THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

The tide of Love swells in me with such force
It sweeps away all hate and all distrust,
As eddying straws and particles of dust
Are lost by some swift river in its course.

So much I love my friends, my life, my art,
Each shadow flies—the light dispels the gloom;
Love is so fair I find I have no room
For anything less worthy in my heart.

Love is a gem which we can cultivate
To grace and perfume sweeter than the rose;
Or leave neglected, while our heart-soil grows
Rank with that vile and poison thistle—hate.

Love is a joyous thrush, that we can teach
To sing sweet, lute-like songs which all may hear;
Or we can silence him, and tune the ear
To caw of crows, or to the vulture's screech.

Love is a feast; and if the guests divide
With all who pass, tho' thousands swell the van,
There shall be food and drink for every man—
The loaves and fishes will be multiplied.

Love is the guide. I look to heights above,
So beautiful, so very far away;
Yes, I shall tread that the sunlit peaks some day—
Since close in mine I hold the hand of Love.

Love is the law. But yield to its control,
And thou shalt find all things work for the best,
And, in the calm still heaven of thy breast,
That God Himself sits talking with thy soul.
—*Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Tribune.*

THE "CAT" IN DELAWARE.

Prominent Citizens Who Have Been Led to the Whipping-Post--How a Magistrate Was Made to Suffer--Curious Stories of the Past.

The whipping-post in the New Castle jail-yard had seven victims yesterday. Three boys, who had stolen something like fifteen dollars, got ten lashes apiece. Twenty lashes were applied to the backs of four other prisoners who had been convicted of larceny. Sheriff Clark did not handle the cat in a particularly forcible manner, and the men who were strung up in the pillory didn't seem to mind the blows much. The whipping-post has greatly degenerated in late years. There was a time when it was applied indiscriminately to thieves and felons of high and low degree. Now it is mainly used as a scare-crow for chicken-thieves, sneak-thieves and errant tramps known as "peach-plucks." There are Delawareans living in this city who remember as children, or youths, a time when some of the Blue Hen's most respectable citizens were put into the pen known as the pillory and made to expiate their offenses against the law and morality by a forced embrace of the whipping-post.

As a child the writer remembers having seen men who, after being whipped, were by law compelled to wear the letter "F" (felon) over the back of their coats as long as they remained within the boundaries of that State. Other people, a little older, will recollect how, in Dover, a man, who had been a prominent church member and most highly respectable citizen, for some act of dishonesty was publicly whipped and condemned to wear the stigma of disgrace, the letter "F," as long as he lived, or to abandon his home and business and take up his abode in another State. He resolved to stay where his interests and affections inclined him to remain. Although he was a storekeeper and his occupation necessitated his constant appearance in public, he attended to his business in person, and it is said by those who frequented his store as purchasers that he had his stock so arranged and was so adroit in his movements that no one ever caught sight of the badge of his disgrace whilst being waited on by him. In the old time, when Delaware was more rigid in her righteousness than she is to-day, it was held by those who made and those who administered the laws that dishonesty was much more heinous when engaged in by those placed by social position above want and amidst respectable surroundings than when indulged in by those tempted by necessity and evil companionship. Consequently, when a prominent citizen was caught stealing or forging, his punishment was always made heavier and more severe than that meted out to rogues of either of the classes contemptously known as "poor whites" or "free niggers." In fact, a half century ago so large a proportion of the criminals punished by whipping was of the respectable class of society, that a lady, on visiting Delaware some years ago, having heard that this, that and the other distinguished citizen was the descendant of some one who had been publicly whipped, asked: "Do not all the aristocrats of Delaware derive their patents of nobility from the whipping-post?"

Toward the close of the last century an eminent and well-beloved gentleman of Sussex County, a public benefactor, distinguished for piety, fell from his high estate. He was a Magistrate, and noted for wisdom and excellence of judgment. On one occasion there was brought before him in his official capacity some counterfeiters, who had been arrested for passing bad money, a large amount of which was found upon their persons. The Magistrate, as was his duty, took possession of the counterfeit stuff, to destroy, it was supposed. The rogues were committed for trial and subsequently pilloried and whipped. Years afterward the neighborhood was flooded with "bogus money," at length traced to the "'Squire," who had committed the culprits alluded to, and who, it was afterward discovered, had been for a long time passing the money he had confiscated for destruction. Every effort was made to shield this beloved and respected citizen from the consequences of his offense, but without any avail whatever. He was whipped most severely in the jail-yard at Dover, and the Sheriff who inflicted the punishment was so fearful that he might be accused of partiality for a rich and respectable criminal that he cut so deeply into the flesh as to cause the blood to run off the end of the lash and down his own hands, whilst the back of the unfortunate offender was a sight on which the most stoical could not look without being sickened with horror and pity.

