THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

PATIENCE.

If your foes torment and taunt you,
If your fears harass and haunt you,
If the world seem dark and dreary,
"Wait a wee and dinna weary.

If the hopes you fondly cherish,
Dashed to earth, seem sure to perish,
Wait with patience for to-morrow—
No man's life is wholly sorrow.

If your plans don't work to please you,
If the fates should vex and tease you,
If you can be bright and cheery,
"Wait a wee and dinna weary.

If God give you leisure, take it;
To His gift, a blessing make it;
Faith in Him no whit abating,
Serve His will by patient waiting.

Or, if work, instead of leisure,
Pain, instead of longed-for pleasure,
Howeever your lot seem dreary,
"Wait a wee and dinna weary.

—*Mrs. W. H. Powers, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE NIHILIST'S STORY.

For a little after the Colonel had ceased, no one spoke, and only the crackling of the open fire, as it laughed and crackled upon the wide hearth within, and the moan of the night-wind roaming the lonely waste, without, broke the silence, while we steadily puffed at our pipes; then Thompson, the host, arose and began to brew a fresh jug of flip, and the West Virginian, Destram, turned to his companion and spoke:

"Alex, it's your turn. Give us a Russian story, full to the brim with horrors. A bear hunt upon your illimitable steppes, a wolf chase along the Volga, a Cossack fight in the south or a Tartar raid upon the north; or better still, tell us of your own Nihilistic trials."

The man to whom Destram spoke shivered, and his strong face, dark and deeply cut, twitched a little, while his eye gleamed. He hesitated a moment, then carefully laid his pipe upon the rough table, and half turning, replied:

"Gentlemen, if it is my turn I will speak, and as my friend has suggested the subject, although it is not a pleasant one to me, I will tell you a tale of my home, Russia, and of myself, a Nihilist. If it seem strange, then grant me that strange things and horrible ones may happen even in Christian Europe, and in this nineteenth century. It is word for word true."

We drew nearer the speaker, and listened intently. A Russian story told in Colorado, for our cabin was far up among the spurs of the Rockies, in the western portion of the State, and that story the history of a Nihilist, was new and strange treat for American ears.

"Six years ago, I was living in Darnowsky, in the province of Rublin, in the southern part of the greatest of European empires, a young man happy as circumstances would allow, and at the time of which I speak, doubly happy and contented in my little school; for I was a teacher, since I had just made the sweetest and prettiest girl in the village my wife.

"Marie Carloff was mine, won from a score of suitors by love alone, for I had little money, and I was content.

"Chief among the disconsolate ones was the son of an ex-army officer, Louis Lodiski by name, a handsome but unprincipled fellow, who for years had been infatuated with Marie. However, when our coming wedding was announced, Louis left the village, and I was spared his scowl and muttered threats, and soon forgot him in the joy of home-life.

"For three years I was at rest. Then came the great cloud that to-day overhangs my native land, and its dark shadow fell across even my humble threshold. I had been a St. Petersburg student, and when the strange monomania of communism, silent and deadly, crept through the Nation, it found in me an easy prey, and I became a Nihilist, swore the terrible oaths, and linked myself body and soul to their unknown and horrible purposes. I shudder now as I remember.

"There was a circle formed in our town, and two months after I had joined it there appeared one night amongst us, commissioned from the Grand Circle at Moscow as our chief, Louis Lodiski.

"I bowed before him, but when I saw the fierce light of baffled passion and eager revenge gleam in his hated eyes, brightly as when last I met him, then the rejected suitor of my wife, I knew and felt for the first time into what a horrible pit I had fallen; for, free as I was before the world, in secret I was bound by my vows, the serf and slave of my bitter enemy.

"But of all this my wife knew nothing, except that her old lover was in town.

"For a time there was little work for our society, but it so happened that toward the spring a new quartering of soldiers was made in our town, under the charge of Colonel Jelikoff, a tried and true officer of the Government, and one who had several times incurred the displeasure of the Nihilists. Hardly had the troops become settled when a sealed dispatch was received by Lodiski from the Grand Circle at Moscow, containing the death-warrant of the Colonel; and, in drawing lots for the one to act as executioner, the same devil's luck which had first dragged me into this conspiracy, or some treachery of my chief, cast the dread duty upon me.

By the rules of our order, unquestioning obedience, at the price of one's own life, must be given to all decrees by the person so chosen, and I knew it; yet the word 'murderer' flamed before my eyes, and my heart stood still, as I held the fatal lot in my hands.

"And even as I gazed, dazed and dull, upon my comrades about me, whose stern, white faces reflected the horror of my own, the whisper of our chief hissed warningly through the air the single word:

"'Beware!'

"With the cry of a lost soul I fled from the room.

