THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

ONE THAT'S DEAD.

It is the hour when all things rest:
The sun sits in the bannered west
And looks along the golden street
That leads o'er ocean to his feet.

Sea-birds, with summer on their wing,
Down the wide west are journeying,
And one white star serenely high
Peeps terough the purple of the sky.

O sky, and sea, and shore, and air,
How tranquil are ye now, and fair!
But twice the joy ye are were ye
If one that's dead companioned me.
—*Blackwood.*

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

WE had been telling stories, as we sat around the fire, one evening—adventures by land and sea, scraps of personal experience, tales of family tradition, the hundred floating memories that are seized, in passing at such a time. It came to the doctor's turn to speak, when we were all laughing merrily at some jest following a scrap of legal experience.

The doctor is a grave, reserved man, not much inclined to open his volume of personal recollections at any time. But after a moment's pause he told his story:

When I was a student at Heidelberg, having nearly completed my medical studies, I had an adventure or experience that I have never told before, though there are others living who know the circumstances as well as I did.

There had been a supper in the room of one of the wildest of our students, Herrmann Schonn, and we were all merry making, with rather more noise than was in strict accordance with college regulations, when a rap at our door caused an instant of profound silence to reign in the room.

We opened the door, Upon the threshold stood a figure, tall, gaunt, and in the last stage of entire wretchedness.

The face that thus disturbed our merry making was that of youth, though hunger and misery had made appalling havoc there. White and parched, the skin was tightly drawn over the bones; the eyes, large and black, were deeply sunken in their sockets, and the hair was dry and thin.

Upon the tall, wasted figure the clothing hung loosely, while its shabby condition confirmed the tale of want in the wan aspect of the emaciated figure.

Standing in the doorway, ragged and miserable, there was yet that in the man's voice and face that told of better days, of education, and some acquaintance with the courtesies and refinements of good society.

"Do you buy the dead?" he asked.

It was a shock to hear the question where life had been so exuberant for hours. We hesitated a moment before one of the party answered, "All medical men need bodies for dissection and study."

"I mean that. I have one to sell."

"Where?".

"I will tell you if you purchase."

"But, my man," one said, impatiently, "we do not buy bodies in this irregular way. There might be crime to hide."

"No," he answered, shuddering, "there is nothing to fear in that respect. More, I will prove to you, when you claim your purchase, that the dead man himself desired this disposal of his body."

Then, abruptly, he said, "Is there no Englishman here?"

"I am an Englishman," I answered.

"You can tell me, then, what it will cost to go to London—all the expenses, but the cheapest means of doing it."

I made a calculation and named the result.

"Will you give so much for the body I have to sell?" the stranger asked.

It was a large sum, and there was some discussion, but finally Herrman said: "If everything is right, we will pay you what you ask. But there is something suspicious in the whole business."

"I do not ask for payment until you receive the body," was the answer, earnestly given. "To-morrow, if you will take this order to the address upon it, you will be convinced that all is regular. I am no assassin, gentlemen!"

As he spoke, he took from the breast pocket of his shabby coat a folded paper.

Opening this, he wrote, in a blank left for it, the sum I had named—sufficient to pay one person's expenses to London, traveling second-class.

Handing the paper to me, he said: "You will pay the money to the person who is in charge of the body."

With a bow that would not have disgraced a royal reception, he was gone.

We looked into each other's faces. All the merriment was gone out, and a vague uneasiness was written upon every countenance.

"Foul play!" Herrman said; "shall we send the police to the address?"

"Wants to escape to England," said another, "and we have favored him!"

"Suppose we back out now?" I suggested.

But the mystery was interesting, and before we separated, three of us, Herrman and myself of the number, had agreed to go to the address left with us, and find the solution.

It was still early in the day when we met again, and wended our way to the humble locality indicated. I think no stranger could have found it. Even Herrman, a citizen, and thoroughly familiar with all the streets, knew nothing of the narrow courtway we found after an almost endless variety of tortuous twists and turns.

The house, when reached, proved to be one of the abodes of poverty in its most naked hideousness.

Swarms of dirty children flocked in the streets, and want and misery were on every side.

Our knock was unheeded, and after repeating it, Herrman suggested that probably one entrance did duty for several rooms and floors occupied by different families, and pushed the door open.

A narrow entry led us to a room at the back, and again we knocked. The door was opened by a tidy woman, who was cooking, and who, in answer to our inquiries for Karl Urban, told us, "Alas!" you will find only his dead body."

I looked again at the order. The signature was bold and clear.

"Karl Urban."

"His mother is in the room," the woman told us. "She will let no one remain with her. Her son took poison. I have seen him, but his mother drives us all away."

"They were very poor?" Hermann asked.

