THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

—Mr. Aldrich's new novel is to deal with a strike in a manufacturing town.

—Berthold Auerbach is going to publish a collection of dramas and short stories.

—Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" has reached its eighty-fifth thousand, which is a large sale even for a novel.

—Scotch papers announce the death of Miss Elizabeth Taylor, a well known novelist, whom Dr. John Brown called "the Miss Austen of modern literature."

—Mr. Julian Hawthorne is said to be engaged in writing a novel larger in scope than any he has yet published. Its title is to be "Sebastian Strome."

—Miss Louise M. Alcott was the first woman to register in the town of Concord, Mass., in order to vote for members of the School Committee.

—John E. Owens, the actor, advertises for sale the stock and fixtures of his elegant farm near Towsontown, Md. The supposition is that Mr. Owen proposes to quit amateur farming.

—Tennyson's brother changed his name to Turner in order to inherit an income of $10,000 a year. He left no children, and Tennyson can now get the estate on the same terms; but he will not accept the condition.

—Justin McCarthy, the new Home Rule member, is parliamentary leader writer on the London daily *News*. He was born in 1830, in Cork, and began newspaper life as a reporter on the Cork *Examiner*.

—The well known novelist and eloquent preacher, George Macdonald, will probably visit this country the coming winter with his wife and children, to give dramatic performances founded on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

—Richard Henry Dana IV. comes upon the world's stage. At Cambridge, the other day, there was born unto Richard Henry Dana, the third, and to Edith Longfellow Dana, a son, who had the honor of making the poet Longfellow a grandfather for the first time.

—The London critics speak very highly of the ballads and songs of Alexander Anderson, a Scotch railroad laborer, a man who, after mending roads all day, would come home in the evening and read Petrarch, Schiller, Victor Hugo, Dante, Goethe and Beranger and write verses.

—Mr. Alex. H. Stephens, having been asked about his book, "The War Between the States," replied: "I wrote it with a view of having the facts as they were truthfully stated, and without any pecuniary view. I have received, however, $35,000 as my royalty on the sale, or 25 cents a volume."

—It has come out through a lawsuit between the managers that "Pinafore" at first failed to draw well in London, the receipts averaging for weeks only about $200 a night, while the expenses were $350. But the contract stipulated that it should be performed at least 100 times consecutively, and before that period had expired the profit was $2,500 a week.

—Epitaph by Longfellow on Parker Cleaveland, Professor in Bowdoin College in the first quarter of this century:

Among the many lives that I have known,
None I remember more serene and sweet,
More rounded in itself, and more complete,
Than his who lies beneath this funeral stone.
These pines that murmur in low monotone,
These walks frequented by scholastic feet,
Were all his world; but in this calm retreat
For him this Teacher's chair became a throne.
With fond affection memory loves to dwell
In the old days, when his example made
A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen;
And now amid the groves he loved so well
That naught could lure him from their grateful shades,
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said, "Amen."

Science and Industry.

—The Paterson (N. J.) locomotive works are very busy, having contracts on hand for South and Central America as well as American roads.

—The largest cog-wheel ever made in Paterson, N. J., has just been finished at the Watson Works. It is of iron, 20 feet in diameter, the periphery 10 inches wide, and it weighs 12 tons. It is designed for a sugar factory in Cuba, and is to be used for crushing cane. It will make only two and a half revolutions per minute.

—The President of the Norfolk Oyster-packing Association says that 3,000,000 bushels of oysters will be taken from Virginia waters this year, and more than one-third of these will be handled by the packers of Norfolk and Portsmouth. The average value of the oysters is 35 cents a bushel, making the oyster trade of Norfolk something like $350,000 a year. The business has been built up since the War, and is steadily increasing.

—The work of laying the pipes for the new system of heating is going on rapidly in Troy, N. Y., the contractor expecting to have them all down by the middle of September. By the middle of August the company had over 300 subscribers booked. According to the *Budget*, the estimated cost of fitting up a three-story brick house with necessary piping and radiators was about $200, and the expense of heating such house by steam, using all required, day and night, will not exceed $20 per year.

—To-day there are 7,000,000 barrels, of 40 gallons each, of crude petroleum above ground in the oil regions. This vast amount of heat and light is going a begging at 60 cents a barrel, and every hour adds to this ocean of oil, and in spite of the enormous consumption the stock accumulates. Every new use to which petroleum is applied possesses interest to producers, and that day when crude oil will take the place of coal for steam producing purposes is considered not far distant. Experiments have been made in this respect, with a small steamship, with the best results, and as thus burned no smoke or odor is apparent.

—The new industry of getting and shipping pine tags, or pine straw, as they are commonly called, says the Wilmington (N. C.) *Star*, is gradually assuming proportions, the article being baled ready for shipment faster than freight room can be found for it in New York steamers, to which place, we believe, all the shipments are made from here. Further South, from Pensacola, Fla., for instance, it is shipped to Western cities, in considerable quantities. In those places it undergoes a steaming process, by which the straw is converted into a fleecy fiber which is used for stuffing mattresses, cushions, etc.