"There remained three days of grace. The ukase of the Grand Circle, with a perfection of cruelty, granted the slave doomed to execute their diabolical commands three days' mercy. At the end of that time the condemned must have ceased to live, or the slave would become the victim instead.

"Of the first day, I have no remembrance. It did not consist of hours, but of moments, each separate and distinct—of ideas only born to die. In a word, for the first twenty-four hours I was crazed. The second day found me cool and helpless. I made my plans. Obey I must, for my wife's sake and my own; Jelikoff must die that we might live.

"For five hours I debated where to do the deed; then, still uncertain, walked in the verge of the town, and as I walked some one joined me—Lodiski.

"'To-morrow?' said he, inquiringly.

"'To-morrow!' I returned. 'It must be to-morrow for one of us!' and I shuddered.

"We stood a space in silence; then the man came closer, and placed his hand upon my shoulder.

"'Listen! It is hard, it is dangerous. Capture means death. Here is money. You must flee instantly the work is done.'

"Unwittingly I thrust the gold into my bosom, and repeated after him:

"'I must flee instantly! And my wife?'

"'I will care for her until you return.'

"In a single breath my brain cleared, the dread cloud that for two days had shadowed it passed, and I knew the hand that had worked my ruin. I was to become an outlaw, in order that my wife might be the spoil of this monster.

"What power it was that held my hands I know not. The rage in my heart, the frenzy to seize the unarmed one at my side and tear his throat out, all but overpowered me, and it was only by a superhuman effort of the will that I remained silent.

"'The deed must be to-morrow,' continued Lodiski, 'and the only place where you can find Jelikoff alone is in the bell-tower. Thither he goes each evening before the curfew rings to watch the change of guards upon the opposite river bank. You can conceal yourself there, and strike him down. It will be hours before he is missed, and you will have time for flight.'

"I braced my heart. I dare not trust my tongue. It might be that I should strike too soon. But within my heart the determination to kill was well nigh lost, unknown to my relief, the victim had been changed.

"'I will join you at the foot of the tower after curfew. Stay to it that it is after "the end!" Lodiski concluded.

"My blood leaped.

"'It is well,' I replied, and he left me.

"That night I told my wife all, and her love stood the test. Ere morning dawned, under the escort of a faithful servant, she was at the Volga Destram a landing ten miles away, and when the early sun kissed the reaches of level land about our town it found her upon the deck of a river steamer, bound for Astrachan.

"All day long I gathered my little store of goods, and late in the afternoon sold them for gold to a friend—a Nihilist like myself—who secretly conveyed them to his home. Then, as the light waned and it drew toward night, thoroughly disguised, and armed with a pair of pistols and my dagger, I started the town, and came at last to the lonely, watch-tower where hung the great bell that rang the curfew. Ere the ringer had entered the tower from his supper, I was secreted in the loft near the window.

"It was not my intent to kill Jelikoff. If he came, I could confess all, then descend and wreak my vengeance upon Lodiski below, and flee the country, or if he came not, the end would be the same. Still bound by my oath, and environed by a thousand spies, I dared not die until night. And Lodiski must die!

"Alone in the grim tower I waited, and the bats about me squeaked, and the damp wind of the steppes swept mournfully in and kissed my hot cheek. The moments passed!

"Suddenly a nameless dread fell upon me. Instinctively I felt the presence of some new and near danger, and a sense of doom overcame me, as if I listened to the words of the Judge who rendered the condemning proofs of my falseness to our order. If I did not kill Jelikoff, and failed to find Lodiski, I must die!

"Quivering with this new terror, I glanced suspiciously about me into the deep shadow of the corners, behind the great beams, aloft among the bats' nests, and at last beneath the mighty bell hanging silent at my side.

"And there, lying prone upon a cross-beam directly under the great iron dome, so close that the first swing of the ponderous metal would crush him, lay Lodiski, his evil eyes fastened upon me! He had come as a spy, to know if I did well my duty, that he might denounce me publicly as a murderer if I did it, or condemn me privately to death if I did it not.

"Even as I saw him, I heard the step of the Colonel on the stair, and his word to the waiting bellman below.

"'Carl, I will detain you but a moment. When I descend you may ring.'

"My heart ceased to beat. Jelikoff ascended. I stood at his back.

"'One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!'

"It was the village clock. Jelikoff turned to descend. I shrank into the shadow behind him. Lodiski's eyes blazed with a baleful fire.

"Jelikoff went down the stair.

"'Fool! slave! coward!' hissed my chief, half-rising upon his hands and knees. 'You die!'

"There came a creaking sound, the great wooden wheel above turned upon its axis, the bats flew snarling about, and then the mighty bell, swinging slowly, gained in momentum, and swept in a long arc upward.

