THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

E. I. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

EXPECTATION.

Grandmother sits in her easy chair
In the snuggest and coziest corner,
While Mary and Ned, not very far off,
Are intently gazing upon her.
What is it, I wonder, that draws them so close
To the corner where grandma is sitting?
They talk and they laugh, but their eyes are intent
On her fingers, so steadily knitting!

First red, and then white, it surely must be
For some little child a nice stocking.
And will it be done ere the good Santa Claus
With his pack at the door stands a-knocking?
Oh, who is it for? And happiest dreams
Through their heads are all silently flitting.
But grandma is sly, she knows how it is,
And only keeps steadily knitting!

Now, grandma has come from over the hills
To make them a nice Christmas visit.
A present for each they know she has brought,
But neither dare ask her, What is it?
They have their own fancies, their hopes and their plans,
And know just what gift is most fitting,
But grandman has never a word to say
About that red sock she is knitting!

How pretty 'twill look when, packed to the top,
It bursts on their view Christmas morning!
And Neddy says "Oh!" at the rapturous thought,
And jumps up and down without warning.
And so they are hovering closely around
The corner where grandma is sitting;
There's laughter and fun—and many a thought,
But never a word of *that knitting*.

—*Christian Union.*

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Maidens, mothers that may be,
Bring your wreaths to deck the shrine
Of the Mother-maid divine
With her Child upon her knee;
Shout your silvery songs of praise
For the birth of better days.

Mothers, come! I see confessed
In your glances deep and mild
The adoration of the Child.
Come, your children at the breast;
Lift your prayerful songs of praise
For the birth of better days.

Children, come with confidence,
Seek the benediction mild
of this gentle little Child,
Who was love and innocence;
Lisp your guileless songs of praise
For the birth of better days.

—*Philip O. Sullivan, in Harper's for January.*

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Being a bachelor, in independent circumstances, and able to return such civilities, in kind, I have usually been so fortunate as to receive a large number of Christmas presents, the response to which has cost me so much mental and pecuniary wear and tear at different times, that I freely confess that I would, at any period, have been willing to come to an understanding with my friends, and agreed to stop both giving and taking, if such a proposition could have been ventured by a civilized man in the nineteenth century. And upon my word I think I should have had the best of it; for the numbers of useless and troublesome articles which have accumulated in my chambers at each successive return of the Christmas season have, I fear, put many a nail into the coffin of my patient servant, and added several wrinkles to the brow of a certain gentleman who rather prides himself upon his youthful appearance in spite of his thirty-two years.

With this preamble I come to the point. I was seated in my comfortable sitting-room one Christmas Eve, mostly smothered beneath the rolls of tissue paper that I had been resignedly removing from the various little mementoes, labeled with the sender's name and inscribed with appropriate sentiments, when another parcel was brought in. It had a thin paper over it, and felt cold and hard. "Good heavens!" I mentally ejaculated, "not another paper-weight!" for I was already the happy possessor of sixteen; but my apprehension had proved correct, and I beheld on opening the parcel a duplicate of seven that were already adorning my apartments, being one of those heavy glass ones with a picture slipped in the bottom. I read the card enclosed, "From your loving little niece," and was laying it down on the table near by, without having had the spirit to examine it carefully, when I became conscious that through the crystal glass in my hand the bonniest little face I had ever beheld was looking straight into my eyes. I hastily slipped the photograph out and looked on the back. The picture had been done in Naples, and was a little rubbed at the corners, and had the appearance of being old. Who, in the name of all that was delicious, could this little darling be? Possibly a fancy sketch—but not probably. She looked too real to me for that, and as I stood entranced at the sweetness of the infantine cheeks and lips, the rumpled blonde hair, the tiny ears and big ear-drops, the bewildering great eyes and the piquant little nose, I forgot that I had half a score of pressing matters to attend to that night, and rushed off to the home of the little niece who had given the paper-weight to me, to inquire about the original of the picture it contained. But a keen disappointment awaited me, for the child could give me no satisfaction whatever. The photograph had been given her a year ago by a guest who was staying in the house, and who was now traveling somewhere beyond their knowledge, and so she could not be communicated with. Little Bessie informed me, however, that she had meant to have her own photograph done for the paper-weight, but she had been too ill to go out in the cold, and so thought she'd just put this one in, though it had been in her baby-house for a year, and was not very fresh, and she promised me, by-and-by, to have hers done for me, and I could then take that out. I am proud to say, I managed to answer the child civilly, but at the same time I registered a vow that if necessary I would present Bessie with an original Vandyke, if it cost one-half I was worth, sooner than part with my little treasure. Well, I got a good many pretty things that Christmas, but not the very handsomest among them gave me half the pleasure I got from this little picture. I was positively in love with it, and I thanked my lucky stars that I had never married as long as the world contained such a cherub as this. You will say all this is very silly of me, and if it's any comfort to you to know it, I assure you that I entirely agree with you.