"Starving! They were great people once, but there was some loss. I do not know all. Fritz, the elder son, went to London; but there was a quarrel, and the mother stayed with Karl. I have heard that Fritz said his mother could not come to him except she came over Karl's dead body—but I do not know. It may be it is all gossip. But the mother and Karl grew poorer and poorer, and he could get no work to do, being a gentleman and not a workingman. They sold all, little by little—jewels, clothes, furniture. Yesterday Karl told us his mother would go to Fritz in London, where she would find a home and wealth. But last night he took poison. No one knew until we heard his mother's screams at daybreak, and we went to the room. There was a letter stating that he had taken the poison himself. For myself I cannot read, but there were others there who said the letter confessed that. The mother fainted for a long time, but when she knew herself again drove us all away. There are many in the house would be glad to be kind to her, but she will not speak to any, or let any one in."

Thanking the woman, we mounted the narrow staircase to the room she indicated. At the threshold we paused.

"You have the money?" Herrman said to me in a low tone.

"Yes; but will you claim the corpse now?"

"Never!" was the quick reply. "Ah! such devotion! He should have told us. We will give him a Christian burial, will we not?"

"Yes," said our companion, "and the mother shall go to Fritz in London."

Again and again we knocked, meeting a profound silence in the chamber of death.

Finally, very slowly and reverently, Herrman opened the door.

We lifted our caps, and followed him!

Never have I seen such bare poverty as I saw represented in that room. Every article of furniture was gone, excepting a wretched mattress in one corner, over which was spread a coarse white sheet. Extended upon this, in the rigid sleep that knows no waking, was the man who had stood in our doorway but a few hours before.

Save that his eyes were closed, he was scarcely more corpse-like in appearance in the actual clutch of death than he had been when he made his despairing bargain with us. The same ragged garments still covered his limbs, and one wasted hand was crossed over his breast.

The room was dimly lighted, the shutters of the window being closely drawn, but we could see an open door facing the one by which we had entered, and beside a chair there a woman was kneeling.

Over her shoulders her gray hair fell, as if she had left it untouched after her night's repose. Her dress, of coarse, blue woolen, covered her feet as she knelt, and her face was hidden in the clasped hands resting on the chair before her.

Leaving my companions still standing beside the suicide, I entered the room to offer what poor comfort was in my power. At least I could dissipate some of the awful poverty, and send the sorrowing mother to her surviving son.

I spoke to her gently twice. Then my heart filled with horror. I lifted the gray head, tenderly, reverently. Upon the staring blue eyes, the dropped jaw, the drawn features, the same seal was set as in the room beyond upon her son's face. His last sacrifice, his act of devotion beyond the grave, both were in vain. The mother's heart was broken, and she followed to death the son to whom, through poverty and suffering, she had clung in life.

We gave them Christian burial, and in the mother's coffin I put the farewell letter of her son. It was as follows:

"I cannot endure the sight of your misery another day. Every avenue seems closed to me by that crime which separated me from my brother. Every resource is gone, and starvation is inevitable. I cannot get work. I dare not beg, for I may be recognized and arrested. To-morrow, after I take the poison that stands before me, you will receive a sufficient sum to take you to Fritz—the price of my body which I have sold to-night to the medical college. I have nothing else to sell! May Fritz prove a better son than I have been. I dare not ask a blessing for you; my lips are sealed by my sins, and a blessing from them would prove a curse. But forgive me—for in death, as in life, I love you. KARL."

We told no more stories that night, for the doctor rose soon after, and his departure broke up our party, none of us feeling any inclination for our former merry talk, after the dismal tragedy the doctor offered as his contribution to our budget of stories.

Street Signs in Japan.

IN regard to street signs in Japan it may be said that, although the gorgeous ornamentation which characterizes the street signs of the Chinese tradesmen is not met with in Japan, each trade is, nevertheless, represented by its distinctive and peculiar sign. A cluster of cypress, trimmed into spherical shape, and varying from one to two feet in diameter, furnishes the ancient sake or liquor-shop sign. It is also customary to place the young twigs of this tree in the bung-holes of the kegs or in the mouths of bottles, the spines being downward. The prickly spines are said to ward off insects and keep the sake sweet. The hatters suspend a long string of hats from their shop, and the maccaroni dealers affix to their shop fronts a large paper lantern, which enumerates the name of the house, the edibles it will supply, and their price per bowl. The original price was two pieces of 8 *mon*, or .008 parts of a Mexican dollar. Hosiers employ a sign which represents one side of a stocking, which is so made as to allow of the great toe being separate from the others. *Beni Ya*, the sellers of crimson cosmetic for painting women's lips, exhibit a small crimson flag. *Susni Ya*, the purveyors of small rolls of rice and fish, furnishing each about two mouths full—the Japanese sandwich in fact—use a flag with their house name, and an enumeration of the various articles they prepare: *Matz*, (pine), *mizago*, so called from a fishing-bird; *kenuki*, (boned fowl), and *inari*, are a few of these names. Wrestlers write their names on a board. Theaters exhibit representations of the most telling scenes in the piece being played. Herbalists and druggists display monstrous bags, resembling in shape the small ones used in infusing the medicines. Makers of rosaries suspend a large rosary from their shops. Goldbeaters' signs, unlike the gilt arm we are accustomed to, are a pair of large square spectacles, the space of the glasses being filled up with sheets of gold-leaf. A sign may be observed composed of two *tai* or fish, the fish being colored red, and represented as if tied together by the gills with straw. This is usually exhibited by dealers in dried and salt fish, eggs, etc., and is employed to denote that the shop can supply the usual presents to betrothed persons. Sellers of cut-flowers plant a willow tree at one corner of the house. Retail tea-dealers exhibit a small jar, and lacquer men a chip box, used to contain lacquered ware. Tobacconists display their names and trademarks on a reddish-brown strip of cloth hung up in front of their shops. Workers in hair show a small octagon box, with a fring of hair hanging from it. Kite-makers use as a sign a cuttle-fish, both kite and fish being known as *tako*. *Ama*, or sweet-cake, dealers exhibit a painting of Fujiyama. Many other signs, as may be imagined, are employed by the Japanese shopkeepers to illustrate the nature of their occupations. To explain these would be, for various reasons, impracticable here.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