—There is no real economy in buying ready made underclothing of poor quality. The cotton soon wears out and is more easily discolored in the wash. Its cheapness is often attractive, but in the end it will prove expensive. Neither is it economical to purchase cheap cottons or calicoes to be made up in the family. The highest priced will always prove the cheapest; for there are just as many stitches needful to make up a five-cent cotton cloth or calico as eight or ten-cent goods, and the latter will wear twice as long as the former. It is poor economy to employ young and inexperienced servants at low wages. Their board is the same as that of more competent servants, and they will destroy, break and waste far more than an equivalent for higher wages, without taking into consideration the comfort and equanimity of the mistress of the household.

School and Church.

—The Wisconsin State Normal Schools have dropped Greek, trigonometry and astronomy from their courses of study.

—Prof. John Tyler has just returned from his three years of study in Germany to take the chair of biology at Amherst.

—The ladies of the Congregational Church at Marysville, O., have taken an original way of raising money for church purposes. They have published a cook-book, and made a profit of $3,500 on their venture.

—Tonahatcho, a young Seminole Indian, has been attending the public schools at Fort Meyers, Fla., and stands at the head of all his classes. He is a bright and intelligent Indian, and appears to adopt readily the habits of the whites.

—The New Testament Revision Company, which meets in Westminster Abbey, have advanced so far in their work that they expect to publish their New Testament from the University presses early next year. Two editions will be issued: a large octavo, and a smaller and cheaper volume for general use.

—The New York school system is the largest in the country. It has sittings for 124,353 pupils and an average attendance of 108,559. The yearly expenditure for teachers' salaries is $2,353,000; and the machine is run by a crack-brained spiritualist whom the authorities can not make up their minds to dispense with.

—The first Protestant Church in Alaska was organized on August 3, at Fort Wrangell, by Rev. S. Hall Young, missionary, assisted by Rev. Henry Kendall, D. D.; Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D.; Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., and Rev. W. H. R. Corliss, M. D. Twenty-three members were received, 18 of whom were Indians. Among the latter were several chiefs of the Stickeen Nation.

—Statistics of the St. Louis public schools: There are 83 schools, held in 95 school buildings, 80 of which are owned by the School Board. These school buildings have seating accommodations for 51,000 pupils. The enrollment last year was 47,273 pupils, and the average attendance 42,000 for the last quarter. These schools give employment to about 1,000 teachers, including officers and principals. The schools are divided into higher, district and colored schools, there being three white and one colored of the first class, 67 of the second and twelve of the third class. Twenty-seven of the district schools have kinder-gartens as a part of their educational work, and one of the district schools has a class for mute children. The aggregate value of all the school property is about $3,000,000. The annual expenses for this year are estimated at about $900,000. It is estimate l that the expenses for the current year will be $697,000 for teachers', officers' and janitors' salaries, $70,000 for supplies, repairs, fuel and miscellaneous, and $130,000 for exclusively department or School Board office expenses.

Foreign Notes.

—An English Lord recently attempted to evade payment of a debt of £2 8s. for coal by pleading the privileges of a peer against arrest. He sports six titles to his name, which is the honorable one of Sir Philip Sidney.

—Prince Pierre Bonaparte, a nephew of the first Napoleon, is said to be living in abject penury at Versailles. For some time past he has been supported by the charity of a few friends, who have at last failed him. He is the first of his name who has lived upon alms.

—Leontine Nicolle, the French woman who takes the Academic prize for virtue this year, is said to have been the means of restoring the reason of no less than 500 insane men and women. She entered the Asylum of La Saltpetriere twenty years ago to care for her insane mother. The latter died a year ago.

—Sir Curtis Lampson is about 70. He has conducted the fur business about 47 years, and is supposed to be worth from $2,000,000 to $2,500,000. Sir Curtis (who is a Vermonter by birth, as also is his wife) has a very handsome house in Eaton Square, London, where Mr. Peabody long resided with him.

—The Hon. Ivon Keith Falconer, a popular Dissenting preacher in London, is a famous bicyclist, and on Sunday mornings rides to church on that vehicle, accompanied by a crowd of friends, also on bicycles. On arriving at the church door, each rider takes his instrument into the vestry, and gives it a rest until the services are concluded, when they all roll themselves home again.

—A correspondent at Rome telegraphs that the Pope has written an autograph letter to the Emperor of Germany, summing up the results of the late negotiations, and suggesting the Emperor's direct intervention in the way of clemency as the only way to re-establish harmony. It is reported that Bismarck knew and approved of this step beforehand.

—The late Infanta Pilar, daughter of ex-Queen Isabella, was remarkable for her beauty. She was 18 years old, and, had she lived, would probably have married the Crown Prince of Austria, unless political reasons prevented. The uncertainty about her marriage—for it is said the attachment between herself and Prince Rudolph was mutual—wore upon her. Without being actually ill, she grew weak. Sea-baths were ordered; and while bathing at a watering-place on the southern shore of the Bay of Biscay she was seized with a fit, which resulted in her death.