A year rolled by; the anniversary of my making the acquaintance of my picture came around, and in the meantime I had been altogether loyal and was more enamored of my little charmer than I had been at the first; but she had come to be a little less real to me, and I had about made up my mind that I should have to be content with the counterfeit presentment, and to despair of finding the original. In calm moments it seemed prodigiously unlikely that I would ever meet her. I had a cousin, Lucy Moore, who lived in a country place near New York, and who was good enough to take a good deal of notice of me, and to listen to my prosing on many subjects, and I had confided to her my passion for the little picture, through she had never seen it. The fact was I was rather a donkey about showing it. I did not like to share it with any one; but I was going to Lucy's home for the Christmas, and I had promised to bring my picture along and show it to her. I doubt if I should have been willing to do this but that I thought it would be necessary to save me from a certain danger which threatened me at my aunt's. Lucy was to have a friend with her for the Christmas, who was a great heiress and belle, and to whom she had resolutely determined to marry me. Now I knew Lucy to be a sensible girl, and that if I showed her the picture she would see at a glance that my falling in love with such a finished coquette and worldling as her friend, Miss Chester, was simply out of the question, after having accustomed myself to the innocent loveliness of my guileless little inamorata. I reached Fenly, my aunt's place, four days before Christmas, and Lucy came out to meet me, and told me the others had gone to ride, and that she stayed at home especially to welcome me. This was very good of her, of course, but I knew my cousin pretty well, and I at once divined that this premeditated *tête-a-tête* with me had some object in it, and I was not wrong. She only allowed me to go in and kiss my aunt, who was an invalid, and then dragged me off to the library, made me seat myself in front of her, and opened upon me at point blank range, with a volley of Miss Chester. I bore it patiently for awhile, and then I reminded her of my pre-engaged affections. She scoffed, derided and sneered; laughed at me, shamed me, and called me a goose; but it had but little effect, and finally asked me to show her the picture of my little ballet-girl, for of course she must be some creature of that sort to be scattering her pictures in this anonymous way about the country. This made me angry, and I would not show it her, and so we parted very huffily, and I made a resolution to avoid Miss Chester, and to spend twice as much time in the smoking-room as usual, and to devote most of my other time in hunting. I had pledged myself to remain until after Christmas, and I would do that; but mademoiselle Lucy should see that *sometimes* the opinions of other people were worth something, and I would not be married to order as she seemed inclined to insist upon. When we were parting I ventured to suggest to her that Miss Chester might possibly be disinclined to the match—had that idea ever occurred to her? Of course it had, she answered; and she never supposed that Di would marry *me*, when she had refused scores of better men, for any reason except to oblige *her*. She hoped I did not think that Di Chester was a girl to pine after such a man as me! And with this parting thrust my cousin stalked out of the room. I went up stairs to my old, familiar quarters, to change my dress for dinner, and I was listlessly engaged in my toilet, when I heard the clatter of hoofs. I walked to the window and looked out. Several people on horseback had drawn up under the window, but a patch of bright blonde hair upon a black habit and under a black feather, caught my eye. The girl's back was turned to me, and I was surprised to find myself regarding her lovely figure and hair with more interest than I had felt in any feminine loveliness since I had been in my present state of thraldom to my photograph. This was Miss Chester, of course, and she *was* a lovely creature—that is, as far as I could see, for I had not yet had a view of her face. Just at this moment she turned her head—her chin was raised and her head was turned directly upward toward my window. My heart gave a great jump, and my blood came tingling through my veins—it was the face I had learned to adore and worship—the one lovely face in the world to me, and I realized that I had for a whole year been in love with my cousin's friend, Miss Chester. I stopped and watched her dismount, and I saw her dainty foot, and watched her exquisite motions as she came toward the house, and I confess to you, my confidential friend, that I was *smashed*. Excuse the emotion which has betrayed me into this expression, but it conveys an idea of my complete collapse better than any that occurs to me just now. After reflection I concluded not to reveal my secret to any one, not even Lucy; but to try, with all my might and main, to be my best self, and throw out of my life, at once and forever, all that was wrong, and vain, and selfish, and ignoble, and see if it was not possible to win the love of this peerless creature.

I came down presently and was presented in due form to Miss Chester, and—I record it proudly—I so far controlled myself as to meet her calmly and easily instead of falling down and caressing her slippers, as I felt dangerously inclined to do. She was dressed in a piece of French millinery, with a train of about twice the length of her small body, and she had numbers of sparkling rings on her little fingers, and a great many other beautiful things, in which they had tried to make her look like a woman, but she was my innocent child sweetheart still. There was quite a large company staying in the house, but it fell to my happy lot to take Miss Chester in to dinner. I don't know what might have happened if I had not pocketed my pride when I saw Lucy arranging it all, and said in an imploring whisper: "Oh, Lucy, if you *please*," accompanied with such beseeching contortions of countenance as proved to be irresistable. So Di and I sat side by side together, and drank champagne and ate olives. Di likes champagne and olives, and we have decided that these terms are but a free rendition of nectar and ambrosia, and that Fenly is Mount Olympus going incog. I should further suggest that Miss Chester is Venus, except that I can assert no well founded claim to being a blacksmith, and so the parallel stops at that point.

