THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

LOVE IN ALL.

Name the leaves on all the trees,
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flow'rs by rill that blow,
All the myriad tints that glow,
Winds that wander through the grove,
And you name the name of Love:
Love there is in summer sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gayly bounds
O'er the meads, where, on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing,
Pat of rain-drop, chat of stream—
Of their song sweet love's the theme:
Love there is where zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fold the rose;
Silvery dews begin to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy Nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in Heaven's embrace:
Love is in an hour like this,
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of Nature's pulse the beat,
Like the tread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent north
Shimmering arrows shooting forth:
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things:
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love creation first
Into glorious being burst:
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her,
Spirit sweet—all else above:
Love is God, since God is love.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

DEAR BOY.

FATHER had gone over to the next township to a committee meeting, and had taken mother with him, so Dorcas and I had the whole care of Mabel, a pleasure that did not often fall to us. She was sitting in her little rocker, with the white kitten in her lap and one little red cheek pressed against my knee, as she looked in my face while I read. Dorcas was sewing as usual, but more interested in the reading than Mabel, who could not understand a word. Dorcas was twelve, and had never read Jane Eyre, and I was tired of telling her the story in snatches. We were half through the book, and as I read to the passage where she comes to St. John's door, Dorcas laid her work down to listen. I had reached the climax where the old servant closes the door upon her, and St. John appears on the scene and speaks as one having authority.

At this supreme moment there came a sudden, loud and peculiar knock at the door, so close to me that I involuntarily caught Mabel, while Dorcas seized a chair and stood in a pugilistic attitude, with a face as white as snow. I was the first to rally—I am nineteen—for I felt that the home was left in my care, so I roused up old Susan, who was asleep in the kitchen, and we asked cautiously through the panels who was there, but received no answer but a low moan, and I felt sure it was some one in distress, so I opened the door, a little bit at a time, and at last looked out but could see nothing.

"Who or what speaks?" I asked, terrified at the unexpected sound, and incapable now of deriving from any occurrence a hope of aid. A form was near—what form, the pitch-dark night and my enfeebled vision prevented me from distinguishing. With a loud, long knock the new-comer appealed to the door.

The whirled the dead leaves in great heaps and sifted them over the door.step; there was a mound of them lying there, and under it something stirred. My heart gave a great bound.

"Bring the light, Susan!"

Old Susan brought the light, shading it with her hand. I stooped, trembling all over, and touched something; it gave a moan and sat up!

It was only a boy, after all; a poor, sick, wasted, small boy, that seemed to be starving. We carried him into the house, and tried to make him talk, but he did not seem to understand what we said, and moaned and cried as if in great pain.

"What shall we do with him?" I asked, in despair. "I do wish father would come, he will have to stay all night now, so you may as well put him in the little room, Susan, and make him comfortable, poor little fellow!"

He was such a pretty boy, even in rags and sickness; he was so thin that his bones actually seemed worn through, and his great black eyes stared frightfully; he was too sick to hold his head up, and Susan carried him into the little corner room and undressed him as she would a baby, while Mabel stood by the door and said "pitty boy," in her small bird-like voice.

When father and mother came home we met them at the door, and Dorcas and I both tried to tell the story at the same time.

"Well," said father, sternly, "as I understand it you have taken in a lazy tramp, who, when we are all fast asleep, will get up and let his friends in to rob and murder."

Mother had disappeared in the bedroom. Now she came out and said:

"He is very ill, indeed, Jephtha. It would not surprise me if he died before morning. He is burning up with fever."

"Small-pox, most likely," observed father.

"Maybe its diphtheria," cried mother, in alarm. "Oh, girls! how could you? Just think of Mabel!"

"Should we have left him out there to die?" asked Dorcas.

"Tain't nothing but a cold," said old Susan. "He's only starved to death; besides, you hain't no need to fear. Some yarb tea and a night's rest 'ill fetch him 'round all right."

He had the "yarb" tea and many a long night's rest, but he never was any better; as Susan would say, "Nothin' but starvin' did it;" but he had starved a little too long. Nature did not reassert herself, and "Boy," as we all called him, could not take hold again of the life he had so nearly dropped.

"'It ain't in him," said old Susan, "'pears like he gets whiter and whiter every day."