—The Grand Hotel of Paris, one of the most celebrated in the world, was recently sold at auction for no less than $4,272,000. This magnificent structure is situated on the Boulevard des Capucines, in the very center of fashion and gayety in modern Paris. It is entirely isolated from all other buildings, covers an area of about 9,000 square yards, has a frontage on the boulevards of 390 feet; its facades contain 440 windows in addition to those in the court-yards, ground-floor, and entresol; and it has about 700 rooms, all furnished in the most luxurious style. Its dining-room is said to be the most magnificent in the world.

Odds and Ends.

—Always add a line or two on the margin of a letter to a lady. You can't imagine how much satisfaction a woman obtains in turning a letter upside down to read a postscript.

—Fruit to the value of $2,937,025 was exported from the United States last year.

—"Investigator" wants to know what is good for cabbage-worms. Bless your soul, man, cabbages, of course. A good plump cabbage will last several worms a week.

—The young man who, wishing to know the pronunciation of a word, was advised to consult authorities, interviewed the Mayor, three Aldermen and the Sheriff.—*Boston Post.*

—A Georgia young man asked his sweetheart whether she had ever read "Romeo and Juliet." She replied that she had read Romeo, but she did not think she had ever read Juliet.

—A Momentous Interview: "Good evening!" "Good evening." "This is a pleasant evening." "A very nice evening." "May I see you home this evening?" "Well, not this evening." "Good evening." "Good evening." Thus evening matters all around.

—Don't remain in ignorance for the want of asking. If you don't know why a bar-tender fills your lemonade glass four-fifths full of pounded ice ask him and he will tell you that he does it because ice, which can be used over and over again, is cheaper than lemons and sugar.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"You made a fool of me," said an irritated man to his wife, "and that's the way you got me to marry you." "My love," sweetly responded the wife, "you do yourself an injustice. Call yourself a fool if you please, but remember that you are in all respects a self-made man."

—He was a plain old granger, and when his son informed him that he had determined to go to college and learn something, the old gentleman looked straight at him and said: "Now, look-a-here, John, you may learn readin' ritin', spellin', 'rithmetic and a little jography, but if you grapple with any o them there dead langwidges, I'll kill you when you come home, so's they do'll you some good."

—"Old Si" of the Atlanta *Constitution* is reported to have received $25,000 from the Dowager Anna Paulina Cathcart of Somersetshire, England, for rescuing her from a perilous situation under a locomotive once upon a time. Some folks are always having a streak of good fortune, but when we risk our life to get some fellow out from under a horse-car or something of the sort, it is just our blamed luck to have it some one to whom we're owing money.—*Boston Post.*

—A sentimental young lady says: "Oh, the bonnets of my girlhood, the kind I wore at school—I really thought them pretty! I must have been a fool; and yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss. Perhaps I was, as fashion went; but what was that to this? Oh, the lovely little pancake, the charming little mat—it makes my head so level, and so very, very flat! Oh, a sister's love is charming, as every body knows! And a handsome cousin's love is nice (that is, I should suppose). And the love of a true lover is the love that can not pall; but the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all!—in fact, I think it's better than going to a ball!"

The Almighty Agin Him.

There were two men (about 1838), Stickpenny & Whewell, who owned a saw-mill near Old Town, Me., in common. The arrangement under which the mill was operated was that each one had the mill all to himself during the alternate weeks. Stickpenny was a mean, rusty old chap. Whewell was a shrewd, investigating young man. The mill was run by a crude, rough kind of an undershot wheel that gave very little power for the amount of water used, so that the water was often short. Whewell wanted to put in a new iron spiral vent wheel then just coming out, but Stickpenny would have nothing to do with it. He wasn't going to lay out money for any "such job as that." Finally Whewell said he would pay all the bills, to which Stickpenny at last agreed, "but provided that you put the wheel in in your week." So the new wheel was put in, and Whewell, being of a mechanical turn of mind, experimented with it, and soon found by plugging up some of the orifices the saw went through the log faster than when they were all open. So he plugged them up during the week, and always pulled the plugs all out again for Stickpenny to operate with. So it began to be noticed that somehow or other Whewell always managed to saw a couple thousand more feet of lumber in his week than ever Stickpenny could, no matter how the pond was. Finally Stickpenny went down to see Whewell about it.

Said he: "Whewell, how is it that you always manage to saw more lumber in a given time than I can when my turn comes round?" Says Whewell: "Don't you know how that is? Waal, I'll tell you. It's because you ain't been treatin' of me fairly on this matter. It's ag'in nature. You can't expect the mill to saw as well for you as it does for them as does the square thing all around." Stickpenny wouldn't believe that, and went away. But still the mill went on regularly turning out more lumber for Whewell than Stickpenny managed to get out of it; so finally the latter came around and said: "What's your bill? I'll pay my share." He paid it, and thereafter Stickpenny managed to saw lumber just as lively as Whewell did. "Well," said the old fellow, "I always knew that the folk around here were all ag'in me, but I never thought the Almighty was;" and he died without finding out the explanation of it all.