That night there was a fancy-dress ball in the house, and the neighbors from far and near collected, but for all I know the rest of the company may have presented very successful personifications of night, and mist, and cloud, and Miss Chester, dressed in a white cashmere gown, plain, and low, and close-fitting (trimmed with gold braid), with her blonde hair divided over her fair brow, and her head circled with a fillet of gold, no brighter or more beautiful than the two long plaits that fell behind, was Light; or at least so she seemed to me.

In the few days that followed there were numerous excursions about the country, in all of which, thanks to my dear cousin Lucy, I was Miss Chester's escort. She's a dear girl, this cousin of mine, though she would torment me now and then to show her the picture, and I was obliged to promise that I would grant her request on Christmas Day. I was shocked to hear that she had told Di the whole story one day, but somehow I got the idea that the sweet child looked a little pensive, all that evening, and so, in my heart I blessed my cousin, who, ignorant as she was, was helping my cause so efficiently.

When Christmas morning came and we all started off to church, Di and I were among those who walked. It was a short distance, and she decided it so herself and let me go with her. She had a sprig of holly at the throat of her fur coat, and a patch of vivid red in her hat, and as I walked at her side in the light of the Christmas sunshine and the sound of the Christmas bells, surely I felt a happier and better man than ever I had been before, and made stronger resolutions for my future life if only this good and gentle little creature could be with me, to hold me back from every evil way, and help me to lead my turbid man's life up to the pure rectitude of hers. I had not as yet assured myself that my life or my future could be any thing to her, but I hoped strongly, and was determined to tell my story to her soon.

All through the Christmas music and the Christmas service, so beautiful and triumphant, I was by her side, and we knelt together and stood together, and I think the hearts of both of us were warmed to fervent praise. And afterward, when we walked back through the winter woods and over the dry, dead leaves, I offered my arm to my little Di and she put her tiny hand within it, and all through the walk her exceeding gentleness and sweetness carried such comfort to my heart that a half-formed resolution that I had made took stronger hold upon me.

By and-by, when Lucy and Di and I were together, after the rest had disbanded to meet at dinner, my cousin reminded me of promise in these words:

"Come, Hal, you must not forget your pledge to me. Di, he promised to show us to-day the picture he fell so violently in love with a year ago. It was taken abroad, I hear, and perhaps you may recognize in it some Venus of the skylights that you have seen in some of you travels. If you do, now, don't spare him—out with the crushing truth, for Hal has definitely informed me that he will never woo or wed and other woman than the original of this—unless he has lately changed his mind." She said this last with a twinkle in her eye, but I answered very gravely:

"I have done no such thing, Lucy, and I am strongly as ever resolved that I will never love or marry any woman but the original of this picture," and then I slowly drew the precious little card from my pocket.

Miss Chester, without any apparent reason, here sprang up suddenly and retired to a distant part of the drawing room, and stood with her back toward me looking out of a window. Lucy stretched out her hand for the picture, but I held it back.

"Miss Chester must see it first," I said, "to tell whether she recognizes it. Miss Chester, will you come and look?"

Di called out in a low tone that she did not want to see it, and I declare the great distance made her voice sound choky, and almost as if it had tears in it. In a moment more I had gone to her side, and fancy my surprise when I discovered that her great star-clear eyes were full of large tear-drops, and she was holding the end of a damp little handkerchief between her tiny pearls of teeth, and giving it little jerks in her agitation and anxiety to keep back the tears. My heart gave a quick throb of joy as a delightful thought shone in upon me. The little darling was jealous of the picture. Could it be true?

"Don't you want to see the face of the little woman who had won my heart before I ever saw you? Don't you feel interest enough in me to care to see the woman that I love and hope some day to marry?" I said.

But she only shook her head, and I saw the great tears fall and roll down her beautiful cheeks.

"Ah, but you must," I said; "I will make you look. See, Di, this is the picture of my sweetheart, my one love, the little creature who possesses every shred and atom of my heart:"

And I held the picture just beneath her eyes.

A look of wonder—a little start—a glad cry of happy confusion—and she was in my arms.

We never knew how long it was before we thought of Lucy, but when we did she was nowhere to be seen; but by-and-by Di fell off and brought her back, and we had a little explanation and rejoicing together, and Di explained how she had given the picture to my cousin's guest, and said first that she was very angry with her for giving it away, and then that she would thank her as long as she lived for doing it, and that Lucy knew she always *had* said that matches were made in heaven, and a great deal more to the same purport. In this last, however, I agreed with her entirely, for surely her love has shed into my life a joy and peacefulness that are not born of earth.—*Christmas Graphic.*

What Denomination.

