THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

A WILY FRESHMAN.

He was a gentle sort of youth
Who seemed to wear a sad, sweet smile.
You'd not believe it was the truth
That he was capable of guile.
Yet, ere the term's first week had gone,
He captive seemed to fashion's mesh;
A certain dashing style put on,
Quite unbecoming in a Fresh.

He wore good clothes, he lugged a stick,
He puffed a naughty cigarette;
And lo! it didn't make him sick,
He even on a ball game bet.
At last he roused the Sophomores
By trotting out a tall silk hat.

The outraged Sophs with anger swore
That they could really not stand that,
And so they vowed that this young man
They'd haze a bit to set him right.
To give the lesson they did plan
At twelve o'clock the coming night.

He learned their scheme and in it joyed;
That afternoon he came to town,
And, for a certain sum, employed
A fighting man of great renown
To sleep that night within his bed;
To which he smuggled him with care.
The night came on, and, at its dead,
The band of bold, bad men came there.

Darkness intense was in the room;
No light gave out a single ray,
And in the dense and awful gloom
The Sophs began their pranks to play.
Then spoke the Freshman: "Get ye hence,
Or, by all things that I hold dear,
I'll beat into your heads more sense
Than else will get there for a year."
They answered with a jeer. He gave
The fighting man the sign to rise.
The bruiser did so. Heaven save
The soph who got it 'twixt the eyes!

Then in the darkness yells arose,
Loud cries of agony and fear,
As one man got it on the nose,
Another just beneath the ear.
The window opened. Out they flew,
Heels over head. And soon they found
Themselves, all battered, black and blue,
Stacked in a pile upon the ground.

Did they return? Oh, no indeed!
They hankered for no further knock
From Freshy's fist. They all agreed
They'd rather stand an earthquake shock.

And now the Freshman wears his hat,
And sports his most [illegible];
He smokes cigars, and, more than that,
He sometimes even almost swears.
Do Sophs insult him? Not at all!
They even strive to be polite;
And wonder how a man so small
So everlastingly can fight.

—*Boston Post.*

EGYPTOLOGY.

The Great Find of Royal Mummies at Thebes.

The past year will ever be memorable for the valuable and remarkable discoveries that it has yielded to Egyptology. M. Maspero has just published his official report of the great find of royal mummies at Thebes. The narrative is enlivened by numerous photographs, among which are those of the mummies of Thotmes III. and Ramses II., the grand old monarchs whose titles are inscribed on the Central Park obelisk. The texts of the interiors of the pyramids of the V. and VI. Dynasties, opened at Sakkara last spring and summer, are also appearing in rapid succession in M. Maspero's "Recueil," published at Paris. Besides these discoveries, concerning which accounts have already appeared in your columns, three additional discoveries have been recently made which do not deserve to be passed by in silence.

In the desert five miles west of Kom-el-Hamadra—a village on the western border of the Delta, and midway between Cairo and Alexandria—the Bedaween unearthed a large stone which they described as "taller than a man, and covered with fine writing." Herr Emil Brugsch, the Conservator of the Boolak Museum, and brother of Dr. Brugsch Pasha, proceeded at once to the spot, and found the stone to be a stela, or tablet, used by the Egyptians to record decrees and epitaphs. This newly-discovered monument is inscribed with tri-lingual texts, which prove to be copies of the Decree of the Synod of Priests assembled at Canopus, ordaining the deification of Berenice, the daughter of Ptolemy Energetes, and creating a fifth order of priests to be called Energetæ. The decree is dated the 17th of the month of Tybi, of the ninth year of Ptolemy Energetes (B. C. 238), and is consequently nearly a century older than the famous Rosetta Stone. Another copy of this same decree of Canopus is inscribed upon the stone of San, or Tanis, in the Boolak Museum, of which the British Museum possesses a cast.

To appreciate the interest that attaches to this new find, it may be well to recall the fact that in 1819-'22, it was the tri-lingual Rosetta Stone that yielded to the researches of Young and Champollion the key to the language of ancient Egypt, and thus became, as Mariette says, "the instrument of one of the greatest discoveries that do honor to the nineteenth century." Not, however, until Lepsius and Mariette, in 1865-'66, brought to light the Greek, hieroglyphic and demotic texts of the Canopic Decree engraved upon the Stone of San, was the accuracy of Champollion's mode of interpreting hieroglyphics confirmed, and the study of Egyptology placed on sure and solid grounds. The Stone of Kom-el-Hamadra—as, judging from analogy, I suppose this stela will henceforth be called—bears the same decree as that of San, except that the texts, inscriptions and representations are very much fuller and detailed than are those of the latter. The stela is a splendid piece of workmanship; it is of limestone, and measures eight feet high by three feet wide and two and a half feet thick. The top is rounded, and represents the winged disk and pendent uræi serpents, together with the upper and lower portions of the crown pshent. Below the uræi serpents there are some twelve lines of hieroglyphs, and representations of Ptolemy Energetes, his Queen, and his daughter Berenice, the "Queen of Virgins." Then follows the decree in Greek, hieroglyphic and demotic. This stela has already been placed in the Boolak Museum, which, with the additions of the past year, is now quite as rich in monuments, tablets, mortuary relics and writings—barring historical papyri—as are the combined collections of Europe. This is as it should be, for Egyptian relics have an artistic value, which they lose in the uncongenial climate and surroundings of Europe and America.

