THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

XANTIPPE DEFENDED.

Xantippe, I know, was a terrible scold,
But only one-half of that story's been told:
For Xan had to worry, and cut, and contrive
To keep half a dozen young "Socrates" alive,
While their slouchy old father—the wise Socrates—
Pensive, hatless and bare to the knees,
Delighted all Athens with wise saws and graves
But all the wise maxims which Socrates said
Never clothed for the youngsters a morsel of bread.
With never a shoe for herself or the boys,
What wonder the madam was given to noise?
He early loved Athens—her forum and walk,
And the cavalier crowd that applauded his talk
Was attached to her soil, and on face, neck and limb
That soil was quite largely attached to him.
For here in the forum, the workshop or gate,
At morning, at noon or at midnight he'd prate;
He'd talk of the beautiful—goodness knows why—
Of infinite Being from out the blue sky;
But, in spite of his wit, Xantippe—or went
Through the old fellow's clothing, and fished up a cent!
She worked like a slave, but he sat at his case
While "chinning" with Critos or Euripides!

The stew-pan was broken and nothing to stew,
Each chair had the sticks—the table a skew,
The bed for the grunge's Cellar bank,
And still he kept "chinning"—the logical "crank!"

Now, Socrates held that a man was well fed
Whose *mean* consisted of water and bread,
But the bread? For you see, the improvident elder
Never earned for the youngsters the first obolus.
He'd "chin" it all day—but work? Not a bit!
His speeches were marvels of beauty and wit,
No wonder *she* stormed! No wonder she raved,
And went for him there with her mop till he paled!
She doused his old toga with dish-water cool,
And keyed up her voice till it reached a wild howl;
No wonder he turned out a bit of a shrew!—
I think the old lady had reason; don't you?

ABOUT OTTERS.

Among the animals that live partly in the water and partly on the land, that can run about on the shore and breathe the air just as well as we can, and yet dive under the water and swim like a fish, one of the most interesting is the otter. A common otter is about the size of a small dog, having a narrow body two feet long, and very short legs. It is covered with handsome fur next to its skin, and outside of this there is a coat of long, coarse hair.

As this animal is very fond of the water, and lives principally on fish, it makes its home on the shore of a creek or river. This home is a hole underground, generally quite close to the water. The entrance to the burrow is always under water, and leads upward to the main apartment, which is dug out as high up in a bank as possible, so that, in case of a flood in the stream, the water will not rise up along the entrance-way and into the otter's house. Sometimes the animal makes two or three chambers, one above another, so that, in case the water should rise in a lower room, he and his family could go up higher, and keep dry. He does not mind being under the water for a time, but he cannot live under water. From the top of his house up to the surface of the ground he makes a small hole to let in air; so, you see, the otter is a very clever creature. The entrance to his house is hidden under water, where no dog nor other enemy is likely to find it, or to get in if they do find it; and his home is so well planned that some part of it is always dry and well ventilated.

When the otter wants his supper—for, as he eats only at night, it may be said that he takes neither breakfast nor dinner—he slips quietly into the water, and as soon as he sees a fish, he gives chase to it. He has large, full eyes like a seal's, and he can see in the water as well as on land. He is web-footed, and his long, flexible body and stout tail enable him to move through the water with a motion very much like that of a fish. He can thus swim very fast, and few fish are able to escape him.

During the day-time, the otter generally stays quiet in his burrow, but at night he comes out, and makes it very lively for the fish. Sometimes, when fish are scarce, he will do his midnight hunting on land, and will be glad to catch a chicken or any other small animal he may meet.

If an otter is caught when it is quite young, it may be tamed. I once saw a couple of tame ones in New York, and they were as lively and playful as a pair of terrier dogs. Sometimes tame otters are trained to catch fish for their masters. In this kind of fishing, the otter slips quietly into the water, and generally catches first all the fish he wants to eat himself. When he has had enough, he brings the next one he catches to his master. A very well-trained otter will go into the water several times in this way, and frequently will bring out a large fish each time. Otters are occasionally employed by fishermen who use nets. The nets are first set, and then the otters go into the water and drive the fish into the nets, where they are caught.

There is a story told of a man in England who had a tame otter which followed him about on shore like a dog, and which, also, used to fish for him. The two companions would go out on the river in a boat, when the otter would jump overboard, and bring fish back to the man. If the animal staid away too long, his master would call him by his name, and he would immediately return.

One day the man was away from home, and his young son thought it would be a good idea to take his father's otter and go fishing. So he took the little animal into the boat, and rowed out upon the river. The otter jumped into the river exactly as he used to do for the boy's father, but he staid below a long time, and when the boy called him he did not come back. Either he did not know his name when spoken by a strange voice, or he did not like the boy well enough to come back to him, for he remained out of sight, and after the boy had called him in vain for a long time, he was obliged to return to shore without him.