At first, while he seemed like a sick boy-tramp, we all kept away from him, except mother, who took the best of care of him; then one by one we drifted in to see how he was getting along, and at last the little corner bed-room was our general rendezvous, and Boy sitting up, white and wasted, its center of attraction. We knew from the first he would never get well, and we tried to find his friends, but he seemed to be alone in the world. This much we could see for ourselves, he was of gentle blood, and had been used to home care, but he spoke a foreign tongue and but little of that. All day he would sit bolstered up, and play with wan fingers with Mabel's toys, and when we found his sickness was not contagious we used to put our darling on the little bed, where she would sit and talk to him in her baby lingo by the hour. She is such a happy child, it seemed as if she charmed pain away with her cooing baby fondness. The first thing in the morning it was "boy" or "pitty boy" and the last hour of her bedtime when she would kneel with his thin hand in her soft curls and say her little make-believe prayer that we taught her, she would lisp "dear boy."

But there came a night when Boy seemed loth to have her go and clung to the little dimpled hand, and kissed it with pale, cold lips, and then she threw both little arms about his neck, and in her pretty, beseeching tone, said, "By-by, dear boy."

It was her first whole sentence, and we were so proud, and she was to say it again to him the first thing in the morning, but when we took her in to see "dear boy,"

"He had gone home at evening
And found it morning there."

Poor Mabel! she did not know (do we any of us know?) what had changed her little smiling friend, who always reached out glad hands to her, into that death-white marble, and she looked at it wonderingly, with unrecognizing eyes, but when we took him away she looked on sadly, and no sweeter hymn was sung for him than her softly-murmured "By-by, dear boy," as she watched them bear him away.

We buried him in our own lot in the cemetery—selfish kindness—because Mabel loved him so, and over his grave we raised a simple memorial; no name, no age, only this:

"By-by, Dear Boy."

I have taken Mabel up there several times, but she only played with the dead rustling leaves, and she never seems to think of him now. Happy children! they so soon forget.

I wrote all this a year ago. Oh, can it be "only one year, one little year," and now there is another grave by that of "dear boy's," a little grave, only half as long.

"You'd scarcely think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large."

Oh, Mabel! Mabel! by-by, darling. Just before she went to sleep she lifted her heavy eyes—those sweet violet eyes we all loved so much—and murmured something we could not hear. I bent down close; close, for oh, I knew then our darling was going, and heard her say, as if to herself, "Dear boy," but in such a glad voice as if she saw him. And we thought she had forgotten! We had entertained angels unawares.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Care of Young Children.

FASHION, that stern task-mistress, that Moloch to whom so many children have been sacrificed in bygone days, for once asserted her influence on the side of common sense when she decreed that their necks, arms and legs should be protected by proper clothing. A few years ago it was not an uncommon sight to see a mother warmly dressed, in thick woolen, fur-trimmed garments, leading by the hand a child daintily arrayed in a short frock with a least two inches of its poor little legs uncovered between the edge of its drawers and the top of its tiny white socks; or indoors to see plump necks and rounded arms exposed to an atmosphere which adults could meet only when swathed to neck and wrists. Happily this absurd custom is a thing of the past, and one can only trust it never may be revived. The error now is rather in the other extreme. While children should be warmly dressed, particularly when going into the open air, care should be taken not to overload them with clothing. The sweat glands are very active in youth, and if over-stimulated by heat, become inflamed, producing heat rash.

Light woolen materials should be used in winter and colors selected that will wash when necessary. The garments should be so made as not to impede the freest use of the limbs. Healthy children require a great deal of exercise, and should be encouraged to play vigorously and shout lustily for some time every morning in the open air. They will be much more ready to play quietly in the nursery during the remainder of the day than if they had been taken for a decorous walk, which is simply useless as exercise for the young muscles that need strengthening and developing. If perfectly well they should be sent out in all weather, except when it is absolutely raining. Then they should have on part of their outdoor clothing, be sent into a room where the windows are open, and made to play tag, puss-in-the-corner, or any active indoor game, for half an hour or more. Nothing is so fatal to children as bad ventilation. Their bed-room windows should invariably be open at night; if there is any fear of a draught a light frame made to fit the window with flannel tacked on each side of it will admit fresh air and obviate the difficulty.

No garment that has been worn during the day should be suffered to remain on during the night. A cotton night-dress is all that is necessary in summer. In winter, or if the child has a delicate chest, or is subject to croup, a scarlet flannel jacket may be added.

Children should be thoroughly bathed from head to foot every morning in cold or. tepid water. Nothing does more to promote a healthy action of the skin and make the complexion clear and fresh than thorough daily ablutions.

The greatest attention should be paid to the care of the teeth. Until a child is old enough to use a brush they should be washed with a soft rag dipped in cool water at least twice a day.