A bit of young love's coyness in bucolic guise as told by the Ithaca *Journal*: "It was at the Post-office in this village. The demoiselle was buxom, bashful, aged 18, and hailed from Berrytown. She wanted a dollar's worth of stamps. 'One dollar's worth,' repeated the smiling assistant, 'what denomination?' The damsel showed symptoms of embarrassment and hesitated to reply. She twirled her shawl fringe nervously, cast her eyes about to see if any one was near, moved a little closer to the window, and finally asked in a timorous voice: 'Do you hef to write it down?' 'By no means,' answered the courteous assistant; 'that is not necessary, but I presume you have some preference as to the denomination?' 'Ah—well—yes,' replied the stranger, her face turning scarlet, 'I hev some. I generally go to the 'Piscopal Methodist myself, but the fellow I'm buyin' the stamps for, he's a Universal Orthodox.'"

A Queer Little Beast.

The Norwegian lemming is an animal about the size of a mouse. It lives under stones in the summer, under snow in the winter. It hisses and bites. About once in 10 years they immigrate in large armies. They march in a straight line. They cross lakes and rivers. They go straight through haystacks rather than go around. Nothing stops them, not fire, cascades nor swamps. If a man stands in the way, they will jump at him as high as his knee. If struck, they will turn around and bark and bite like a dog. Foxes, lynxes, owls, hawks, and weasels follow them and destroy large numbers of them, but it does not check them. They continue their course until they reach the sea, into which they plunge, as persistent and progressive as ever, until the waves drown and exterminate them.—*Florida Agricultural*

—At the party given by Mrs. William B. Astor, on the debut of her daughter, Miss Caroline Astor, in New York recently, Mrs. Astor wore a dress of silver brocade embroidered in roses and trimmed with old family lace. The train was of similar lace over crimson satin. The corsage was covered with diamonds. She also wore a diamond necklace and diamonds in her hair. Miss Caroline Astor's dress was of white tulle, trimmed with white roses. Her ornaments were a necklace and pearl ear-rings. Mrs. James R. Roosevelt, one of Mrs. Astor's married daughters, wore a dress of white tulle over white silk, the train formed of veils of tulle. The front was trimmed with plaited flounces, with silver embroidery on tulle, and rows of silver fringe. The waist was of white satin, cut low at the neck, and trimmed with a berthe of silver embroidery.

TALK about women being particular and fussy about dress—did you ever watch a man buy an ulster? He strays in apparently by accident, looks over a pile of coats, and the gentlemanly clerk puts one on him. It's too big plaid, hackman's overcoat; the next one is too big stripe, college student's; the next too fine, regular parson's gown; then one fits too much, one fits too little; one has arms too long, buttons too big; another has arms too short, buttons too small. And he keeps up this straying all over town, sampling every clothing store, filling clerks with high hopes and subsequent disgust, till at last he buys the first coat he tries on, wears it a week and thinks it "immense," and the rest of the winter spends his spare time trying to trade it off for a second-hand coal-box buggy.—*Exchange.*

HAPPINESS is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it can not be accumulated; nor have we to go out of ourselves into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down at our very doors, or, rather, within them.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE lower jaw of a human being, said to have belonged to the primitive race, has been dug up on the banks of Lynx Creek, in Arizona. The jaw never had more than six teeth, and from its conformation the possessor subsisted wholly on fruits and grass.

THE largest income taxes paid to the Prussian National Exchequer are as follows: Carl Meyer von Rothschild, 70,200 marks; Willy von Rothschild, 68,400; Herr Krupp, 67,600; Herr Bleichroder, the Berlin banker, 32,400, and Herr Oppenhelm of Cologne, 25,200. The mark is nearly 25 cents.

THE reason why express search has been ordered to be made in Zululand for the Prince Imperial's watch is that, attached to the chain, his Highness wore that relic (a fragment of the true cross) which belonged to Charlemagne, came into the hands of the First Napoleon, and was always worn by the late Emperor, who regarded it as a species of talisman.

Two brothers named Finch live in South Norwalk, Conn., who resemble each other so closely that when one of them was arrested for fast driving recently, both brothers appeared before the Justice, saying that they were willing to pay the fine if it could be proved which was the guilty one. This could not be done, and the case was dismissed.

THE Jennings case, the original of the Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce case in "Bleak House," is again before the English courts. The amount involved is about $40,000,000. Charles Dickens's father, in early life, was in the office of a solicitor, where, his son assisting him, this persistent, wonderful old case of wealth drew the imaginative attention of the great future novelist. Charles Dickens himself confessed as much.

THE new steamer, Reuben R. Springer, to run in the New Orleans and Cincinnati trade, has two electric lights, one on the pilot-house and the other on the forecastle. They illuminate the river in front, and the landing, showing that they will not only be useful at night while under way, but will also revolutionize methods of lighting landings. She is the first boat to use this light on Western waters.