Several days after this, the man was walking along the river-bank near the place where his son had gone fishing. He was greatly grieved at the loss of his pet otter, and I expect the boy had been whipped. The man stood at the edge of the water, and began to call the otter by his name. He did not think there was any particularuse in doing this, but it reminded him of his little friend and of old fishing times. But you can scarcely imagine his astonishment when, in a few moments, his faithful otter came swimming out of the water, and lay down on the shore at his feet. If he had brought a string of fish along with him, I do not think the man could have been more surprised and delighted.

In India and some other Eastern countries, this fishing with tame otters is made quite a business. Bishop Heber tells us that on the bank of a river in Hindostan he once saw eight or nine fine large otters tied to stakes driven into the sand. These handsome fellows were either lying asleep on the shore or swimming about in the water as far as their ropes would let them. It is likely that when these otters were used for fishing, their native masters did not set them loose and allow them to swim about as they pleased, but made them go into the water with the long cord still fastened to their necks In this way the otter could swim far enough to catch fish, and his master would be always sure of having his otter, whether he got any fish or not.

In England, otter-hunting used to be a favorite amusement, and in some parts of the country it is carried on yet. A certain kind of dog, called the otter-hound, is especially trained for this sport, and the hunters use short spears. Some of the hunters and dogs go on one side of the stream where otters are expected to be found, and some on the other. If an otter has recently been along the bank, the dogs catch his scent, and they bark and howl, and scratch the ground, and the men shout and beat the reedy bushes and the shore until the poor otter is frightened out of his house, and takes to the water. But here he is discovered by the bubbles of air which come up where he is breathing, and the men wade into the stream and strike at the place where they suppose the otter is. The dogs, too, sometimes go into the water, and in this way the otter is either killed or driven ashore. When he goes on land he generally shows fight, and the dogs often have a very hard time before he is killed.

There are otters, however, which are much better worth hunting than the common otter. These are the great sea-otters, which are found in the regions about Behring's Straits and in Kamtschatka, also in some of the waters of South America. These are much larger than the common otter, some of them weighing seventy or eighty pounds. These animals are hunted for the sake of their fur, which is very valuable, and they are probably not so active and difficult to kill as the common otter, which has so many enemies that it is obliged to be very cunning and courageous. Up in these cold regions where the sea otter lives, he is only occasionally disturbed by man, and probably never by any other creature. These otters do not appear to pursue ordinary fish in the water, but feed upon lobsters and other shell-fish.

Sea-otters are said to be very affectionate to their young, but it is not likely that they are more so than the common otter; the difference probably is that the sea-otter is much less wild and shy than the common otter, and its habits and disposition toward its young are therefore more easily observed. Ordinary young otters, even when mere infants, will, at the slightest sign of danger, pop into the water with their parents, and come up in some spot among the reeds and grass where it is impossible to see them.

There is an animal in this country which is placed by some writers in the otter tribe, although we do not generally consider it as such. This is the mink, or minx, and it is a great deal more troublesome to us than any ordinary otter; for it does not confine itself to catching fish, but will come into a barn-yard and kill chickens or any other poultry it can lay hold of. Its work, like that of the common otter, is done at night.

The fur of all the otter family is soft and valuable, and if it were not for this fact, there would probably be a great many more otters in the world than there are now.—*John Lowes, in St. Nicholas.*

The Letter Clip and the Dog.

It happened at a well-known restaurant day before yesterday. A young man came in with a maiden with flame-colored hair and followed by a blonde-complectioned dog that looked like the last remnant of a third-rate family of prairie wolves. The young man and woman, who were evidently from the rural districts, took their seats at a table and called for something to operate on, while the dog amused himself by sneaking around under tables and chairs, like a young man trying to find his hat on the floor after church is out.

Things went along in this manner for the space of five minutes, when a change came o'er the spirit of the scene. The dog had entangled himself for the thirteenth time among the rounds of a respectable old gentleman's chair, and the room being dark enough to screen him, and not feeling particularly pleased over the intrusion, he reached down, and, as the latter end of the beast disappeared beneath the table, slipped upon the extremity of his tail a little brass paper clip, with serrated edges and a mainspring like the running gears of a catapult.

The dog stopped, but for an instant. When he started he went off as though he was wound up to run all day. He opened his mouth, and a howl that tore the hearts of his listeners and froze the blood of a policeman, two blocks away, came out and ran around the room modified and distorted into a thousand different echoes, and no two alike. Then he ran under a stand full of glassware. Before the jingling and shivering had ceased he was clear down at the other end of the room, turning around a hundred times a minute, in a vain, despairing effort to grasp with his teeth the horrible incubus that thereby hung his tail, and making more noise with his mouth than a switch-engine with her steam-box packing worn out.