The hair should be well brushed with a soft brush and never touched with a fine comb, which, as well as a stiff brush, causes disease of the scalp. It should be cleansed by washing in warm water to which a little borax has been added, with plenty of white soap, and thoroughly rinsing with clear water. The hair grows from the head, so cutting the ends can do no possible good. If it splits at the ends it is owing to a deficiency of natural oil, and may be remedied by using a little sweet oil. It is a popular fallacy that the extreme growth of hair tends to weaken the system. If it is cut nature will produce fresh hair more quickly, thus increasing instead of lessening the strain on the productive powers.

Children require plenty of healthful, substantial, nourishing food; they not only have to repair the daily waste of the system but also to create new bone and muscle every day. An infant should have food at first once in two hours during the day and four at night. When older, once in four hours will be sufficient. Young children should have a bowl of bread and milk, or at least a cup of milk, on first waking in the morning, if any length of time elapses between their rising and the regular breakfast. They can be taught to like almost anything if its use is begun sufficiently early. Oatmeal porridge is an excellent article of diet; it may be varied by hominy, boiled rice, porridge of white or yellow Indian meal, etc. Soft-boiled eggs are also good. Tender, juicy, broiled beefsteak and roast beef or roast mutton are better than lamb or veal, as they contain more nutriment. Well-made soups and broths and fresh vegetables are never out of place. Simple puddings should be substituted for pastry, which children never should be allowed to touch. The supper should consist of bread and milk, or bread and butter, with a slice of plain cake. Tea and coffee had better be dispensed with until eighteen or twenty. The good effect of going without them will be seen in a healthy nervous system. Ripe fruit may always be eaten with impunity by a child who is perfectly well. The earlier in the day it is taken the better. As little sugar and cream as possible should be used with it. It is needless to say that the consumption of candy is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

This may seem diet of more than Spartan simplicity to many an indulgent mother; but if she will banish hot bread, fried meat, tea, coffee and pastry from her children's bill of fare their rosy cheeks, firm limbs and perfect digestions will give her no cause to regret her decision.—*Miss E. R. Scovil, in Christian Union.*

IT has been decided in England to thrash young culprits instead of sending them to work houses.

A YOUNG man died of heart disease at St. Paul while asking a girl to marry him.

Our Baby.

I NEVER could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and it can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby and saying "ain't it perfectly sweet!"

The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterward. Folks say "Here Jimmy! just hold the baby a minute, that's a good boy," and then as soon as you have got it they say "Don't do that, my goodness gracious the boy will kill the child hold it up straight you good-for-nothing little wretch." It is pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it, but that's the way boys are treated. Perhaps after I'm dead folks will wish they had done differently.

Last Saturday mother and Sue went out to make calls and told me to stay home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match, but what did they care? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and that if the baby waked up I was to play with it and keep it from crying and be sure you don't let it swallow any pins. Of course, I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left it just for a few minutes while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up stairs again the baby was awake and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish with a sponge in it on the end of a wire that Sue uses to black her shoes, because girls are too lazy to use a regular blacking-brush.

The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle and I sat down to read the *Young People*. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge and about half his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came home she would say the baby was spoiled and I had done it.

Now I think an all-black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all-white baby, and when I saw the baby was part black I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried just as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in.

I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son it will wrinkle in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father, but went up stairs with him almost as if I was going to church or something that wouldn't hurt much.

The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctor says it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think that it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.—"*Jimmy Brown,*" *in Harper's Young People.*

Stop the Leak.

THE handful of men that escaped through the air-lock at the Hudson River Tunnel a few weeks since, unwillingly leaving a score of comrades to a terrible death, reported that the leak was known, and they did their best to stop it, but it was too late. These leaks were common enough, indeed, were every day occurrences. Two workmen were always detailed to watch for the well-known tell-tale hiss, which death was kind enough to give by way of warning. Taken in time the escaping vital air could be checked, the dreadful flood prevented. But some one blundered, and then, handfuls of mud, garments whipped from off their toiling bodies, Titan mouthfuls to the hungry man, were sucked up all in vain, and the monster could not be appeased without his human sacrifice.

It is an old story. To see a lad of ten or a dozen years beginning to smoke is to be tempted to cry, "stop the leak." We are not talking to old smokers; they would not heed us. But if the boy knew how vitality is being sapped, how muscle, and nerve, and brain, and soul are being injured at this unripe period of life; knew that he is surely wasting the energies needed for growth and development of a manly estate, he might conclude to stop the leak. It is a fact, we believe, that ninety per cent. of smokers are forced, sooner or later, to break off their habit. They must choose between the weed and the ear, or eye, or stomach, or throat, or some noble nerve threatened with paralysis. But to stop when one has the custom of a score of years! Oh, misery, torture! Why should not these growing boys spare themselves the struggle, which is often then simply terrific.