JOSEPHINE TAYLOR, aged 22, daughter of the President of the Mormon Church, attempted to escape from Utah and her father's harem, the other day. She got on a Union Pacific train, but having no ticket or money, was put off at the first station east. She endeavored to get the agent at Uintah to secrete her, but he refused, and her father's friends being notified, she was taken back to Salt Lake.

A WOMAN in the hospital in Florence, Italy, has a strange history. She entered the Italian army in order to save her brother, a married man, from military service. She served with distinction during the war with Austria, and received a medal for bravery in the field. When these facts were known to King Humbert he presented her with the cross of his order, and gave directions for her discharge on an annual pension of 300f.

THIS is the way they have of distributing milk to the citizens of Lima, South America. A little old woman sits on a chair which has been strapped to the back of a donkey, her feet resting upon the neck of the animal, while on either side of her are two huge cans of milk. The whole establishment, donkey, cans, old woman and all, trots into the kitchens of Lima, and the old woman, without dismounting, pours out the rations of milk.

MR. HENRY FROUDSHAM, whose husband was lynched by the Vigilantes at Leadville, a few weeks ago, announces her intention of instituting suit against the City of Leadville and County of Lake, for $20,000 damages at the next sitting of the District Court. She has secured able counsel, and the suit will be a novel one at any rate. The city and county will fight the case, on the grounds that Froudsham deserved lyching.

TUSCARAWAS, Ohio, is excited over what is spoken of as "the gradual petrifaction" of a 2-year-old son of Joseph Kinsley. Last July the legs of the little one became useless, and from that time on have so hardened that they present the solidity as well as the appearance of stone. A living petrified child was never before known, and the medical men of Tuscarawas are reported to be dumbfounded.

THE Vallejo (Cal.) *Chronicle* discovered a thoroughly Americanized Chinaman in a smoking car on a railroad train that passed through that place. A colored steward of a steamboat entered the car, and, taking a cheroot from his pocket, asked, with a lordly air, for a light from the heathen's cigar. With a look of disdain, the Chinaman replied: "No; you takee the Habana all out; me givee you matchee," and with that he took from his pocket a match, struck it, and passed it over to the colored gentleman.

JACQUES NARBONNE was educated to become a Roman Catholic priest, but turned out a rogue, and never entered holy orders. He set up as a poet, but a volume of poems which he published as his own proved to be stolen. He traveled as an aristocrat, calling himself the Count de St. Foy, but was soon exposed. The imposture ended his European career, and he came to America, choosing Montreal for his new home. The police of that city were lately informed that he had ordered 100,000 imitation Canadian postage stamps to be made by New York lithographers. He is now in jail.

A GIRL bought what she thought was strychnine, at Lisbon, Me.; but the suspicious druggist gave her a harmless drug, which she took home, swallowed in the presence of her family, and bade them farewell. Physicians were hurriedly summoned, and antidotes and stomach pumps were vigorously used. The girl herself soon joined in the desire to save her life, and earnestly prayed that a miracle might be added to the more ordinary modes of treatment. She believed that her petition was answered until the druggist let out the truth.

WHEN a man's house is building he never thinks the carpenter puts in one-third enough nails, and frequently, and with biting sarcasm, asks him if he doesn't think the house would stand if he just simply leaned it up against itself and saved all his nails? Then, a few years afterward, when he tears down the summer kitchen to build a new one, he growls and scolds, and sarcastically wonders why that fellow didn't make the house entirely of nails, and just put in enough lumber to hold the nails together.

HORSE thieves are no better treated in Russia than in our Western States. The Wilna *Messenger* says that horse stealing had grown so frequent in the district of Troki that the population became well nigh desperate about it, and the owners of valuable animals sold them at any sacrifice. At the time this report was published, a fellow who was suspected of being one of the thieves had been seized, tied to a horse's tail, and dragged at a gallop around the market place of the village of Olkeniks, with a train of infuriated peasants and farmers after him armed with sticks and stones. A judicial investigation of the occurrence was about to be made.

PRINCE NAPOLEON called upon the ex-Empress Eugenie while she was in Paris, and was kindly received. The conversation turned solely on the painful bereavement of the Empress. The Prince had not time to bring his sons with him, and expressed his regrets; the Empress replied, "If I return through France, I shall see your sons with pleasure!" The interview was marked by extreme cordiality, but the Empress, after the departure of the Prince, was greatly affected by the recollections revived, and was in prayer before a portrait of her son when the Princess Mathilde arrived. The Princess respected the grief of her cousin and withdrew without seeing her.

A SOMEWHAT novel method of announcing a marriage engagement was taken by one of the younger Hartford (Conn.) clergymen last week. At one of the regular week-day religious meetings of the church he took occasion to inform his parishioners "officially" and publicly of his engagement to one of the young ladies of the congregation. His motive was to prevent gossip—while at the same time this action must set at rest a great deal of anxiety on the part of numberless maids and mothers in the church in question, for the attentions bestowed upon the young and handsome pastor before the decision of the momentous question of whom he would select were certainly very numerous.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in the *Nineteenth Century*, credits the Chinese with the invention of bank notes. It is related that about 119 B. C., the Court being in want of money, the Halifax of the day hit upon the following device: When any princes or courtiers entered the imperial presence, it was necessary to cover the face with a piece of skin. It was first decreed that for this purpose the skin of a certain white deer, kept in one of the royal parks, should alone be employed, and then these skins, which appear to have passed from one noble to another, were sold for a high price. True bank notes are believed to have come into vogue in China, about 800 A. D., and were called feyt sien, or flying money.