"Merciful heavens! The beast is mad," shouted a fat man, springing up and overturning a table and all its contents into the lap of his friend opposite. "Hey! head 'im off. Stab him.—Chase him into a corner. Shoot him, somebody, quick," and fatty tore around worse than two dogs.

"Drop it, old beeswax," vociferated the owner of the animal. "Who touches a hair of yon—Whoop! Thunder. Run. Run. He'll cut up the whole shop," and he hopped around trying to find the piece bitten out of his leg as the dog passed.

By this time the kitchen force, the bar-tender, two men, a policeman and a reporter had crowded into the room.

Only three tables were standing, one chair had lost its back, the maiden with flame-colored hair had climbed upon the counter and was hugging the gas-burner for protection, while the dog had essayed a northwest passage under the stove, got fast in the attempt, and lay panting and wailing and kicking and making more noise than all the rest of them. His owner stooped down to pull him out by the tail, and found the cause of all the commotion—the little brass letter clip. It was standing to its post like a man, and would have died before it would have deserted. It was removed, but the revulsion of feeling was too much for the dog, and he tried to crawl through the floor. The old gent who had instigated the revolt had gone, and about two minutes later the young man and woman came out and went down the street. The dog that followed them looked as though he had been sat upon by a council of war. There wasn't hair enough upon his back to make a paste-brush.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Color Blindness.

Color blindness has led to many serious accidents, but no more ludicrously unfortunate result has been recounted than that of one of the contributors to the *Figaro*, who has been afflicted with infirmity of vision from youth, being utterly unable to distinguish colors, without seeming to be aware of the fact. A short time since he was to pay his intended bride a visit, and presented himself in a suit of brightest scarlet. His tailor had sent his book of patterns, among them those of the cloth destined for liveries, and the unfortunate suitor had mistaken the scarlet for pearl gray. The tailor, imagining that the order had been for a masquerade, carried it out to the letter without observation; but the friends of the intended bride, looking on the wearer as a confirmed lunatic, refused to allow the courtship to proceed.—*Lynn Transcript.*

—It is one of the unexplainable things of moral ethics how people decide so promptly as to how little rain and bad weather it takes to keep them away from prayer meeting, and how much is required to keep them away from a good show.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Children's Drolleries.

Not long since a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of which his six-year-old boy was the hero. He says: "I keep a shop and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go up stairs to my cash-boy. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy, 'Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything; and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out: 'Pa, he didn't steal anything I watched him.' You may imagine what a position I was in."

Children's questions are often no less embarrassing than they are amusing, as may be instanced in the story of the mercenary little boy who overheard a conversation respecting a wedding that was soon to take place. At breakfast the next morning he recalled the subject by asking the following question: "Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?"

At a whale exhibition, a youngster is said to have asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them, why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner.

"You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't want to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

It is related of another infant inquirer who was looking with great interest at a foaming pot of milk, that he suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, where do cows get their milk from?" "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, in which the mention of tears had evidently recalled certain associations, he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved. A lady, when admiring the stars on a bright night in a tropical climate, was suddenly asked in the most innocent way by her little son of five years old if those were the nails that held up Heaven.

A boy who had always refused to eat oatmeal, in spite of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, suddenly surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: "I am bound to eat oatmeal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott."

Little Freddie, when visiting a neighbor's house, was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, but without any show of gratitude. "What do you say, Freddie?" hinted the lady, expecting him to say, "Thank you." "I say it ain't cake," was the impolite response.

The father of a family, after reading from the morning paper that the cold the night before was intense, the thermometer registering many degrees below freezing-point, said: "Now, children, I suppose you are taught all about that at school. Which of you can tell me what the freezing-point is?" "The point of my nose, papa," was the prompt reply from one of the youngsters.

A gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply. "Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?" "'Cause I don't want to get licked," was the answer.

A mother once showed her child a beautiful doll, a St. John, of fine make and color. "See," she said, "he has been very good; and Heaven always rewards the good by making them beautiful." "Oh," said the child, lifting its shoulders, "don't believe that, mamma. This little St. John looks very meek because he's all glued up; but if he could only move, you'd see!"

The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering: "O dear!" she exclaimed to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while?"—*Chambers' Journal.*

Oysters.