"Lodiski uttered a single cry as the tremendous mass poised above him, and would have dragged himself out of its reach, but with sudden fury I stretched my arm like a bar of steel, caught his hair, and forced him back upon the beam—and then the great bell fell as falls the knife of the guillotine, crushing into a hideous mass the body of the spy, while its heavy knell rang with a gurgling shiver far out across the barren land, and a little stream of blood warm and red, ran slowly down the beam and dyed the lips and tongue of the iron monster as he swung.

"The curfew was sounding, and I was saved!

"Three hours later, in the silence of the night, I escaped the tower and fled. For twenty-four hours Lodiski's death was undiscovered, and before the truth was known I was with my wife upon the Caspian Sea, far out of the reach of the Nihilists.

"I have never seen Russia since."—*Saturday Night.*

British Army Statistics.

The *Times* publishes some valuable statistics of the condition of the British army in 1880, from which it appears that through the whole year recruiting was so successful that the army was above its fixed strength, and contained 188,086 men, of whom 7,817 were officers, 12,431 non-commissioned officers, 3,472 trumpeters and drummers and 165,266 rank and file. All recruits are now above 19, and the total force is independent of 28,000 reserve soldiers, and as many reserve militia, all, of course, thoroughly trained men. The 8 battalions standing first for service have all been brought above 1,000 strong, while the 9 battalions in the Mediterranean have been brought up to 800. The Government has, therefore, a force of 15,000 men, or, say, 12,000 efficients, always ready to meet one of the "little wars" so incessantly on our hands. All that is now required for any but a great war is that the means of filling up these regiments when on service, without destroying other regiments, by stealing away their best men, should be provided, but this has been only partially done; that is to say, the depots are not quite full enough. If this were repaired, and the system extended, say to 30 regiments, the Government would always have one solid *corps d'armee* at its disposal for any emergency, which is the ideal position. It will then remain only to see that the corps is reasonably mobile, and that its supply can be made self-acting.—*London Spectator.*

—It is a fact of remarkable interest that during the year nearly half a million European immigrants have landed at the single Port of New York. Nearly 200,000 of these came from the German Empire, which is fast getting rid of the very best of its laboring people. All of these immigrants bring more or less money; most of them are hard workers, who will contribute by their labor to the wealth of the country, and the great mass of them are honest folks, out of whom American citizens of an excellent kind can be made within the course of a few years.

—Dresses in Paris fashions are not so long as they were, and shoes and stockings are principal considerations. Old-fashioned diamond buckles are returning to favor. Shoes have lower heels and squarer toes.

"Jimmy's" Experiments with a Steam Chair.

I don't like Mr. Travers as much as I did. Of course I know he's a very nice man, and he's going to be my brother when he marries Sue, and he used to bring me candy sometimes, but he isn't what he used to be.

One time—that was last summer—he was always dreadful anxious to hear from the Postoffice, and whenever he came to see Sue and he and she and I would be sitting on the front piazza, he would say, "Jimmy, I think there must be a letter for me. I'll give you ten cents if you'll go down to the Postoffice." And then Sue would say, "Don't run, Jimmy, you'll get heart-disease if you do," and I'd walk way down to the Postoffice, which is pretty near half a mile from our house. But now he doesn't seem to care anything about his letters, and he and Sue sit in the back parlor, and mother says I mustn't go in and disturb them, and I don't get any more ten cents.

I've learned that it won't do to fix your affections on human beings, for even the best of men won't keep on giving you ten cents forever. And it wasn't fun for Mr. Travers to get angry with me the other night, when it was all an accident, at least most all of it, and I don't think it is manly for a man to stand by and see a sister shake a fellow that isn't half her size, and especially when he never supposed that anything was going to happen to her, even if it did break.

When Aunt Eliza came to our house the last time, she brought a steam chair—that's what she called it, though there wasn't any steam about it. She brought it from Europe with her, and it was the queerest sort of chair, that would all fold up, and had a kind of footstool to it, so that you put your feet out and just lie down in it. Well, one day it got broken. The back of the seat fell down, and shut Aunt Eliza up in the chair so she couldn't get out, and didn't she just howl till somebody came and helped her! She was so angry that she said she never wanted to see that chair again.

"and you may have it if you want it Jimmy, for you are a good boy sometimes when you want to be."

So I took the chair and mended it. The folks laughed at me, and said I couldn't mend it to save my life, but I got some nails and some mucilage, and mended it elegantly. Then mother let me get some varnish, and I varnished the chair, and when it was done it looked so nice that Sue said we'd keep it in the back parlor. Now, I'm never allowed to sit in the back parlor, so what good would my chair do me? But Sue said, "Stuff and nonsense, that boy's indulged now till he can't rest." So they put my chair in the back parlor, just as if I'd been mending it on purpose for Mr. Travers. I didn't say anything more about it, but after it was in the back parlor I took out one or two screws that I thought were not needed to hold it together, and used them for a boat that I was making.