THEFTS from the guests' rooms at the Bennett House, a large summer hotel at Stroudsburg, Pa., were frequent last season. Servants were first suspected, of course, but nothing could be proved against them. One night jewelry was stolen from three apartments, and in the morning some of it was found hidden in the bed of Chester Fulmer, a son of the very wealthy owner of the hotel property. Fulmer's pockets were found, on being searched, to contain stolen money. His trial has just resulted in conviction. He was a popular young man, and his defense, that the plunder was placed where it was found by some enemy, though unsupported by evidence, is believed by some of his friends.

AN historical gun is owned by Fernando Healy, of Rehoboth, Mass. His great-grandfather brought it to this country in 1680, and used it in the French war. His son Joseph put a new stock on the piece in 1761, inserting a small silver plate bearing the initials "J. H. 1761." Joseph's son John used it during the Revolution. It afterward came into the possession of another son, the late Stafford Healy, of Rehoboth, father of the present owner. He used it fourteen days during the war of 1812, receiving therefor a pension. In 1820 he restocked the gun and put in a new lock, and at his death it came into the hands of the present owner. The barrel is original, is in good order, and the gun is still used by members of the family as a fowling-piece.

AMONG curious viands and medicines largely consumed in China are several varieties of fungi, which are considered to be, if not actually poisonous, at least worthless in other countries. Some colonists in New Zealand have turned their knowledge of this fact to good account by collecting and exporting to the Celestial land a species of fungus growing abundantly on decaying timber in all the forest districts of the colony, known as *Hirneola polytricha*, and much resembling the variety commonly known as Jew's-ear. It is used by the Chinese as a medicine, being administered in the shape of a decoction; and it is supposed to purify the blood. It is also largely consumed in soups, and as an ingredient in various farinaceous dishes.

A REPORT just issued by the municipality of Berlin gives some interesting information as to the growth of the population of that city. At the end of the seventeenth century, when London and Paris each contained considerably more than 100,000 inhabitants, Berlin was an unimportant town with a population of little over 10,000. It was enlarged and embellished under the Great Elector and the two first Prussian Kings; and at the beginning of the present century its population had already risen to about 150,000. It increased still further after the close of the war with Napoleon and during the long peace that followed, but at the end of 1860, though the municipal district of Berlin had been considerably extended, it did not contain much more than 500,000 inhabitants. During the sixteen years that followed, however, its population was almost doubled. This has not been the case with any town of the same size except New York. Since 1877 the population of Berlin has been over a million, and it is now the largest city in Europe after London and Paris.

Why Gambetta Broke His Engagment.

Gambetta is a bachelor; but he has not lived so long without having at least contemplated marriage. The story of his engagement to an heiress in Western France, and its sudden breaking off, gives us a fresh glimpse of his character. From the time of his leaving his humble home at Cahors, till his rise to the highest rank of public personages, Gambetta lived with a faithful, loving, devoted aunt, who had followed him to Paris, and who made, everywhere he went, a pleasant home for him. She was at once his maid-of-all-work and his congenial companion; and he was as deeply attached to her as she to him. His engagement to a handsome and accomplished girl, with a *dot* of seven millions, was a shock to the good aunt; but she yielded gracefully to the inevitable. When the arrangements for the marriage were being discussed, however, the young lady took it into her head to make it a condition of their union, that the aunt should be excluded from the new establishment. She was scarcely elegant enough to adorn gilded salons. Gambetta explained how much his aunt had been to him; the rich beauty was only the more obdurate, Gambetta took up his hat, and with a profound bow, "Adieu," said he: "we were not made to understand each other." And the marriage was put off forever.—*Good Company.*

The Oldest Railroad Official.

Benjamin Fish of Trenton, N. J., on Nov. 15 rounded up 94 years of a wonderful active existence, and he is as lively to-day as the majority of men who have reached only three-fourths of his years. He voted in 1807, loaned Commodore Vanderbilt a thousand dollars when that gentleman was launching out in his career, brought down the first anthracite coal that descended the Delaware, in 1823, managed the old stage line and steamboat company between New York and Philadelphia 55 years ago, was elected one of the first Directors of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, at Ty's Tavern in Camden, in 1830, and has been elected every year since. In the autmn of 1833 Mr. Fish drove the first freight car that moved over the road between South Amboy and Bordentown. The road was completed the previous year, and horses were used until the close of 1833, when the first locomotive was imported from England and placed on the road. It was known as "JohnnyBull," and "Number One," and is standing to-day in the shops at Bordentown.