What number of oysters a person can swallow at a sitting seems a difficult question to decide. Brillat-Savarin declares that it was no uncommon thing at great feasts where oysters formed the introductory dish for several of the guests to eat a gross of them—twelve dozen, and a hundred and forty-four! He calculated that such a number would weigh three pounds, and that still the Gargantuan consumer could proceed comfortably afterward with his dinner; whereas had it been three pounds of meat he had ingested he would have been obliged to cry, "Hold—enough!" Brillat-Savarin himself, at his celebrated luncheon to his two old friends of the Rue de Bac, offers them each two dozen as a whet. And he tells an anecdote of a friend of his, a great amateur, to whom he offered a surfeit of oysters, but that after his friend had accomplished his thirty-second dozen, and was still proceeding vigorously, the host thought it time to suggest dinner, at which his friend behaved himself as a hungry man ought. This seems to settle the question of the digestibility of the oyster, for Brillat-Savarin is generally trustworthy. The eight or, at the most, the dozen provided as hors d'œuvres nowadays from an honorable economy need not frighten the weakest digestion.

In France there are twenty or thirty ways of dressing crustaceans, and nearly as many in America. The scalloped oyster, and perhaps an oyster omelette, are the wretched achievements of most of our best cookery books. If fair readers will try the following Provencal recipe they will not have read this article in vain. In England it is best to be sparing with shallot, garlic, and all these kinds of herbs. For the rest, diligently follow the instructions: "Oysters au gratin. Take the required number of oysters. Scald them in a saucepan in their own juice. Take them out; drain them in a baking-dish or scallop-shells with a little sweet oil. Season them with some chopped shallot parsley, and an anchovy minced fine; pepper and salt to taste. Cover them with fine bread crumbs, and moisten them with a few drops of olive oil; put them in the oven for a few minutes (it depends on the heat of the oven), and brown either with a salamander or before the fire. Just before serving, squeeze a lemon over them."—*London World.*

As Mad as a Hatter.

The most striking (in two senses) thing about the hatter's art, in old times when felt hats were made by hand, was the beating up of the felt. Dipping the mass of wool and hair, from which his fabric was to be formed, frequently into hot water, the hatter was then wont to fly at it, as if in passion, and give it a violent beating with two sticks, one held in each hand, till it was matted together into the felt, which, in time, after numerous combings and dressings and shearings, became the stylish beaver worn by the men of fifty years ago. The hatter seemed to be very mad at this object of his labor, and "mad as a hatter" needed no explanation in those days.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

—"Is that your little boy?" "No, not exactly; when he was a week old he was left on my door-step. I am, you may say, his step-father."

Joked to Death.

Frederick Miller, a large, athletic, but weak-minded laborer, died in a cell in the Second and Queen street police station on Sunday night, literally and actually frightened to death. Miller lived with his wife and step-daughter in humble apartments in a tenement back of No. 903 South Fifth street. He had worked for several years as a laborer in the lumber yard of Robert Clark, at Fifth street and Washington avenue. Among his fellow-laborers Miller was noted for his feats of strength and for his weakness of mind. Last August a board-yard cur that had installed himself on the premises became troublesome to neighbors and Mr. Clark ordered him to be killed. Miller's tender heart caused him to interpose between the dog and his sovereign power. He took the animal in his arms and was rewarded by a snap which lacerated his lip. A physician cauterized the wound, and nothing would have been heard of it afterward had not his fellow-workmen deemed it a proper subject to tease their feeble-minded comrade, of whose strength they stood in awe. He seemed to take little notice of it at first, but within a month the wounded lip broke out in renewed ulceration. This, instead of abating the ill-considered jests of his fellows, seemed rather to aggravate them. When he came to work in the morning their "salutation was: "Well, you ain't mad yet," and throughout the day they persisted in keeping the subject before his mind until he became a prey to the delusion that hydrophobia had seized him. He had repeatedly told his wife that the dread was on him, but the active phase of the delusion began only on last Wednesday. He complained of an oppression of the chest which prevented him from breathing, and professed to feel an aversion, which prevented him from taking anything liquid. There was entire absence of any of the symptoms indicating true hydrophobia.

The wound lately healed was not especially sensitive, although he sat rubbing it with his finger tips by the hour and moaning his dreams in disjointed sentences. Excepting the labored breathing there was no indication of spasmodic action of the vital functions. Dr. Duval, of Fourth and Christian streets, was called on Thursday. Miller's employer had endeavored to make his mind easy by telling him that he might lay off for a few days, but this did not diminish his apprehensions. Dr. Duval made a close examination, and concluded that the labored breathing—the only disordered function as far as he could ascertain—was due simply to a severe cold. He endeavored to quiet the alarm of the patient and succeeded so well that he was persuaded to take a few swallows of a harmless potion which was prescribed merely to test the genuineness of the aversion to liquids. Miller said that he could swallow anything the doctor mixed all right, and after endeavoring to impress on his mind that he had no symptoms of hydrophobia the physician left. When Mrs. Miller a few minutes afterward tried him again with the potion he threw the bowl and contents at her, narrowly missing doing her serious injury. His feet were soaked in hot water, in accordance with medical advice, and the contact of his skin with fluids did not produce any sign of aversion. He, however, refused to eat or drink anything, but sat moaning by the hour, head resting on one hand, while with the other he incessantly felt the lip where the dog had bitten. Now and again he would start up suddenly and rush to the window or door, complaining of a choking sensation. Neighbors kindly relieved Mrs. Miller in waiting on him, and endeavored to calm his nerves and persuade him out of his delusion. Dr. Duval called again on Friday and saw no reason to change his belief that hydrophobia was not the cause of the ailment, although he became convinced that the delusion was likely to progress to dangerous mania. He so advised Mrs. Miller and suggested that she should have help constantly by her. This her kind-hearted neighbors enabled her to do.