Some thirty-five or so years ago a well-known and very able politician of Wilmington ran for Congress and came within three votes of being elected. He spent more money than he could afford, and in order to tide over a temporary embarrassment forged the indorsement of his brother-in-law, a distinguished physician of the city, to a note given by him, intending to take it up before it came to maturity and so escape any bad consequences. It so happened that he was not on good terms with the brother-in-law, and this the Teller of the bank at which the note was presented for discount knew. It was therefore retained until the matter could be inquired into. The Teller took occasion speedily to see the doctor, and said, suddenly: "Why, you have made your quarrel up with J——, and have commenced indorsing for him, eh?" "I have done nothing of the sort," said the doctor, who was thrown off his guard, and who, for family reasons, would have cut his tongue out before giving his relative away had he taken time to think before speaking. His after attempts to hush up the matter were without avail. Political opponents of the unfortunate culprit got hold of the story, and he was indicted, tried, and found guilty of the crime of forging, and sentenced to be whipped. That he would have been so punished there is no doubt had not his lovely and loving wife gone to the Governor and to the Governor's wife, and so wrought upon the sympathies of both as to secure his pardon. But from that time forth he was politically and socially dead.

Among the most beautiful, highly-cultured and charming women of the State some thirty years ago were the four daughters of a high official who had the misfortune to be born kleptomaniacs. It was well known to all the citizens of the town in which they resided that they had inherited this mania from their mother, who was a constitutional thief. These girls would take anything they could lay their hands on, from mouse-traps to fishing-tackle. The acquisitions made in this way were, in nine cases out of ten, wholly useless and worthless to them. Their father, knowing this propensity of wife and offspring, visited the different storekeepers of the town and requested them to send the bill to him for any articles they might miss after visits from the female members of his family. There was, therefore, no particular trouble about the peculations of these young ladies until a new storekeeper came to town, who, on receiving the usual intimation from their father, said to some of his neighbors: "Kleptomania be hanged; it's nothing but thiefomania, and if they were poor women they would have it thrashed out of them at the whipping-post. If they come into my store to do any stealing I'll have them arrested and whipped as quick as if they were chicken-thieves." No one believed the fellow would carry out his threat, but he did. Two of the sisters came into his place, and after they were gone he missed a bundle of gloves. He followed them up the street, called a Constable, had them arrested, searched, and would have had them committed to jail as common thieves had not bail been promptly offered by a score of citizens for their appearance to answer to the charge at court. Now began the tug of war. It was known that if the case came to trial the young ladies would be sentenced to be whipped, and that this sentence would not be remitted by the Governor, who was one of the sternly righteous men, who believed his position demanded of him the exaction of the sentence pronounced by law, save in the case of after-discovered extenuating evidence. The only thing left for the afflicted father who had already been much impoverished through the peculations of his family, was to buy the prosecutor off.

This he did, and reduced himself to almost absolute want by complying with the demands made upon him. The father never recovered from this public disgrace, and died soon after. The daughters, however, who never seemed to understand that they had been guilty of any criminality, held up their heads bravely, and all married well. Some of them are living to-day, beloved wives and good mothers, who, under the very shadow of the whipping-post, it is said, get their dry goods and other merchandise in the old fashion, whilst husbands or sons pay up, just as their father did. —*Wilmington (Del.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

Raising the "Old Boy."

Some people seem born with a faculty of raising the ancient masculine juvenile. They get folks who are minding their own business, and merely want peace and quiet, into all sorts of scrapes. This faculty is peculiarly developed in the commercial tourist usually referred to as a drummer. One of this class of gentlemen was at an up-country railway station some days ago, and discovered, while waiting for a train, a wasp's nest. An idea at once struck him. How he achieved the feat without getting hurt, we don't know. Probably the wasps were dormant with cold. But at any rate he got that nest down and tied it to the tail of a large yellow dog that was fooling round the depot. The dog started to run and that so stirred up the wasps that they sent a courier out to investigate, and as he did so in a manner disagreeable to the dog he only ran the harder and made three wild circuits of the depot. The train meanwhile came in, and as trains don't stop long at country stations, it was just starting as the dog came round the third time. Wild with pain, the dog leaped aboard the train and plunged into a crowded car, just as the brakeman closed the door. The poor brute got beneath a seat and tried to curl up. The car was hot, and it wound up the wasps, and they came out, and in about half a minute the men in that seat jumped up so hard they nearly stove holes in the roof, and the way they clawed at their legs was a caution. Everybody looked. Then others became interested. And the dog started on the run through the car. The wasps went for him and every person in the car. A wild scene took place. Men cursed and clawed wildly. Women got up on the seats and danced—and the dog, which everybody thought was mad, tore up and down the aisle, howling. The conductor came in, thinking the people insane. He promptly joined the show. As the train was flying, folks couldn't jump off. No mad-house ever saw such a scene. There was profanity enough to sink a ship, and the brakeman gazing in at the door said it beat anything he ever saw in a variety show. Finally the conductor stopped the train, folks got out, and the car was cleared of wasps and dog. But the passengers didn't get over it. They were an awful mad set, and occasionally after they got started again a man would find a stray wasp in his trousers and rise and yell. They talked of suing the railroad, and if they could have got that drummer his death would have been frightful. But he had gone on a train the other way.—*Boston Post.*

A Woman Starves Herself to Death in Sixty Days.

