# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

**M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.**

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.


### "NO MAN'S LAND."

Who called it so? What accident
The wary phrase devised?
What wandering fancy thither went,
And lingered there, surprised?

Ah, no man's land! oh, sweet estate,
Illimitably fair.
No measure, wall, or bar or gate,
Secure as sky or air!

No greed, no gain; not sold or bought,
Unmarred by name or brand:
Not claimed of, nor desired, nor sought,
Nor visioned, "no man's land."

Suns set and rise, and rise and set,
Whole summers come and go;
And winters pay the summer's debt,
And years of west wind blow:

And harvests of wild seed-times fill,
And seed and fill again:
And blossoms bloom at blossoms' will,
By blossoms overlain:

And day and night, and night and day,
Uncounted suns and moons,
By silent shadows mark and stay
Unreckoned nights and noons:

Ah, "no man's land," hast thou a lover,
Thy wild sweet charm who seek?
The stars look down; the birds fly over,
Art thou alone with these?

Ah, "no man's land," when died thy lover,
Who left no trace to tell?
Thy secret we shall not discover,
The centuries keep it well!

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

### ECCENTRIC WILLS.

The readers of English novels (and it is from novels that most of us now-a-days derive our knowledge of other countries) are aware that the London Repository of wills has been called for ages Doctors' Commons. It has ceased to exist. Some time ago, the huge collection of wills which it contained was transported to a newer and larger receptacle at Somerset House, where ample room had been provided for them. Doctors' Commons had been outgrown, and its precious contents were transferred with as little ceremony as the carmen of Wall street convey cart loads of gold.

This collection of wills, probably the largest in the world, occupies a range of rooms two hundred feet in length, containing several miles of shelves filled with folio volumes of wills which have been proved and executed. Wills unproved are kept in fire-proof vaults. The business has grown to wonderful proportions. During the reign of Elizabeth, one very small volume sufficed for the wills of five or six years; but at present wills accumulate at the rate of nine thousand a year for London alone; and, for the whole kingdom, about twenty-six thousand.

In this repository are preserved and shown to visitors the wills of Dr. Johnson, Nelson, Pitt, Burke, Wellington, Milton and Shakespeare. That of Shakespeare, which consists of three folio pages, is placed under an air tight frame of oak and plate glass. I have had the pleasure of looking upon this interesting relic. The writing looked small, dim and crabbed in the not brilliantly-lighted room where it was formerly kept. It was drawn, however, with the greatest care, as if by a testator who knew the value of property, and had maturely considered its distribution.

It is a strange thing that some of the wills which have given rise to the greatest amount of litigation are those which distinguished lawyers and judges have drawn for themselves. This may have been from carelessness, but, more probably, from excessive caution. It has become so common of late years for important wills to be disputed, and to benefit no one so much as the lawyers, that men of large possessions seem disposed to avoid making a will, and to let their property go as the law directs in such cases.

An English author has published a rare collection lately of testamentary curiosities, most of which he discovered in the Search-Room of Doctors' Commons. We find from his work that it is as difficult to be original in folly as in wisdom, for there can scarcely be found an eccentric or ridiculous will which is unique of its kind. A few years ago, the gas man of the Walnut street Theater in Philadelphia, which he had served for forty-four years, bequeathed his head to the theater to be converted into a skull, and to be used to represent the skull of Yorick in the fifth act of Hamlet. Many other persons have disposed of their heads in similar professional way. A noted phrenologist of Cincinnati left his head to one of his lady pupils as an illustration of the science to which they were both devoted. Several professors of anatomy have left their heads or their whole skeletons to museums. The illustrious Jeremy Bentham bequeathed his body to be dissected, and the skeleton may now be seen in the Museum of University College, London.

A Quaker physician of London tried to *distribute* his body by his will, leaving his heart to one, his lungs to another, and his brains to a third, all of which were to be preserved from decomposition. And he added:

"If these gentlemen shall fail faithfully to execute these last wishes in this request, I will come, if it should be by any means possible, and torment them until they shall comply."

The three gentlemen had the courage to decline their legacies. This bequest was not so eccentric as that of Sarborn, the hatter of Medford, Mass., who bequeathed his body to Harvard University for dissection by Dr. O. W. Holmes and Prof. Agassiz, and ordered that his skin should be tanned into leather, and made into two drum heads. This peculiar drum he left to one of his townsmen, a drummer of note, on condition that, on every anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, he should ascend that height at sunrise and beat the tune of Yankee Doodle. On one of the heads of the drum was to be written Pope's Universal Prayer and on the other the Declaration of Independence. A great number of these bodily wills have been made, but not so many have been executed.

Some gentlemen appear to have taken pride in leaving extremely short wills. The English millionaire, Cotts, wrote his will on half a sheet of paper: and, among other curiosities of this kind in the London Will Office, there is a will drawn by a merchant who left two millions of dollars to his wife and children by a few lines written on the inside of a common envelope. The shortest will, perhaps, in the whole collection, was proved as late as November, 1878. It consisted of eight words:

"Mrs. Smith to have all when I die."