Miller was sitting with his face buried in his hands when Dr. Duval called on Saturday. His mania had progressed very noticeably and the case was plainly one for hospital treatment. In his conference with Mrs. Miller he expressed his opinion. Within an hour after the physician's departure Miller suddenly aroused from his lethargic condition, and, rushing to the door, took three or four breaths of fresh air. Returning, he advanced toward his wife in a menacing manner and demanded to know whether she would consent to send him to the hospital. She replied that she would not, and this seemed to pacify him. A few minutes afterward she went out, leaving him in the charge of a neighbor of very diminutive size and strength. She returned to find the neighbor shooting through the door like a bolt from a catapault under the impulse of her husband's enormous strength, increased by acute mania. He had suddenly arisen from his lethargy, and, catching the unfortunate neighbor by the throat, with the words, "hospital, will you," hurled him through the door. Mrs. Miller, although terribly alarmed, entered with the hope of pacifying him, but he ejected her with equal violence, and when alone in the room said, "I'll have some amusement." The few chairs were first broken into kindling wood; a table was demolished; the few mantel ornaments were smashed, and in the wildness of his craziness the maniac turned over the stove and scattered the burning coals over the floor. In a minute the room was all ablaze. Neighbors came promptly with buckets of water and the fire was extinguished. A policeman was summoned and Miller was taken to the police station at Second and Queen streets. This was nine p. m. on Saturday.

Dr. Duval had gone with Miller from his house to the cell, and advised that he should be taken at once to some hospital where there were appliances for treating the violent insane. The officers on duty, however, said that they had no authority to send him to any place except the almshouse, and they could not send him there until they had the authorization of the guardians of the poor. Hence, he remained in the uncomfortable hospitality of a police cell. His violent mood shad now become very frequent. The janitor discovered him hanging by a suspender in time to prevent suicide. Once during the day he was brought into the front room to accommodate Dr. Duval, who continued to ameliorate his condition as well as he could. A hypodermic injection of morphia of unusual strength, so far from quieting him, seemed rather to excite him the more, and seven stalwart officers had all they could do to return him to his cell. In another paroxysm he made frantic efforts to jerk the cell door open, and actually bent the heavy iron bars. Efforts were made to persuade him to eat and drink, but he hurled the vessels containing the food at the person who offered it. At ten o'clock on Sunday night he was sitting, seemingly tranquil, with his face buried in his hands. He seemed to be breathing regularly, and, in spite of Dr. Duval's remark that he would not be surprised to find him dead in the morning, the policemen thought him all right. An hour afterward he was found dead on the floor of the cell, which he had occupied for twenty-six hours.

As to the cause of his death there can be little doubt. The inconsiderate jokes of his fellow-workmen had preyed upon an infirm mind until a mania as deadly as hydrophobia thoroughly possessed him.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Secretary Frelinghuysen is [illegible] one years of age.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—When Jenny Lind was once told that some persons had paid twenty-eight dollars to hear her sing, "What fools" she said.

—Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and many other popular songs, is now a cabinet-maker in Baltimore, and has been there for years.

—Viscount Hermsley, member of Parliament for Yorkshire, who died in London the other day, was only twenty-nine years old, and was probably the most gifted parliamentarian of his age in England.

—In dress Attorney-General Brewster is very accurate. He wears ruffles of the style of seventy-five years ago. His coat is nine swallow-tail, with brass buttons, and his waistcoat is long and made of bright buff cloth.

—We seldom see Shillaber in Boston now, the correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* writes, referring to Mrs. Partington's "this old enemy, the gout, keeps him housed in Chelsea, where he writes as industriously as ever."

—In spite of her many cares and sorrows, Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines is still as bright and lively as a girl of sixteen. Though she has been fighting for her rights for the last forty-six years, her light, ringing laugh has lost none of its freshness. Her confidence in ultimate success is still unshaken.

—Minister Yoshida and his retiring suite exhibited a touching lot of courtesy on their departure from Washington the other day. As each passed the silver star which marks the spot in the railway station where Garfield fell, he paused, uncovered his head, and bowed low.