IN the course of his experiences as a medical missionary among the Mongols the Rev. James Gilmour has gathered some interesting information regarding their inner life, but perhaps the most curious item is that Mongol doctors are not entirely unacquainted with the properties of galvanism. It is said that they are in the habit of prescribing the loadstone ore, reduced to powder, as efficacious when applied to sores, but Mr. Gilmour was astonished to learn that a man hard of hearing had been recommended to put a piece of loadstone into each ear and chew a piece of iron in his mouth.

MANY prominent physicians and surgeons of London, England, have signed a petition, the object of which is to make cremation permissable for those who desire that their remains shall thus be disposed of.

My First Ride on an Ice-Yacht.

THE speed of the ice-boat is incredible, and it will when sailing across the wind go faster than the gale that propels it. This seeming paradox has been so clearly shown that I shall not take the space to explain it now.

The reason for the amazing numbers of ice-boats is because anybody with a hammer and saw and a few boards can make one. Even the largest of them are not expensive except as far as the sail is concerned.

Toronto Bay is about three miles wide and seven or eight miles long, at least those were about its dimensions when I was there quite a few years ago. A long low sandy island keeps out the waves of Lake Ontario and as there is no current the bay has nothing to do when winter sets in, but freeze, and it generally stays frozen until navigation is open everywhere else.

I only had one ride on an ice-yacht, but I remember the trip with tolerable clearness.

There is nothing quite so bright and fresh—especially the latter—as a student who is taking in his first experience of city life. Two of us in this callow condition had trotted down the crisp frozen street to the Esplanade, where Toronto turns out to see the skaters and the ice-yachts. A gay party of four were just hoisting the big triangular sail of a yacht that lay on the ice at the wharf. The Captain marked us as his prey.

"Have a ride over to the island, gentlemen?"

The delicately-applied flattery which he disguised in the word "gentlemen" captured us, and my comrade answered for both and said: "We would be most happy."

We sprang down on the ice and took our places on the triangular framework.

There were no seats, unless the cross scantlings could be so called; some sat on those and some on the flooring. One of the men shoved around the sharp end of the triangle, which had fixed at the point a movable skate attached to a lever, after the manner of the helm of a sail-boat. At each other point of the triangle was a fixed skate, and from between them rose the mast. The man pushed the ice-yacht out from the lea of the wharf and sprang on board. The wind merely touched the sail, yet we slid along faster than some boys who were skating could keep with us. One urchin asked if he might hang on. He was given a cordial permission, and he held the point of the triangle, and placing his feet together, skated along without any exertion. The instant we were out of the influence of the warehouses, the boat shot ahead like a thing of life. The man at the wheel winked at his companions, and suddenly veered the boat around. This was for the benefit of the boy on skates. Instead of tumbling over, however, he slid out at right angles, triumphant, kept his feet like a little man, and found time to make a derisive motion with his hand. He had been there before.

Now that the gale struck us the speed became terrific. We two held on by the timbers, but were laughed at by our companions, who, accustomed to the motion, sat unconcerned. Every now and then a patch of snow would be encountered that perceptibly lessened the speed, and when a boat struck a patch it was with difficulty that we kept our places. We skimmed among the other yachts and threaded between skaters in a way that made freedom from accident marvelous. Most of the time one skate rarely touched the ice, merely dipping down on the crystal surface now and then to flirt a white flake of spun ice from the glistening blade. I was in a constant terror that the boat would upset, which, I gathered from the conversation of the boatmen, was a frequent occurrence. We now rapidly neared the island.

"Where do you wish to land, gentlemen?" asked the wheelsman.

My friend was past speaking, so I answered: "Oh, anywhere; we're not particular."

"All right," he cried, making straight for the island until within a few rods of it, when he suddenly turned the helm about at right angles.

Natural philosophy has taught me that the ice-boat must have very hastily left her course when the helm was changed. I therefore firmly believe to this day that she did change, but personally I have no knowledge of the fact. I wasn't a-going to change my course merely because the boat did. I kept right on, and I will do my friend the justice to say that he stuck by me.