THE FATEFUL PHONOGRAPH;

Or, The Younger Brother's Revenge.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

When will grown-up girls learn to be kind to their younger brothers, and considerate of their feelings? If they only knew how a little kindness on their part might obviate trouble, promote domestic peace, and affect the destiny of several lives—but all this will be better illustrated by the following story from real life:

I. In the city of Ripon, Wis., which is celebrated alike for the beauty of its daughters, the delightful acidity of its cranberries, and the excellence of its shingles and clapboards, there dwells a lovely young lady, who is, or rather was, affianced to a handsome, clever, amiable, and rich young man, residing in that metropolis of the Western world, Chicago.

II. Among the near relatives of this beautiful girl is her brother, a boy of 14 or 15, with whom she has, ever since she can remember, maintained relations of what might be called malevolent neutrality. Her most affectionate manner of addressing him was to call him "That boy," or, "You horrid little beast," or words to that effect; and about seventy-seven times a day her voice could be heard calling shrilly, "Ma, do make Robert stop and behave himself!" "Pa, Robert is teasing me!" or, "Wait til pa gets home to-night, young man, and you'll know what fathers, and woodsheds, and trunk-straps were created for—that's all!"

III. As a matter of course this young male relative cherishes for his sister any thing but sentiments of most distinguished consideration, as the diplomatists say. He has taken every opportunity during his comparatively few but superlatively evil years to gibe and annoy her, humble her social pride, and thwart her matrimonial ambitions. His practices, such as advising her at state teas not to be afraid of a second slice of thin bread and butter after having at dinner demolished five plates of corned beef and cabbage, yelling down stairs as an admirer opens the front door, "Hi, Mary, there's your feller, and the dentist hasn't sent home your false teeth!" and the like, are wholly indefensible, though the extreme nature of the provocation must at the same time be admitted.

IV. A few days ago the beautiful young girl's Chicago *fiance* sent her a singular present—a phonograph—accompanied by a letter in which he used words to the following effect: "Dearest and darlingest duck, sweet as your long and loving letters are, one thing that could more strongly and ravishingly remind me of your idolized presence—your peerless self. If I could only hear the sounds of your sweet, melodious voice. 'If,' do I say? I can, I can! Thanks to the genius of that wonderful man, Thomas Alva Edison, I can carry your love-words round with me upon my heart; hear, if not feel your saccharine kisses. I send you herewith by express (charges paid) a phonograph. Speak whatever words of love you fain would say to me in at the mouth-piece (A), uttering them clearly and deliberately, while at the same time you turn the crank (B) from you with a uniform motion. Then remove the tinfoil (at C) and send it to me, when I, reversing the process, will be able to feast in imagination on the honeyed words of your corallize lips," etc., etc.

V. Upon the day that Miss Mary ——, of Ripon, Wis., received her present of a phonograph, her brother and herself became engaged in a controversy of more than usual acrimony, which ended in his retiring to the woodshed and swearing a solemn oath after the manner of bandits and wizards in the stories of his favorite publication, the *Boy's Perfect Pirate, and Juvenile Guide to Burglary*, that he would be fearfully and wonderfully avenged. An opportunity soon offered itself, and when the young girl had gone out shopping, with a countenance distorted with malignity he stole on tip-toe to her apartment, and, seizing her phonograph, turned the crank with a feverish hand while into the funnel he poured, in a voice trembling with rage and triumph—but we must not anticipate.

VI. On Friday morning the young Chicago lover received from Miss Mary ——, of Ripon, Wis., a long and loving letter, inclosing a sheet of tinfoil, which he kissed with rapture over and over again. He could hardly wait till he got home in the evening to read the contents of the foil, but he had to, and the knowledge of this fact enabled him to pass away the hours that would otherwise have been insufferable. At last the long, long, weary day had passed away, and, rushing to his happy boarding-house, he locked the door of his bedroom, placed the tinfoil upon his phonograph, turned the crank the reverse way, and heard it utter the following dialogue: "Hello, Mary, old girl, how goes it! Epeestweepste!" [NOTE—This is the nearest possible reproduction of the similar sound here produced by the phonograph. It sounds something like a kiss.] "O, Charley, don't—you squeeze me so; and, there now! my hair is all mussed! How you do smell of smoke. I'll never marry you if you go on smoking so. I'll marry Willie.,' [NOTE.—The Chicago young man's name is William.] "O, you wouldn't go back on your word to me and marry that red-headed, bandy-legged idiot?" "Hush, Charley; he isn't so very red-headed after all, and red hair is quite fashionable. Besides, if he is bandy-legged, and his brain is not very strong, it is not his fault. He is real nice, and I don't want to give him the shake till after Christmas, for I'm certain he'll send me some real nice presents, and of course under these circumstances I can not listen to any disparaging remarks about him." "All right, Mary, and when we are married ——" "O, Charley, don't; this chair won't bear us both; come over to that rocking-chair; pa had a new leg put in, although he said you ought to pay for it." . . . .

