  
night and watch. About 1:30  
o'clock he heard some one picking at  
the lock on the door. He silently watch-  
ed until the thief had opened the door,  
and even until he had entered the store,  
but he could not see for the darkness,  
but whom he supposed to be Ed. Bell.  
He then calmly raised his gun and  
fired. A scream and a fall followed,  
and the burglar proved to be Ellen Bell,  
the wife of Ed. Bell. Leaving the woman on the floor with  
shattered hips and bleeding fearfully,  
Moir hurried to the door, and in a  
moment a man named Story and Cronin,  
both of whom he had seen before, entered  
the store. The woman had been moved  
into her home, and her husband had  
gone to the front of the store, pistol  
in hand, to wait for the clerk who had  
shot her. As Moir came near with the  
woman, the officers managed to inter-  
fere, and he did not fire. The woman  
had a terrible wound in the right thigh,  
severing the muscles and at least 100  
small shot are imbedded in the flesh.  
She also has an ugly wound on the left  
thigh and is badly injured in the abdo-  
men. The chances for her recovery are  
not good.

## Domestic Life in Mexico.

The Chicago *Times* correspondent  
writes from Mexico: I bade farewell re-  
luctantly to my kind host, Senor Muller,  
and his charming family, a little after  
midnight on last Friday. In my many  
wanderings I have never met with more  
kindness and I have rarely spent a more  
delightful week than that which I passed  
in Chihuahua. In mingling there,  
as elsewhere, with the better classes of  
the people, I found much to admire in  
their domestic habits. Americans might  
think the life monotonous, but it is  
at least as pleasant until revolution dis-  
turb it. Plain as to the exterior, with  
iron-barred windows to repel burglars  
and sentinel the ladies, the Mexican  
home of the higher order does not, at  
first sight, attract. All the beauty is  
reserved for the interior. There the court-  
yard, beautified by fountains and fol-  
lage, in most instances, with a far-pro-  
specting roof, supported by Ionic or Cor-  
inthian pillars, extending all around the  
square, affords the family plenty of room  
for exercise, while the roof protects  
them from the rain or the too ardent  
rays of the sun. The sceneries can al-  
ways take their airing without being  
starred at. The gentlemen can drink  
their wine or smoke their cigarettes in  
the pure atmosphere. The doors of all  
the sleeping apartments—the houses  
being chiefly one story high—  
open on the court, affording light and  
ventilation by natural means. As the  
strong gates are always double-locked  
and barred at night, there is no neces-  
sity to close the doors during the night,  
and the windows are left open nearly  
all the year round. The thick, solid  
masonry debar the winter chill, and the  
summer heat. With the thermometer

## How a St. Louis Steamboatman Laughed at New Orleans Red Tape.

Friday's records at the City-Hall, says  
the New Orleans *Times*, show rather  
an amusing incident, illustrative of the  
total absence of red tape and formality  
in the workings of the municipal gov-  
ernment system.

An officer of the harbor precinct,  
taking his morning stroll and tour of  
inspection in search of deprecators,  
comes suddenly upon the body of a cat,  
lately defunct. The officer, impressed  
with the importance of the event, after  
carefully noting the looks of the corpse,  
hurries to the station. The command-  
ing officers are called together, a hurried  
consultation held and the corpse-  
finder examined.

A reference to the book of rules and  
regulations for the government of the  
force, some more consultations, and it  
is decided that the Chief of Police must  
be notified.

The trusty clerk and the operator are  
at once summoned, and the facts of the  
case whirled to them, and a message is  
soon whirling over the wires to the cen-  
tral station.

There the operator's eyes begin to  
open as he reads:

HARBOR PRECINCT, NEW ORLEANS, APRIL  
18, 1878.—THOS. A. BOYLAN, Chief Officer  
City Reports a cat at the head of Gir-  
vier Street, near the steamboat City of Al-  
ton is. Respectfully,

P. R. GILBERT, Captain Commanding.  
B. GALVIN, Chief Clerk.

The message is at once borne to the  
Chief. Some more clerks and secreta-  
ries are summoned, and a few more law  
books consulted.