Miss Chloe Ann Violet, who started out on a starvation fast under the belief that she was obeying a command of the Lord on the 5th of November last, died at the residence of her mother, on Queen Street, last night about twelve o'clock, having lived without taking food of any kind for sixty days. The case is remarkable from the fact that it is the longest known. There is a well-authenticated case of a lady of New York State fasting forty-seven days, dying at the expiration of that time. Miss Violet, although emaciated, retained consciousness and talked freely, indeed cheerfully, up to the time of her death. She was thoroughly impressed with the belief that her time had come, and that the Lord desired and commanded her to abstain from all kinds of food. She believed further that to die fasting would be a safe passport to Heaven, and the gates of the Golden City would be thrown wide open to her, but that to die in any other way would be disobedience to the command of the Lord, for which she would have to suffer in the next world. For sixty days she cheerfully acted out this delusion, her only regret being that she allowed herself to be induced to abandon her first attempt, some years ago, to starve herself to death. She had not taken a particle of food of any kind since the 5th of November last; not even medicines would she take, fearing that her life might be prolonged thereby. Her father, Mr. Robert Violet, died from an overdose of laudanum, and her brother, Albert Violet, drowned himself in the river about ten years ago. Miss Violet was highly respected by all who knew her. Every effort, force and persuasion were used to make her give up her wild purpose, but without success.—*Alexandria (Va.) Special to Chicago Tribune.*

—What loneliness is more lonely than distrust.—*George Elliot.*

—He fasts enough that has a bad meal.

An Interesting Dialogue.

Ensconced in a corner of a Broadway car, the other morning, on my way down-town, reading the *Daily Planet*, I listened to the conversation of two young ladies, which I reproduce through the medium of *Puck* for the benefit of the world at large.

These girls were well, if not fashionably, dressed in becoming morning shopping-dresses. One, the leader of the conversation, was attired in a dark red plush tight-fitting jacket, with a shapely hat and feather jauntily set on a head of black hair. She was pretty, and her face was not destitute of intelligence, and she could have given points to her companion in rapidity of speech. The other was a blonde, with little curled bangs running all over her forehead. She might almost have been handsome had her expression been less doll-like and simpering. She wore a cloak technically known as a "circular," which, round a white neck, was fastened by hammered silver clasps.

The voices of both were pitched in a rather high key, and, as there were few people in the car, I received the full benefit of the conversation.

"Auntie Christie sent me, for Christmas, a lovely lot of tea-colored lace. O it was real nice!" said the voluble young woman.

"Mommer," remarked the fair and doll-like other, "gave me a beautiful pair of amethyst ear-rings, and popper an exquisite new umbrella."

"Did you have a nice time?"

"Oh, perfectly admirable!"

"What did John White send you?"

"O nothing! I think it perfectly horrid of you to ask."

"I think John White is a perfect gentleman. He's awfully fond of Emily Doojinks. What a funny girl she is!"

"John White is just a little bit fast."

"Perhaps he is a trifle dissipated; but I don't object to that. He's not nearly as handsome as Ed Collins."

"Ed Collins is romantic. I know Susan Andrews thinks the world of him; he does look so awfully lovely in a dress-coat."

"Not half so nice as in his lawn-tennis suit at the Seventh Regiment Armory."

"Do you think he can afford to marry?"

"I don't know. Mamie. What does he do?"

"Isn't he on Wall street?"

"I thought he was in dry goods."

"I never dreamt of asking."

"It would be nice to marry him if he's in dry goods. Wouldn't it be splendid to have all the latest styles direct?"

"How do you like Emma Brown's new dolman?"

"Ain't it too lovely?"

"Awfully; but the trimming ain't real."

"Pshaw!"

"It ain't. Mamie Jones told me so, and she knows. Emma's dressmaker is hers, too."

"Fred Van Schnapps took me to the theater the other night."

"What did you see?"

"Fanny Davenport as Camille." She's real nice; but she ain't my idea of the character. I like Clara Morris better."

"What did Fanny Davenport wear?"

"O a cream-white overskirt, looped up with red cauliflowers, over a basque of blue paper-muslin—awfully stylish."

"Who's your washerwoman—does she starch skirts well?"

"Mommer's employed her for years, but she ain't much good on collars and cuffs."

"How long have you banged your hair like that? It looks real nice."

"Do you like it. Jack Smithers said it was a success. Do you know Jack Smithers? He's too funny for anything."