The second discovery that I have to announce is that of two tombs of the VI. Dynasty, which present the earliest known instances of the *arch.* These tombs are of private persons of high rank. They were discovered near the most southerly group of Sakkara pyramids, and within a stone's throw of the prominent truncated pyramid of King Unas; known as the Mastaba-el-Pharaoon. It should be remembered that in the Pyramid of Mycerinus of the IV. Dynasty—the smallest of the three great Pyramids of Ghizeh—there is a passage-way the top of which, although resembling an arch, is not constructed on the principle of an arch—that is to say, blocks were placed horizontally, one projecting beyond that immediately below it, till the uppermost two met in the center; the interior angles being afterward rounded off to form the vault. Several instances of these pseudo-arches are known to exist in tombs of the VI. and later Dynasties, but no true arch had hitherto been found previous to those in the tombs of the XVIII., XIX. and XX. Dynasties, near Thebes. The arches in the two recently-discovered tombs of the VI. Dynasty are built over the entrances. They have ornamented key-stones, and are beautifully constructed of fine bricks.

The third discovery to which I have referred is the long-sought-for entrance to the Pyramid of Maydoom—a pyramid which will probably turn out to be at least a century older than the Great Pyramid of Cheops, and hence the oldest known monument in Egypt. This pyramid, situate some fifteen miles to the south of Ghizeh, is one of the most striking landmarks on the Nile. From a distance it seems to stand on the top of a hillock; a nearer view shows this hillock to be formed by the crumbling away of the outer casing of the pyramid itself. It is called by the Arabs "el-Haram el Kaddab" (the false pyramid), for they suppose it to be formed of the rock itself. Its general appearance has been described by Miss Amelia Edwards as "an unfinished Tower of Babel." The pyramid of Maydoom is doubtless the most carefully constructed and altogether the best built pyramid in Egypt. About fifty years ago Ibrahim Pasha, wishing to effect an entrance, thundered away at it for a whole day with artillery. He neither attained his object, nor did the pyramid itself suffer much material injury. A few weeks ago Maspero's workmen, after a long and careful search, removed the massive blocks which had so long concealed a small opening, that soon proved to be the much-coveted entrance. This aperture was discovered on the northern face of the pyramid, and at a considerable distance from the base. The corridor leading from the entrance toward the interior has been cleared for a distance of forty-five meters. This corridor is similarly disposed, and is constructed in the same manner as that of the Pyramid of Cheops. The entrance to the central chamber is effectually blocked up by the falling of the roof of the corridor. The workmen are, however, busily engaged in clearing away the debris, a task both difficult and perilous, which may require one or perhaps two months. The only texts thus far found in the corridor are the inscriptions of the two scribes who visited the interior of the pyramid in the time of the XV. Dynasty. Recently-discovered collateral evidence tends to strengthen the hypothesis that the pyramid is that of King Snefrou, of the III. Dynasty, who reigned, according to Brugsch, B. C. 3766, or, according to Mariette, B. C. 4235. The picks of the Arab workmen will, however, soon determine the question.

Discoveries of the startling and dramatic nature of those of the carefully preserved royal mummies, and the opening of long-closed pyramids and tombs, are, perhaps, overshadowed, as far as pure scientific value is concerned, by a new region in Egyptology recently opened by the successful exertions of Dr. Brugsch Pasha and M. Revillout. These two savants have made a specialty of the demotic writing of Egypt, a writing so intricate and confused as to be unintelligible to some of the keenest Egyptologists. The hieratic writing, used almost exclusively by the priests, is to the hieroglyphic what the hand-writing of the present day is to print. The demotic is a very much abbreviated form of the hieratic, and stands in about the same relation to the hieroglyphic that our short-hand does to the page of a printed book. Moreover, the demotic, being written in the hurry of every-day business, actually presents a penmanship so cramped and careless as to add almost insurmountable obstacles to the already difficult task of deciphering it.

The demotic came into use during the XXVI. Dynasty, and being used for ordinary business and legal transactions, its literature gives an insight into the laws, social state, customs and manners of the Egyptians that is not to be hoped for from the scholarly and monumental styles of the hieratic and the hieroglyphic. An excellent account of the nature of the treasures which demotic scholarship has in store for us, appeared in a recent number of the London *Times.* It seems that no less than several thousand demotic papyri are preserved in the collections of London, Paris, Berlin, Leyden and Turin. These documents, mostly of a legal character, are no longer a terra incognita, but furnish a solid basis for the study of the law in its earliest development. The demotic papyri provide us with the deeds of sale, of transfer, of gift, of partnership, of endowment; leases of houses and lands; mortgages, bonds, receipts for taxes and other payments, marriage settlements, marriage contracts, decrees of divorce, title-deeds, inventories, etc.

The progress in the interpretation of demotic literature strikingly recalls the truth of Bunsen's prediction that "Henceforth the positive philosophy of universal history, constructing and delineating the curve described by the divine mind in man through space and time upon this star which we call the earth . . . cannot be carried on scientifically and successfully without the assistance of Egyptology." The effect which these demotic papyri are destined to have upon our present ideas of ancient law and legal institutions remains yet to be seen. It is too much to expect that Egyptologists shall also be legists; but the moment has now come for the jurist to work hand in hand with the Egyptologists to utilize the material that science has placed at his disposal, and at length to trace the history of the law throughout that logical and natural course which has been both widened and deepened by Egyptology.—*Cairo (Egypt) Cor. N. Y. Post.*

Anecdotes of Titian.