After turning over an innumerable  
number of pages, it is at last decided  
that the matter should properly be re-  
ferred to City-Hall. A happy soluti-  
on to the difficulty has been arrived at,  
and the report, indorsed as follows, is  
transmitted to the City-Hall.

## Regulating the Taste.

It is to be hoped that the Department  
of Improvements daily impressed with  
the importance of the matter, yet the  
same routine is gone through. A care-  
ful perusal of the statute books shows  
that the jurisdiction of the department  
ends at the water's edge, while the foot-  
sillaine had given up the ghost some  
eight or ten yards away from that point.

The corpse must then be within the ju-  
risdiction of the Department of Com-  
merce. A terrible responsibility is lifted  
from the Department of Improvements,  
and the original report, indorsed as  
follows, is transmitted to the Adminis-  
trator of Commerce:

## Emerson on Good Manners.

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exag-  
geration. A lady loses as soon as she  
admires too easily and too much. In  
man or woman, the face and the person  
lose power when they are on the strain  
to express admiration. A man makes  
his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why  
need you, who are not a gossip, talk as  
a gossip, and tell eagerly what the  
neighbor has said in the journals? State  
your opinion without apology. The at-  
titude is the main point. Assure your  
companion that come good news or  
come bad, you remain in good heart and  
good mind, which is the best news you  
can possibly communicate. Self-control  
is the rule. You have in you there a  
noisy, sensual savage, which you are to  
keep down, and turn all his strength to  
beauty. For example: What a sen-  
sual and detective is laughter! It  
seems to require several generations of  
education to train a squeaking or a  
shouting habit out of a man. Some-  
times, when in almost all expressions  
the Choctaw and the slave have been  
worked out of him a coarse nature still  
brays itself in the denials of the  
journal. The great gain is not to shine  
not to conquer your companion—then  
you learn nothing but conceit—but to  
find a companion who knows what you  
do not; to tilt with him and be over-  
thrown, horse and foot, with utter de-  
struction of all your logic and learning.

## A Remarkable Walking-Stick.

A walking-stick for tourists and botan-  
ists, recently patented in Germany by  
Herr Herb of Pilsnitz, is furnished  
with the following articles: One side of  
the handle is a signal-pipe, and on the  
other side can be fixed a knife (which  
is above the ferrule). In the middle of  
the handle is a compass. The handle  
itself can be screwed off, and within is  
a small microscope with six object-glasses.  
On the stick under the handle is a  
vessel containing ether or chloroform.  
Outside the stick there is inserted on  
one side a signal-glass, and on the other  
a sand or minute glass. Above the  
ferrule is the knife already referred to,  
and to the ferrule can be screwed a bot-  
anist's spatula, or an ice point (for glaz-  
ier parties). Lastly, a meter measure  
is adapted to the stick.

## Washing Woollen Goods.

Heat a boiler of soft water, putting into it  
an ounce of borax and a little soap shaved  
fine (say about the eighth of a bar or  
less). If you have occasion to use more  
in rubbing the clothes, take the soap in  
your hands, then, rubbing them on  
the flannel, soap the spots in that way.  
After your water has boiled, pour it into  
the tub, letting it stand until it is so  
you can nicely bear your hands in it.  
It is then ready for the wash. Have a  
second tub of warm water (without  
soap); after rubbing each piece put it  
at once into this. After all the white  
flannels have gone through hand in this  
way, wring, shake, and hang them out.  
Then will come the colored pieces. This  
method is excellent for blankets, and  
very nice for children's wool dresses.  
The borax will not injure the most deli-  
cate colors. For dresses and flannels,  
press before quite dry; be very careful  
about this.

## A German Physician has Demonstrated that Early Rising is a Very Bad Habit.

He has taken the trouble to collect  
information as to the habits in this re-  
spect of several persons who have lived  
to an advanced age, and he finds that  
in the majority of the cases the long  
livers have indulged in late hours. At  
least 5 out of 10 persons who attained  
the age of 80 years and upward were  
in the habit of not retiring until the  
early hours of the morning, and the re-  
maining in bed until the day was far ad-  
vanced. On the other hand he has  
failed to discover, after careful obser-  
vation, that it was in any degree better  
than that of a similar number of late  
risers. He thinks that so far from any  
decided benefit being gained by getting  
up early in the morning, it rather tends  
to exhaust physical power and shorten  
life.