We slid the remainder of the distance to the island, rapidly assuming new postures all the while, and, allowing for increased friction, made almost as good time as the yacht would have done. The speed wasn't what we grumbled about. We rolled over a good part of the way across the island before we concluded to stop.

My friend, being a man of piety and principle, was deprived of the consolatory influence that I—who had no such scruples—proceeded to surround myself with. I gave him my opinion of our late companions in a style of rhetoric that I natter myself did justice to the occasion. He silently brushed off his clothes and quietly took a sort of inventory of the damages, listening all the while, doubtless with some satisfaction, to my impassioned eloquence.—"*Luke Sharp,*" *in Detroit Free Press.*

The Late John Hittson, Cattle King.

THAT John Hittson would die with his boots on was confidently predicted by everybody who knew the great Colorado cattle King. But old cattle buyers in the city who knew him in his early days could hardly credit the dispatch that came yesterday, announcing that the heroic frontiersman had actually come to his end by being thrown from that luxurious vehicle of civilization, a carriage. There were bigger stock growers on the plains than Hittson. Colonel Richard King, on his ranch on the Santa Gertrudes River, Texas, kept 65,000 cattle. Mifflin Kennedy built a board fence thirty-one miles long across the neck of a peninsula projecting into the Gulf of Mexico and had 30,000 head of cattle and thousands of horses and sheep in the 240,000-acre inclosure. Hittson in his palmiest days never had over 40,000 head of cattle, but he was better known to all cattle men than any of the rest.

John Hittson was born in the woods of Tennessee fifty years ago, and his early years were spent in felling timber, pulling stumps, and breaking ground for crops of corn and wheat. Before he was 25 he began to grow discontented with his outlook, and he sought for some escape from a long life of struggle against poverty. The Mexican war had opened up Texas and the adjacent country for settlement, and Hittson made up his mind to go thither to seek to better his fortunes. He sold his Tennessee farm, bought sixty Texas cows and nine brood mares, and struck out into the wilderness beyond the Brazos River. He employed men as fearless as himself to help him, and established his ranch in a country filled with hostile Indians and predatory bands of Mexican outlaws. For the next fifteen years his life was a continual warfare, and his reputation for bold and daring deeds became known far and wide. He was a man of commanding presence, a splendid horseman, and a dead shot. No Comanche who got within range of the long, muzzle-loading rifle that Hittson took with him from Tennessee ever returned to his camp fire. When Hittson opened fire on them from a breech-loader, one of the first repeating rifles ever seen on the frontier, and gave them a dozen shots a minute, his enemies were more than ever convinced that they were dealing with a superhuman being. He carved out a grazing place in this hostile country and maintained it against great odds in repeated attacks. As civilization approached he moved further on to the frontier and grazed his cattle up the Pecos Valley into New Mexico. His fortunes in this time had many changes. The bands of cattle thieves and Indians would sometimes attack and kill his cow-boys and drive away the herds, but Hittson would rally a mounted force, run down and shoot or hang the thieves and gather up his cattle again. At other times Indians would successfully drive away his cattle, and, again, severe winters, disease, or bad markets would nearly ruin him. But at the end of eighteen years from the time he started out Hittson had forty thousand head of cattle, fifty thousand acres of land, and a long bank account. For the past dozen years he experienced more bad than good fortune. Ten years ago he quit the Pecos country, in New Mexico, and bought 20,000 acres of land fifty miles east of Denver, Col. His purchase lay along the only streams in that section of country, and the 200,000 acres of adjoining land, belonging to the Government, was valueless except as a grazing ground for Hittson's cattle. He stocked the ranch with 10,000 to 12,000 head of cattle and 400 or 500 ponies, and employed about 200 men. All this property, his house, and all its belongings, amounting in value to $500,000 or more, was vested in his wife. The assigning of the property was made necessary by the series of costly litigations in which he had become involved over cattle of disputed ownership that he had bought.

Mr. Hittson was in the prime of manhood at the time of his death. He was six feet one inch tall, straight, lithe and sinewy. He was a blonde in complexion, and wore his light-colored hair long. He had a finely-cut face, the striking feature of which was the firm, squarely-set jaws, which stamped him as a man of resolution. His eyes were a clear, steely blue, ordinarily pleasant in expression, but flashing fire when he was aroused. Mr. Hittson was usually a genial, companionable man, but when excited by liquor, as he not infrequently was in his later years, he was a dangerous man to cross. He always carried a pair of heavy pistols, and they were used in a twinkling when his passion was up. His cow-boys liked him, but feared him, and his long battles with the Mexicans on the Texas frontier made the herders of that race give him a wide berth. His lifetime on the frontier had made him a sort of law unto himself, and courts and juries were to him slow means of administering justice. He believed in dealing with offenders on the spot, without any waste of time.