A given article of diet always injures on. Others can drink coffee; you know full well you cannot; and yet you are repeatedly, if not habitually, indulging in the forbidden thing, to the peril of headaches and heart-flutters. If you know the articles of food which are always your friends, patronize them; if you know the practices through which health and strength always ebb away, leaving you miserable, begin in time to stanch the flow. Say no, once and forever. It ought not to matter to you that another man seems to be able to endure five nights in a week with only four hours' sleep; that he seems to come freshly to the bank-desk at your side; that carousal, late suppers, and strong drink do not seem to shake his nerves. You, at least, are beginning to cripple under these abuses. You have headaches, dizziness, fatigues, fits of despondency, dullness of attention, and generally failing powers. Stop the leak. The truth is, nearly all your friends can see that to which you seem so blind. They observe your lassitude, the pallor and flush of a feyered spendthrift, wasting nature's splendid patrimony of youth, the heavy tread instead of that nameless ease of carriage and elasticity with which young creatures begin life's journey. Friends would like to warn you, but they dare not. You, at least, must stop this expense or die, whatever other men may do.

"What has gone wrong?" asks the watchful wife at evening.

"Nothing. You are constantly repeating that question of late."

"Yes, and with good reason. A man may work never so hard, go his daily rounds never so faithfully, knit up his resolution and wear a fireside smile which he whips out like a mask from a pocket of the coat he lays off in the front hall; but worry is a leak which soon begins to tell its tale. You are worrying, worrying about something these three months. Can you let me into the secret? Can a wife's hand help? Shall we economize, move into a less expensive house, dress more plainly or give up the horses? At all events stop this waste. Nothing kills like useless anxiety. Having done your best, trust God. Remember the holy words that, at least, are above a woman's reason and a woman's wit, inspired with more than a woman's love. 'Be careful—overanxious—for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication make your requests unto God.'" And we thanked the woman for her gentle ministry.

The habit of exaggeration is a leak. We hear young girls in conversation speak of a thing as "perfectly splendid," as "the most magnificent possible," "gorgeous," and "sublime." When one has abused her mother tongue by such misapplication of grand words, what words are left to apply to things and deeds that deserve them? In the Yo Semite the poor child would be bankrupt; for to say "perfectly splendid" of *El Capatan*, when one has been using the phrase of a new hat or the airs of a young gentleman, seems absurd. But the worst effect of this silly habit is the moral blunting of the perception of truth. Swollen statements betoken careless observation and unreliability. She knows people discount her testimony; and this consciousness reacts upon the speaker's self-respect. If you know the family habitually disbelieve one half you say, you will very easily care as little yourself about one half you say. After a time there must be a heroic effort at reform, or you will be known as a confirmed liar, if we may write down the real word.

The first decided infringement of the law of conscience, say upon some major dictate like that against theft, is a dreadful leak. We knew a messenger boy who was overpaid at the bank window. He kept the paltry sum of a dollar. The devil bought him very cheap. Being out of a good home, with pious rearing, he could not use and forget as a matter of course. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. The fatal thing about it all was that he observed the possibility of sin going undiscovered and hence apparently unpunished. He afterward said he was surprised to notice how blind people were, how many chances there were to escape detection. He had always thought, too, that the way of a transgressor was hard, that the great God would see to it that no man prospered doing wrong, but surely, like a house built upon the sand, a life-time, a month, a week, with a bad clay at the foundation, would most certainly crumble down. But instead of this he seemed to be as highly valued at the store as ever, and was promoted within a month. All this widened the leak. The boy's moral nature was disintegrating. A theif will lie. Stolen money goes for bad ends. Whoso has stolen a dollar will soon find need to steal a hundred of them. The wrong comes to light. In the prison it was pitiful to see him. It was then too late to stop the leak, for he still believed his detection was an accident, angrily accused this one and that one, and thought he would be more shrewd the next time.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Russia's Deplorable Condition.

THE Minister of the United States at St. Petersburg, in a dispatch to the Department of State, draws a gloomy picture of the present economic and social condition of Russia. The grain crop of the past season, he says, has proved a failure, and American wheat is imported now even at St. Petersburg. It is also entering at Odessa and other Russian ports. But a large market for this American cereal cannot be predicted, as very little bread made from wheat is used in Russia; the mass of the people must have a cheaper and coarser article, such as rye or Indian corn. The scarcity of grain in the Empire is so great that it was currently reported and generally believed that the Imperial Government was considering the propriety of prohibiting the exportation of rye. There will be much suffering among the poor classes. Minister Foster quotes from the *Golos*, of St. Petersburg, as follows: "From all sides comes news of the harvest being below the average, of want and hunger, from which will spring disease and very likely death. Beetles, worms and locusts are eating up the corn; the diminution of cattle surpasses all belief; diphtheria is taking off the coming generation: breadstuffs have already reached five kopeks per pound. Every one feels that Russia does not subsist by the produce of its own land, but is wasting its capital in cutting wood, selling surplus cattle, pulling straw from its thatched roofs, and depriving itself of its very clothes and shoes."