This will was found sufficient. Another testator, upon being informed that it was no matter whether he wrote his will on paper, parchment, canvas or wood, chose to write it upon his door; and after his death his executors were obliged to have the door taken off its hinges, and brought into court. It is a thing of frequent occurrence for zealots, whether political or sectarian, to seize the opportunity which writing their will presents to give emphatic utterance to their most cherished opinions. A Baptist clergyman of England, whose will was proved in 1879, after disposing of his property, which was considerable, indulged in a most energetic declaration of his religious belief:

"I desire all posterity to know that William Hill was a conscientious Trinitarian Baptist minister, and that he believed infant sprinkling to be from his Satanic Majesty, the keystone of Popery, therefore the parent of unnumbered terrible evils."

He also put on record in the same document a solemn denunciation of "the drinking customs" in the world, and called upon Heaven to "dash all error, sin and the devil from the earth." Nothing is more common than for the wish of a testator to be frustrated by his heirs, and no doubt the time will come when we shall be obliged to do as the English people have done, institute a court for the express purpose of preventing this. A curious circumstance occurred many years ago, when a testator left two thousand pounds to a friend, but with the condition that one-half the sum should be buried with him in his coffin. The legatee took advice on this matter.

"Where is the money now?" asked his friend.

"In the bank," was the reply.

"All right," said the sage adviser, "you write a check for a thousand pounds, and put it into the old gentleman's coffin drawn to his order."

We should naturally suppose that a man in the act of making his will would not be in a humor to gratify his resentments. Vindictive wills, however, are by no means uncommon. One of the old wills in the London collection is of a certain Earl of Pembroke who took the opportunity of his will to deal insults and abuse among friends and foes. He left to Oliver Cromwell "one of his words, seeing that he hath never kept any of his own."

Many wills, too, leave property hampered with insulting conditions.

A sensible will was that of George Watts, a bachelor without relations, whose property consisted of a number of small cottages and tenements in an English county town. He left each of these houses to its occupant.

England is covered all over with peculiar charities, for which there is now no occasion, and some of which have become both injurious and ridiculous. The oldest church in London, called St. Bartholomew the Great, has an endowment that seems too absurd for belief. Every Good Friday the rector is required to place twenty-one sixpences in a row on a certain grave-stone, from which they are to be picked up by twenty-one widows, who shall come from the church after service, and kneel by the side of the stone for the purpose. Another old London church has a fund for giving on every Good Friday a bunch of raisins and a new penny to sixty boys of the Blue Coat School. Another Good Friday bequest presents a loaf of bread to a certain number of the poor of the parish, and a bun and a penny or two to the school children.

Hundreds of these eccentric and obsolete endowments could be mentioned, a large number of which have been in recent years abolished or changed by the court alluded to above. It is extremely difficult, and perhaps impossible, to leave money for a permanent endowment which will not at least require modification in one or two centuries. Human society is progressive: no mortal can foresee what men will need, or think, or do a century hence. Even in this young country, many endowments have become useless, if not obstructive.—*James Parton, in N. Y Ledger.*

### The Lost Boy's Brother.

The other day a boy about ten years of age entered the Twelith Street Police Station and informed the Sergeant in charge that his little brother was lost.

"How old is he?" asked the officer, as he prepared to write out a description.

"How old? Why, I never asked him how old he was," was the astonished reply.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I guess he's more'n half as big as I am, and ma says she'll tan his jacket good and stout for getting lost."

"What's the color of his hair?"

"Hair! Less see? I don't believe I ever took notice, but I've heard the boys call him 'red-head go to bed.'"

"I'll put it down red, then. How are his eyes?"

"One of 'em squints, but 'tother one is all right."

"Are they blue?"

"I don't know; this is the first time he ever lost himself."

"Did he wear a hat or cap?"

"I don't know. He generally goes around bare headed, and ma says he'll get sun-struck yet."

"How was he dressed?"

"I know he had on some clothes," was the hesitating reply.

"Does he wear coats?"

"Sometimes."

"And pants?"

"Yes."

"Was he barefooted?"

"I guess so."

"And what is his name?"

"He's got lots of names, but I guess ma calls him Jimmy most of anything."

"Well, I guess we'll know him," said the Sergeant, as he laid down his pen.

"Oh, you'll have to know him if he gets in here. He calls names and howls and makes up faces and—you'll know him fast enough. I'd let him get lost all he wanted to if I owned him, but ma seems to kinder want him back and so I came to tell you. If you have to lick him while he's here you must bend him over a chair and whack him with a horse-radish grater. Ma has tried every other way, and this is the only one that gives satisfaction."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Paper City in Massachusetts.