As a host on his big ranch Hittson was a royal entertainer, and no one who has been his guest will ever forget his generous, almost lavish, hospitality. Other particulars of his death, than that he was thrown from a carriage by a runaway horse on Christmas Day, have not been received by his friends in this city.—*N. Y. Sun.*

He Knew She Did.

AS THE morning train over the Detroit, Lansing & Northern pulled up at Howell the other day a nice-looking old grandma got aboard with her satchel and settled down for a comfortable ride. A Detroiter was of some assistance to her in getting seated, and he presently asked:

"Going on a visit?"

"Yes, I'm going down to Plymouth to see my darter," she answered. "They've writ and writ for me to come, but I thought I should never get started."

"Left the old man at home, I suppose."

"Yes, William thought he'd better stay and see to things at home.

"Did you have plenty of time to get ready?"

"Oh, yes. I've been gettin' ready for two weeks."

"Sure you didn't forget anything?"

"I know I didn't. I packed things up one at a time, and I know they are all here."

"And you left everything all right around the house?"

"Yes."

"Your old man knows where to find the tea, and sugar, and salt does he?"

"Yes. I took him through the buttery the very last thing, and pinted out where everything was."

"Well, now," continued the man, "I'm certain that you overlooked something."

"Marcy on me! but what do you mean?" she gasped.

"Did you bring along your spectacles?"

"Yes—here they are."

"Did you hang up a clean towel for him?"

"Yes."

"And put the dish-cloth where he can find it?"

"Yes."

"And roll up his night-shirt and put it under the pillow?"

"Yes."

"And was everything all right about the cook-stove?"

"Marcy! marcy on me! Stop these kyars this blessed minute!" she exclaimed as she tried to reach her feet, "I just remember now that I put the knives and forks in the oven to dry out and shut the door on 'em! He never'll think to look in there, and he'll build up a big fire and roast every handle off before I git to Plymouth!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Deerhound's Sagacity.

HERMAN HUTTER and Charles Whitman, of Missouri, armed with rifles and accompanied by a deerhound, the other day went up the Rattlesnake River in quest of game. They climbed the mountains to the left of the stream and separated, taking opposite sides of the ridge. In the hopes of bagging a deer, Whitman came down the Rattlesnake side, and soon after separating from his companion he slipped and fell, sliding some two hundred feet down the mountain side. He vainly endeavored to stop himself by digging into the snow with his hands and feet and clutching at brush and saplings, till, just as he was about to be precipitated over the cliff into the Rattlesnake, some forty feet below, he fortunately clasped a strong sapling with one hand, and was left dangling in the air over the precipice. By a strong effort he managed to clasp the sapling with his arm in the elbow, and grasping his wrist with his disengaged hand, awaited his inevitable fall with desperation. The hound seeing his master fall followed him to the edge of the cliff and whined piteously at the predicament of his human friend. Suddenly he dashed over the hill like a deer and disappeared. When nearly exhausted, Whitman heard his companion, Hutter, above him, coming to his assistance. He gathered renewed courage, and held on desperately till Hutter came down with a rope and rescued him from his perilous position. Hutter says he had gone but a short distance when the dog came upon him and seized hold of his clothing, whining. He turned upon him and the dog ran off. Repeating the strange maneuver, Hutter suspected something wrong and followed the dog to Whitman's rescue.—*Helena (Montana) Independent.*

A BIG boy in a country school near Warsaw, N. Y., defied the teacher to make him spell a word. The word was window, and to illustrate it the teacher threw the big boy plump through it. Some teachers are very panes-taking with their pupils.

Poison in the House.

Now, as there are copper boilers attached to ranges in many kitchens, the use of oxalic acid to scour them with is quite common. Occasionally we hear of accidents arising from carelessness, when oxalic acid has been left about. The writer of this uses oxalic acid in her own kitchen, but with great precaution. The bottle containing it is never given to the cook, but only a small portion of its contents, and whenever it has been used the servant is asked "if all of it has been employed." If any remains over it is thrown away. It is the most stupid of drug clerks that confounds oxalic acid with epsom salts. The acid comes in small, heavy, bright-colored crystals, making a clear rattle in a bottle or jar. In case by any accident oxalic acid has been taken, the antidote for it is lime. The chemical reason for using lime is that oxalic acid forms with it an insoluble compound, and its corrosive action on the coating of the stomach is at once stopped. "If lime water is at hand it may be given freely, or whitewash, tooth-powder (its base is always chalk), chalk, whiting, or plaster from the wall. The latter may be crushed and stirred up in water without regard to grittiness, which will not do any harm."