—A Washington paper says that on a winter night, when the sleet was driving, and a poor Irish woman was struggling along the icy pavement with a heavy bundle in her arms, Senator Frelinghuysen came out of his house on his way to a state dinner, and with courtesy invited her to take his carriage and tell the driver where to take her.

—Some of the books gathered into a noble library by the late Earl of Crawford, whose remains were stolen nearly a month ago from the Balcarres tomb, possess large value and perennial interest for the bibliophile. One is the "Catholicon," printed on vellum, in 1460, by Gutteaberg, and the only known book from the immortal printer's second press; another is the renowned Mazerin Bible, first of type-printed books, and, as many hold, the best printed of all books; still another, the "Cicero de Officiis," of 1465, the first printed classic; another, the block book speculum, on which the Dutch have founded their claim to priority in the invention of printing; and again, a large collection of the romances of chivalry, including the Arthurian and the Carlovingian, nearly all of them being first editions.

HUMOROUS.

—Few men are aware they possess a conscience until caught committing a crime. *Whitehall Times.*

—When one man takes the place of another in a brass band he is the substitoot.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A Brooklyn man calls his wife Conscience because, as he remarks pathetically, "She makes cowards of us all."

—Earthquakes continue shaking the island of Chios. They are evidently trying to make it an island of Chaos.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A country editor, who has been elected a measurer of bark, calls upon everybody owning dogs to bring them to his office and have their barks measured.—*Somerville Journal.*

—"Cheese it," said the rat to the trap. "I will," said the trap, "and with baited breath I will await your coming." "All right," responded the rat, "and I'll wire you the result."—*New Jersey Enterprise.*

—There is a difference between intellectual Boston babies and other babies. When other babies get the colic they double up and yell like blazes. Intellectual Boston babies with the colic lie quietly on their backs and yearn after the infinite.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—The poet speaks of the "mellowing effects of Christmas." It must be confessed that a great many young men appeared in a highly "mellow" condition on that day. "Mellow" is a much milder term than "blind drank," and should be encouraged.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An Irishman, lately landed, was hunting for two of his brothers, whom he had not heard from since they left the old country. One day he stood in front of a large boiler on which was painted: "Patented, 1870." On this he exclaimed: "An' sure I've found thim at last. 'Pat an' Ted, 1870.' That's the very year they came out, they're both biler makers!"—*Classmate.*

—This is a Recherche Affair. Recherche Affairs are sometimes Met with in Parlors and Ball-Rooms, but more Generally in the Society Department of Newspapers. A Recherche Affair is an Affair where the Society Editor is invited to the Refreshment Table. When the Society Editor is told his Room is Better than his Company, the Affair is not Recherche.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—We are told that after the marriage of old Mr. Sickels in New York the other day, the groom gave a *dejeuner a la fourchette* at the Belmont Hotel. A very imprudent act at his time of life. His friends, no doubt, reasoned with him, and endeavored to persuade him not to commit such an inexcusable rashness; but when a newly married man of eighty years makes up his mind to give a *dejeuner a la fourchette* all the argument in the world will not convince him that *culpam poena premit comes, Erin go phurlous unum*, and so forth. But it does.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Man to Whom Vanderbilt Gave a Farm.

The first wife of the late Commodore Vanderbilt and the wife of Samuel Carr were sisters. While Vanderbilt was laying the foundation of his great fortune Carr was going backward. He finally became almost destitute. Commodore Vanderbilt then bought a good farm, stocked it, and turned it over to Mr. Carr as a present; but it was not long before Carr had spent everything. He appealed for another trial, but the Commodore was inexorable. The result was was that Carr had to be taken to the Richmond County Poor-House, where he has remained for the last twenty years. Recently Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, the grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, interceded, and now Mr. Carr, who is seventy years old, is in St. Luke's Hospital.—*New York Sun.*

The Enormous Manufacture of Matches.

Some idea of the size of the match-trade may be gained by a glance at the figures paid for stamps. The Government exacts a revenue of one cent per 100 on matches manufactured. During the year ending May, 1881, one company paid for stamps $4,500,000. This year the amount paid will be increased $50,000. There are 200 matches in a box. The tax is two cents; they are sold to the grocer for three cents, and retailed at five.

Four million five hundred thousand dollars represent 450,000,000 one-cent stamps. As each stamp represents 100 matches, the grand total manufactured [illegible] or 277,500,000 [illegible] *Post-Dispatch.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Watch your fowls and see that no disease or vermin is getting a sly foothold.

—The English collar with points turned down in front and standing at the back is still worn.

—Sow salt early in the spring, and the more the ground is stirred afterward the better it will be.

—Heavy feeding of fowls just before butchery is detrimental to quality. Fowls should be killed with empty crops.