During the winter of 1548, Titian went to Augsburg, where Charles V. again required his services; the Emperor had become very fond of the artist, and treated him with the greatest respect and consideration. While on this visit, it happened one day that Titian dropped his pencil, and the Emperor picked it up and returned it to him; court etiquette forbade that the sovereign should do such a service for any one, and Titian was much embarrassed. Charles, seeing this, said: "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar." ("Cæsar was one of the titles of the Emperor.)

At Augsburg the painter was made a Count, and received a yearly pension of two hundred gold ducats.

Some writers have said that Titian visited Spain; this does not now appear to be true, but it is certain that Charles V. continued through life his favors to him, and when the Emperor resigned his crown and went to live in the monastery of Yuste, he took with him nine pictures by Titian; one of these was a portrait of the Empress Isabella, upon which Charles gazed when on his death-bed; it is now in the Museum of Madrid. After Charles had given up his crown to his son Philip II., the new monarch patronized the artist as his father had done, and many fine works by the master are now in Madrid.

Although Titian had enjoyed much prosperity, he had also suffered much; his wife and his dear sister Orsa had died; his son Pomponia had been a worthless fellow, and had made his father very unhappy; his daughter Lavinia had married, and the old artist was left alone with Orazio, who, however, was a dutiful son. But Titian had then reached such an age that most of the friends of his middle life had died, and he was a lonely old man.

He had painted many pictures of Lavinia, who was very beautiful; one of these, at Berlin, shows her in a rich dress, holding up a plate of fruit, and it is one of the best of all his works.

Orazio was an artist, but he usually painted on the same canvas with his father, and his works can not be spoken of separately. Many pupils from all parts of Europe gathered about Titian in his latest years, and it is said that toward the close of his life, when he was at work upon an "Annunciation," some one told him that it did not resemble his former works; this made him very angry, and he seized a pencil and wrote upon the painting: "*Titianus fecit fecit*"—by which he meant to say: "Titian truly did this!"—*Mrs. Clements, in St. Nicholas.*

The Ruin Wrought by the Union Generale.

The Union Generale had weathered so many other storms before, each and all apparently as severe as this one threatened to be; the weekly report of the Banque de France showed an excellent balance-sheet, the daily receipts of the Suez Canal were remarkably satisfactory, and yet these great securities, and with them every other security, went down and down until it seemed as though they would never touch bottom, and that, too, without any overt effort on the part of their stock-holders and syndicates to defend their positions.

Except on the famous Black Friday at New York, I have never seen anything to compare with last Thursday's panic, for I was not a spectator of those Viennese performances which caused the Austrian Stock Exchange for two days, some few years ago. But the French will recover sooner from this catastrophe than did the Austrians; they have more capital to fall upon and greater recuperative power, a dose there wonderful getting on their legs again within a twelve-month after the payment of the five milliards war indemnity to the Germans. Since everybody has been terribly scared; the *Krach,* which beggared Vienna in the space of eight and forty hours, and of which it drawn strange gr[illegible] the name to one of his writers, so that Vienna may emphatically be said to have danced on her own ruins, the *Krach,* or the specter of the *Krach,* has appeared on the banks of the Seine to warn the Parisians of their folly. It has turned the faces of the Lyonnaise pale with terror; it has covered Bordeaux with confusion, forced Marseilles to sit down and weep in sackcloth and ashes, and spread despair and dismay in the Pays des Fourrures and among the Tumbalieres. Probably you would like to know what the Tumbalieres and the Pays des Fourrures are? The first, also called les Toquets de Loutre, are those noble ladies and ignoble, though clad in purple and fine linen, lectures who have taken to stock gambling, by the latter term is designated that clique of gentlemen enveloped in costly garments lined with sable and astrachan which stands grouped together in one corner of the Temple of Mammon, watching the turn of the tide, ready to give orders for sale or purchase, but never deigning to mix with that common and unclean horde of publicans and sinners who howl and gesticulate around that sanctuary within whose railings the Agents de Change operate. Faces have been awfully long in the "Fur Country" of late. "How do I look?" asked a beaten General of the Prince de Ligne after a crushing reverse to French arms. "Tolerably defeated, Monseigneur," replied the Marshal; and "tolerably defeated" about describes the present physiognomy of the wearers of Caspian wool. Nor is the expression of the Toquets de Loutre more cheerful; a good many sad hearts throb under those mantles of blue fox and zibelline; the blazoned carriages of some among them are as well known to the runners of the brokers as the greasy coat collar of the speculator Ebstein, whose face has been slapped on the steps of the Bourse oftener than that of any one individual on record; others had rented rooms in the neighborhood, sometimes with no more than a couple of chairs and a foot-stove by way of furniture, so as to be able to get the earliest news of every fluctuation. Marriage portions have been swallowed up in the course of an afternoon, titled women, whose escutcheons are among the most brilliant of the Faubourg St. Germain, have awakened from their dream of millions, like Perette, after she had kicked over the milk-jug, to find their noble names dishonored, with differences to be settled, which they will pay—God knows how. And while wives joined the club of the "Sealskin Caps," husbands paced feverishly the asphaltum of the "Fur Country," and the equation became: Operations of Monsieur plus operations of Madame equal double ruin. They weep and wail now, gnash their teeth and tear their hair, and are desperate, blaming God and the devil, M. Lebaudy, who sold his Suez, and M. Gambetta, who agitated the untimely question of revision when nobody wanted revision, and swear solemnly never to sin again in such a way, although in their heart of hearts every one of them is ready to begin over tomorrow if the chance were offered.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Bulls and Bears.