"I must get out at Stoort's to buy some hair-pins and a spool of cotton."

"O do come with me to Macy's. I want some bandoline and a paper of pins."

I had had enough, and I walked the remainder of the distance down town. —*Puck.*

The Secret of Happiness.

The following observations relate to a subject equally interesting to all; but a subject on which the young are particularly apt to form absurd theories and visionary hopes, which, frequently, are not dissipated till it is too late to repair the errors to which they lead.

The word *happy* is a relative term; that is, when we call a man happy, we mean that he is happier than some others with whom we compare him, than the generality of others, or than he himself was in some other situation—thus, speaking of one who has just compassed the object of a long pursuit; "Now," we say, "he is happy"; and in a like sense, compared with the general lot of mankind, we call a man happy who possesses health and competency.

In strictness, any condition may be denominated happy, in which the amount or aggregate of pleasure exceeds that of pain, and the degree of happiness depends upon the quantity of this excess. Happiness does not consist in the pleasures of sense, in whatever profusion or variety they be enjoyed. By the pleasures of sense, I mean as well the animal gratifications of eating, drinking, and that by which the species is continued, as the more refined pleasures of music, painting, architecture, gardening, theatrical exhibitions; and the pleasures, lastly, of active sports, as of hunting, shooting, fishing, etc. These pleasures continue but a little while at a time. This is true of them all, especially of the grosser sort of them. Laying aside the preparation and the expectation, and computing strictly the actual sensation, we shall be surprised to find how inconsiderable a portion of our time they occupy, how few hours in the twenty-four they are able to fill up.

These pleasures, by repetition, lose their relish. It is a property of the machine for which we know no remedy, that the organs by which we perceive pleasure are blunted and benumbed by being frequently exercised in the same way. There is hardly any one who has not found the difference between a gratification when new and when familiar, or any pleasure which does not become indifferent as it grows habitual. The truth seems to be, that there is a limit at which these pleasures soon arrive, and from which they ever afterward decline. They are by necessity of short duration, as the organs cannot hold on their emotions beyond a certain length of time; and if you endeavor to compensate for this imperfection in their nature by the frequency with which you repeat them, you suffer more than you gain, by the fatigue of the faculties, and the diminution of sensibility.

These pleasures, after all, have their value; and as the young are always too eager in their pursuit of them, the old are sometimes too remiss, that is, too studious of their ease, to be at the pains for them which they really deserve.

Happiness consists in health. By health I understand, as freedom from bodily distempers, as that tranquillity, firmness and alacrity of mind, which we call good spirits, and which may properly enough be included in our notion of health, as depending commonly upon the same causes, and yielding to the same management, as our bodily constitution.

Health, in this sense, is the one thing needful. Therefore no pains, expense, self-denial or restraint to which we subject ourselves for the sake of health is too much. Whether it requires us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgences, to control intemperate passions, or undergo tedious regimens, to whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit.

When we are in perfect health and spirits, we feel in ourselves a happiness independent of any particular outward gratification whatever, and of which we can give no account. This is an enjoyment which the Deity has annexed to life; and it probably constitutes, in a great measure, the happiness of infants and brutes, especially of the lower and sedentary orders of animals, for which I have sometimes been at a loss to find out amusement.

The above account of human happiness will justify the two following conclusions, which, although found in most books of morality, have seldom, we think, been supported by any sufficient reason:

First: That happiness is pretty equally distributed among the different orders of civil society. Second: That vice has no advantage over virtue, even with respect to this world's happiness.—*C. Whittier Brown, in Science of Health.*

"Becoming" Colors.

It is surprising how many women wish to know in regard to colors that will be becoming to them, while few even ask a question or seem to bestow a thought on the former cut of a garment in its relation to their personality, yet the latter is by far the most important consideration. It is useless to lay down rules in regard to color, for by changing the kaleidoscope—heightening the tone of one, lowering that of another, deepening the fabric, placing a line of light between it and the skin, the whole effect may be changed and a color or tint supposed to be unbecoming made picturesquely effective without being detrimental. But an unbecoming cut, a bad form to a dress or a garment is fatal. There is nothing more to be said or done about it. It is a minor misery which increases its proportions every time of wearing. There is also an immense difference in the amount of general character as well as special adaptability in the cut of clothes, and it is of the greatest importance that this should express in some sort the individuality of the wearer. Yet few women consider shape and design with any reference to themselves. They take it for granted that fashion orders this matter, and that they have no alternative but to follow the rules laid down. They do not ask what is becoming in regard to style, but what the styles are, and then they wear wide or narrow, long or short, full or scant garments, according as the fiat has been pronounced. It ought never to be forgotten that form is more important in the line of art than color, and this is especially the case with regard to dress. Color broadly settles itself. The dark substantial fabric for street wear is in reply to a universal demand, and four-fifths of the women in the world consider themselves blest in the possession of one good dark dress. Whether the fabric be of silk or wool, the color brown or black, does not so much matter, but it is of high consequence whether it is shapeless or shapely, whether it spoils the lines of the figure and destroys the fabric by cutting it up into insignificant pieces or whether it preserves fine outlines and conveys to every one who sees it an idea of something noble, of a woman of character and dignity behind it. These four-fifths have not time or means for the details of art in dress. These must be left to the women of society, to those whose separate toilets are specially adapted for the ball-room, the drawing-room, the theater, the opera, the reception, the boudoir. I am thankful for my part that there are women who can give a part of their time to the cultivation of the beautiful in dress. They make part of the sunshine and joy of the world, and are as much something to be thankful for as a divine voice, as genius in literature and painting, or for the beauty of the flowers. Dress is capable of adding a charm to sweetness of temper and natural amiability, and in fact it may stimulate these to growth. Neither men nor women are amiable when they are and know they are ill-dressed, while it is a philosophical truth that nothing personal is more conducive to serenity of temper than the feeling of looking ones best, of having gotten rid of clothes as a care from one's mind.—*Jenny June, in Detroit Post and Tribune.*