That night Mr. Traverse came as usual, and after he had talked to mother awhile about the weather, and he and father had agreed that it was a shame that other folks hadn't given more money to the Michigan sufferers, and that they weren't quite sure that the sufferers were a worthy object, and that a good deal of harm was done by giving away money to all sorts of people, Sue said:

"Perhaps we had better go into the back parlor; it is cooler there, and we won't disturb father, who wants to think about something."

So she and Mr. Travers went into the back parlor, and shut the door, and talked very loud at first about a whole lot of things, and then quieted down, as they always did.

I was in the front parlor, reading "Robinson Crusoe," and wishing I could go and do likewise—like Crusoe, I mean, for I wouldn't go and sit quietly in a back parlor with a girl, like Mr. Travers, not if you were to pay me for it. I can't see what some fellows see in Sue. I'm sure if Mr. Martin or Mr. Traverse had her pull their hair once the way she pulls mine sometimes, they wouldn't trust themselves alone with her very soon.

All at once we heard a dreadful crash in the back parlor, and Mr. Travers said Good something very loud, and Sue shrieked as if she had a needle run into her. Father and mother and Aunt the cook and the chambermaid all rushed to see what was the matter.

The chair that I had mended, and that sue had taken away from me, had broken down while Mr. Travers was sitting in it, and it had shut up like a jackknife, and caught him so he couldn't get out. It had caught Sue, too, who must have run to help him, or she never would have been in that fix, with Mr. Travers holding her by the wrist, and her arm wedged in so she couldn't pull it way.

Father managed to get them loose, and then Sue caught me and shook me till I could hear my teeth rattle, and then she ran up stairs and locked herself up, and Mr. Travers never offered to help me, but only said: "I'll settle with you some day, young man," and then he went home. But father sat down on the sofa and laughed, and said to mother:

"I guess Sue would have done better if she'd have let the boy keep his chair."

I'm very sorry, of course, that an accident happened to the chair, but I've got it up in my room now, and I've mended it again, and it's the best chair you ever sat in.—*Jimmy Brown," in Harper's Young People.*

Story of the Ticker.

In the receiving-room in the fourth story of the Western Union Building are six clerks with instruments before them. The central figure is the operator who receives all the dispatches from the reporters of the Stock Exchange. He writes them quickly and plainly on a slip of paper and sticks it in a frame in front of him. The frame is so placed that the two operators can see the figures plainly. The operator on the right runs the stock "tickers," and the one on the left the general news "tickers." The first-named operator has a set of black and white keys, precisely like a piano, set before him. The keys are marked with letters and numbers. That keyboard operates all the stock "tickers" in this city and "tickers" as far away as Newark and Orange. The operator reproduces every quotation. The general news operater takes only the more important quotations. He also reproduces what appears on a tape of Kiernan's financial "ticker" that reels off before him. He works on a keyboard of different pattern, in which the keys are set in two concentric circles. These are the two great and important divisions of the "ticker." It is estimated that when business in the exchange is running at an ordinary rate a quotation can be caught by the reporter, telegraphed to the central office, be sent out again, and reappear on all tapes inside of half a minute. When business is livelier the operators fall somewhat behind the quotations, but five minutes is the extreme time of delay. A broker makes a sale, and before he can get back to his office, a few blocks away, it is there on the "ticker" ahead of him. The two other operators in the receiving room receive reports from the Mining Exchange and send them out on the mining "ticker." There is another instrument in the room which records in telegraphic dots and dashes every dispatch received from the Stock and Mining Exchanges. It is intended to act as a check on the reporters and the receiver if a dispute should arise concerning a dispatch. Opposite the operatory is a complete duplicate set of instruments which they could at once put in case of accident to the other set. On the wall hangs the large gravity clock which regulates the time "tickers." It is a wonderful piece of accurate mechanism, and was made by Prof. James Hamblet, the manager of the time service. It is regulated each day by dispatches from the observatories at Pittsburgh, Washington and Cincinnati.

The "tickers" in use at the city at the time of the report in November were: Stock 867, general news 126, curbstone 16, gold 66, stock of money 39, and Kiernan's financial. The Gold and Stock Telegraph Company controls individually all these tickers, except the last-named, which it manages for Senator John J. Kiernan. The Kiernan financial "tickers" report only a few of the stock quotations, but give general financial news and any other news of interest from all over the world. He controls the portion of the city below Chambers street. The same news is furnished above Chambers street by the general news "ticker" of the Gold and Stock Telegraph.

Besides putting reporters in the Stock Exchange, the company has similar reporters in the Mining Exchange and Cotton Exchange. Their reports are received by operators in the large hall of the Western Union Telegraph Company and are sent out from there. The "tickers" are furnished to jewelers, railroads and other offices where the exact time is desired. It is an adjunct of the time ball, which is dropped from the pole of the "summit" of Western Union Building. The instrument is a jeweler's shop beside it, controlled by two seconds, and at the beginning of each hour and quarter hour strikes like an ordinary clock.