A correspondent writing from Gloucester, Mass., to the Boston *Post*, says: "There is a curious bit of history connected with a wilderness region in the western part of this city. Certain Boston parties bought it for a song, and laid it out as a city on paper. There was the Pennsylvania, the Washington and other avenues; there were squares and boulevards with high-sounding names. The city lots were advertised and many of them sold, but mostly to distant parties. Good prices were paid, and now the Assessors of Gloucester receive frequent letters in which wonder is expressed that they do not receive tax bills for the house and other lots of ground they own in Gloucester. These letters come from New Orleans, St. Louis, Nashville, etc. The truth is, this wilderness land was never cut up into lots; it was never touched for any purpose, except by an eagle who may have rested on a limb of one of its trees. The tract has no market value, and if offered at auction would not bring fifty dollars."

### The Term Porte.

The term "Porte," which is used to denote the administrative Government of the Ottoman Empire, and includes the Sultan, the Grand Vizier and the Great Council of State, had its origin in this way: In the famous institutes established by the famous warrior Sultan Mohamed II., the Turkish body politic was described by the metaphor of a stately tent, whose domes rested upon four pillars. The Viziers formed the first pillar, the Judges the next, the Treasurers the third and the Secretaries the fourth. The chief seat of government was figuratively named the "Lofty Gate of the Royal Tent," in allusion to the practice of early times when the Ottoman rulers sat at the tent doors to administer justice. The Italian translation of this name was "Le Porte Sublima." This phrase was modified in English to the "Sublime Porte," and finally the adjective has been dropped, leaving it simply "The Porte."

—Says the Utica *Observer*: "Two weeks ago George Klein, a Cleveland boy, had his skull sawed open in a terrible manner at a pail factory in that city." We are glad the *Observer* stated that it was in a terrible manner. There are, we presume ways of sawing open a boy's skull which, instead of being terrible, are really lots of fun for the boy, and we might have thought this job was done in that style.—*Boston Post.*

### A System for Running All the Clocks of a City.

Recent invention has made it possible to move and regulate the clocks of a whole city by means of compressed air furnished from central stations. Householders are thus able to always have the exact time, and are saved the trouble and annoyance of attending to their clocks themselves. The pneumatic clock, therefore, promises to become, like the telephone and the telegraph, of great public use, and an important addition to the conveniences of modern life.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1878 a very ingenious contrivance for the pneumatic distribution of time attracted much attention. The inventors, Messrs. Copp and Resch, had previously experimented with their clocks in Vienna, but they had not then perfected their arrangements for moving and regulating them. When they applied to the city authorities for the privilege of distributing time as a monopoly for fifty years, they were, therefore, unable to get the concession. Since that day, however, they have so improved their system, and the exact time furnished by them has become so useful to the public, that the municipality are now willing to grant them what they formerly asked for, and they have undertaken to do the work on a large scale in Vienna.

In Paris, too, since 1878, a large number of householders have had the time transmitted to their residences by the pneumatic process, and numerous pneumatic clocks have been put up in the streets. At first pipes through which the compressed air could be sent were laid down in the sewers of the first, second and ninth arrondissements of the city. There was, however, no distribution of time to private residences. Soon, however, a company, known as the *Compagnie Generale des Horloges Pneumatiques*, was authorized to perform this service, and a year ago last March it was ready to begin the work. Six miles of pipes had been laid down, and four clocks, which received the pneumatic time from the central works, were fixed on lamps on the boulevards. These public clocks came to be of great use. Their time was always correct, and people got into the habit of regulating their watches by them. Subsequently the system was further extended, and now there are sixteen miles of pipes laid down in the sewers, and 2,000 pneumatic clocks in 500 houses are connected with the central works and are receiving the time from them. The number of public clocks in the streets has also been increased to fourteen, with thirty-three dials.

The system has worked so well and has proved of so great public convenience that of late, we are told, the patentees have obtained a concession from the Prefect of the Seine which will enable them to vastly extend their arrangements for distributing the time. Their plan is to lay down pipes through which they can send compressed air which will actuate all the clocks of Paris, if necessary.

This is the way in which the time is sent: At the central works there is a great clock, which controls the whole system. It is a pendulum clock of remarkable precision and perfection of mechanism. To it is connected a peculiar contrivance, by means of which a valve is opened and shut every minute. When the valve is opened compressed air furnished by steam engines working air-compressing machines is admitted into the system of pipes, and all the clocks connected with it are actuated at the same time. The opening takes place at the sixtieth second of each minute, and the air flows for twenty seconds, when the valve is closed. This space of time allowed is the result of experience, and may be varied according to the distances through which the compressed air has to travel.

