THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

A FAREWELL.

Good-bye! God speed thee on thy way
Across the waste of waters wide!
Fair winds and seas as the ship bounds,
With starry night and cloudless day!

Good-bye! from sight, but not from heart.
Though half the world may intervene,
In love, and hope, and trust serene,
We nevermore can be apart.

God keep thee in His tender care!
On the firm land or rolling deep
He guards His beloved sheep
For His strong love is everywhere.
—*S. S. Conant, in Harper's Magazine.*

HOW HE ARGUED BOTH SIDES.

Kish Baffle-quirk, his memory is still green on the Juniper Ridge circuit—like the royal son of his ancient namesake, towered head and shoulders above his fellows. He was the terror of the older lawyers and the admiration of the younger. With what delight we "boys"—most of us are pretty old boys now—used to gather round when some overbearing senior, accustomed to ride over us rough shod, came in for a good "smoothing" at old Baff's hands! On such occasions we invariably felt renewed faith in the existence of a scheme of retribution for the wicked.

It was our settled belief that the whole law, from Bracton to Blackstone, with all its modern improvements, was stored away in one or another corner of that shapely old head. At any rate, no one ever caught the old fellow tripping. No matter how suddenly a point was sprung, he was always found as ready for it as if he had made it his special study for a month. As for playing any trick upon him, Dud Flasher was the only one that ever tried it, and *his* success wasn't such as to encourage imitation.

If there ever was a man wise in his own conceit, that man was Dudley Flasher. He might have admitted, possibly, that Mansfield and Marshall were *tolerable* lawyers, considering their time, and that Daniel Webster might have acquitted himself less creditably in the Dartmouth College case, but it would have been with a look plainly intimating that *he* knew a man who would one day eclipse them all—that is, if history ever did him justice. As for Kish Baffledquirk—pshaw!

One talent Mr. Flasher undoubtedly did possess, which, unlike him in the parable, he didn't hide away in a napkin. Mr. Flasher's talent consisted in a liberal endowment of low cunning, which he never suffered to rust for want of use.

One evening a group of lawyers sat talking and smoking at the tavern door in one of the circuit towns. Court was to commence the next day, and the lawyers and Judges were already on hand.

"I've a case I want you to argue to-morrow, Mr. Bafflequirk," said Tom Tylney, a modest young attorney. "I shall be detained away till the afternoon, probably; but here's a brief of the facts and points of law, so you can go on without me."

Old Baff slipped the brief into a side pocket of his box-coat, and proceeded with the story with which he was amusing the company.

It so happened that a little entertainment was given that night by the local bar to their visiting brethren, at which, of course, Mr. Bafflequirk was an honored guest. Indeed, a bar supper without Old Baff would have been thought as flat as the Comedy of Errors with both the Dromios omitted.

Everybody was astonished to see how obsequiously agreeable Dud Flasher tried to make himself to Old Baff. It was well known that no love had ever been lost between them. But on this particular occasion, Dud scarcely left the old gentleman's side. At supper he managed to get next him, and seemed to be intent on one object—to applaud the old lawyer's jokes, and see that his glass was never empty.

Mr. Flasher had *another* object, however. He was on the other side of the case in which, as he knew, Tom Tylney had given Old Baff his brief, and it happened that the brief was in the pocket next to Mr. Flasher. It was easy, therefore, for the latter to slip out Tom's brief, and replace it with his own—a feat which he accomplished with a dexterity the Artful Dodger might have envied.

Dud could hardly keep from rubbing his hands with glee as he thought of Old Baff coming into court next morning and making a strong speech against his own client. Of course, he would know nothing of the case or the party he appeared for, but what he gathered from the brief, and the one *now* in his pocket, it need hardly be said, was for the side he wasn't on.

The first case called after court opened was that in which Old Baff held the substituted brief. The court-house was jammed, for Old Baff, however dry might be the case, never failed to draw a crowd.

Dud Flasher's smirk of self-conceit was more pronounced than ever. How *could* he think of matching himself against Old Baff? But wouldn't he catch it soon?

It was a suit in chancery, the evidence all being in depositions, which were read over in a sing-song tone; after which Old Baff rose to address the court. We had no intimation before of what side he was to speak for, but felt a little disappointed to find it was the one that seemed to us to be wrong.

The Judges appeared to have the same impression, for they exchanged incredulous glances, and shook their heads and buzzed together awhile before settling down to listen—which they did, finally, with a look that clearly said:

"Bamboozle *us*, if you can, sir!"

Nothing ever put Old Baff on his mettle like finding the Court against him at the start. And now, he had an additional incentive; at last he had an opportunity to take the conceit out of Dud Flasher, and he meant to improve it.

The old lawyer drew himself to his full height, and steadily and calmly met the discouraging glances cast from the bench. Then he proceeded, in his most persuasive manner, and with surprising subtlety of argument, to surmount one difficulty after another, till, what to all had seemed the worse, as if by some magic transformation, began to appear the better reason.

The rigid faces of the Judges perceptibly relaxed. A look of conviction took the place of that of distrust and doubt. Old Baff saw the victory was won, and was just beginning a glowing peroration, when Tom Tylney entered. He sat down to listen; but almost the first sentence caused him to start with amazement, and spring to Old Baff's side.

"For Heaven's sake!" he whispered—"what's the meaning of this? You're arguing for the other side!"

"I am only following your brief," Old Baff whispered back.

"No! no!—you're retained for the defendant, and here you are doing your best for the plaintiff!"