Weak Woman vs. Tyrant Man.

HERE is an illustration of what can be done by a defenseless, weak and unprotected woman when left alone to deal with the tyranny of heartless men. It was in Booth's Theater last Saturday afternoon. A woman entered with seven companions, and took possession of eight orchestra chairs. Presently eight other claimants of the same seats came along. There was a comparison of tickets, and it was found that the party in possession held tickets for the matinee of the preceding Wednesday. Explanation was followed by expostulation, and this in turn by denunciation. All in vain. The manager was sent for. "Madam," said he, "you must relinquish these seats. Your tickets are valueless." "That is no fault of mine. I paid for them, and mean to keep them." "Madam, I insist." The enemy said nothing, but sat still. The manager argued, appealed, implored, offered other seats, offered a stage-box, offered compromise on any terms, while the rightful owners of the seats looked and thought unspeakable things. Said the garrison: "Tell you what I'll do; give me two season tickets for Bernhardt in a good part of the house, and I will surrender." The manager gasped, uttered a blessing beneath his breath, bowed and declined to continue the conversation. Then he retired in exceedingly bad order. He did not get the seats, but did issue another set of free admissions to pacify the original proprietors.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Art Progress in the Limekiln Club.

THE Committee on International Affairs reported the following new scale of prices for winter work:

For blacking cook-stoves, all sizes and makes, twenty-five cents.

For blacking parlor-stoves, twenty cents—no reduction on account of race, color or previous condition.

For whitewashing ceilings, a general charge of forty cents, with extra for cornices. Landscapes will be laid on at the same old price, if the old design of a red cow standing under a persimmon tree be used against a background of a range of green hills. The new winter design lately procured by the club represents a scene in the Alps. By rubbing the snow off the tops of the mountains, it can be changed to a scene on the Hudson. By removing the fat man in it and replacing him with a grizzly bear, it can be made to represent wild life in the West. By removing the bear and substituting a schoolhouse, the scene is changed to New England. This unique design is the invention of the Hon. Snowdrop Bluffem, of Troy, and all his right, title and interest has been purchased by the Limekiln Club.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LONDON lady had a servant who persisted in wearing her hair down her back. This mistress thought it was untidy, and finally insisted upon cutting off the hair. The father of the maid, valuing her long hair, and believing that her good looks had been unnecessarily marred, at once sued the lady for assaulting his child. The girl testified in court that her mistress had cut off her hair without her consent and against her will. The magistrate decided that it was an assault which was punishable.

Some Very Useful Advice to a Young Lady Just Engaged.

SHE is one of the sweetest little bodies in all the world, is K. D. B., and it is no wonder that she has gone and got engaged; and we desire to pause here, for a moment, before entering upon K. D. B.'s perplexity—for she has a perplexity, poor dear—while we congratulate her with all our heart. Heaven bless you, K. D. B., we do hope that everything will go along nicely and that your marriage will be as pleasant as possible. And now for the perplexity. "When a young lady becomes engaged," writes K. D. B.—and we can see the pretty thing blushing like a gazelle as she makes this timid, indirect confession that she is engaged—"when a young lady becomes engaged and receives letters of congratulation from his relatives (ah! what a world of naive tenderness there is in this simple use of the pronoun!) is she bound according to etiquette to reply? And if she is bound, in what form ought she to reply?" And then she winds up by telling us that "by answering" we will "confer a favor on 'K. D. B.'" It is proud and happy that we are, "K. D. B.," to be in a position to confer a favor upon you; and we fully appreciate the honor that you are doing us in asking our advice instead of "his." But an answer, dear child, must depend just a little on some of the circumstances which—in your pretty, careless way—you have neglected to mention. The general rule may be easily enough laid down that letters of this nature do not demand answers; but the very minute that the rule is stated the necessity for making exceptions to it is evident. A congratulatory letter from, for instance, the foreman of the fire company with which "he" has been connected in "his" wayward youth certainly does not require an answer; while on the contrary a congratulatory letter from "his" maiden aunt, from whom "he" has expectations, demands an answer of the most instantaneous and effusive sort that can be known or mentioned. To ignore the kind utterances of "his" rich bachelor uncle would be a sinful rudeness of which no right-minded K. D. B. should even dream of being guilty; but to answer the letter of the other uncle—the clerical uncle up the country who has a doubtful salary of $500 a year and eleven children—would be a serious indiscretion. As to the peppery letter from the young woman to whom "he" was previously engaged, it is probable that your own fine natural instincts will advise you, and so render advice from us unnecessary. But you see, dear K. D. B., that our advice upon any part of the perplexity is not of much value because you have only partially taken us into your confidence. After all, little one, perhaps the best thing that you can do is to consult "him."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Heart of a Fish.