It is not necessary for us to describe the machinery in detail; nor shall we attempt to explain the mechanism of the clocks worked by the pneumatic system. It is enough to say that as the central clock moves so move all those connected with it. In this way exact and uniform time is furnished, and when the Pneumatic Company take advantage of their concession, which gives them a monopoly of laying pipes for fifty years, it will be supplied throughout Paris. The cost, too, is so small that the people generally will be able to have it. Thus, the charge for a single clock is only one cent a day, and if there are more in a house the price for each is much reduced. This price, however, includes laying the pipes and supplying the clock, or, if desired, fitting works to existing clocks. Since the pneumatic system saves the householder from all care about his clocks and all expense for their repair it will be seen that the cost is at least no greater than that of maintaining the old time-pieces. By-it, too, he can always be sure that he has the correct time.

The pneumatic clock, therefore, is a great gain, and is likely to be introduced into many cities. We are told that not only Paris and Vienna, but also St. Petersburg and Madrid and two large towns in France, are soon to have time distributed by the system, and that it is to be introduced into England. —*N. Y. Sun.*

### An Egg that Hatched a Wedding.

"Yes, it is true," said Mr. James Lynch, yesterday, as he stood in front of his produce market at 152 Grand street, Williamsburgh. "An egg was the cause of it all, and it's the first time, I guess, that an egg ever acted as a match-maker. I don't mind telling you the circumstances, but I prefer not giving the name of either the girl or her intended, for I know they would not like it, and the facts are just as interesting without them.

"It was on Saturday night, I think, about two months ago. There was a great rush of customers, and our girl, who is very handy, came down stairs to help us in the store. She often did this, for the upstairs work, which she is employed to do, is not very heavy, and on most evenings she is at leisure. Well, that day I had bought five barrels of eggs from a commission house on Duane street, New York. They had come from Tennessee. One barrel was used up when the girl came down, and I had just opened another. She began to sell from this barrel. About five minutes later I heard her laughing, and saw her holding an egg to the light. She looked at it so intently that I drew near and asked her if it was bad.

"'Oh, no,' she answered. 'It's too good.'

"She handed me the egg, pointing to some words written upon it in a clear, business-like hand. They were as follows:

"Will the young lady in whose hands this egg may fall open correspondence with ——, —— County, Tennessee?

"I read it aloud, and a lady who chanced to be present said, 'How romantic!' I thought so, too, and we all had a good laugh over it. After the shutters had been put up, I told the girl, just for the fun of the thing, to comply with the request on the egg and send a letter to Tennessee. Before going to bed she did so. She is well educated, and writes an excellent letter. She was brought up in a convent in Ireland. She said she had no idea that she could get an answer, but I guess that she anxiously watched for the postman during the following week. At the end of five days a letter came directed to her and postmarked Tennessee. It didn't take her long to open it, and I'm pretty sure she read its contents as quickly. A reply was sent, and other letters came and went. Photographs were exchanged before three weeks had expired. The girl after this refused to show any more of her letters, and we began to imagine that matters were becoming serious and teased her a great deal about her correspondent. Well, to make a long story short, he proposed by letter, and was accepted. On Thursday last he arrived from Tennessee and saw her for the first time. They were mutually pleased, and the wedding day was set for some time in the middle of August. It is a good match, and I hope they will be happy together."

"Is our friend from Tennessee in good circumstances?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Lynch. "I forgot to tell you. He owns considerable land and is quite well-to-do. He is also a large shipper of produce, and just out of fun he wrote the message on the fatal egg. He knew the eggs would be shipped to New York, but they might have been sent from this city to Europe, or anywhere else. He was so pleased with the answer to his message that he made up his mind to marry the girl who had written it, if her appearance pleased him. It would have been strange if it had not, for she is a remarkably handsome girl, not yet twenty years old, with a fine complexion, large brown eyes and a graceful figure. She is also as amiable as she is pretty. He is a fine-looking man about thirty years of age, and they make a handsome couple, I can tell you."

"Is the girl still living at your house?" the reporter inquired.

"Yes, and she will remain with us until the wedding takes place, when she will go to Tennessee with her husband, probably over the same road that brought the egg through which she got her lover."—*N. Y. Sun.*

### The Dead Sea.

Our afternoon's march over the bleak, treeless and brown mountains of the wilderness was inexpressibly tiresome until we came in sight of the Dead Sea. It lay 2,000 feet below us—a mirror of silver, set among the violet mountains of Moab. More precipitous descents over rocks and sand brought us, by sundown, to the two towers of the most unique monastery on the globe. The famous convent of Mar Saba is worth a journey to Palestine. For thirteen centuries that wonderful structure has hung against the walls of the deep, awful gorge of the Kidron. It is a colossal swallow's nest of stone, built to the height of three hundred feet against the precipice, and inhabited by sixty monks of the Greek Church—genuine Manicheans, and followers of St. Saba and St. John of Damascus. No woman's foot has ever entered the convent walls. Instead of women's society they make love to the birds, who come and feed off the monks' hands. Every evening they toss meat down to the wild jackals in the gorge below. At sunset I climbed over the extraordinary building—was shown into the rather handsome church, and into the chapel or cave of St. Nicholas, which contains the ghastly skulls of the monks who were slaughtered by Chosroes and his Persian soldiers—and gazed down into the awful ravine beneath the convent walls.