The Fourth of July under the Midnight Sun.

A party of Americans celebrated the 102d anniversary of our national independence at North Cape, Norway, latitude 71° 15′, longitude 25° 50′. They arrived there at 11 o'clock on the night of July 3d, and at one minute after midnight guns were fired and the shrill sounds of the engine's whistle were made to respond to the number of stars on our flag, and loud cheers given to usher in our great national holiday. The party then ascended the almost perpendicular cliff (900 feet high) and raised the American flag, the flag being made for the occasion by the ladies of the party out of materials purchased at one of the Norwegian towns. When the flag was raised cheers and guns again resounded over the waters. It was certainly a most extraordinary place for such a celebration—probably the first time that a party of Americans ever celebrated the Fourth of July at such an hour and at such a latitude and longitude. The midnight sun shone upon them all the time with dazzling brightness. Far to the north they gazed out on the Atlantic Ocean dashing against the great cliff on which they stood. Behind them were the snow-clad mountains, along which they had been coasting, and not a living creature was near them but the sea birds that arose screaming from the water as the silence of their home was broken. The North Cape is beyond seventy-one degrees of north latitude and about 100 miles north of Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world. It is five degrees further north than the most northern part of Iceland.—*Scientific American.*

Siberian Exiles.

The Siberian exiles, when released from prison and the mines, have had to choose between starving or stealing the means of subsistence; being deprived of all civil rights, they were not allowed to adopt any honest calling. Such has been the situation of Siberian exiles for centuries. Under the circumstances it was natural that during the warm seasons the Siberian forests should be filled with criminal vagrants, who resorted to begging, stealing, robbing, and murder, in order to keep soul and body together. Both the economical and the moral interests of Siberia suffered from these evils, and the Government has often been petitioned to remedy them. It had been found that, in order to keep all the exiles in prison, it would be necessary to erect a large additional number of prisons, costing not less than fifty millions of roubles. The Government could not spare such a sum of money, and so the Czar recently promulgated an order allowing the exiles to pursue different occupations, upon the recommendation and under the surveillance of the local authorities. The political exiles, however, are denied this right of honestly making a living.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Hints Regarding Their Preparation for Household Decoration—Other Artistic Suggestions.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

The fashion—gaining so rapidly in favor during the past few years—of decorating our apartments for winter with the bright-hued leaves of autumn, leads many to seek the woods as soon as the foliage assumes its ripening tints. The term *ripening* is perhaps novel to some ears, but connoisseurs in colors have discovered that unless the gayly tinted leaf has attained a certain degree of perfection, its colors become dingy in drying.

It seems almost sacrilegious to mar the symmetry of a well-grown tree by cutting or breaking its branches. A few may sometimes be removed without detracting from its beauty; but when the ground is strewn with leaves, it is needless to do this. From such profusion rare selections of coloring—mottled, marbled, striped, blotched, or shaded—can be made that are unattainable in single branches; and these may be so artistically combined and mounted on wires as to serve the purpose of natural branches. A few green leaves greatly enhance the brilliance of the more highly colored. Both reds and yellows become more vivid in contrast with green—a fact too often ignored.

Rather stout wire is needed for the main stem of a garland or a branch; more slender to strengthen and render pliant the leaf stems. Common worsted, Berlin or Germantown, in red, maroon, or brown, is excellent for winding the stems to wires, after the manner of artificial flower sprays. Care in arranging the leaves, according both to color and size, is necessary to give satisfactory results. A bough or a branch should begin at the apex with a very small leaf, and the leaves gradually increase in size toward the base. This being affixed to the main stem by winding the worsted, other twigs, similarly made, can be added as the work proceeds.

The best way to prepare the leaves for mounting—they having been washed from all impurities—is to press them between clean white papers under a weight. Where one has not pressing boards designed especially for this purpose, the papers containing the leaves can be laid under a heavy box or a pile of books. After two or three days they should be fully dried and smoothed with a warm (*not hot*) iron. If a bit of wax or of paraffine be rubbed on the face of the iron just as each leaf is ironed, a gloss and elasticity will be imparted, and at the same time the colors heightened and fixed. Leafy branches are most easily dried in this way, without previous pressing.