THE heart of a fish is a simple chain of chambers, instead of the complex quadrilocular organ which circulates the blood of a quadruped; yet it performs the same office, and performs it sufficiently well for the fish's needs. In the same way, the organ of hearing of a fish is simple, but it contains all that is absolutely essential for hearing, viz., an auditory sacculus, full of fluid, and containing small bones, or "obolithes" (usually two in number, and comparatively large), and three large semi-circular canals. All vertebrates above fishes have obolithes and three semi-circular canals, but higher animals add thereto a spiral cochlea, a tympanum with its chain of bones to communicate vibrations, and an external ear. Any argument against the ability of a fish to hear, based on the simplicity of the organ of hearing, might equally well be used to prove that a fish cannot breathe, swim nor digest, because the organs it possesses for these purposes are simpler than ours, or are built on a slightly different plan. Sure of the presence of an organ of hearing, sure also of certain special adaptations of that organ in some groups of fishes, we may be certain that such conclusions as those commented on are not due to the fish's want of hearing so much as man's inability to reason correctly from insufficient premises. The microphone has gone far toward proving what philosophers had previously become convinced of by deductive reasoning, that there is no motion without sound, and therefore that sound is present in numberless instances not evident to our senses. For our perception of sound we are dependent upon our sense of hearing, which is adapted only to a certain range of sounds; and this range differs in human individuals, for we all know that some other persons hear sounds that are imperceptible to us. Still more is this true of other animals; they may hear what we cannot, yet be deaf to sounds audible to us. Strict experiments upon the hearing of fishes have yet to be made. Most of the observations yet made are faulty, either because, first, the observer has supposed that the fish ought, if it can hear, to notice the sound he makes for the purpose; or, second, he has argued, from the standpoint of his own senses, that if a fish hears, the range of its hearing must be nearly the same as his own.

A Pretty, but Practical, American Girl

MRS. EMILY ROELOFSON, a Cincinnati widow, was young and pretty, and possessed the additional attraction of a large fortune. She went to live in Paris several years ago, and could not escape the love which is there commonly bestowed on American heiresses. Juan Narcisse de Francisco Martin, connected with one of the foreign diplomatic corps, was the successful suitor. They were married last summer. But the bride, mindful of the fact that the law in France does not give the wife exclusive control of her property, had an important agreement drawn up for the bridegroom to sign, and he did it. The document has just been recorded in the County Clerk's office at Cincinnati. The important provision is as follows: "The said Juan Narcisse de Francisco Martin doth covenant and agree to and with the said Emily Roelofson, that from and after the celebration of such marriage she shall continue to hold, manage, control and enjoy her said property as her own sole and separate estate as fully as if she were unmarried; that her said estate shall be in no way liable for the debts of the said Juan Narcisse, and that he will abstain from any such conduct as would impair his said wife's rights and prevent her from duly controlling and enjoying her said property. And the said Emily doth covenant and agree, in consideration of the premises, with the said Juan Narcisse that she will not attempt to give away at any time during their joint lives any part of the principal of her said invested estate without the written consent of her said husband, and that in case of her decease, leaving him her survivor, he shall be entitled to receive during all the rest of his natural life, the income from one equal half part of the invested estate belonging to her at her decease, and that she will, immediately after the celebration of such contemplated marriage, execute her last will and testament in such manner and form as to secure such income to him." The fortune consists of $271,000 in stock and bonds, and a large amount of real estate.

OTHER Judges as well as ours are laid up and unable to discharge their duties. The Lord Chief Justice of England is ill, and Barons Bramwell and Huddlestone are both wintering at Cannes, in the south of France, for their health. Sir John Mellor, who had retired on a pension, has had to return to do duty.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

SAN FRANCISCO has newspapers printed in ten foreign languages, including Chinese.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has been highly successful in Vienna this season. The *New Freie Presse* speaks of her performance as "colossal."

MR. BANCROFT, the historian, entered Harvard College when he was thirteen, and graduated when he was seventeen, with honor, which has clung to him ever since.

MR. LOWELL says he learned Italian in order to study Dante. The best way, he thinks, to learn a language is to take "a great book" and a dictionary, and go to work.