Some monks in black gowns were perched as watchmen on the lofty towers; others wandered over the stone pavement in a sort of aimless vacuity. What an attempt to live in an exhausted receiver!

The monks gave us hospitable welcome, sold us canes and wood-work, and furnished us lodgings on the divans of two large stone parlors. One of the religious duties of the brotherhood is to keep vigils, and through the night bells were ringing and clanging to call them in to their devotions. The vermin in the lodging-rooms have learned to keep up their vigils also; and as the result our party—with one exception—had a sleepless night. I have such a talent for sleeping, and like Pat "pay attention to it" so closely, that I was able to defy even the fleas and mosquitoes of Mar Saba. By daylight the next morning we heard the great iron door of the convent clang behind us like the gate of Bunyan's "Doubting Castle," and for five hours we made a toilsome decent of the desolate cliffs of the shore of the Dead Sea. That much maligned sea has a weird and wonderful beauty.

We took a bath in its cool, clear waters, and detected no difference from a bath at Coney Island, except that the water has such density that we floated on it like pine shingles. No fish from the salt ocean can live in it; but it is very attractive to the eye on a hot noon-day. A scorching ride we had across the barren plain of the sacred Jordan—which disappointed me sadly. At the place were the Israelites crossed and our Lord was baptized it was about one hundred and twenty feet wide; it flows rapidly and in a turbid current of light stone color. In size and appearance it is the perfect counterpart of the Muskingum, a few miles above Zanesville. Its useless waters ought to be turned off to irrigate its barren valley, which might be changed into a garden. For beauty the Jordan will not compare with Elijah's brook Cherith, whose bright, sparkling stream went flowing past our lodging-place at Jericho. We lodged over night in a Greek convent (very small), and rode next morning to see the ruins of the town made famous by Joshua, Elijah, Zaccheus and the restoration of Bartimeus to sight. Squalid Arabs haunt the sacred spot.—*Theo. Cuyler, in the New York Evangelist.*

### Odd Ways of Making a Living.

For that matter, though, there seems to be money in all sorts of things in New York. There, for instance, is the second-hand furniture trade, which has grown to enormous proportions, and is now one of the leading lines of business in the city. It is hardly worth while to mention the fashionable second-hand clothing trade which every one knows everything about that is worth knowing. Aside from these there are dozens of different kinds of second-hand business going on all the time and generally at a large profit to the dealers. We have one class of men dealing in old lead, another in old iron, another in old brass, another in old building material of all sorts, another in broken glass, and so on through a long list of things that seem to have served their only purpose and to be no longer of any use to any one. Gathering old rags and old paper is, of course, a large business in itself, and a profitable one, too. The latest industry is that of collecting the small tin cans that are thrown out after their contents of preserved fruit, meat or vegetables, as the case may be, are used. The tin is of scarcely any value, but it pays to melt down the cans for their solder, and this is now done as regularly as sending rags to a paper mill. Gathering up cigar stumps around the hotels is an old business. The chewed and nicotine-soaked ends are dried, broken up and utilized either for fillers in making new cigars, or worked in with the cheaper kinds of smoking tobacco. There are thousands of men in New York who make a living by merely gathering up the refuse of trade and of the household, and putting it in shape to be utilized over again, and some of them not only make a living, but get ahead in the world, too.—*N. Y. Cor. Hartford Times.*

—British India supports a population of 243 persons to the square mile, against 180 in France and 200 in England. Wherever the population exceeds 200 to the square mile it ceases to be rural, and has to live to a greater or less extent by manufactures, mining or city industries. Keeping in view that ninety per cent. of the rural population of India live more or less by the tillage of the soil, it is easy to understand that, owing to the extreme density of population, the struggle for existence is extremely hard.

### Origin of Familiar Phrases.

"The Last Feather Which Breaks the Horse's Back."—This phrase was first written by Bramhall in 1645, in consequence of a conversation between Hobbes and himself, but was not published until 1655. The paragraph in which it appears (Abp. Bramhall's "Vindication of True Liberty Against Mr. Hobbes,") is as follows. "The last dictate of the judgment concerning the good or bad that may follow on any action is not properly the whole cause, but the last part of it, and yet may be said to produce the effect necessarily in such manner as the last feather may be said to break a horse's back, when there were so many laid on before as there wanted but that to do it."

"Durance Vile."—This literary will-o'-the-wisp has been traced to Burns and Smollett. It originally appeared, however, in Johnes' "Froissart." Describing the capture of St. Venant, in 1383, by the troops under the command of the Bishop of Norwich, Froissart says that Sir William de Melle, who defended the place, was permitted by his captor to return to France as a prisoner on parole, "according to the manner in which all French and English gentlemen behave to one another in similar cases; but not so the Germans, who, whenever they take a prisoner, throw him into durance vile, loaded with irons, in order to gain a more considerable ransom."