VII. The young Chicago lover heard no more. With a heart-broken moan, "O, Mary, Mary, false—when I thought thee so true!" he smashed the photograph into 963 pieces—which is near enough to the orthodox number of 1,000 for all practical purposes—made her love-letters, presents, etc., into a neat package, inclosing in it a brief note, "Go and marry your Charley, you heartless and false jade," and sent it to the express office, and got boiling drunk. The early morning train yesterday bore him away into the boundless West, with rage and pain in his breast and a ticket for Leadville in his pocket.

VIII. What Miss Mary —— of Ripon, Wis., will say when to-morrow she gets her letters and the enigmatical and uncomplimentary expression accompanying them, we are, of course, unable to say; but, as she really loves the ex-Chicago young man, and hasn't any gentleman friend named Charles or Charley, it is safe to say that she will be very much surprised and shocked. That worthless boy's vengeance, however, after all, will be incomplete; he never will dare to let her know that it was he that stuffed the phonograph!

IT is the fashion now with the great dry-goods firms in New York to have a man in livery outside to open carriage doors of arriving customers, and call-coachmen for those customers about to depart.

A GRAVE mistake is made by farmers who think that stock must not be fed at home after the first appearance of grass. Stock will show this false economy all through the season.

A Tragical Love Story from Siam.

The official beheading of Pra Peccha, a prominent dignitary of Siam, as announced yesterday in a dispatch from Singapore, says the New York *Times*, is a very singular proceeding and the causes leading to it are so remarkable as to be worthy of mention. The circumstances, as narrated in private letters from Bangkok, are substantially these: Thomas G. Knox, until recently British Political Agent and Consul-General, stationed at the capital, had resided there for many years in an official capacity, having married, soon after going to Indo-China, a native woman, who bore him two children, both daughters. They were educated in England. One of them is represented as particularly bright and attractive, and after returning to her own country she was greatly admired and had many suitors. Some months ago the young woman, who had probably reached the age of twenty or thereabout, astonished or enraged her father by eloping with Pra Peccha, and coming back fast married according to Thai law and Buddhist form, Consul Knox who had intended her for the British matrimonial market was so incensed at her husband that he formerly complained to the native government of Peccha's connubial misdemeanor, which, in his wrath, he is said to have pronounced a violation of international law, a heinous political crime, a deadly affront to John Bull, as represented in his proper person, and a direct assault on the British constitution. Hyperbolical and absurd as such assumption was, it is not unfrequently the method adopted by British officers abroad when dealing with people whom they are pleased to consider but half civilized. The Siamese Government seemed to regard Peccha's offense as seriously as the British Consul had done. It ordered the new husband's immediate arrest and trial on the gravest charges, high treason, we believe, being one of them; and, in due time, he was, to the amazement and horror of his father-in-law and his bride, condemned to death. This was much more than the British Consul had bargained for. Notwithstanding his wrath, he did not think that a runaway match deserved capital punishment, and he swore by his consular seal and the established church that the sentence should not be carried out. The Government, however, continued firm as to its decision, whereupon Knox threatened it with the vengeance of his nation, declaring that he would order up the British gunboats lying near the mouth of the Meinam River, and cause the bombardment of Bangkok unless the sentence was revoked. The menace was, as may be supposed, idle, intended merely to intimidate the King and his cabinet. But they would not be intimidated, and soon after Knox was recalled by his Government. This is the way the story is told by the English and Americans in Siam, but it is not at all likely that Pra Peccha has been beheaded simply for his elopement. He must have been found guilty of more momentous offenses to justify such extreme measures. Still, as Siam is an absolute monarchy, the Government can do what it likes without accountability to its subjects. The whole thing, as reported here, is most extraordinary, and but for its tragic termination, would read like the libretto of an opera bouffe. If a man can be officially beheaded for marrying a pretty girl in Siam, matrimony, especially under romantic aspects, will scarcely be regarded there with encouraging favor.

Signs and Portents.

When the crescent of the young moon rests supinely, its horns in air, it is a sign of dry weather, because in that position it holds all the water, thus preventing its fall to the earth. This is also a sign of wet weather, the explanation in this case being that a waterfall moon is emblematical of a water-soaked earth. Don't forget the sign of the new moon. It is rarely you will find one so impartially accommodating.

Whoever finds a four-leaf clover is generally a liar. It is so much easier to detach one leaf from a five-leafed stalk than to hunt for one with four, that the temptation to mendacity is too much for average clay.

When a mouse gnaws a hole in a gown some misfortune may be apprehended. The misfortune has already happened to the gown, and may be apprehended to happen to the mouse.

An old sign is that a child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old. But what the average infant can see in the mirror to make it proud is difficult for any but its parents to understand.

A red sky in the west at evening indicates that the next day will be pleasant, barring accidents of rain, snow and hail.

If you take down your shingle, preparatory to putting it up in a new location, it is a sign you are moving.

If a hen runs across the street directly