For sanitary purposes carbolic acid is now frequently found in houses. The cases of its accidental use must be of rare occurrence, as its peculiar strong odor makes it recognizable at once. Still, cases of its having been taken in the dark are not uncommon. It is a most dangerous poison, because it seems after the first painful corrosive effects "to benumb the stomach." At once large and repeated doses of oil or milk should be given. Certain cases of poisoning with carbolic acid have been successfully treated, after oil had been taken, by stimulation. But it is a dangerous acid, and care should be taken with the bottle containing it. Corrosive sublimate is often employed about a house to rid a bed of vermin. As it is colorless when in solution, it often escapes notice. If taken, vomiting must be provoked, and some form of tannic acid given. Tea is the strongest thing which is easy at hand, and a powerful decoction should be at once administered. Adults rarely meddle with phosphorus, but children sometimes suck this very deadly substance from matches. Very fortunately it is discovered by its odor in the child's breath, and its action is not rapid. Five grain doses of sulphate of copper dissolved in water may be given at intervals of ten minutes until vomiting comes on. Then a dose of magnesia should be administered, but no oil.

Mistakes as to quantity of opium preparations are by no means uncommon accidents. The symptoms are deep sleep, with narrowing of the pupil of the eye to a small circle, which does not enlarge in the dark. An eminent physician advises the immediate and persistent use of emetics, and to allow the patient to vomit over and over again. Particular attention should be paid to the breathing. "So long as the breathing does not fall below ten to the minute there is no immediate danger of death, but opium is a dangerous poison, and requires all the skill that can be obtained to combat it." Formerly the custom was to walk a patient up and down, and to slap with wet towels. If physical stimulant is to be used, lay the patient on a bed or lounge and slap with the back of a hairbrush or with a slipper. This is all the nursing necessary so long as breathing keeps above ten to a minute. Should it fall below this, or if the breathing should cease, artificial respiration should be employed. It sometimes happens that a child gets, through accident, an overdose of wine or brandy. We have known of a little girl made dangerously ill from having purloined brandied fruit. It was a case of stupor. The cure was made by means of hartshorn and water, a teaspoonful of the first to a teacupful of water. The use of tainted food, such as of decayed meat or vegetables, sometimes occurs. The treatment is to excite vomiting, and to follow this with a dose of castor oil and powdered charcoal.

Mothers are very careful, but the most prudent of them, in the experience of the writer of this, have sometimes made mistakes in the medicines they have given their children. One infallible rule in using any powper or fluid, no matter what it is, is never to take it up, much less to administer it in the dark. What is the use of having labels marked "Poison" pasted on a bottle if it be invisible in the dark? A bottle of medicine may remain in one position for weeks untouched, but an hour before it is used somebody or other may have inadvertently substituted something else. If medicines were always locked up less accidents would occur. There is one word of final advice to be given: On the least suspicion of poisoning in a house, send at once for the doctor, not necessarily your own, but the very nearest at hand. The question is often asked in a case of poisoning as to the simplest way to provoke vomiting. Lukewarm water in quantity is good, "but it is better to add a teaspoonful of ground mustard, or a teaspoonful of ipecac, or a tablespoonful of the sirup of ipecac. Further, let it be remembered that there is no occasion for fastidiousness. Any water will do. Water in which hands, or dishes, for that matter, have been washed acts more quickly than anything else, and if soap has been used it will be all the better for that, as soap is an antidote for acid poisons. The quantity used must be large: the sufferer must be urged to drink a pint at a time until he can contain no more, and has been made to vomit over and over again."—*N. Y. Times.*

Getting It Out of Him.

THEY had just the loveliest sleighing in Philadelphia all last week, and young Keepitup was out enjoying it all one afternoon. When he drove into the stable, oh, but the man was mad. He roared when he looked at the horse and danced around, and as Uncle Remus says, "he cust, he did."

"Look at that hoss," he wailed, "look at that hoss! Ain't a dry hair on him an' he's nigh ready to drop. That's a pretty lookin' way to bring in a hoss. Nice man, you are, to let agood hoss to!"

Young Keepitup was fairly astonished. "Man alive!" he yelled, picturing his amazement in his voice, "and what did you expect when I hired him? When a horse is costing me an even five dollars an hour he's got to keep moving, you understand. When I'm paying out more than eight cents every minute, I can't afford to let no horse lean up against an ice-box while he figures out the oat crop of the United States for 1880. I did my level best to keep my whip arm warm, and then I couldn't get more than $4.25 an hour out of him. I didn't hire the horse to rest him. Now, if you had only charged fifteen cents an hour I would have the horse fed every thirty minutes while I was out, and I would have rocked him to sleep in my arms, wrapped him up in blankets and laid him in the sleigh and hauled him back to the stable myself. That is the difference, you see, Mr. Silkcracker. Here's your money, and I want the same horse or a better one next Saturday afternoon, if the snow holds on."

And he went away, while Mr. Silkcracker stood looking alternately at the money and the horse, thinking it all over.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WOMEN physicians practiced their profession in Egypt over 3,000 years ago, and then as now, there were medical schools that adopted the co-education plan.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

MRS. ROSE TERRY COOKE, the author of "Uncle Josh" and other admirable Yankee stories, is preparing them for publication in book form.

THE late Charles Tennyson Turner was the author of three hundred and forty-one sonnets, against Petrarch's three hundred and seventeen.