ABOUT two hundred German authors met in Congress at the "Goethe Haus," Weimar, a few weeks since. The graves of Goethe and Schiller were wreathed with laurel.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES is said to have told a friend in Boston that his Tom Brown was intended as a portrait of Dean Stanley, and that a gentleman, now a distinguished officer in the East Indies, and the best shot in the British army, was the original of East.

SOLON ROBINSON, a well-known authority on agricultural matters, who was connected with the New York *Tribune* for more than twenty years, died recently at Jacksonville, Florida. Mr. Robinson was the author of "Hot Corn," "How to Live" and a romance entitled "Me-won-i-toc."

MONSIEUR JEAN LEON GEROME is one of the handsomest men in France. The lines of his face are wonderfully strong and refined and he has an unmistakable expression of power. His manners are quiet and courteous. M. Gerome is now nearly fifty-seven and has been painting since his school-boy years.

JOSEPH SKIPSEY, a Northumberland miner, author of several lyric poems and now residing at Backworth Colliery, near Newcastle, England, has received an intimation from one of Mr. Gladstone's private secretaries that in consideration of his literary services an annual pension has been awarded him.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, having much newspaper work to do, devotes only his Saturdays to magazine and book-writing. He was born in Massachusetts, and is fifty-one years old. He practiced law in Philadelphia and in Chicago, meanwhile doing considerable literary work, until about the beginning of the war, when he became an editor in Hartford. His thick hair and beard are gray, but he appears young. He is of medium height, and grave, thoughtful and refined.

HUMOROUS.

THE man who seldom uses it should have a clean conscience.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHEN a noted trotter dies a shaft should be raised to its memory.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE Scotch should be a stable people, considering that their country is the land of bairns.

WHEN the leader of a choir gets the right pitch, he sticks to it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A SCIENTIFIC man says that he can find no trace of man in the monkey, but finds abundant traces of the monkey in man.

"WHAT does a woman want to put on gloves in hot weather for?" asks a male subscriber. Why to keep her hand in, stupid.—*Boston Post.*

WHEN the shopman seizes you warmly by the hand as you enter his establishment, you readily understand what is meant by a pressure of business.

AS AN attorney was speaking on a case at the Court-House yesterday he said: "At this stage of the game," then, suddenly choking himself off, he said to the Court: "I beg pardon, I mean at this stage of the proceedings!"—*Cumberland (Md.) Civilian.*

TWO LADIES went to see Clara Morris. In one of the most affecting passages of the play, when the whole house was hushed in stillness, one lady who had been using her opera glass attentively remarked to the other: "Pooh! the trimming on her dress is nothing but Hamburg edging."

THE Albany *Argus* prints the following: "A false friend resembles a shadow. When the sun shines and you have plenty of money the shadow and the friend are both close to your heels; but when it comes to be dark, where is the shadow? and when your money is gone, and you want to borrow from the man who often borrowed from you, where is the friend?" He is not at home. He is out borrowing from some other man.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A New Risk for Railway Travelers.

WE record one of the most extraordinary calamities that ever occurred, even on a railway. Two express trains leave St. Pancras in the evening—one at 8:30, the other at 9:15. The latter is the Scotch Express, and passes the former at Leicester. On Saturday night the driver of the Scotch Express reversed his engine at a place called Great Glen, a few miles on the London side of Leicester, in order that the other train might have time to shunt. Receiving a signal to the effect that the line was clear, he again started; but he started backward. He had forgotten that the points of his engine were reversed, and, incredible as it seems, it is said that neither he nor his stoker perceived that they were going wrong until they ran into a mineral train on its way to Leicester. The result of the collision was that a bogey carriage in the express was telescoped, as the phrase is, through the four adjoining compartments. Happily no one was killed on the spot, but five passengers were injured, and one is in a dangerous condition. Until a full inquiry has been made it would be unfair toward the driver of the passenger train to speculate on the cause or causes for his strange conduct. It may be hoped that there was some exceptional element in the case. Otherwise a new and horrible risk will have been added to the danger of railway traveling.—*London News.*

Utilizing Elephant Power.

ALMOST all the vehicles and other property of the London Circus, which arrived in Bridgeport, Saturday night, have been housed. One feature of the work of getting the effects under cover was novel and interesting. Some of the chariots are very heavy, weighing several tons, and were sunk deeply in the soft soil. Too many horses to be used conveniently would have been required, and accordingly the elephant-trainer brought two of the sixteen elephants of the herd into requisition. It was interesting to see how intelligently the beast did what was required of them, and to observe their tremendous strength. Turning their trunks around the hubs or the spokes, they lifted the vehicles out of the ruts, and after carrying them into the building, shifted them to any position desired. One of the chariots, which they picked up with ease, weighed five tons. It was not always easy for them to take hold of their load so that it balanced well between them, but they invariably succeeded after a while in getting everything adjusted.—*New Haven Palladium.*

ONE Lord, a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, has been sent to jail for six months for having, while a married man, proposed marriage under an assumed name to a Miss Chamberlain, and for having assaulted the lady's father when he was forbade the house. Six months seems a small term of imprisonment for the fellow.