BURTON has appropriated \$10,000 for  
the celebration of the coming Fourth of  
July.

## The Dangerous Girl.

But now at last let the girl who seems  
"dangerous girl"—the girl who seems  
to have a strange power to walk into the  
empty room in a man's heart which has  
never been opened to any other woman,  
and take up her abode there. "She is  
just as high as my heart," Orlando says  
of Rosalind, and there can be no more  
accurate measurement for a lover's de-  
light in his sweetheart. She fits him,  
she suits him. She may not be pretty,  
she need not be clever; she may be  
both of these things, she may be remark-  
able degree, and a ball-room belle besides,  
and a chief d'œuvre of milliner's art in  
the bargain. But she has a gift over  
and beyond all these which renders all  
others subordinate. She has a way of  
listening which makes the most reserved  
man eloquent, and her little speeches,  
never audacious and really brilliant,  
have yet something of the memory when  
she sits over his fire by night or goes about  
his daily work. Then her face, her dis-  
tinct and vivid personality, pursues him;  
it is the girl herself, not her bangs nor  
her bouffants, that he remembers. It  
seems natural to him that  
he is thus taken possession of  
and held captive. No matter  
how cold he may have been heretofore,  
he now becomes ardent, warm-hearted  
and rash. He may have admired a  
pretty girl with her furbelows and  
flounces and her nice perception of the  
most becoming, he may have been a lit-  
tle heavy hearted over the sumptuous  
beauty of the belle, and have enjoyed  
the society of the clever girl who saved  
him from the tedium of the talking,  
being able to do it herself so much more  
brilliantly. But this hankering after  
private felicity, this fervid belief in at-  
tainable happiness, this large faith in  
the future which marriage may assure to  
him, only followed his acquaintance  
with the "dangerous girl" who upset  
his boasted ideas of independent enjoy-  
ment, overturned his preconceived notions  
of bachelorhood and set him  
longing to be engaged. Until he saw  
her he said with Benedick, "One woman  
is fair, yet I am well; another is wise,  
yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I  
am well; but till all graces come into  
one woman, one woman shall not come  
into my grace."—*Lippincott's Maga-  
zine*.

FRIDAY'S RECORDS AT THE CITY-HALL, SAYS  
THE NEW ORLEANS TIMES, SHOW RATHER  
AN AMUSING INCIDENT, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE  
TOTAL ABSENCE OF RED TAPE AND FORMALITY  
IN THE WORKINGS OF THE MUNICIPAL GOV-  
ERNMENT SYSTEM.

AN OFFICER OF THE HARBOR PRECINCT,  
TAKING HIS MORNING STROLL AND TOUR OF  
INSPECTION IN SEARCH OF DEPRECATORS,  
COMES SUDDENLY UPON THE BODY OF A CAT,  
LATELY DEFUNCT. THE OFFICER, IMPRESSED  
WITH THE IMPORTANCE OF THE EVENT, AFTER  
CAREFULLY NOTING THE LOOKS OF THE CORPSE,  
HURRIES TO THE STATION. THE COMMAND-  
ING OFFICERS ARE CALLED TOGETHER, A HURRIED  
CONSULTATION HELD AND THE CORPSE-  
FINDER EXAMINED.

A REFERENCE TO THE BOOK OF RULES AND  
REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE  
FORCE, SOME MORE CONSULTATIONS, AND IT  
IS DECIDED THAT THE CHIEF OF POLICE MUST  
BE NOTIFIED.