A LADY is at the head of the Tennessee State Library, Mrs. Hatton, and she and her daughter keep its twenty thousand volumes in useful order.

MR. A. BRONSON ALCOTT talks thus about Hawthorne: "He was not well finished except his head. He was somewhat awkward and ungainly, but his head was grand and almost perfect. It was large, of Websterian shape; his eyes luminous and expressive, and his voice was magnificent."

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is to start on his philosophical tour of the world in the spring of 1881. He will be accompanied by two secretaries, and it is not unlikely that his friend, Professor Huxley, will, for biological purposes, form one of the party. Mr. Spencer's work on the subject will, like his study on sociology, be published in installments in the magazines.

SOME of the sketches of "George Eliot" say that Mr. Herbert Spencer taught her several languages, but Mr. Lewes, in a note written three or four years since, said that when she first met Spencer he knew only one language while she was mistress of seven. Her earnings amounted to an average of $9,000 a year, which, for as great a genius, is not overwhelming.

LORD BEACONSFIELD sent a presentation copy of "Endymion" to the Queen, to which she devoted immediately the first mornings after her return from the Scottish highlands. The other ladies who received the distinction were Lady Chesterfield, who is a special friend of Lord Beaconsfield, and whose husband was an associate of his in his youth, and Lady Bradford, who is her sister. Lord Beaconsfield visits their country seats every season.

THE late Mrs. Grote, as a girl, was so strong and high spirited that she was called "the Empress." She rode without a saddle, and went out on the sea in a fishermen's boat alone with her sister. She made a kind of runaway match with the historian. After being engaged to him for two years she grew tired of waiting for her father's consent, and one March morning she slipped away to a neighboring church, got married without anyone knowing, and came back to breakfast as if nothing had happened.

HUMOROUS.

A SPANISH doctor has gone crazy because he couldn't exactly understand why a person's teeth chattered when he was cold. He should have asked some bootblack.

WHEN a grocer advertises every variety of "raisins" for sale, does he include derricks, pulleys, jack screws, yeast, rope and tackle and that sort of thing?—*Steubenville Herald.*

WE see an article in the papers about boy inventors. We hope they will invent a boy who won't whistle through his fingers and yell on the streets at night.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE world is like a skating park, nice when you can slide smoothly over its surface, but cruel and cold to sit down on when you get your feet knocked from under you.—*Whitehall Times.*

"THERE is no place like home," but nine men out of ten will leave it six months a year for a $2,000 Government office in Washington. And the tenth man will accept a $1,500 position.—*Norristown Herald.*

MISTRESS—As you've never been in service, I'm afraid I can't engage you without a "character." Young Person—I have three School-Board certificates, ma'am. Mistress—Oh, well, I suppose for honesty, cleanliness—Young Person—No, ma'am; for literatoor, joggr'phy, an' free 'and drawin'!—*London Punch.*

A BALTIMORE philosopher says that no man can ever rise above that at which he aims. At the same time we have known a man to aim to be a Mississippi river steamboat captain, and rise above his position about one hundred and fifty feet. He was greatly esteamed by the company.—*New York Commercial.*

HOW IT WORKED.

There was a man in our town,
He was so wondrous wise;
I e thought his business would run itself,
And he didn't advertise.

Well, business was dull at first,
But better times came, and it's queer,
One day with a rush he sold all his stuff,
But the sheriff was auctioneer.
—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

A Good Card for the Country Where he Lived.

A VILLAGE MERCHANT from up the country had concluded his purchases the other day, and was ready to go, when he suddenly remembered something and said:

"I want your help to bring out an idea. I've got tired of advertising after the old fashion, and I want to strike something new."

"Did you ever try the dodge of giving away a chromo to customers?"

"Yes. Played that out two years ago. Folks don't take to chromos as they did."

"Have you offered a silk apron to the lady making the heaviest purchase at one time?"

"I have. And I had to give it to an old woman who purchased a bed-tick and half a pound of tea."

"How would it do to give away, say ten half-pound packages of tea during the day?"

"I tried that dodge, and those who didn't get the tea wouldn't trade with me again. I've given away oysters, sardines, butter, rolling-pins, washboards and almost everything else, and now I must have something new. I keep all kinds of goods and want all kinds of customers."

Two members of the firm and the gray-headed old book-keeper went into Committee of the Whole with the merchant, but he rejected every suggestion. The "Convention" was in despair, when the customer suddenly slapped his leg, smiled all ever and broke out with:

"I've got it—biggest draw yet! I want a pair of the finest kid shoes in this city—about No. 3's. I'll take 'em home and advertise to give 'em to the first lady customer who can wear 'em. The catch will be to keep back the size."

"You won't have 'em on your hands long."