They All Laughed.

A man who seemed to be all legs and at least seven feet long halted a policeman on Woodward avenue the other day and excitedly began:

"I was turning the corner up there about ten minutes ago when I fell down."

"Yes—fell down," replied the officer.

"Has any one a right to insult me for falling down?"

"No, sir."

"Well, they did insult me—a full dozen of them. When I got up one fellow was hanging to a lamp-post and laughing as if he would die, and another was——"

"Yes—I see—ha! ha! ha! They couldn't help it—ho! ho! ho! it's the funniest sight in the world!"

"And you, too, durn your buttons—you are laughing because I sprawled on the pavement!"

"Y-yes—can't help it—ho! ho! ho!"

"You, a public officer, add insult to injury, do you?"

"No—not that—but—ha! ha! ha! I can imagine just how you wolloped that icy spot! It's too funny for—ha! ha ha!"

"Sir, I'll report you!"

"Yes, I know, but—ho! ho! ho!"

"I'll have you dismissed!"

"I know it—of course—but o-o-oh! ho! ho! ho!"

The long-legged man made a rush for the City Hall and entered the office of the Chief of Police just as that gentleman was laughing at a remark made by a visitor.

"And you've heard of it and are cackling, too!" yelled the long-legged man, with great indignation, and he turned and walked out with his face as red as a toy wagon and his legs as stiff as crowbars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Connecticut dressmaker has turned the paniers now in vogue among the luxurious daughters of fashion to the service of match-making mothers. Under its ample folds she conceals a steel trap, which, when some curled darling of fortune squeezes the waist of the wearer, catches the squeezing arm in flagrante delicto. Of course the various members of the squeezed one's family pounce in upon the squeezer, and, unable to fight or fly, he is forced to pronounce the words which give a right to squeeze sine die.

—Steam vessels for whaling have proved highly profitable. The first one ever sent out from the Pacific Coast was the Mary and Helen, which cleared last year enough to pay her entire cost and $40,000 besides. The second venture, that of the Belvidere, has just come back from a voyage of only six months with $100,000 worth of oil above the investment. The great success of these steamers is likely to revive the business of whaling.

—The dogs having learned, perhaps from the wolves, that sheep are good eating, it has become necessary now to protect the sheep from the dogs. Down in New Jersey the farmers use goats for that purpose. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs. A few doses of their peculiar treatment will cure a dog, and he leaves the premises without any more ifs or butts.

A Strange Marriage.

A strange marriage occurred in South Arkansas, recently. Some time ago a Miss Wampton, a beautiful young lady, and a wealthy young farmer named Rockton, were married. The young lady could not have been termed a "happy bride." She had never loved Rockton, and only married him to please a widowed mother. "My happiness depends upon this union," the widow had said. "You have always been a dutiful child, and I know you will not refuse to marry a man who devotedly loves you. You may not love him now, my child, but that deep devotion which is always the offspring of kindness will make you happy.

"I will obey you," replied the girl, "but I do not even like Mr. Rockton. There is nothing in sympathy between us. He is wealthy; but while poverty always brings misery, yet wealth does not always bring happiness. You know that I am devoted to Tom Rosemond, and that he is devoted to me, but if you, as my mother, command me, I will obey, even though the effort cost me my life as well as my happiness."