"Thug."—The word "thug," now so generally used to denote the "shoulder-hitters" and thieves of our cities, is derived from the Hindoo *thugee*, to deceive.

"Mason and Dixon's Line."—On the 4th of August, 1763, Thomas and Richard Penn and Lord Baltimore, being together in London, agreed with Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two surveyors, to mark, run and settle and fix the boundary line between Maryland on one hand and Delaware and Pennsylvania on the other. They accomplished their work to within thirty-six miles, six chains and fifty links, when they were told by their Indian escorts that it was the will of the Sioux nation that the surveys should cease, and they terminated accordingly. Mason died in Pennsylvania in 1787; Dixon died at Durham, Eng., in 1777.

"Emerald Isle."—The epithet, as applied to Ireland, was first used by Dr. William Drennan, author of "Glendalloch," and other poems, who was born at Belfast May 23, 1754. The phrase occurs in his beautiful poem entitled "Erin," from which a stanza is quoted below:

"Arm of Erin! prove strong; but be gentle as brave,
And, uplifted to strike, still be ready to save:
Not one feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause, or the men, of the Emerald Isle."

To the words "Emerald Isle" Dr. Drennan has added the following note: "It may be puerile to lay claim to a priority of application in the use of an epithet; but poets, like bees, have a very strong sense of propriety, and both are of that irritable kind as to be extremely jealous of any one who robs them of their hoarded sweets. The sublime epithet which Milton used in his poem on the Nativity, written at fifteen years of age, 'His thunder-clasping hand,' would have been claimed by him as his own even after he had finished 'Paradise Lost.' And Gray would prosecute, as a literary poacher, the daring hand that would presume to break into his orchard and appropriate a single epithet in that line, the most beautifully descriptive which ever was written:

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn."

"Peter's Pence."—Offa, a Saxon Prince, to ingratiate himself in favor of the sovereign Pontiff, engaged to pay him a yearly donation for the support of an English college at Rome; and, in order to raise the sum, he imposed a tax of a penny on each house possessed of thirty pence a year. This imposition, being afterward levied on all England, was commonly denominated "Peter's Pence."

"True Blue."—The first assumption of this phrase was led by the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., and hence it was taken up by the troops of Leslie and Montrose in 1639. The adoption of the color was one of those religious pedantries into which the Covenanters, in a pharisaical observance of the scriptural letter and the usage of the Hebrews, distinguished themselves. And thus they named their children Habakkuk and Zerubbabel, and their chapels Zian and Ebenezer. They decorated their persons with ribbons, because the following sumptuary precept was given in the law of Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue." Numbers xv., 38.

"Old Harry."—The popular attributes of the evil one were a human form, with horns, tail, and a cloven foot. These are very probably derived from the Grecian fables, and from the representations of the Greek satyrs and Roman fauns—the gods of the mountains and groves; and it is also probable that "Old Harry" was originally "Old *Hairy*." The satyrs were said to have hair like goats. "Shock" is a head of rough hair—a rough-haired dog. So there is doubtless an affinity between "Old Harry" or "Old Hairy," and "Old Shock," the English name given to the demon supposed to haunt roadsides and wild pathways. "The Lord Harry" may allude to the scriptural terms, "the god of the world," the prince of the powers of darkness.

"Just the Cheese."—This familiar vulgarism, used in commendation of a thing, is a mere orientalism, meaning "just the thing," from cheez, Hindostanee for "a thing."

"Gone to Pot.—The phrase comes from a tailor in Samarcand, who, living near a cemetery, had an earthen vessel on his counter into which he cast a pebble whenever a corpse was carried past, and thus kept count of the daily interments. At last, his own time came, and his neighbors on inquiry after him answered. "He has gone to pot, also."

"To Go the Whole Hog."—Generally set down as an Americanism, but undoubtedly of Irish origin. Previous to the year 1825, when the Irish metallic currency was completely assimilated to the English, the silver shilling circulated in Ireland was equivalent to thirteen copper pennies, whereas a silver shilling of England was of the value of twelve pence. In Ireland the shilling was sometimes called "a thirteen," from the number of pence it contained, and was sometimes called "a hog." When a man had a convivial idea of spending an entire shilling on a friend, which figuratively meant that he would not be chary of expense, he was said to "go the whole hog."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—A new German industry consists in making plates, dishes, etc., of wood shavings, gelatine and soda-water glass. Selected plane shavings are bound into bundles, and steeped in a bath of weak gelatine solution about twenty-four hours, then dried and cut into suitable lengths. Plates are cut of strong paper or thin pasteboard, of the size of the articles to be produced, and these are moistened with a liquid consisting of weak gelatine solution with soda-water glass, and pressed in heated metallic molds; after drying, the pressed paper objects are coated on both sides with an adhesive material made of five parts Russian gelatine and one part thick turpentine, the shavings being then applied to them, and the whole subjected to pressure. Some small finishing processes follow, such as cutting, drying and varnishing, and the articles thus produced are said to possess every needed quality.

### PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A loan exhibition of pictures on Shakespearean subjects is now open at Stratford-on-Avon.

—With the death of his son, Sir Percy Shelley, the poet, will, in common with Byron, have no descendant of his name.

—Mr. Gladstone translated "Rock of Ages" into Latin, and it is sung by monks in many convents on the continent.

—Mr. George Bancroft divides his time pretty equally between his writings, his roses and his horseback exercise at Newport. The venerable historian will be eighty-one in October.

—"The New Testament," for a penny, is said to have found already 250,000 purchasers in England. The publisher intends to issue a French edition for a sou, for circulation in France.

—Helen Hunt (Mrs. Jackson) left New England a pale, delicate invalid, and now in her Colorado home she weighs 200 pounds. She is engaged on her work concerning the Indians.

—Kossuth will finish the third volume of his memoirs, and will write no more. He has material to extend the works to twenty volumes, but he will leave it for his sons to treat as they think best.

—Rose Bonheur, the celebrated artist, is fifty-eight years old. Not infrequently has she been paid for her work at the rate of $500 a day. Her first picture was received at the Salon when she was but nineteen years of age.

—Samuel J. Tilden is said to be the keenest collector of illustrated books in America and has a collection inferior to none. It includes, to mention one thing, an illustrated Milton extended to six great volumes, with all the plates of all the great editions from Stothard in the last century to Dore in this.

—President Eliot, of Harvard College, once said that when he was called to the head of that institution he was neither a D. D. nor an LL. D., but that Williams College promptly stepped in and conferred the latter degree upon him. President-elect Carter, of Williams, was in about the same position till Union College recently gave him the longer title.

—Carlyle, as a young man, could not find a profession, shrinking from the church, and inclining rather to the law, because, as he said, "no mean compliances are requisite for prospering in it." The lack of settled employment rankled, and in 1821 he wrote to his brother John: "It is a shame and misery to me at this age to be gliding about in strenuous idleness, with no hand in the game of life, where I have yet so much to win, no outlet for the restless faculties, which are up in mutiny and slaying one another for lack of fair enemies."

### HUMOROUS.

—A pig was never known to wash, but a great many people have seen the pig iron.

—A nobleman that ought to be able to give a good blow-out—the Earl of Pde.—*Boston Courier.*

—"Perhaps there is one, after all. It's hot enough, any way."—*Bob Ingersoll, in Chicago Tribune.*

—The lecturer who was pelted with ancient eggs had no difficulty in ascertaining the scents of the meeting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—How do uniformity of action, the abiding place of talent, and man's intellect, resemble each other? The first is homogeneous, the second is home o' genius, and the third homo genius.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

—Brush, the electric light man, predicts that electricity will soon be stored for family use. Think of sending your oldest boy to the grocery store for a paper of saleratus and a two-pound can of electricity.—*New Haven Register.*

—In a railroad collision the other day a young lady's old-style bonnet was crushed and dented in seventeen different places. She took it home, put a flower and two yards of ribbon on it, and now she has a bonnet of the latest style, worth eleven dollars and a half. —*Norristown Herald.*

—You will observe that the man who has waited three hours in the dreary desolation of a railway waiting-room never complains that the train is slow, after he gets on. A construction train, backing along at seven miles an hour seems like the sweep of a cyclone to him.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—An able-bodied tramp stopped in front of a well-known citizen of Austin and said, in a whining voice: "Please sir, give me some assistance. I have no friends or family. I am homeless and friendless." "You are? Well, then, if you have no friends to borrow money from you, and no family to support, you are better off than I am. You might have money to lend. I say, lend me a quarter," but the man without any responsibilities passed on without contributing a cent.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The corruption of the age is something perfectly frightful. It has extended even to the fortune tellers. A lady on Natoma street went to an astrologer the other day—one who, by the way, had been her family soothsayer for six years, and who had hitherto given entire satisfaction—and paid two dollars and a half for a first-class fortune. We think she paid cash, though it might have been charged on the regular account, like as not. The A No. 1 family article was dealt out to said customer at once. She was promised the receipt of a large sum by letter, and the lifelong devotion of a retired plumber with a blonde mustache. So far from these promises being kept, the lady had just heard that her unmarried uncle, who had been gas inspector six years, has married a widow with four children, and last night a burglar hid in the refrigerator, ate two pounds of butter, drank all the milk, and, finally, walked off with the hat-rack and little Johnnie's new ulster. Thus it is that in the hour of adversity our sheet-anchors fail us and even futurity gives us the cold shake.—*San Francisco Post.*