## Drinking Assail in Paris.

In *Scribner* for May, Mr. Herbert H.  
Smith thus describes a characteristic  
scene in the Paris (Brazil) saloons:  
"Observe these baskets of berries,  
like grapes in color and size; they  
are the fruit of the *Assai* palm, the de-  
licious *Eschscholzia* that we saw on  
the river-banks. One sometimes hears  
an alliterative proverb:  
Queen velle para Paris parre,  
Queen velle Assai Assai Assai,  
which we may translate, as Mrs. Agassiz  
has done:  
Who drink Assai went never away.  
It is well, then, to us to learn how this  
famous *Assai* is made:  
In a dark little shed at the back of  
the court, two mulatto women are rub-  
bing of the black pulp of the berries in  
great bowls of cedar, crushing them  
vigorously with their bare hands and  
purpling their arms with the chocolate-  
like juice. After the first batch has  
been rubbed out, the liquid is decanted  
from the hard nuts to another lot of ber-  
ries; these latter being treated in like  
manner, the resulting thick soup is  
strained through a wicker-work sieve  
and dealt out to the eager customers.  
The *Assai* comes with all the usual  
concomitants; so the little shirlies soon  
sneamers off after sugar, ordinary cus-  
tomers at the stand are of the lower  
classes, who drink their two cents'  
worth of *Assai* with only a little mandi-  
oca meal by way of seasoning. In the  
forest, where sugar was scarce and the  
fruit plenty, I learned to like it quite  
as well so myself; its brisk, nutty flavor  
is rather spoiled by the sweetening.  
However, our new-comers may prefer  
the civilized side; so the sugar is added,  
and we take a taste of the rich liquid.  
Even the squeamish ones empty their  
bowls, and begin to suggest to them-  
selves the possibility of entertaining an-  
other half party. Talk no more of the  
sober and temperate, and good water,  
hereafter we abjure them all, if we may  
but have our purple *Assai*. And ob-  
serve—as Mr. Weller has it—that 'tis  
very fillin'." One can make a respect-  
able lunch of it and nothing else.

## The Detroit River Tunnel.

The tunnel proper will extend from  
Anderson under the Detroit River to  
Stony Island, a distance of 4,450 feet,  
though the approaches upon either side  
make the entire distance from entrance  
to exit a much greater distance. The  
Canadian side is 1,125 feet, with a  
grade of 92 feet to the mile. The forma-  
tions are red clay, blue clay and rock.  
The next section is 1,900 feet, being un-  
der the river proper, the depth of water  
being 25 feet and a grade of but two  
feet to the mile. The third section is  
1,800 feet in length, under water 13 feet  
in depth, on an ascending grade of  
52 to 100 feet to the mile. The fourth  
or last section of the tunnel proper is  
3,000 feet with an ascending grade of  
100 feet to the mile, the point of egress  
being upon Stony Island, and the water  
at its greatest depth being 15 feet. The  
thickness of the rock between the bot-  
tom of the river and the crown of the  
tunnel is 13, 15 and 22 feet according to  
the depth of the water in the river.  
The excavation of the tunnel is to be 26  
feet clear, and when completed will be  
15 feet in the clear, with two arches for  
double tracks separated by a dividing  
wall. Under the tracks will be four feet  
of solid masonry and the top of the arch  
will be constructed in a solid and en-  
doring manner with asphalt cement and  
rubber stone, and over-topping all will  
be placed smooth flag-stones to prevent  
anchors drawing on the top of the tun-  
nel and doing possible injury. From  
Stony Island to Grand Island an iron  
trestle bridge is already built, and is  
now daily used as it is the three  
miles across Grand Island, which be-  
long to the United States, and another  
bridge over the remaining portion of  
the river to the Michigan shore. The  
cost of the tunnel is to be \$1,500,000,  
and the contract stipulates that it shall  
be completed by December 1, 1880.—  
*Buffalo Courier*.

## Electric Storms on Pike's Peak.

Remarkable electric storms are said  
to occur on the summit of Pike's Peak.  
Little thunder accompanies them, but  
the whole mountain seems to be on fire,  
and the top one sheet of flame. Elec-  
tricity comes out of every rock, and  
darts here and there with indescribable  
radiance. An observer says that it  
played around him continuously, shot  
down his back, glanced off his feet,  
and so completely filled him that he  
came close to a Leaden Jar. He  
could not retain his foothold, he be-  
came deaf and rebounded from the rocks  
after the manner of an India-rubber ball;  
he felt as though a powerful battery were  
throbbing through his frame; and, fear-  
ing consequences, he hurried into the  
signal station.

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