The ceremony was performed. Pale, and with a settled expression of despair, the girl promised to "love, honor and obey." Rockton was happy. The girl's mother had realized a long-cherished dream. Rosemond, who would have been the girl's choice, left the neighborhood. Rockton and his wife began keeping house. Six months afterward Rosemond returned an I sent Mrs. Rockton a note, begging an interview. She showed the note and her answer of refusal to her husband. He kissed her as a reward of fidelity. Rather a thin reward. Rockton was taken sick with swamp fever. Swamp fever never trifles with a man's feelings. "Business" is the motto of swamp fever. Napoleon said that he could take swamp fever, with chills as his staff, and whip any army in the world. Swamp fever placed a bronzed finger on Rockton's nose and said: "Come." When the sufferer saw that he was bound to accompany the enemy he called his wife and said: "You have been a faithful wife. Nine women out of ten would have run away long ago. I have always known that you loved Rosemond. I have sent for him. I want you to marry him before I die so that I can see the happy ceremony."

"That would not be legal," answered the wife, "for I cannot marry another man so long as you are living."

"Well, but I want him here so I can see that the ceremony is performed immediately after I am dead."

Rosemond and a preacher were sent for, and to hurry matters, the wife requested the messenger to send for a doctor. They arrived. The doctor looked at the patient and smiled. The wife's heart leaped. She knew that the doctor understood his business. Rockton gasped and motioned. The marriage party approached the bed. The doctor chuckled. Rockton placed the hands of the lovers together and breathed easier. The doctor administered medicine. The dying man gasped again and died. The preacher raised his hand, and the lovers were married. Swamp fever, in bronzed victory, sat on the brow of the dead man.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Two Little Immigrants.

Frank Macey and Charles, his brother, were unloaded from the steamship England at Castle Garden on Wednesday. It was about noon, when, for the first time in their lives, they set foot upon American soil. They traveled without escort. The fact that specially drew attention to them was that Frank Macey was six and a half years of age, and that Charles, his brother, was four and a half. They had been wildly beset in attempting to cross to this country from Liverpool. Shipping originally in the steamship Erin, that vessel had been so tempest-tossed that she was obliged to put back for repairs to the port from which she sailed. In the confusion on board the Erin the tickets of the Macey brothers were lost, but the National Line did the right thing by them, and they were transferred to the England, arriving safely at New York, as said.

The brothers Macey wore plain but comfortable clothing, and an air of great confidence. Their whole luggage was contained in a leathern satchel measuring about twelve inches by eight, and fatly packed. The hand of Charles was securely clasped in the hand of Frank Macey as the pair ascended the gang-plank from the immigrant barge.

"Hallo!" said the official who was checking the names of the steerage list; "there's two immigrants slipped in between my legs."

It was Frank Macey and Charles, his brother, to whom the official referred. Colonel Lawlor, of the Garden, received the travelers inside. To him they communicated the information that their father was an American, but that they were British born; that they knew nothing about their mother; and that they desired to be forwarded to Mr. Quinn Macey, at St. Margaret, Md., as soon as possible. Toward evening, Colonel Lawlor inquired of Frank Macey and Charles, his brother, if they were hungry, to which they replied without embarrassment that they were. Colonel Lowler filled out a blank which said:

"CASTLE GARDEN, Dec. 28, 1881.
MURRAY & NUGENT: Give Bread and Milk to ...times to Frank Macey and Charles, his brother, children, Ship, England——arrived 28, noon.

Response was promptly made to this ticket, and four portions of bread and milk were consumed by the brothers with ease. A few sweet cakes topped off the repast, after which the immigrants slept soundly until morning. Breakfast followed, and this was supplemented by play with other youthful travelers in the rotunda and by lunch at eleven o'clock. At noon the Maceys departed by way of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for St. Margaret's.—*N. Y. Paper.*

History.

Thirty-seven years ago the 27th of last May, the first telegraph line was put in successful operation, over a single wire between Baltimore and Washington. There were very many persons, and among the most intelligent classes, after the wire was up, who could not believe an intelligent communication could be sent forty miles, the distance between the two cities. Senators and Representatives in Congress declared they could not believe it, and the proprietors of the line undertook to demonstrate the truth to them. Grave Senators hesitated about accepting the invitation to witness the proposed demonstration, fearing they might encounter another "moon hoax," Richard Adams Locke's great moon story being then fresh in recollection. Finally a respectable number of these wise men of the Nation consented to be lookers on, and a portion of them were stationed at the little telegraph office at Washington; others went to Baltimore, the other end of the line. The Baltimore witnesses went down to that city with great reluctance. Messages were sent and received between the two cities, and yet one distinguished Senator at the Baltimore end of the line was incredulous, and declared he would not believe but the whole thing was a prearranged scheme of deception, unless he could get an answer to a message of his own from a certain honest gentleman he named. The message was sent, a peculiar inquiry, and an appropriate answer was received. "It seems it must be true," said the Senator; "but I cannot comprehend it." It seemed like magic.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Hicks-Lord believes in real estate for investment. She has just bought another $70,000 house in New York.

—The present Chief Justice of Alabama used to stick type on a weekly paper for five dollars per week. Printers don't always strike "phat," like that.