"So you want to know the meaning of the lingo of the street?" says the veteran, taking a fresh clutch on his cigar and sending a volume of smoke into the tobacco-scented air of the room. "Well, I'll do what I can to tell you. To begin with, there are operators, by this I do not mean telegraph operators, mind you. I am an operator, but I am sure I don't know the first thing about a Morse instrument, though I do buy a thousand 'Telegraph' once in a while. An operator is a speculator—he watches the market, and he makes an honest penny now and then by the rise or fall of stocks. Then there is the commission broker, who does the operator's business for him, and who receives a commission for what he does; and the room-trader—the broker who has a seat in the board for the mere purpose of speculating on his own behalf, and who don't care a rap for commissions—save he don't have any to pay."

"But where are the bulls and bears?" asks the unsophisticated citizen.

"Well, you see, the operators, the commission brokers and the room-traders are all either one or the other. One day I may be a bull and the next day a bear, or I may be a bull to-day on Pennsylvania and later a bear on Reading. You see, it depends on whether I think the stock is going up or going down."

"I see," says the would-be speculator, "but which is the bear, and which the bull? I can never keep that in my head."

"O, yes, you can. It's quite easy. A bear is one who looks forward to a fall in stocks and sells in hope of being able to buy at a lower price before the time comes for delivery. The name is derived, I believe, from the story of a man who sold a bear's skin before he had caught or killed the bear; though some people say such a man is called a bear because he pulls down, and others say it originated in the fact that he is *bare* of stocks and wants prices to go down so that he may buy in to fill his contracts. The bull is the person who has stock and wishes the price to go up, so that he may sell to advantage. He is so called from the habit a bull has of tossing things up with his horns."

Then the operator looks around and finds a little hand-book from which he reads definitions. It is a sort of dictionary of the broker's language.

"'Going long' means buying for a rise. This is by far the most frequent among beginners or non-professionals, and is done after this manner: You place $500 in the hands of your banker or broker as a 'margin' upon 100 shares of stock, which you order him to buy for you, and which he agrees to 'carry' until you order it sold or your 'margin' is about exhausted. In the latter case, should you fail to respond to a call from your broker for more 'margin,' he is at liberty to protect himself, charging you with the deficit (if any) that your 'margin' fails to 'cover.' In case of a 'tight' money market, your broker is entitled to charge an additional price for money over and above the usual seven per cent. In such a transaction you would be called long of stocks, or a 'bull.'

"'Selling short' is just the reverse of 'going long,' and is governed by the same rule, except that the seller, not having the stock, is obliged to borrow it for present delivery, and takes the risk of buying it back at some future time to return to the lender. The chief risk in 'selling short' is the chance of a 'corner' for not unfrequently a 'clique' gets control of the stock and not only makes it impossible for the parties 'short' to borrow the stock, but forces the price up to extraordinary figures. One of the special advantages of speculating on the 'short' side is that you have no interest to pay, and costs you nothing except commissions to remain short as long as you choose, unless, as just stated, when stocks become scarce through a corner or for election purposes, your broker has then to pay for the use of the stock and charges you accordingly. Margins and commissions are the same as when you buy stocks for a rise or 'go long.' When you are 'short of stocks' you are called a 'bear.'

"'Turning stocks' consists in buying for cash and selling at the same time on 'long' option, the same stock and amount, thereby making six per cent. interest, and the difference in the price of cash and the option, which is usually from three to six dollars, not less than one, and very often reaching three per cent.

"Stock privileges, or 'puts,' 'calls,' 'spreads' and 'straddles,' although not recognized by the Stock Exchange, have become quite a favorite mode of speculating of late years. A 'put' is a contract which entitles the holder to put or deliver stock to the signer thereof within the time and at the time named therein. A 'call' entitles the holder to call for or demand stock from the signer, according to the specified terms. A 'spread' is a double privilege and entitles the holder either to deliver to or demand from the signer thereof the stocks named in it according to the terms of the agreement. If the prices named in both cases are the same, then it is known as a 'straddle.'"—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Our Balloon.

I've made up my mind that half the trouble boys get into is the fault of the grown-up folks that are always wanting them to improve their minds.

I never improved my mind yet without suffering for it. There was the time I improved it studying wasps, just as the man who lectured about wasps and elephants and other insects told me to. If it hadn't been for that man I never should have thought of studying wasps.

One time our school-teacher told me that I ought to improve my mind by reading history, so I borrowed the history of "Blackbeard the Pirate," and improved my mind for three or four hours every day. After a while father said: "Bring that book to me, Jimmy, and let's see what you're reading," and when he saw it, instead of praising me, he . . . But what's the use of remembering our misfortunes? Still, if I was grown up, I wouldn't get boys into difficulty by telling them to do all sorts of things.