"Won't I? Say, I've lived in —— over forty years, and I'll bet a silk hat against a codfish that we haven't got a female above twelve years old who doesn't have to tie a towel around her head to get her feet into No. 3's. You ought to come up there and see the tracks in the sand after a smart shower. When I throw out my dodge and they come in after the shoes they'll turn whiter than ghosts at the first look, and every blessed soul of 'em will be glad to take a three-cent cake of soap and keep still about it.—*Wall Street (N. Y.) News.*

DIAMIDOAZONAPTHALENEHY drochlorate, pyrogallotriglycollic acid, azosulphoxylbenzolephloroglucin, and naphthydimethylamidophenylsulphon are pretty specimens of the concise nomenclature of modern chemistry.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD lightning calculator has been found in a village in Hungary. His feats in mental arithmetic are as surprising and wonderful as Blind Tom's musical genius.

Our Young Readers.

A WONDERFUL COMET.

We had seen the streaming meteors of light,
With their trails of fire, the autumn night,
And talked of falling sky-rocks hurled
From some long-slope exploded world;
Of comets frozen among the stars
With tails like long trains of cars;
And asked, "Should the rocketing engineer
Of a stray rocket come near
Crashing into our atmosphere,
How would the planet's shell rocket blow?"
Then we conversed of the solar system,
And honest men;
And Doctor Ben
Brought out his globe, at half-past ten,
And lectured, giving conclusive reasons
For tides, eclipses, climates and seasons;
Till, weary at last, I went to bed,
With a jumble of wonderful things in my head:
Moons and comets and meteorites,
Globes and circles and parallelopipeds;
And there I lay thinking,
And drowsily winking
At something—a ray thro' my bed-curtains
blinking;
Too bright for a star, and growing still
brighter,
Making the moon-lighted chamber pot lighter,
Which very much astonished the writer.
I gazed from the casement,
And wondered, with ever-increasing amazement,
What the look of alarm on the Moon's frowning face meant.

For there was the Moon, and, strange to say,
There, too, was the Earth, just over the way,
Like the Doctor's globe, or a huge balloon,
Forty times larger, perhaps, than the Moon,
All covered with circles, and looking in space;
There were groups upon it, and every face
Was turned one way; and very long-jointed
Telescopes at the sky were pointed;
And there, with a terrible rushing and humming
And blowing of breath, was a Comet a-coming!
So long and so queer, and as it came nearer
It grew every moment longer and queerer!
Until I made out such a comical chap,
In a red-flanned coat with a very long flap,
His nose peering out from a very close cap,
His fingers in mittens, his chin in a wrap,
Like a tourist prepared for a very cold snap!

On, on he sped, through the regions of space,
With very short legs at a very long pace.
His well-filled knapsack lashed on his back,
Extra shoes and canteen strapped under his
pack,
His coat-tail flying away on his track—
Entangled far off in the Pleiades,
In the horns of the Bull and Orion's knees.

On, on he came,
With nose like a flame,
So red I was sure the fellow had been drinking
(His canteen was empty, I knew by the clinking);
"And what can a sober Comet be thinking,"
I cried, "not to see there, plain as the day,
The Earth, like a target, hung right in his
way?"

The groups were beginning to hurry about,
And bustle and bustle and signal and shout,
And the Moon looked scared, while I shrieked
out,
"Dear sir, I beg pardon, I don't know your
name—
I pray you ill consider, and if it's the same
To you, here's a planet! I don't think you
knew it;
But, sir, it will be
A great favor to me
And a very large circle of friends, as you see,
If you will drive round it instead of right thro'
it!"

He put up his head with a stupefied stare,
And says he, "I declare!
No, I wasn't aware!
And I'm going at such a dounce of a rate—
I'd stop if I could, but I fear it's too late!
Bless my stars! here I am!" He had just time
to stoop,
When through it, head-foremost, he went at a
swoop,
As a circus rider dives through a hoop!

With a crash,
And a smash,
And a roar as of thunder,
It quivered,
And shivered,
And flew asunder;
The Moon, looking down, shed tragical tears;
While, wringing hard and holding his ears,
The Comet came out on the other side,
Wheeled round, aware loud, and ruefully eyed
The ruin, uttered two or three times; then
drew
His long tail after him down the blue,

"Heavens and earth! what have I done!
This does beat everything under the sun!
I don't care the whk of a star," said he,
"For all the damage done to me—"
(Feeling his nose, and then with a flirt
Carefully brushing away the dirt
From his coat and its stained and dragged
skirt)—
"But look at this dear little, queer little
planet!
I've done the business for her, and I can, it
Is quite too bad! The fairest of creatures—
How well I remember her pleasant features,
The smile on her face and the light in her eye,
When I've touched my hat to her, hurrying
by,
Many a time, on my way through the sky!
I'd mend the poor thing if I could—and I'll
try!"

How he got it, or where,
I cannot declare;
But thereupon he drew up a chair,
Hung his long coat-tail over the back,
Sat down by the pieces and opened his pack,
Brought forth from its depths a stout needle
and thread,
And there he sat squinting and scratching his
head,
As if rather doubtfully questioning whether
'Twas possible ever to patch her together!

Meanwhile—but how can I hope to tell
Half that to my