—Seward Webb has gone to live with his wife's father, Mr. Vanderbilt, until the house her father gave her (with $500,000 in four per cents.) is ready, and will be Mr. Vanderbilt's broker on Wall street. It may be said that Seward Webb struck it rich.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mr. Charles Sumner said that Wendell Phillips' wit and humor cropped out in his speeches, "but they never do in mine," he added. "You might as well look for a joke in the book of Revelation." It will surprise some to know that Mr. Sumner could even joke about his freedom from joking.

—General Albert Pike—who is, by the way, the highest ranking Freemason in the United States—is now seventy-two years old. He is still so vigorous that he enjoys field sports with as keen a pleasure as when, fifty years ago, he hunted in New Mexico, Texas and Arkansas. He is more than six feet tall, and is bent but little.

—William D. Gallagher, a poet of renown in Ohio and Kentucky, lives on a small farm at Pewee Valley, near Louisville. Gray squirrels frisk in his door-yard, and the cat-bird, the red-bird and the saucy jay come to his porches for their daily bread. He was born in Philadelphia in 1808, his father being an Irishman and his mother a Friend.

—Several paragraphs translated from Italian journals have been printed in the newspapers throughout the country commenting on the fact that Miss Alice Blaine, daughter of the ex-Secretary, was traveling alone in Italy. Miss Alice Blaine is at home in Washington. The ex-Secretary has one daughter in Europe, and she is in Paris under the care of Mrs. Morton, wife of the Minister to France. The Miss Blaine, of Italy, is, of course, an impostor.

—Regarding a rumor that Thomas Hughes would not return to the Rugby colony in Tennessee, having severed his connection with the project, the *Rugbeian* says: "Should Mr. Hughes indeed abandon the enterprise, it would probably be the last straw to this much-tried colony. The position of Rugby is already sufficiently critical to cause considerable apprehension to those interested in her future." The general tone of this organ of the colony is despondent.

—Justice Horace Gray is not only learned in the law, but also in literature and in many branches of science. He is a positive Judge, and sometimes an arbitrary one. A distinguished Massachusetts lawyer was once making an argument before him, and, when stating existing rulings on his subject, was peremptorily interrupted by the Judge. "Mr. ——, the law is so and so," said he, giving the points as he believed them to be. "It is the law now, your Honor but it was not until you spoke," was the quick reply.

—Dr. William Seward Webb, Mr. Vanderbilt's new son-in-law, was doubtless named after Governor Seward to honor that statesman for keeping Dr. Webb's father, General James Watson Webb, out of the State prison for once going out of the State of New York to fight a duel with the celebrated Tom Marshall, of Kentucky. General Webb got shot in the calf of his leg, and after he got home and had his calf repaired he was indicted for duelling, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to State Prison, as aforesaid; but Governor Seward interposed his pardon and he didn't go. This was about the year 1841, and some people then living, and well posted, may have forgotten the circumstances. But General Webb didn't forget it, and the prominence now given the name of his son will recall the matter to many minds.

HUMOROUS.

—The most popular inn in South America is insurrection.

—"Take your time," as the jeweler said to the customer who had forgotten his chronometer.

—A sensational report is called a canard because one canardly believe it.

—"Prisoner, have you ever been convicted?" "No, your Honor. I have always employed first-class lawyers."

—Why do girls kiss each other, while boys do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and the boys have.—*Yale News.*

—A Brooklyn man has just found his sister, from whom he had been separated fifty years. She was the cook in his boarding-house, and he recognized her style of hash.

—"I know where the dark goes when morning comes," said little Clare. "It goes down cellar; it's dark there all day."—*Chicago Standard.*

—The Marquis of Bute started a daily paper in Wales, and, after sinking about $400,000 in the concern, shut up the shop. As a Marquis he is all right, but in journalism the Bute is on the other leg.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—Nice lesson for little folks:—The Dog and the Cat are Fighting. Is this Wrong? Yes, it is very Wrong for the Dog and Cat to Fight, because they are not Married. When you Grow up, Children, you will see the Point of this Lesson.—*Chicago Primer.*

—Mrs. Cleanwell is what may be called pizen nice. Cleanwell says when he caught his better half washing off the Easter eggs he had paid half a dollar apiece for, he became convinced that there was such a thing as being too neat. —*Boston Transcript.*

—"He blew out his brains after bidding his wife good-by with a gun." "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother." "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the Channel in an oak case, with carved legs."—*Dr. Hodgson's Errors in English.*

—An undergraduate, under examination at Dublin, was missing question after question. At last the examiner got irritated, and said: "I declare, I've got a dog at home that could answer the questions that have been given to you." "Have you really, sir?" said the undergraduate, blandly. "May I ask if you would sell him?"

—"I must say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle as she looked about her in the new home of the Spankingtons. "Now, look at that great elaborately-framed mirror. I declare I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities," remarked Fogg, the villain.