"Tickers" are of two kinds of manufacture. Some print a continuous line on a narrow tape, and others print four lines on a wider tape, giving the title of the stock and the other 39 letters. The single line instrument is run by weights and the two line or three line instrument is run by electrical power from the central office. The 1,000 or more "tickers" are on different circuits, averaging from twenty to thirty "tickers" to a circuit.

Each circuit is tested daily to see that it is in running order. The inspectors visit each "ticker" once a week to clean it, oil the parts, supply tape and ascertain if it is in good working order.

The work of the "ticker" is not confined to the city. Mr. George W. Scott, the Superintendent, furnished a report of the "tickers" in operation by the company in other large cities. These "tickers" are, however, all worked direct from the New York office. The quotations are sent to a central operator in the other cities, and he sends them to the "tickers." Among the cities having the greatest number of "tickers" are: Boston, 111; Chicago, 142; Baltimore, 91; Cincinnati, 76; St. Louis, 69; Buffalo, 44, and Cleveland, 42. A salesman on the Stock Exchange is known in all its agencies within less than two minutes. The reporters and operators are so skillful that a mistake is rare. The brokers are quick to notice an error, and a correction is at once made.—N. Y. Sun.

Webster.

When Webster failed, it was a moral failure. Intellectually, he ranks among the greatest men of his race or country. His mind was not profoundly original, nor did he have that unknown subtle quality rarely met with among statesmen or lawyers, but to be I mind in poets and artists, which men have agreed to call genius. We watch the feats of some superb athlete, and all that he does is impossible to us, far beyond our reach; but we understand how everything is done and what muscles are needed. We observe the performances of an Eastern juggler, we see the results, we appreciate the skill, but the secret of the trick escapes us. This is true also of mental operations; it is the difference between the mind of Shakespeare and that of Pitt, a difference, not of degree, but of kind. Webster belongs to the athletic. We can do nothing but admire achievements so far beyond our grasp, and gaze with wonder upon a development so powerful, so trained, so splendid. But we can understand it all, both the mind and its operations. It is intellect, raised to any power you please, but it is still an intellect, a form and process with which we are familiar. There is none of the baffling sleight of hand, the inexplicable intuitions of genius. Webster has been accused of appropriating the fruits of other men's labors to his own uses and glory. This is perfectly idle criticism. Webster had the common quality of greatness, a quick perception of the value of suggestions and thoughts put forth by other men, and the capacity to detect their value and use them, making them bear fruit instead of remaining sterile in the hands of the discoverer. But after all is said, we come back to the simple statement that he was a very great man, intellectually, one of the greatest men of his age. He is one of the chief figures of our history, and his fame as a lawyer, an orator and a statesman is part of that history. There he stands before us, grandly vividly, with all his glories and all his failings. The uppermost thought, as we look at him, is of his devotion to the Union, and of the great work which he did in strengthening and building up the national sentiment. That sentiment, the love of Webster's life, proved powerful enough to save the Union in the hour of supreme trial. There is no need, and it would not be right, to overlook or to forget his errors and failings, all the more grievous because he was so gifted. All men, even those who censure him most severely, acknowledge his greatness. But it is not his fame which will plead most strongly for him when his faults are brought to the bar of history to receive judgment. It will be the thought of a united country the ideal of his hopes, the inspiration of the noblest efforts of his intellect, which will lead men to say, even while they condemn: "Forgive him, for he loved much."—*Henry Cabot Lodge, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Fishing in a Corn-field.

In Colorado is a ten-acre field, which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with a soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade handle he will find it filled with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse.

While harvesting the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Any one having sufficient strength to drive a rail through the crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

—"One of the first duties of a community," says Mayor Means, of Cincinnati, in an interview, "is to protect its youth. Protect the boys first, and they will protect the girls."

—For the first time in many years, Hemlock Lake, N. Y., Rochester's water source, is entirely frozen over.

The Largest Clock in the World.

The great Parliament House clock in London, England, usually called the Westminster clock, the largest clock in the world, says Mr. W. A. Hendrie, in the Westminster and Metropolitan, was contracted for in the year of our Lord 1847, and started running in 1859, and started striking in July of the same year, although the construction was nearly completed in 1854 by the first Mr. Dent, a big name among watch and clock makers at the present day. The architect was Sir Edmund Beckett Denison, who, as a designer in horology, has ably proved himself on the top perch.