—Hard work will lighten labor; for the housekeeper it will save valuable time and give many an hour for study or recreation.

—A veterinary writer condemns high mangers for horses, claiming that they irritate the throat and are objected to by horses. He says the manger should be on a level with the feet, as that is in accordance with nature.

—Grass grown on manured land gives a more nutritive fodder, richer (especially in albuminoids) than that grown upon unmanured or poorly manured land. The difference is sometimes as great as ten per cent.

—A bit of black court plaster is a very good thing to mend a small tear in black silk or any kind of black goods. Moist en the plaster, put underneath the tear, sticky side up, and press the frayed edges of the goods down upon it.

—Persons who suffer with cracked hands would do well to grease the affected parts in cold water, warm water. After each washing (or after the hands have been in water) wet the hands with a little weak vinegar and rub together until dry.

—Farmers should endeavor to sell as little as possible of that which comes mainly from the soil, and as much as possible of that which comes from the atmosphere. Butter and fat stock sold will improve a farm, while cheese, milk and lean stock sold will keep the farm lean unless manure or fertilizers are bought.

—A very good smoothing harrow may be made of three-inch square timbers framed together of a suitable size, and with bars about eighteen inches apart. Half inch square or round teeth are put in a foot apart, sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees backward on the line of the draft. Such a harrow works very well where there are no stones, but on stony land it is of very little use.

—Mix a little sulphur with salt and feed occasionally to sheep. It will effectually destroy sheep ticks. The same remedy applied to cattle troubled with lice will soon rid them of vermin. The use of sulphur with salt repays the trouble of keeping a supply for cattle and sheep. If a mixture of one part of sulphur, with seven of salt be freely applied, there will be no trouble with vermin.—*Exchange.*

—Take the best end of a neck of veal, with a sharp knife remove the meat in one piece from the bones. Lay the meat flat on a board, and sprinkle thickly over the side from which the bones were taken minced parsley, sweet herbs, pepper and salt. Lay over this very thin slices of fat bacon, and then roll up the meat tightly, tying it into shape with broad tape. Rub over the outside of the meat with bacon fat or lard, sprinkle a little pepper and salt and flour, and roast quickly for about an hour and a half, basting it very frequently. It must be nicely brown on all sides. Serve with it a rich brown gravy, and garnish with spinach.

—It is surprising to those unacquainted with the fact to see how much crude sulphur pigs will eat when fattening. It should be given to them every few days, or, what is better yet, be kept in the pens where they can help themselves to it. When pigs are fed a large amount of hearty food, their stomachs become disordered and they need sulphur and charcoal to neutralize the acidity and to correct the condition of their stomachs. When it is given to them plentifully they will eat better, digest more and are freer from bowel disorders. These correctives help to keep the blood pure and the skin free from affections.

—A cheap and easy way to make a snow plow is to take two boards, from twelve to fifteen inches wide and four feet long, nail the two ends together and spread the other ends thirty inches apart, making them the shape of a V, confine them in place with boards nailed across the top, and by a board across the end four or five inches narrower than the sides, so if the path is not perfectly smooth it will not catch the stones; near the front end an iron bolt should be placed across to hitch the horses to; on the top should be fastened a box for the driver to sit on, and the plow is complete. The labor is so simple and the cost so small that there is no excuse for a farmer being without a snow plow.

Cattle Points.

Mr. Brown, Professor of Agriculture at the Guelph model farm, Province of Ontario, Canada, has been making a variety of experiments, the results of which are summarized as follows in his annual report, and which may prove suggestive to American readers, even if they are not prepared to accept all the points suggested as conclusive:

1. A steady, frosty winter is better than an open one for feeding cattle.

2. An average two or three-year-old steer will eat his own weight of different materials in two weeks.

3. Two or three-year-old cattle will add one-third of a pound more per head per day to their weight upon the same materials unprepared.

4. It is thirty per cent. more profitable to premature and dispose of fattening cattle at two years old than to keep them up to three years.

5. There is no loss in feeding a cattle beast well upon a variety of materials for the sake of the manure alone.

6. Farm yard manure from well-fed cattle, three years old, is worth an average of $3.00 per ton.

7. A three-year-old cattle beast, well fed, will give at least a ton of manure every month of winter.

8. No cattle beast whatever will pay for the direct increase to its weight from the consumption of any kind or quantity of food.

9. On an average it costs twelve cents for every additional pound of flesh added to the weight of a two or three year-old fattening steer.

10. In this country the market value of store cattle can be increased thirty-six per cent. during six months of finishing by good feeding.

11. In order to secure a sale profit, no cattle beast well done can be sold at less than four and one-half cents per pound (live weight).

12. In the fattening of wethers, to finish as shearlings, the Cotswold and Leicester grades can be made up to 180 pounds, and the Southdown grades 160 pounds each (live weight).