There was a Professor came to our house the other day. A Professor is a kind of man who wears spectacles up on the top of his head and takes snuff and doesn't talk English very plain. I believe Professors come from somewhere near Germany, and I wish this one had staid in his own country. They live mostly on cabbage and such, and Mr. Travers says they are dreadfully fierce, and that when they are not at war with other people, they fight among themselves and go on in the most dreadful way.

This Professor that came to see father didn't look a bit fierce, but Mr. Travers says that was just his deceitful way, and that if we had had a valuable old bone or a spear shell in the house, the Professor would have got up in the night and stolen it and killed us all in our beds; but Sue said it was a shame, and that the Professor was a lovely old gentleman, and there wasn't the least harm in his kissing her.

Well, the Professor was talking after dinner to father about balloons, and when he saw I was listening, he pretended to be awfully kind, and told me how to make a fire-balloon, and how he'd often made them and sent them up in the air; and then he told about a man who went up on horseback with his horse tied to a balloon; and father said: "Now listen to the Professor, Jimmy, and improve your mind while you've got a chance."

The next day Tom Maginnis and I made a balloon just as the Professor had told me to. It was made out of tissue-paper, and it had a sponge soaked full of alcohol, and when you set the alcohol on fire the rarefaction of the air would send the balloon most a mile high. We made it out in the barn, and thought we'd try it before we said anything to the folks about it, and then surprise them by showing them what a beautiful balloon we had, and how we'd improved our minds. Just as it was all ready, Sue's cat came into the barn, and I remembered the horse that had been tied to a balloon, and told Tom we'd see if the balloon would take the cat up with it.

So we tied her with a whole lot of things so she would hang under the balloon without being hurt a bit, and then we took the balloon into the yard to try it. After the alcohol had burned a little while the balloon got full of air, and presently it went slowly up. There wasn't a bit of wind, and when it had gone up about twice as high as the house, it stood still.

You ought to have seen how that cat howled; but she was nothing compared with Sue when she came out and saw her beloved beast. She screamed to me to bring her that cat this instant you good-for-nothing cruel little wretch won't you catch it when father comes home.

Now I'd like to know how I could reach a cat that was a hundred feet up in the air, but that's all the reasonableness that girls have.

The balloon didn't stay up very long. It began to come slowly down, and when it struck the ground, the way that cat started on a run for the barn, and tried to get underneath it with the balloon all on fire behind her, was something frightful to see. By the time I could get to her and cut her loose, a lot of hay took fire and began to blaze, and Tom ran for the fire-engine, crying out, "Fire!" with all his might.

The firemen happened to be at the engine-house, though they're generally all over town, and nobody can find them when there is a fire. They brought the engine into our yard in about ten minutes, and just as Sue and the cook and I had put the fire out. But that didn't prevent the firemen from working with heroic bravery, as our newspaper afterward said. They knocked in our dining-room windows with axes, and poured about a thousand hogsheads of water into the room before we could make them understand that the fire was down by the barn, and had been put out before they came.

This was all the Professor's fault, and it has taught me a lesson. The next time any one wants me to improve my mind I'll tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself.—"*Jenny Brown,*" *in Harper's Young People.*

—Women do not possess logical minds, and being very imaginative, are, therefore, not fitted for debate, so Emerson says, but we say that when it comes to a debate as to whether it is necessary or proper for a man to go down town after supper, a woman can give the most logical man a half-mile start, and not only beat him with her imagination, but fix it so that he won't leave the house till after breakfast next morning.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Menacing Comet.

Richard A. Proctor's article on "A Menacing Comet" has attracted a great deal of attention. His statement, in brief, is that the comet seen in the southern hemisphere in 1880 is believed to be identical with the great comet of 1843, and also with the comet of 1668; that the period of revolution of the comet has been greatly reduced, and that it is likely to reappear about 1897; that it has already passed through the sun's corona, and that when it returns it is likely to fall into the sun. Proctor's idea is that if a big comet should fall into the sun, the conversion of its immense momentum into heat would fire up the sun to such a degree that no living thing upon the earth could survive it.

Professor Young, of Princeton College, who is one of the first mathematician astronomers in this country, dissents from Proctor's conclusions. In the first place he thinks that the identity of the comet of 1880 with the comets mentioned by Proctor is by no means established. He adds: "There is no known comet whose mass is sufficient to cause by its downfall so great an increase of the sun's heat as would be necessary to destroy all living things on the earth. The effect of the collision would not be sensibly felt in an immediate increase of the radiation of heat from the sun. There might at first be a flash of heat which observers who were on the lookout would perceive, but the community at large would know nothing about it. The greater portion of the consequent energy would be expended in the sun itself in producing expansion of the solar orb. It would be expended in doing mechanical work in the sun. It is possible that there might be a sudden flash as the falling comet was passing through the outer atmosphere of the sun, but even that would not be sufficient to cause a disaster to the earth, unless the falling mass were thousands of times greater than the mass of any known comet. If a body of very great mass should fall into the sun, for instance, the planet Jupiter, it would doubtless produce disastrous effects upon the earth. I may say I consider it not improbable that if the earth is destroyed by fire the cause will be the collision of some body with the sun, but I do not believe a comet will ever produce that effect."—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago Times.*

Unselfish.