By means of warm sand small boughs of leaves can be dried with their twigs and leaves in natural position. Seedling maples, only three or four inches high, that are so abundant around full-grown maple-trees, are very lovely dried in this manner. A common wire sieve, a quantity of clean sand, and a box, the bottom of which can be easily removed, are the materials needed. Set the sieve within the box, and in the interstices of the wire-work place the stems of the maples or the base of the branch, with every leaf posed as usual. Pour the sand, heated to blood-warmth, through a paper cone or tunnel around and upon the branches and leaves till all are covered. Set the box in the sun or on the back of a stove or range. If in the sun, two or three days will be required to dry them; on a stove or range, with constant, steady warmth, twenty-four hours will probably suffice. At the end of that time remove the bottom of the box and let the sand pass out. The little trees and branches will remain in the sieve, every leaf and twig gracefully balanced, their colors clear and fresh, though in texture so firm as never to wilt or shrivel. A camel's-hair pencil dipped in melted wax or paraffine should finish them. Arrange the trees in a dish of sand, lay green moss upon the surface, and you have a pretty parlor ornament.

The leaves of the maple and oak, and of a few woody shrubs, such as the berry-bearing plants, best repay the pains taken for preservation. Of the maples, *Acer rubrum* (the red maple), whose foliage turns deep crimson in autumn, and *A. saccharinum* (the sugar or rock maple), exhibiting all the shades of red and yellow—sometimes in the same leaf—from maroon and orange to delicate cherry and rose-color or pale cream, will be sufficient.

Select from the oaks *Quercus coccinea* (the scarlet oak), with its glowing red leaves, and *Q. discolor* (the swamp white oak), with rich brown deeply scalloped leaves. These give elegance of form and beauty of color. When pressed and dried they are very effective as decorations.

The leaves of the sumacs, in their autumn tints of claret and crimson and gold, are fine material for wall bouquets. Resembling ferns in their pinnatifid form, they group well with them, and add brilliance to their delicate hues. The most desirable are *Rhus cupallina*, *R. typhina*, and *R. glabra*. These hang out their gorgeous oriflammes in rocky pastures and by barren hillsides just as summer visitors are hastening homeward; and all the winter—after they have been nicely pressed—like the banners in old baronial halls, they will lend glory and grandeur to many a humble home.

The boughs of some old trees are so crooked and curved as to resemble the antlers of deer, and when covered with lichens and drooping moss are fine ornaments for an entrance hall or library. These are usually ancient hemlocks or junipers, and are found in damp localities. Many pretty things may be made of these mossy boughs—such as vases and stands for dried grasses, or pressed ferns and sumacs; also hanging baskets for holding pots of living plants or dried leaves and flowers, and easels for supporting sketches of rural scenery. A little ingenuity in cutting and trimming the branches, and of wiring them into the desired shape, will make of the most refractory boughs very beautiful objects. Use fine annealed wire to keep all firm and steady.

The lichens that cover the fallen limbs of trees, old dilapidated fences, and the bowlders scattered here and there through the woods have a beauty peculiarly their own. Wooden brackets to which their lavender and gray ruffles are glued adorn a room and serve many useful purposes—are especially desirable to hold a pot of growing vines that will droop gracefully over and about them. *Collema lacerum*, resembling rosettes of pearl gray lace, or a full-blown rose carved in stone, may be found in moist woods. This handsome species is very desirable for covering old picture-frames, lending a quaint attraction to the dingy and discolored surface, which they should nearly hide. Vases of box-board or of wood, covered with these lichens, are handsome receptacles for branches of autumn leaves or ferns.

A wooden cross having these lichens so closely glued upon it as to hide its material looks as if chiselled in some arabesque pattern from solid granite. Such a cross should rise from a base covered with the more common flat species that abound on rocks in pastures and by the way-side.

Cenomyce rangiferina (the reindeer moss), that throws up its slender pearl white branchlets so profusely in pine forests and woody pastures that they seem mantled with hoar-frost, is very pretty for mingling with pyrola and ground pine in Christmas wreaths. It is so common that its beauty is often overlooked. An exquisite cross, resembling carved ivory, can be made of this in the same manner as that from the *Collema*, or the moss may be kept in place by a slender wire. Little twigs of the red berries of black alder (*Ilex verticillata*), or of climbing bitter-sweet (*Celastrus scandens*), mingled with white reindeer moss, either in crosses or wreaths, make a pleasant variety.

A rough and apparently suitable material for artistic management is birch bark, the outer coat of the birch-tree. Yet it is susceptible of many transformations for ornament as well as use. *Betula alba* (the white birch), which Cowper calls "the lady of the woods," has the most delicate bark. This is a slender, graceful tree, with glossy foliage, tremulous at a breath, forever twinkling in the sunshine. *Betula Papyracea* (the paper birch), after removing the outer integument of gray, has a more substancial coat of buff, shading to deep salmon. *B. excelsa* (the golden birch), has a coat of pale yellow shining like burnished gold. This is highly ornamental.

Elegant wall-baskets or wall-pockets for holding dried leaves, flowers, or grasses can be made from the golden birch bark. Make the basket or pocket from box-board, of urn or vase shape, and glue upon this a thin layer of the bark—the layers are easily separated with the point of a knife or a large pin. A basket of *Betula papyracea* is much improved by gluing upon it here and there tufts and plumelets of green moss (*Hypnum*) in imitation of their growth upon old trees. Catch-alls, letter racks, and magazine racks made of cardboard, covered in this way with birch bark and mosses, or of birch bark upon which the smaller ferns are glued in graceful groups, are very pretty.