13. Counting wool and flesh value, the Southdown grades give the highest returns—as much as double that of the Cotswold grade and thirty-five per cent. over that of the Leicester grade, as also slightly in advance of the Oxforddown grade.

14. Fattening cattle on oats will eat one-sixth less hay than when receiving corn or peas; those on pea meal will drink one third more water than those on corn or oats. Clover lessens the consumption of roots.

15. Apparently about one-fifth of ground corn passes through the cattle beast undigested.

16. Pea meal roughly ground gives twenty-one per cent. greater returns in fattening cattle than either corn or oats.

Our Young Readers.

THE LEFT-OVER DOLL.

[illegible]

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Have most of you more than a faint idea of what it means? A child puts a Scripture passage upon memory with little to no idea of its meaning. Some exigency arises which puts that passage into practice. Now it becomes vital and real. It rises out of its dullness of memory, and passes over into experience and is woven into character. The following incident illustrates this point in a simple, clear manner:

I have known the Golden Rule since I was a bit of a girl, but I have found out this summer for the first time what it really means. Mamma goes every summer either to the sea shore or the mountains. My Uncle lives in Ned goes with her. The little boys, Bob and Walter, visit grandma. As they are careless and full of mischief, like all boys, they need a deal of looking after. I sometimes wonder what little boys are ever made for. Bellie and I get with them. Now, grandma's is a splendid place to spend the summer. She lives on a large farm, with plenty of room and lots of fun, and is a dear old lady, and at all fussy as so many old ladies are. But to go with mamma to the sea shore and see so many people, and have such good times, is quite a change.

At the commencement of the year, our teacher offered a prize to the girl in my class who would pass the best examination in arithmetic and geography at the end of the summer term. Some of all my studies I hated these two most. When I heard this offer, I decided to leave the prize to someone who liked hard work better than I did. But when I mentioned it at home, papa seemed very much interested. He said I was smart enough to win the prize, and if I tried and succeeded that mamma should take me with her the next summer, wherever I chose to go. This from papa, who is too busy, as most papas are, to care much about his children, caused me to change my mind, and I resolved to do my best. I studied hard. But it did seem to me I never could remember the horrible names of all those ugly rivers and cities in Asia and South America. I don't see how the water ever runs in them, nor how the people manage to live there. Then the sums in compound interest were so long and stupid! I would rather go without the interest than do them.

I persevered, however, and by the middle of the summer term felt pretty sure I should win. It was decided, if I was successful, that we should go to Mt. Desert, and come home by way of the White Mountains. Ned, who is the dearest brother in the world, I love him! I wonder if he was ever little and mischievous, like Bob and Walter, promised me all the sails and rows I wanted. Mamma invited my dearest friend, Dora Weiks, to go with me. This made me the happiest girl in the world. As old King David said: "My cup runs over."

Examination day came, clear and hot enough. The school room was packed. Mamma and Bellie were there. Just before the prizes were given I heard a noise at the door. Who should I see walk in but papa and Ned, who had just returned from college. When it became quiet Miss Brace, our teacher, rose. All our eager eyes were on her. How still it was! I was so excited and anxious, my heart beat so fast and loud that everybody must have heard it. Miss Brace said that at the commencement of the year she had promised to give a prize to the girl who should make the most progress in arithmetic and geography. Nearly all the girls had worked faithfully; but one had outstripped them all. Not that she was very superior in her scholarship, but had made the most improvement. I was aware the possessor of preceding rights, who, beautiful willingness, to Miss Mary Leland.

When my name was called, I saw papa and Ned looking so pleased. I was wild with delight. I swallowed a dozen hearts. I wonder why people's hearts do fly about so in them! After receiving [illegible] we must [illegible] the [illegible] week.

I was busy enough packing my trunk. Poor Bellie tried to seem happy and contented, but I could see that she looked pale and sad, and that papa and mamma seemed very anxious about her. When I returned Sunday afternoon from Sabbath-school, Ned met me in the hall and invited me to take a walk with him. We went on for some time without saying a word, until we came to a little grove. Afterwards a shady spot we sat down. Ned put his arm around me and, lovingly, said: "My dear little sister, we have had news for you. Poor little Bellie was so sick this morning while we were in church that mamma sent for Dr. Clark. As soon as he saw her he said that she must go to the sea shore immediately and remain all summer, that with a change of air and good care she would soon be well again. Mamma cannot take those restless boys with her, and mamma is too feeble to take care of them. I offered to go with them, but mamma needs me. There is no way for you to give up your plans and take Bellie's place at grandma's. Now I will leave you and let you settle the matter alone." With a kiss he left me.

I threw myself on the ground and lay there, my thoughts in a perfect whirl and my [illegible] hot with t