The late Dr. Gannett, of Boston, was noted during his long ministry for his kindness to the poor and the sick. It is said that no poor family who sought him ever failed to receive his tender sympathy and substantial aid. If there were sick ones to be comforted, his words fitted their needs for instant and experience suggested the right word at the right time.

A characteristic incident, illustrative of his kind heart, happened while the doctor was traveling in Europe to recover the health undermined by excessive work at home. On the Continent he fell in with a young American and they kept company for several days. At length, they parted in France, Dr. Gannett pushing south toward Italy, and his companion, who was not well, keeping his room.

What was his surprise, on the evening of the second day, to see Dr. Gannett entering his room, and to hear the cheery voice: "How are you? I could not feel easy in travel, and came back to cheer you and take care of you."

Tears came to the young man's eyes. He felt that he had found a friend indeed, and Dr. Gannett had no more sincere and devoted admirer in his large circle of parishioners and personal friends than this young stranger, whom, by chance, he had met in a foreign land. —*Youth's Companion.*

Revived by a Little Brother's Kiss.

A very remarkable case of what might be called bringing a child back to life occurred yesterday morning at the residence of Mr. Joseph Meyer, on Third street, between Jefferson and Market. Mr. Meyer has two children, one a boy about ten years old, and the other a little girl about two months old. This baby, which always appeared healthy, was taken suddenly ill Tuesday night with something like convulsions, and came very near dying before medical aid could be summoned. Dr. Heiderson was called in and gave the child some medicine to relieve it, not thinking, however, that it could possibly live. He then left, but returned again yesterday morning. When he reached the house the child was barely breathing, and in a few moments after respiration stopped altogether. Every appearance of death was visible; the face assumed the hue of death, the jaw dropped, limbs relaxed, and the eyes became glazed. The doctor examined the pulse, and listened for the beating of the heart, but failing to find any signs of life, pronounced the child dead. It lay thus for fully ten minutes, with the members of the family grouped around the bed, lamenting, as is usual, in such cases. The little girl's brother, who was just old enough to understand the situation, and who seemed to be greatly grieved, suddenly stepped from the circle and approaching the supposed corpse, leaned over and imprinted a kiss upon the pallid lips. The baby's mouth was slightly open, and in kissing her the boy blew his breath down her throat. The little lips suddenly moved, the child gave several sudden gasps, and then commenced to breathe, slowly and very feebly at first, and then gradually stronger, until respiration became almost natural. Every one around was terribly astonished at this unlooked-for coming back from the dead, and did not seem to realize the fact until the child had been breathing half an hour. It is still alive and rapidly improving.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—At an exhibition of wild beasts the other day, at Preux-sous-Thil, a little town in the southeast of France, the spectators were suddenly terrified by the screams of a lad about eleven years of age, who had been seized by a lioness. The space reserved for the spectators was separated from the cages by a strong chain at a distance of rather more than four feet; but the animal had contrived to reach the head of the boy and draw it toward her till it became tightly fixed between the bars. Finally a gendarme named Billaudy, after having vainly attempted to drag the boy away, courageously introduced his arm through the bars between the animal's claws, and thus succeeded with difficulty in disengaging its victim. The gendarme's hands were deeply lacerated by the talons of the lioness, but the lad was found to have received only slight wounds.

—A correspondent of the New York *Post* suggests that on the outside near the windows of every high building there should be a box containing 100 feet of twine, marked: "Twine for fire escape." Persons imprisoned in the building could lower this twine. The end should then be fastened to rope-ladders that each fire-engine ought to carry. The ladder could then be hauled up and fastened to an iron hook attached to each window for the purpose. Another person suggests shooting a line over the building with a bow and arrow. Insuring the escape of persons from buildings is not included in the fire apparatus of our cities.

—There is a Woman's Dispensary in New York, a charitable institution, that last year treated 4,500 cases.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The present Governors of Kentucky and Arkansas—Blackburn and Churchill—are brothers-in-law.

—It is stated that Thomas Nast is about to retire from business with the Harpers, having made enough money to support himself in comfort.

—The American Board and Woman's Board of Missions have commenced the publication of an attractive little missionary magazine for children, called the "Mission Day-spring."

—Miss Anna Louise Cary says that she has no idea of withdrawing from her public career, and that there is no truth in the report that she is to marry a gentleman whom she says she has never seen.

—Many readers of devotional taste and habit may well be grateful for a new and improved edition of Theodore Parker's prayers. They are often inspiring and uplifting in an uncommon degree.—*Chicago Times.*

—Jefferson Davis' daughter Winnie is a great belle in the South. She is petite, [illegible] and reserved. At a recent ball she appeared as the Marguerite of Burgundy, in a rose pink velvet and satin costume.

—Horace Rublee, of the New York *Tribune*, is a remarkably well-preserved man of sixty and would readily pass for a much younger one. His temperate, as well as temperance in his habits, which earlier are but little changed since he was foreman of the Milwaukee Sentinel work.

—The late Joseph E. Sheffield, of New Haven, Conn., was a man of great-[illegible] benevolence. A lady who called on him not long ago for assistance in some [illegible] a certain number of persons to whom donations were regularly and privately made by Mr. Sheffield. The amount was over $40,000 a year. A baker of New Haven has for several years furnished bread in a large number of worthy poor people upon a regular system of checks established by Mr. Sheffield.