Butterflies and moths, so life-like as to deceive the keenest eyes, may be made of the golden birch. They are handsome additions to a basket or a vase of dried leaves or flowers, are also attractive ornaments for the wall or for picture frames. Any picture of these insects will serve for a pattern, and the spots and markings are easily made with pen and ink or water-colors. Pass a slender wire through the head for the two antennæ; then a pin or wire through the body, by which to poise it or affix it to the wall.

These are but few of the articles for which birch bark can be used. Others might be mentioned, such as albums, visiting cards, card receivers, card cases, jewel cases, handkerchief boxes, watch stands, mottoes, all of which, being more or less ornamented with decaicomania or water-colors, possess much beauty. Elaborate pictures made from this material, its quiltings or stitches of red having a grotesque effect, are among the novelties attempted by some artists.

In enumerating the various objects of interest to be found in the woods, the curious veinings and markings of some trees should not be forgotten. Slices cut transversely from the trunk or limb of a tree show the rings of each yearly growth. These are frequently distorted, making strange irregularities; and it requires little imagination to discover in these markings the outlines of a face—the portrait of some individual. Sometimes the aid of a pencil is needed to bring the features into greater prominence, but the resemblance is often very striking. The discovery of this resemblance always creates great amusement.

ENGLISH FARMERS.

A Talk With a Party who are Going to Settle in Texas.

[From the New York Times, Sept. 16.]

Close upon the heels of the British Commissioners who have been sent to inquire into the condition of the agricultural classes in this country, and to discover, if possible, in our agricultural methods some remedy for the depressed condition of agriculture in England, comes a large party of English farmers, men who have for years been struggling against fate and ill-fortune, and who have at last determined to fully and fairly test the experiment of farming in America. This party came from Liverpool on the National Line steamer Helvetia, which arrived in the Lower Bay on Saturday night, and was brought to an anchorage near the company's wharf on Sunday. The steamer will not come to her dock for a day or two, and the farmers will remain on board until Thursday, awaiting transfer to one of the Mallory steamers, to be taken to Galveston, Texas. A reporter of the *Times* went on board the Helvetia on Monday, and had a long conversation with individuals who came from two widely separated localities in England, and had an opportunity to see that the men of the party were strong and weather-beaten, and unquestionably familiar with hard work. Only half a dozen of them come from London or its neighborhood, while about 70 of them hail from the vicinity of Durham. They came in the steerage of the vessel, choosing to travel cheaply and use the funds with which they are provided in buying utensils, material, stock, and other necessaries, with which to gain a foothold in their new homes. Conversation with these men, who have been for years acquainted with all the difficulties that tenant-farmers have been compelled to encounter, made it plain that they had decided to abandon their English homes only because they had found that they were fighting a losing battle with circumstances which they were powerless to overcome. They have no extravagant expectations of success, but say they are resolved to give the new land a thorough trial, and to do all that can be done by industrious, careful application, to achieve independence, if they do not accumulate wealth. They are by no means likely to become dependent upon charity, for each farmer is supplied with means beyond the amount he has spent in acquiring land, and with enough ready money to keep him comfortably until he can realize something from his own efforts.

Robert Applegarth, one of the party, replied to a number of questions with entire candor and willingness, desiring, as he said, to have news of the movements of the party communicated to friends at home through a public medium. He is a tall, slightly bent man, with good features, somewhat bronzed, a sparse beard growing on his cheeks, and a full, brown mustache and whisker covering his mouth and chin. He was roughly clad, and when addressed was playing draughts in the steerage with one of his companions.

"How was it that you came to embark for America?" said the reporter.

"Well, sir, you see the gist of it is this: The best land of England is now, and it has been for years, held by the gentry. Such land as they can do without, that they do not wish to preserve for hunting purposes or for their own farms, they rent to tenants. These tenants are generally men whose fathers and grandfathers have rented and cultivated the same lands. With them, the task has been one of constant effort to make bad lands productive. The contest has been so laborious that men are living, and in this party, who know that the tenants are no better off now than they were 40 years ago. Some of them are poorer. It has always been my belief that to spend money and labor on bad land that was not naturally productive at the first must end in loss. At Durham, from which I and many of my friends in this party have come—and they are nearly all from the North of England—we have been thinking of emigration for years. Still, we hesitated to break up our homes, hoping that in time our landlords would reduce their rents, that the crops would improve, or that other circumstances would make the outlook brighter. We have found in recent years that while we could raise good crops of straw we could not produce large kernels of grain, and that in spite of all our efforts our grain was smaller and our labor was gradually becoming less remunerative. For some time back we have considered this situation in meetings of farmers, and, looking about for a land in which the conditions appeared to be most favorable, we struck upon Texas."