The clock in its general design is of that kind known as the platform kind, and its plates measure 16 feet over all, the ends are built into the wall, while the tracing resembles the tracing of our bridges. There are three dials, of which the little train in reality hour striker train on the left, chimes train on the right. The hours wheels are 10 inches in diameter, although the arbors for hammer tails are 3½ inches diameter. There is only one main lifter on main hour wheel, with 16 cams and is made of steel. In this connection the issue strength is necessary to account of the weight of the hammer to be raised (12½ lbs.) to strike the great Big Ben bell. The quarter chime hammers are much lighter, being in proportion to the bells to be struck by them. There are four and they weigh from 3 pounds at clock to 1 lbs. The diameter of hours wheel is 10 inches, and the fine are of the usual proportions, but as the fine are driven with the pace of minute wheels to throw them on end and reduce friction, the fine proper resemble a large 4 inch turn, deep, and the way this makes the sound fine is awful. I will now describe the time train.

The main wheel is 2 inches diameter, while the barrel is 16 inches, with a capacity for 2 feet of line. Great wheel has 160 teeth, center 120, third 120, with pinions of 12, 16 and 8. This brings me down to the escapement, which is the far famed anchor, dead beat, as invented by Graham, and improved and as formed of two wheels more than deep, anchor embracing with crane between, and in the space stands the lifting pallets, which are driven by the weights, and as soon as the pendulum swings against the pallet lifted pallet drops instantly, thus allowing the pallet or arm to propel the pendulum on its opposite passage, where the same action takes place, and a corresponding impulse is given. This escapement takes away all friction from all trains as the weight of pallet arm alone gives impulse. This clock beats two seconds, length of pendulum, 13 feet, from suspension to line of oscillation, weight of ball 680 lbs., length of suspension spring, 5 inches, 4 inches wide, and one eighth of an inch thick, glass used on dials, 23 feet, and weighing over 1,200 lbs. Going part takes 30 minutes to wind, depth of well for weights, 174 feet, clock frame 4 feet 7 inches wide, dials 22½ feet diameter, weight of minute hand 2 cwt., length, 14 feet, the pendulum rod is compensating, with an apparatus for regulating. The cost of this clock, in addition to dials and bands, as above noted, was a little under £12,000, making the clock when finished cost the sum of £8,154.

The writer of this will never forget the beautiful sonnets of the bells which the clock gives out when striking. The large bell is heard ten miles off, and the small ones four to five. This clock is reported giving an error of only 20 seconds per annum, but the apparatus for regulating by making it faster or slower, as our city observatory does, deters us from forming an idea what it might be if left alone for one year.—*Scientific American.*

They Never Get Over It.

"Do you know, my dear," she suddenly said, as she looked up from her piece work, "why you know that next week will be the twentieth anniversary of our wedding?"

"Is that so? By George! how time flies! Why, I had no idea of it."

"Yes, we have been married almost twenty long years," she continued, with something of a sigh. "You have been a good husband to me, darling."

"And you have been a blessed little wife to me, Susan. Come here till I kiss you. There!"

"I was thinking to-day I was thinking of—of—"

"Of that sickly faced Jackson who used to go home with you from prayer-meeting before I knew you?" he interrupted.

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, that Brave fellow, of course."

"Why, George, he wasn't such a bad fellow."

"Wasn't, eh? Well, I'd like to know of a worse one. He didn't know enough to chew putty, and there you were as good as engaged to him."

"Yes, George, but you know you were keeping company at the same time with that Helen Perkins."

"That Helen Perkins? Wasn't Miss Perkins one of the loveliest and prettiest young ladies in Liverpool?"

"No, she wasn't! She had teeth like a horse!"

"She did, eh? How about that stoop-shouldered, white-headed Brace?"

"And such big feet as she had! Why, George, she was the laughing stock of the town."

"Not much she wasn't! She was a young lady who would have made a model wife."

"Then why didn't you marry her and all her moles and warts and mushroom eyes?"

"Don't talk that way to me! Her eyes were as nice as yours!"

"They wan't!"

"They was! I believe you are sorry because you didn't marry Brace!"

"And I know you are sorry because you didn't marry that beautiful and accomplished Miss Perkins!"

"I am, eh? I thought you said I had been a good husband to you!"

"And didn't you call me your blessed little wife?"

Then he plumped down and began to read the mortgage sales and advertisements in the paper, and she picked up her sewing and gave the cat a gentle kick. These old things will come up now and then, and somehow neither side ever gets entirely over them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wall Street Brokers Boycotting Their Landlords.

New York Stock Exchange brokers are excited on the subject of their office rents, which they think ought to be reduced. Something like boycotting is to be tried on the "absentee" landlords. With the new buildings nearly ready for occupants and those projected, including, it is said, an enormous structure on Wall street, there will be before long not only sufficient offices to supply the demand, but many that will stand vacant. This being the situation, it is to the interest of stock-brokers to have a common understanding, say to this effect: that whenever a broker surrenders his office on account of the exorbitant rental charged him no other broker, as a matter of honor, shall touch it. By means of such an understanding, faithfully observed, a great reduction all around would be compelled.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A construction train on an Illinois Railroad ran over a woman who was walking on the track lately, and literally tore her into pieces, scarcely leaving a piece as large as a double fist. By what license of speech is a train like that called a construction train? A destruction train is the right name for it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Eugene Field is the funny man of the Denver Tribune, and a very funny man he is.