—Martin F. Conway, an ex-member of Congress, died at the Government Hospital for the Insane recently, in the 55th[?] year of his age. He was born in Charleston, S. C., and when fourteen years old went to Baltimore, where he became a printer. He was one of the founders of the National Typographical Union. In 1854 he moved to Kansas, where he became a member of the first Legislative Council. He was chosen as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court under the Topeka Constitution. He was also President of the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention in 1858, and in 1860 was elected to Congress as a Republican. He subsequently settled in Washington, D. C.

—One of the funny indications of the growth of civilization among the Indian students at Hampton School is the change of names that is rapidly going on, both among the children and their parents when brought under their influence at home. The girls seem inclined to adopt the names of teachers or lady friends to whom they may be attached, but the boys transform their Indian names sometimes in a most astonishing way. Bear's Heart has melted, and now writes his name Mr. J. B. Heart. The father of one of the returned students, who formerly bore the discouraging name Don't Know How, now dresses in "store clothes" and has put up a sign, D. K. How. Roman Nose has been induced to adopt the initials of a generous white friend, and writes himself now J. Cuthbert R. Nose. Whether Rosa Lay Out of Doors will come in and be converted in this revival of names we have not learned. The way in which this change is going on may throw light upon the name-building of people of higher pretensions than our young friends from Dakota.—*Exchange.*

HUMOROUS.

—A little child was addressed by a gentleman the other day: "How old are you, my dear?" he asked. "Old!" said the child indignantly, "I'm not old at all. I'm quite new!"

—Give every man the credit of sincerity, notwithstanding it may be a slight strain on your credulity to believe the doctor means what he says when he tells you: "I am glad to see you well, sir."

—Said the man as he lay crushed under the fallen wall: "For heaven's sake get me out of here!" "Are you suffering much pain?" they asked. "Yes," he replied, "but I don't mind about that. It's the row my wife will make about my coming home so late that worries me."

—A horse ran away at Hornellsville and knocked down an accordeon player who was playing for all he was worth on a street corner. The musician was seriously injured and his instrument damaged beyond repair. It is not always best to restrain a horse when he wants to run away.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A writer in the *North American Review* treats on the "Decay of New England Thought." If he had been in ear-shot of the Danbury man, who, the other night, stepped into his wife's work-basket, and was thrown down an entire flight of stairs by the movement, he would not have thought there was any decay in New England thought.—*Danbury News.*

—"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked a Galveston man of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She 'lowed I was too dark to match de dress."

—A man with a silver-plated, double-back-action coin-holder came into the sanctum the other day, and commenced explaining the beauties of the article for holding silver halves, etc., and he had gotten half through before he found he was in a printing-office. When he saw his mistake he went to the door, sadly opened it, and kicked himself clear down stairs.—*Evansville Argus.*

A Terrible Crime.

A servant girl at Stargard, in Germany, had in course of several years saved a handsome sum of money, which she deposited in a savings bank. One day, a few weeks ago, she drew the money and took the train for the town of Schneidemuhl, a few miles from home. She visited an old acquaintance, a butcher, and told him in course of the conversation of the money she had in her pocket. The butcher advised her to wrap up the money and fasten it on her head, buried in her hair. The girl followed his advice, and left for her home, the way taking her over a deserted heath. Meeting a policeman, she begged him to accompany her on account of her money. The policeman complied, and accompanied her the greater part of the way. Hardly, however, had he left her and turned back when he heard a piercing shriek. Hastening back, he found the girl lying dead in the street without her head, which had been carried off. As the girl had told the policeman of the butcher whom she had visited, his suspicions were at once aroused and he hastened to the butcher's house. After waiting half an hour the butcher came in with a bag under his arm. To the question what was in it he replied that it was a sheep's head and threw it under the bed. The policeman left and returned in a few minutes with some colleagues. The sack was demanded, and on being opened was found to contain the murdered girl's head.—*London Paper.*

Our Young Readers.

WHO?

[illegible]

—*Golden Days.*

A FORTUNATE FALL.

"Oh, mother! such a dreadful thing has happened, and I'm so sorry for Mrs. Slade. Can you go right down there? I know that you can help and comfort her if any one can."

Paul Howell came rushing into the room where his mother was sitting, his blue eyes all ablaze with excitement, and his breath coming and going very fast as he delivered his message. Mrs. Howell looked up from her sewing and said:

"What is it, my son? You are so excited that I cannot understand what you are trying to tell me. What has happened, and who is Mrs. Slade?"

"Mrs. Slade is the woman who moved into the old Boundry building two or three weeks ago," answered the boy, "and oh, mother! you can't think how bare and cheerless it is there, and now Jimmy's hurt, I don't know what Mrs. Slade will ever do."

"How did you come to be at Mrs. Slade's, Paul, and who is Jimmy?"

"I forgot that you didn't know Jimmy. Jimmy is Mrs. Slade's boy, the only one left, she said, when they brought him home. He's only two or three years older than I am, but he drinks awfully sometimes. He had been drinking to-day so that his head was unsteady, and when Mr. Morton, the man he works for, sent him up on the roof to fix a place that leaks, he somehow fell and broke his leg. I saw him when he fell, and I was so excited that I followed along when they carried him home. When his poor mother saw him, and found out that he'd been drinking, she sobbed and cried like everything, and said that she had hoped God would spare her this one, but that he was going like the rest, and they all went drunkards."