### A Freak of Imagination.

A dispensary case which the reporters were not allowed to get hold of created some stir a short time ago. The officer on the beat found the man in a half-fainting condition at the steps, and, ascertaining that he had been stabbed between the shoulders, lugged him in for treatment. The stranger's story, when he was sufficiently recovered to tell it, was to the effect that he had been sitting on a beer-keg outside a saloon, when he became drowsy and leaned forward in a half doze. Some one whom he could not identify, and, in fact, did not get a good view of, came up the street, and, in passing him, stabbed him in the back and made his escape. The wounded man at once started for the dispensary, but fainted from loss of blood on reaching the door. While the doctors were removing his clothing something dropped on the floor, which the quick eye of the peeler caught, and, as he stooped to pick it up, he remarked "the man has also been struck with a glass, and here's a piece of it." It did not prove to be glass, but a piece of ice, and further examination explained its presence. The patient was entirely unhurt, but had been made the victim of a practical joke. Seeing him dozing some wag had slipped the ice down his back and struck him between the shoulders. Suddenly aroused, and feeling the blow and the ice melting, he at once jumped to the conclusion that he was stabbed, and the force of imagination was such that he fainted and became sick at the stomach. Both he and the officer who had expatiated on the severity of the stab, looked rather crestfallen, and slid quietly out, while the physicians roared. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

## Religious Reading.

### "BE YE ALSO READY."

"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."—Matt. xx. 44.

He will come, perhaps, at morning,
When to simply live is sweet;
When the souls in strong, outpouring
Up the shining heights of life,
And the eager soul is panting,
Yearning for some wider strife;

He will come, perhaps, at noon-tide,
When the pulse of life throbs high,
When the fruits of toil are ripening,
And the harvest time's nigh.
Then, through all the forbidden splendor
Of the sun's meridian blaze,
There may shine the stronger, new beauty
Of the Lord's transfigured face.

Or it may be in the evening—
Every soul somehow in the way
Clouds or mind the sunset rather,
Far and dark the shadows lie;
When we long for rest and slumber,
And some tender thoughts of home
Fill the heart with vague, sad yearning,
Then, perhaps, the Lord will come.

If He only finds us ready
In the morning's happy light,
In the strong and fiery noontide,
Or the coming of the night—
If He only finds us watching,
Longing for His sudden call,
Then His coming when we think not
Is the sweetest hope of all.

—N. Y. Observer.

### International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Aug. 7—The Passover | Exodus 12: 1-14 | |
| Aug. 14—The Red Sea | Exodus 14: 19-27 | |
| Aug. 21—The Manna | Exodus 16: 1-8 | |
| Aug. 28—The Commandments | Exodus 20: 1-11 | |
| Sept. 4—The Commandments | Exodus 20: 12-21 | |
| Sept. 11—Idolatry Punished | Exodus 32: 30-35 | |
| Sept. 18—Review of the Lessons | | |
| Sept. 25—Temperance | | 1 Cor. 9: 19-27 |

### "Skip the Hard Words."

"Abou Ben Adhem," in the *Christian Union*, shows an excellent way of giving reproof to men guilty of profane swearing thus:

"We have often spoken kindly and in quiet tones to those who were swearing. Almost without exception they have received the reproof in the same spirit in which it was given. The whispered words, 'Skip the hard words, please,' coupled with a kindly, quiet glance of the eye, has almost always conquered. We have had this experience among rough men, and sometimes in wild, dangerous places. It has thus also been the entering wedge almost as often of a word or two of invitation to join us in the journey to the better land.

"Among the cases of the latter kind which we have in mind was that of a stage-driver on the frontier. We sat beside him on his high seat. The twilight was rapidly deepening. Dark clouds, incessantly cut by vivid lightning, were rolling up, and peals of such magnificent thunder as is seldom heard except in the far West were reverberating in the air. The driver was a kind-hearted, sociable fellow, but there was an intensity and frequency of his utterance of oaths positively unique. We might say he had a genius for swearing, he was so enthusiastically profane. Our admiration of horses, especially of his splendid "four-in-hand," was genuine, and won the way to his heart. We finally asked him, in an easy off-hand way, to please us by skipping the hard words. He promptly both thanked us and made an apology, cordially volunteering the admission that it was all wrong. He was then ready for a talk about mother, home and heaven. He promised to use a Bible his mother had given him on his leaving home, and to attend religious instead of bar-room services. Also to read any good papers we should send him. We took his address and afterward mailed him reading matter which we hope has cultivated the seed sown.

"Another case was in a crowded street car in Philadelphia, *en route* to the great Centennial Exposition. The profanity of one of the passengers, who was considerably under the influence of liquor, was so terrible and wholesale as to cause expressions of pain on the faces of all the ladies within earshot. Words of disapprobation were heard also from both ladies and gentlemen. Some of the latter said—*sotto voce*—'he ought to be put out of the car.' He looked, however, like a man to make violent work if that were attempted. Soon a companion of his expressed a wish, which we overheard, to know the time of day. We promptly consulted the watch, and gave the desired information. This opened the way for a pleasant word with both parties.