Our Young Readers.

WAITING FOR YOU.

The world is waiting for you, young man,
If your purpose be strong and true,
If out of your treasures of mind and heart,
You can bring things old and new.
If you know the truth that makes men free,
And with skill can bring it to view,
The world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

There are treasures of mountain and treasures of sea,
And harvest of valley and plain,
That Industry, Knowledge and Skill can secure,
While Ignorance wishes in vain.
To scatter the lightning and harness the storm
Is a power that is wielded by few;
If you have the nerve and the skill, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

Of idle and heartless the world has enough—
Who not what they never have earned;
Who have the pure stream from the fountain of truth,
And wisdom and knowledge have spurned.
But patience and purpose which know no defeat,
And genius, like gems bright and true,
Will bless all mankind with their love, life and light—
The world is waiting for you.

Then awake, O, young man, from the stupor of doubt,
And prepare for the battle of life;
Be the fire of the forge, or be anvil or sledge—
But win, or go down in the strife!
Can you stand though the world into ruin should rock?
Can you conquer with many or few?
Then the world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you!
—*Prof. S. S. Cutting, in Young Folk's Hand.*

ELSIE IN THE PROCESSION.

ELSIE BAKER was sitting on a log in the wood-shed, gloomily listening to her brother Joe, who was talking with much enthusiasm.

"For I tell you, sir," said he to Elsie, "it isn't every boy who'll get a chance to be in that procession to-night, sir. There'll be a thousand torches, and speeches, and fire-works; and the train leaves Porter's Corner at six o'clock; and Mr. Hill says to me, 'You be on hand, Joe, you and Jack Stone, and you may go to Portland along of the "Continentals" and march each side of the flag, and wear white rubber capes, and carry a torch apiece if you like.' It's to be the biggest show of the season, and—"

"I can't go," burst in Elsie. "Just because I'm a girl I can never go anywhere or see anything."

"Of course not," assented Joe, cheerfully. "Girls never can. I go because father's in Ohio, and I'm the man of the family. I declare I shouldn't wonder if half the people in Portland should think Jack and I could vote when they see us *processing*. Three cheers for Hanfield!"

Hanfield? Hanfield? That did not sound quite right. Joe meditated. Hanfield? Well, never mind. There was no time to waste over names. If Joe would help toward the election of a President of the United States he must be off and away for Jack Stone, or the two would miss the train.

And Elsie? Poor little Elsie was left forlorn. She was quite alone, for her mother had gone to visit a sick neighbor, and would not even be at home for tea.

"Oh, *why* shouldn't a girl do just what her brother does, and have some fun?" thought Elsie, bitterly. "Or else why wasn't I born a boy?"

She sat close to the andirons in front of the wood fire, and more and more dismal did she grow. She had nearly come to wondering whether it was really worth while to live if one had to be only a girl, when the front door burst open, and in bounced Master Joe.

"Elsie," cried he, grasping her by the arm, "here's your chance. You can go."

"Go? go?" repeated Elsie, flushing crimson with excitement.

Joe hurried on. "Jack Stone's sick. Earache—both ears—onions on 'em—here's his cap—who'll know you're not a boy?—tuck up your skirts—on with this big cape—come!"

Elsie was beside herself. "Mother wouldn't let me," she half gasped.

"Did she ever say you mustn't?" argued Joe. "Like as not we'll be back before she is. Don't be a goose. There's no time to talk. Hurry! hurry! You won't get such another chance."

Her eyes flashing, her brain in a whirl, Elsie pulled the blue cap over her short curls. Her little petticoats were quickly pinned up and covered by the rubber cape. With her unlighted torch over her shoulder, who would not have thought her a sturdy younger brother of the boy who held her tightly by the hand, and exhorted her not to let the grass grow under her feet.

Down the road they flew, and reached the station just as the "Continentals" came marching up with fife and drum.

"Here we are, Mr. Hill," said Joe, presenting himself and his companion.

"All right," said Mr. Hill, too busy to pay much attention. "Keep with the rest of the men. How are you, Jack, my boy?"

There was no time for the make-believe "Jack, my boy," to answer. The eng