"Are you satisfied that the country to which you are going has such land as you will be able to work upon profitably?"

"Oh, yes," with a hearty dialect drawl. "One of our company has been there and knows the country well enough. When we were convinced that it was useless to continue our unequal fight with landlords and poor lands at home, we bought plots of Col. Kingsbury, an American in England, and the owner of Texas lands. Some of us bought 80 acres, others 160, and some have taken a quarter section, paying from £150 to £300 for the plots. In some instances these plots have four-room cabins on them, in which families will be able to live for a while at the beginning. While we were coming away, another party was preparing to come, a sort of union having been formed, in which the subscribers of half a crown a month become entitled, in a sort of lottery, to the choice of a purchase. I know of eight men who will come out from Middleborough and Exhan in a week or two, and if we find Texas the place we take it to be, England will soon increase the population of the State. Of the party now on board this vessel, about 70 men, women, and children are bound for New Philadelphia, about 45 miles from San Antonio. I am going to Dallas, having preferred the northern part of the State for my purposes. Most of us have made ourselves tolerably familiar with the country to which we are going. Twelve of the company go to Luling. Of the 70 who go to New Philadelphia, about half a dozen come from the neighborhood of London. We are not a colony, have no organization as a body, but go together as a matter of convenience.

"If you find that the land in Texas is good, and that you are likely to meet with reasonable success, do you suppose your success will lead other English farmers to follow you?"

"No doubt of it. A year's time will help me to speak positively about the country, and if I find that it is adapted to our needs, I will go back to England prepared to answer the many questions about the country that the farmers are anxious to have answered." Mr. Applegarth said he had not thought of going to Australia, although he knew the country was attracting many English farmers; his preference was determined by the fact that the yield of grain in Texas showed great fertility of the soil and a larger return in bushels from the acre than any other farming country that had come within his knowledge.

Mr. Hurst, agent of the National Line, said that he had kept the farmers on the Helvetia because they preferred to remain on the ship until transferred to the Mallory steamer which is to take them to Galveston. The course will keep them beyond the reach of adventurers and sharpers who might lay plans to rob them of the money they have brought with them if they should come ashore.

"Old Si" Discourses on Charity.

Old Si came into the sanctum and deposited his cake of ice on a manuscript entitled "The Waning Summer." Said he:

"I'll tell you what's de marter, boss, we'en folks talks about any thing be in' colder dan charity, dey's missin' de mark dey shoots at pow'rfully, yer heah me!"

"How's that, Si?"

"Jess kase charity ain't no mo' cold dan I is white, sayin' ob dat, I'mstance. Dere ain't nuffin dat er man gits in dese days dat'll het him up mo' wa-my dan a fit ob pisore charity—now dat's so, hain't hit?"

"Certainly, but what has turned your reflections in that channel?"

"Nuffin no mo' dan I allus argerfies to myself 'bout what I sees goin' on. Now dar's dat case in de *Constitution* dis mornin' dat der Mister Jay Goulde, what is a richer man dan ole Lazyrus war an' hez got mo' cassfa from de general run ob Merican mankin', dan mos' eny man libin' for his bullin' an' bearin' an' cornerin' in de financial affairs ob de country; see dar, now, what he hab done!"

"His aid to the Memphis sufferers is a very noble deed, and no mistake."

"Jess so. Yer see, we folks don't gib de debbil his due but moughty seldom, but we is pow'rful brash ter put er debbil labil on ebery man dat we don't like. Ez fur me, I allus tho't dat Mister Goulde 'ud some day riz up an' sho' dat de good Lord made him, too, an' hed er use fur him. Ain't I rite, now?"

"Most assuredly."

"Yer see, I kno'd dat sumtime he'd git outen bed in de mornin' an' see in de paper dat his time had arrive. An' I speck he got hol' de paper de nibler mornin' an' red it over mons'rous keerful; den he laid hit down by his plate an' tho't 'bout hit a long time. De sperrit war mellerin' ob him. D'reckly he riz up an' say to hisself: 'Lookie hyar, Jay, you'se got mo' money dan yer sheer. Way down yander on de Mississippi dere's white folks an' niggers dyin' like sheep. Hyah you is, soun' an' well, doin' nuffin fur 'em. Hump yo'sef, ole boy. De same Lord dat sent de yaller deth on 'em hez so moov'd de waves ob forchune ez ter wash up lots ob goldin sand on de shores ob yo' life. Dere's a white paf ob duty before you ez wide ez er turnpike, and ez brite ez er shellrode by de seaside.' Den Jay tuck in de index dat to-day he was dar 'an ter-morrow he mought'nt be now dhar, 'at a duzzen New York lawyers mought be holdin' de kombination fur his safe, his family fightin' ober his leavings, his bones somewhar up in Kanaday waitin' fur er reward to fetch 'em back; dat seberal wimmin mought be puttin' flowers on his toom, and claimin' him fur dere late lamentid—and Jay got warm in de reojun of his lef' bres'-pookit. When he felt round dar he foun' his pensil, and dat's how cum dat telegram ter go hummin' into Memfis!'"