—John Quincy Adams was in the habit of reading the Bible through every year.

—Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, celebrated his fifteen birthday recently.

—John H. Starin, of New York, who now has an income of $100,000 a year, began his life as a stable boy.

—The Empress of Austria has set a fashion, actually large, followed in Europe, of wearing the hair flowing over the shoulders.

—The health of the late Prince Leopold's brother is singularly good, and though she falls into moods of sad reflection now and then, she is usually sprightly and talkative.

—Mr. Cameron, the new Governor of Virginia, is, it is said, a married man, for the first time in twenty years, a lady was seen at the executive mansion.

—Miss Kellogg, with a Chicago reporter that the late Henry S. Sanford had managed her money affairs for her the time she went on the stage until his death, and acted successfully. "During my recent tour in Europe," she said, "he made $50,000 for me by a little speculation."

—John A. Scott, one of the most prominent citizens of Scott County, East Tennessee, who was drowned while attempting to land the Bonny Blue, was the character from which he painted Mark Twain's Colonel Sellers. He was a schoolmate and personal friend of Mr. Clemens.

—The London Spectator says that "Mr. Howell's The American Minister, generally conceives to Great Britain in Italy, saying the important thing at meetings where nothing is to be decided as to say what will diffuse a wave of pleasant cheer all who are present."

—Mrs. Logan, the widow of the Senator, belongs to the Methodist Church, and believes in total abstinence. It is reported by the news that a number of ladies in Washington, some of them prominent in society, have organized a secret association, called "Cleanlan Angels." Its purpose is the exertion of social influence for the reform of Congressmen and others who are inclined to the cup that inebriates.

—A gentleman who had passed half his life in Utah recently said: "I was intimately acquainted with the late Joseph A. Young. Brigham's most talented son. He was a noble in outward personal appearance and of the rarest intellectual talents. I have heard him preach with an eloquence that drew tears from the eyes of his Mormon followers. In the pulpit he was the embodiment of dignity, grace and intellectual power. Then, after the audience had departed, I have known him to laugh and make sport of the deluded creatures who had been listening to him. I represented him for continuing such description, and urged him to go forth into the world and win the noble name his abilities entitled him to. 'Pshaw!' he replied with a smile, 'the human race loves to be humbugged.'"

—It is said that Hon. Benjamin H. Brewster, Attorney-General of the United States, loves his profession, and is a man of great creative ability. It was a matter of remark, when he was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, that he was swift in the execution of business. Report says he intends to return to the practice of some of the old time Attorney Generals, both in this country and England, and appear in the Supreme Court in all cases of any consequence whatever, as Wirt, Pinkney, Johnson, Black, Stanton and others were accustomed to do, so the Court may receive that attention and respect due it. It is believed the Judges of the Court have desired this course to be pursued by the present Attorney-General, in order that it might be advised of the importance of the interests affecting the Government. General Brewster's personal attention to his practice will undoubtedly attract a large clientage in the Supreme Court.

HUMOROUS.

—A criminal seldom sits down to take arrest.

—If the good the young how do you account for bald headed editors.—*Modern Age.*

—Why is the discovery of the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it is a secret still.

—The facetious postage stamp clerk who told a man that asked for two twos that this was not an esthetic Postoffice is now looking for a new situation.

—Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

—It is said Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage almost as soon as they can talk. That is much better than the civilized idea of talking of marriage as soon as one can think.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A Detroiter, who has failed twice and paid five cents on the dollar, bought his wife a velvet carpet, a velvet dress and a $50 bonnet on Christmas. We'd like to see even Chicago match that.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Grammarians are puzzled over the question whether "mumps" and "measles" are singular or plural. They often look singular, but that is no criterion on a question of this kind.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Oh!" answered he, "sure, I've nothing to do but pull the string an' wake myself."