An inquisitive old gent poked his head in a printing-office door and asked: "Who is dead?" The man at the wheel answered: "Nobody that I have heard of." The old gent asked, "What is this crape on the door for?" The boss then went out and found that the "devil" had hung the job-office towel on the door-knob while he chased a lame pigeon up an alley.

—"I understand you told in a store that I wasn't a man to be depended on," said Hickenlooper to Wigglesworth, as they met the other morning. "Taint so," promptly denied Wigglesworth; "what I said was that you were a tergiversationist." "Oh, well, that's quite another thing," responded Hickenlooper; "I'm much obliged for your good opinion," and he shook Wigglesworth warmly by the hand and went away.

Our Young Readers.

DOING OUR BEST.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright.
My silvery beams cannot struggle far,
Through the folding gloom of night!
But I am only part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

"What is the use," said a dreary cloud,
"Of doing the little that I do?
They will hardly heed the lily pearl,
Though caught in her cup of gold!
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can!"

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a cloud came with its shadow full
How, why, and for what, all strange things were
She was only a child at school!
But she thought: "It is part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can!"

So she helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet,
And she sang from the heart a little song,
That we all thought passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said: "I, too, will do the best that I can!"

Our best! Ah, children, the best of us
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our task at the close of day;
But for strength from above, to the Master's plan,
We will pray, and we'll do the best that we can.
—*Presbyterian Register.*

THE STRONG-HANDED COUNT.

About sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, in the midst of a wide plain, stands the Czar's country palace of Tsarskoe-Selo (Czar's Village), the great park of which is a very pretty place in fine summer weather. All through June and July you may see the Russian children running about under the trees by scores, with a shouting and laughing that would do the Czar's heart good to hear, if he were anywhere within reach. In every shady spot you are pretty sure to find a picnic party making merry on the grass, with two or three well-filled luncheon-baskets beside them; and when you come to the little summer houses near the lake, you will most likely find at least half a dozen people in each, gathered around a big bowl of prostokvash, which is the Russian name for curds and cream.

This lake is one of the great "sights" of the park, for it has a boat-house filled with a model of every kind of boat in the world, down to Greenland fishing-boats and Polynesian war-canoes; and when they are all sent floating over the lake after dark, hung with colored lamps, they make a very fine show, indeed. But there is something even better worth seeing a little farther on, and that is the Palace Museum, filled with strange presents which have been given to the Russian Czars by various kings, savage or civilized, from a jeweled sword presented by the first Napoleon to a Persian carpet sent by the Ameer of Bokhara.

On a table near the door lies a very curious relic, which every one who comes in notices at once. It is a large silver dish, rolled up like a sheet of paper, so as to make a kind of tunnel; and if you ask the old soldier who shows the museum how it came to be twisted up like that, he will give a knowing grin, and ask if you ever heard of Count Gregory Orloff.

This Gregory Orloff was a Russian Count who lived about a hundred years ago, and was not only a Count, but an Admiral as well, though there were people who said that if he had had to manage the fleet by himself, instead of having three or four excellent naval commanders to help him, he would have made a poor job of it. But whatever doubts there might be about his seamanship, there could be none about his strength, for he was one of the largest and most powerful men in Russia. Like many other giants, he was, perhaps, just a little too fond of showing off his great strength. Nothing pleased him more than to bend a horseshoe between his fingers, or pull out of the ground a stake which no one else could move; and if one of his sailors turned mutinous, and began to make a noise, Orloff would just take him by the throat, and shake him as a cat shakes a mouse, after which the brawler was usually quiet enough.

Now, it happened that one night this strong-handed Admiral was at an evening party at the palace, and, as he was handing a bouquet of flowers to one of the ladies, the silver paper which was wrapped around it slipped off. Orloff said nothing, but stepped to the supper-table, and, taking up a silver dish, rolled it up like a piece of paper, put the bouquet into it, and handed it to the lady, and this is the dish you see in the museum.

Not long after this Orloff arrived in St. Petersburg from a journey, and was met at his own door by a messenger from the palace, who told him that the Empress particularly wished to see him, and that he must go to her at once. Some men would have waited to put on their finest clothes, and to make themselves look quite gay and dandified, but the Admiral was used to obeying orders at once, and off he started for the palace, just as he was.

Now, while the Admiral had been journeying, there had come to the palace a new hall-porter who had never seen him before. This porter was a strong fellow, though not nearly as big as Orloff, and not a nice-tempered man by any means, so when he saw the Admiral's big, coarse-looking, ugly figure coming up to the door of the stately palace in a dusty traveling-dress, he shouted fiercely,

"Be off, you vagabond! You've no business here! Who are you, I should like to know?"

Orloff never answered, but stooped and picked up a long iron bar that fastened the door at night. One jerk of his great strong hands twisted it around the porter's ne