"He deserves great honor for his generous help!"

"An' he'll git hit, don't yer forgit hit! Folkes don't go back on dat kin' ob men, and de good Lord don't overlook 'em, kase he kno'd what he put 'em hyar for. W'en hit ain't water fum de rock, er manny an' quales in de wilderness, hits Jay Goule men in de darkes' days ob de pestilence!'"

And the old man couldn't have felt more grateful if Jay had sent him a check for a thousand in his own name.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—To freshen and clean black cashmere: Wash, peel and grate from six to a dozen raw potatoes according to the amount of your goods. Pour in enough of water in which to wash your cloth. You need not use soap; the potato water and pulp will clean it thoroughly. Wash it well, then rinse several times in running water, but do not wring it at all. In the last water (enough to cover it well), but three tablespoonfuls of alcohol, dip it several times up and down, and hang dripping on the line. When half dry, fold it smoothly, and iron on the wrong side with an iron not over hot.

—The London Sunday-school Union has appointed October 19th and 20th as days of universal prayer for the Sunday-schools of the world.

VOUDOUISM.

Superstition a Characteristic of Southern Darkies—Some Curious and Decidedly Interesting Stories.

[Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

HOUSTON, TEX., September 10.—Among Southern negroes, even in slave times, the superstition of voudouism has long existed, and to those acquainted with the doings of the darkies, it is not by any means on the decrease.

WHAT IS IT?

An answer to this question is most difficult, since whatever secret there is in it belongs alone to the "priestesses," the veiled prophets of what is among the negroes something of a religion, and is not divulged, any more than the mysteries of Freemasonry. There is in almost every Southern town of any size some mysterious old negress, who is by the other negroes denominated, reverenced and feared as the "Voudou Queen." They believe she has dealings with supernatural beings, notably the devil, and "spells" and "charms" are at her command, either for good or ill, and to be used by her for either purpose at pleasure. When a darky desires to gain the affection of some darky maiden, he applies to the "voudou," paying her price for the exercise of her supposed power, which is also, and in the same manner, invoked to hurt or destroy his enemies.

When a voudou goes to her incantation, it is said she builds a fire in an open spot, and, like the three witches in Macbeth, dances around it, at the same time using some unintelligible gibberish and curious "lingo," and scattering feathers, the beaks and claws of birds and portions of the skins of snakes upon the flames. There is at present a negress in Dallas who professes the voudou practices and carries with her a stuffed snakeskin as part of her outfit.

Last year a negro was arrested by the police of Houston and lodged in the City Calabosse. On searching him they found a ball in his pocket, and, on inquiry, were by the prisoner informed that it was a voudou charm. On being opened it was found to consist of a piece of iron ore tightly surrounded by rusty needles, all covered by striped cloth of various colors. On being tested the iron was found to be magnetic, and really nothing but a loadstone. The wearer stated that it had been given him by a voudou as a charm against his enemies. His faith in its virtues appeared implicit.

THE VOUDOUED YOUNG LADY.

Many years ago there was a curious instance of the supposed effects of voudoism in New Orleans. She belonged to a wealthy family, and the chamber-maid was a young negress. This servant girl was visited by a voudou who appeared to be acting for another woman, who, from jealousy or some other cause, was an enemy to the young lady in question. After this the young girl became ill with, apparently, a slow wasting disease. The best medical aid was summoned. No physician, however, was found who could diagnose the girl's malady, or suggest a remedy. All remedies were tried in vain; the doctors could discover nothing either in their patient's mental or corporeal system that could account for the strange and singular symptoms. One day it was found necessary to cut open the pillows on which the young girl had reposed during her illness. Inside one of them was found a quantity of curious and heterogeneous materials, portions of hen's claws, beaks of birds, snake-skins, rags, and strings of different colors, roots, herbs, and other voudou materials. The disgusting stuff, which the servant girl acknowledged she had put there under the circumstances above mentioned, was removed. Immediately the fair young invalid began getting better, her appetite returned, and in a month or two she was herself again. It may be inquired to what were due the phenomena in this case? Most likely not to any supposed fetish influence, but to the physical effect on the young girl's system of the poisonous exhalations of the peculiar and unknown specimens deposited in her pillow, and which probably affected her nervous system through the medium of the lungs and blood.

In the days of slavery, on the large plantations, there was almost always some old negro, generally a woman, who was regarded with superstitious dread by the other negroes, and sometimes by the "white folks," her young master and mistress, as possessed of the power of the voudou. She generally had things her own way, all dreading to offend her for fear some misfortune should befall them.

THE VIRGINIA VOUDOU.

An instance is recalled of a large Virginia planter in the long years before the war, and who was lord and master of several hundred negroes. One of these was a mulatto, who had been "raised in the house," and was more