—The poet says: "A kiss without a mustache, is like an egg without salt." May be it is, may be it is; we can't say positively, for the girls we've been used to kissing for the last twenty-five years didn't wear mustaches.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Emerson says: "This world belongs to the energetic." It appears then that the loafer who stands upon the corner and says that the world owes him a living is in some manner harboring a mental delusion.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A watchmaker is sitting in his shop, surrounded by clocks and watches, all going, and no two alike. He perceives it is getting late in the afternoon, and anxiety rushes upon him. He runs out of his shop and stops the first passer-by. "Sir, what o'clock is it, please?"—*French Pleasantry.*

—Not long since Gus De Smith, being under the influence of a dinner party, called at the residence of Colonel McSpilikin on Austin avenue. "Ish Colonel McSpilikin in? I want ter shee him on 'portant business." "Yes, sar," responded the darky menial. "Shoo heesh in, is he? Well, if heesh in, never mind disturbin' him on my account. I'll call again shom day when heesh out."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Do you see the big portly man coming down the street? How high he holds his head and how proudly he steps. He carries his hands in his ulster pockets to keep them warm. See, he is sitting down on the sidewalk now. Perhaps he sat down to tie his shoe string? No he did not sit down to tie his shoe string. What is he saying? He is breaking his New Year's resolution into ten thousand pieces. He is quoting Scripture for the benefit of the man who didn't put ashes on the sidewalk.

Our Young Readers.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SUCCESS.

[illegible]

JENNY'S STORY.

Jenny Forrest is the youngest member of our Club. Did you ever know any young people's conversations to have for texts? Her stories are the right kind to listen to. Yes, and to read, little girls, pure and refreshing, and some are so true that everyone knows who the heroine is wrong, though Susie says the kind of dried apples aren't strong. Dried apples are good for children, and I can give fresh ones, but of course we really would rather have one out of a barrel.

Well, when the time for the story the President of the Club said Jenny sat in a chair at the table, and on the dais, but she couldn't tell worth a cent. She read and read, and I said by-the-and if we sent her to Dora and just tell the story to her, she knew she could do it. We voted to her, and she turned her chair so she could face the rest of us at all, and just begun.

This is a real true story, Dora, but you needn't tell it and about the fact, because it all happened years and years ago, and the people that had the trouble have had so many good times that I don't suppose they care now. I am sorry it happened, but it had to happen I'm glad I know it. In those times I don't seem and grown up people never were little, but just were boring and proper, and never wanted to be naughty.

"It is mostly a boy's story, though there was a girl in it, too, a girl named Melissy, and two boys, named Ebenezer and Jonathan. Their father was Captain Ezekiel Lanman. I don't know what they called him Captain for, but in those days most everybody you hear about was either a Captain or a Deacon, and I guess he had to be something so to be heard about. He was a farmer, and in the winter he used to draw wood from his farm, loads and loads of it, down the river road to Waterbury, and he sold hay and cattle, and lots of things, but he didn't seem to get rich very fast.

"One reason was that the boys didn't help him much, of course they worked because they had to, but they didn't like to be farmers, they wanted to go to college and learn to be lawyers or doctors or something, so they father worked all the harder, and let them study with the minister. Melissy didn't like to be a farmer either, she just hated to churn butter and wash and cook, and thought her mother might have a girl to help her. She didn't want to be a doctor or a lawyer, because she never heard of such a thing in all her born days, but she wanted to teach school, and as she started with the minister, too, and her mother worked harder and harder, and got tiredder and tiredder, and Melissy never even noticed it. Now the bad part of the story is coming, and I shall tell it just as quick as I can, but don't you cry, Dora, because everybody is all over it now. One day when the boys and Melissy were all at the minister's, a man came and said that Captain Ezekiel Lanman had fallen off from a load of wood and was killed, and he didn't see what was going to become of his family for they hadn't anything beforehand, and the boys weren't worth their salt. He didn't know that they could hear it, but they did, and how do you s'pose they felt when they remembered that their father wanted them to go with the wood and they were cross about it?

"Well, of course, they had to have a funeral, but I don't talk about that, and the mother was so worn out she was sick in bed, but I don't talk about that either. Only one evening when she was just beginning to sit up there came a knock at the door, and the Selectmen came in. Jonathan was reading in his history, but Ebenezer was leaning his elbows on his knees and just staring into the fire, and Melissy was thinking about a fairy story she had read, and wishing some good little brownie would pop out of the chimney and bring them a pot of gold, just as you and I do sometimes, Dora.

"One Selectman was big and fat, his name was Squire Hawkins, and the other Selectman was little and kind of dried up, his name was Deacon Bowers. They both shook hands with the mother, and asked her how she felt, and then they told her they'd come to talk with her about the boys. Ebenezer, he was the oldest, he sat up pretty straight at that, and looked at Deacon Bowers. Deacon Bowers said he s'posed she couldn't do much with the farm, and it was a pity the boys hadn't been brought up to be a dependence for her, but he guessed he'd take the farm off her hands himself, and see to binding the boys out to trades, that means signing a paper to give boys away till they grow up and learn to work, Deacon Bowers said.

"'Sah Martin's willin' to take Jonathan and larn him shoemakin', that's a good pavin' business, and don't take no great o' brains, and Isr'el Dow reckoned he'd take Ebenezer on the farm. He's a stirrin' kind of man and don't have no shirks about his premises, but he's honest and a good provider, Mis' Bowers, she