"It is too late for me to venture out to-night, but I will go with you in the morning, and we will see if there is anything we can do for the poor mother and her unfortunate son," said Mrs. Howell, resuming her work.

"It looks ever so much like snow!" said Paul, going over to the window and examining the sky critically. "We boys have planned a famous game of snow-ball if the snow comes nice and moist. I like to play snow-ball, and I've been watching for the snow a long time; but I'm afraid that Mrs. Slade will have a hard time to keep warm if it comes now, for she has not any wood in the shed, nor in the back-yard. The frozen were sitting down morning in the front room, as I came out the back way, and there was only a little pile of chips and old boards in the corner of the shed."

While Paul was standing at the window watching the gray clouds grow heavier and darker, strange thoughts entirely new to him flitted through his boyish brain. His sympathies were all aroused for the mother who cry of anguish, when she learned the sad truth that her boy had been drinking, seemed still to echo in his ears.

That night the snow came, as Paul had predicted, and in the morning it lay beside fences and across paths, in great banks and drifts. But the snow did not prevent Paul and his mother from calling on their unfortunate neighbor.

Mrs. Howell made quite a call, and had a long conversation with the unhappy mother and her repentant son.

"It's a shame, ma'am," said Jimmy, as his mother went into the back room for a moment. "It's a burnin' shame that mother's life is so cursed by rum. First father went, and then the two older boys. I suppose that mother really set her heart on me bein' a temperance boy, an' she never knew that I drank what I shouldn't until this happened."

He drew one rough hand across his eyes, then continued:

"I never thought she cared so much. Why, ma'am, her heart was well nigh broke when she found I'd been a-drinkin'. If it wasn't the accident as broke her down, poor mother! an' I've just made up my mind never to touch the dreadful stuff again."

"May God help you to keep that resolution, my dear boy," said Mrs. Howell, solemnly, as his mother entered the room. She then arose to take her leave, promising to send some plain sewing to Mrs. Slade, and to interest her friends in the poor woman's behalf.

Paul had slipped out a few minutes after his mother had entered into conversation with the widow and her son. Mrs. Howell had allowed him to go, thinking that the call had become tiresome to the active boy; but as she opened the door she saw that the snow had disappeared from the paths about the cottage as if by magic. As she neared the gate she beheld Paul, with a very red face and a very old broom, endeavoring to clean the walk outside.

"You see, mother," he began, breathing hard and fast, "there's no one to sweep the snow away now Jimmy's sick, and besides I didn't want you to wade in all this deep snow to reach the road again. May I stop in on my way home from school to-night and ask Mrs. Slade if there is anything that I can do to help her while Jimmy is sick?"

"Yes, dear," answered his mother, with a fond glance toward her thoughtful little son, while a joyous feeling thrilled her heart at thoughts of his unselfishness. "I shall have John take a cord of block-wood over to her to-day; but I don't know how she will get it cut and piled in the back shed."

"I'll go every night after school and cut enough for the next day," said Paul, earnestly. "I shall be glad to do it, for what if you was poor like Mrs. Slade and I was sick?"

Paul kept his promise, and night after night the sound of his ax could be heard in Mrs. Slade's back yard. One evening, as he stood in the room a moment before going home, Jimmy looked up with tearful eyes, and said:

"You've been better an' kinder to my mother than her own son ever was; but I mean to be a different boy when I get well again. Mother shan't work so hard if I can help it, and she shall have all the pennies I used to spend for drink. I'll never touch it again—never!"

"Stick to it, Jimmy," said Paul, warmly, "and I'll help you all I can."

"You have helped me already," said Jimmy. "When I see how kind you are to your mother it makes me ashamed of the past when I neglected mine so much."

Jimmy did keep his resolution, and his mother often speaks of his fall from the roof of Mr. Morton's house as the most fortunate thing that ever happened, for by its means her boy was saved.—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in Interior.*

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago a little girl named Mary Butt was living with her parents at the pretty rectory of Stanford, in the Teme, in England. She was a bright and beautiful child, and when she grew up she became Mrs. Sherwood, the writer of a great many stories for young people.

[illegible]

The Mystery of Tea Dust.

[illegible]

—*Exchange Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Tarnishing of Jewelry.

Some persons can wear cheap jewelry without its tarnishing, while on others even gold ornaments soon change color. The following explanation of the two facts is given by the *Jeweler:*

It is well known that the human body contains humors and acids similar in action to, and having a like tendency toward, baser metals, as nitric and sulphuric acids have, namely, to tarnish or dissolve them, varying in quantity in different persons. Of this theory we have abundant proof in the effects which the wearing of jewelry produces on different persons. Thousands wear continually, without any ill effect, the cheaper class of jewelry with brass ear-wires, while if others wore the same article for a few days, they would be troubled with sore ears, or, in other words, the acids contained in the system would so act on the brass as to produce ill results. Instances have occurred in which articles of jewelry of any grade below eighteen carat have been tarnished in a few days, merely from the above-named cause.

True, these instances are not very frequent; nevertheless it is well to know them and they are sufficient to prove that it is not in every case the fault of the goods not wearing well—as it is generally called—but the result of the particular constitution by which they are worn.—*Youth's Companion.*

—While the rest of us have been talking and arguing, William Hunter, of New Mexico, has been shooting. He "convinced" his seventeenth man the other day.—*Detroit Free Press.*