Old Baff saw it all. He quite understood now Dud Flasher's last night's attentions.

Whispering Tom to sit down and keep his countenance, the accomplished advocate paused a moment and proceeded:

"*I have now, may it please your Honors, presented the views which will be urged on the other side.*" My learned friend"—this with a Chesterfieldian bow to Mr. Flasher—"with the frankness of one seeking to gain no advantage by surprise, kindly exchanged briefs with me last night; and I think I have fully and fairly stated all his points. Now let us see how little there is in them."

Then turning on his own previous arguments, he stripped them of their sophistry with masterly skill. Thus laid bare, they seemed like cobwebs which a breath might blow aside. Before the relentless logic which now confronted them they were as flax before the flame.

Old Baff's blood was now up, and he was on the right side, to boot. He saw the court was again with him, but he didn't stop. He poured on Flasher and his client a torrent of keen invective that drew upon them storms of indignation. Then, with inimitable wit, he held them up to ridicule, till shouts of derisive laughter drowned his voice.

Flasher's plan, before it was marred by Tom Tylney's premature return, had been to submit the case without a word. Now he was taken all aback. For once his confidence deserted him. Confounded and abashed, he rose and stammered through a few sentences. But what could he say that his opponent hadn't already said far better, and then demolished beyond the hope of reconstruction? He gave it up and sat down.

The presiding Judge exchanged nods with his fellows, and after announcing the opinion of the Court that the plaintiff had no cause of action, he read Flasher a lecture on the subject of stirring up groundless suits that made even *his* cheeks tingle.

Dud never ran another tilt against Old Baff, and never sat beside him at another bar supper.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Giant Strides in Education.

It has been decided by the school authorities of the city that after July 1, 1883, all applicants for positions as teachers in the public schools of Milwaukee must pass an examination in music, drawing and calisthenics. This is certainly a wise requirement, and must strike all old citizens who got their education years ago in some log school-house, as a much-needed move. In the primary departments these accomplishments are pre-eminently necessary and should be strictly enforced. It is not material whether the little ones learn the alphabet or not, or go droning through that lesson of: "Ann—(snuffle) had—(snuffle)—a—(snuffle) cat." So long as the infants are able to tell what key the music is in, and sing or play it through without the teacher detecting any false note, that is enough. Nothing is any more annoying to prima donnas, when they drop in to visit a school, than to have some awkward member of an infant class fail to chord, or weaken on an attempt to reach high C. It gives the school a bad name. Teachers applying for the care and instruction of our little darlings should be required to pass the strictest possible examination in music. Then there is drawing. Some of the most vivid recollections of our school days are intimately associated with the drawings we executed with slate and pencil, and with chalk on the blackboard, when the teacher had gone to dinner. But public sentiment has changed greatly since then, for we recollect distinctly that at that time drawing was condemned. It seemed to be regarded almost as a crime, and a severe penalty was imposed for doing it. It was thus that we were forced to grow up in dense ignorance, owing to the superstition against drawing that hung like a pall over humanity at that time. now, however, happily dispelled by the glorious sunlight of civilization and slush. Those in whose hands we trust the destinies of our descendants must know how to draw sufficiently well so that if ever one of their pupils is thrown out of business he can always get a job at painting or calcimining. Then there is calisthenics. We regard calisthenics as far more important than either music or drawing. Who has not noticed a school when it is let out for recess? The boys and girls come moping along out, halting and hanging back until the teacher many times is forced to actually seize and push them out into the sunshine. Once out they stand around, gloomy and silent, waiting for the door to be unlocked that they may come back and resume their studies. Now it is the opinion of the best writers of our times that a child needs exercise, and this is just what calisthenics does for them. The pupils are taken in hand as soon as they return from the fetid out-door atmosphere, with dull eyes and listless gait, and are put through a course of exercise in the invigorating atmosphere of the school-room and sent to their seats with a glow upon their youthful cheeks and a sparkle in their eyes. Calisthenics is undoubtedly one of the greatest civilizers of the age, and if it was not for the half hour devoted to it in the public schools children would be liable to vegetate and become rooted in the ground like a cabbage. Let us have music, drawing, dancing and calisthenics in the public schools, and if it is our fancy that our children should know anything of reading, writing and arithmetic, we can easily teach them those things at home.—*Peck's Sun.*

At What Hour of the Day a Law Takes Effect.

The Supreme Court of the United States has rendered an elaborate opinion on a question as important as it is curious. On the 24 of July, 1870, the town of Louisville, Ill., voted to issue certain railroad bonds; but on the same day a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting towns from issuing such bonds was carried by a popular vote and took effect immediately. The question as to the validity of the bonds went to the Federal Supreme Court.

It has been held in many cases that the law does not recognize fractions or divisions of a day, and hence that a Legislative or Congressional act or a Constitutional Amendment goes into operation on the morning of the day on which it was passed or adopted, and consequently embraces the entire day. Thus the United States Supreme Court decided that President Johnson's proclamation of June 13, 1865, removing all restrictions on internal, domestic and coastwise trade, took effect at the beginning of that day and applied to all the transactions of the day. According to this principle the Louisville bonds would have been invalidated by the popular ratification of the Constitutional Amendment on the same day on which the bond-vote was taken.

But there are exceptions to this general rule. "It is true," says the Supreme Court, "that for many purposes the law knows no division of a day, but whenever it becomes important to the ends of justice or in order to decide upon conflicting interests the law will look into fractions of a day as readily as into the fractions of any other unit of time." If necessary the courts will inquire at what hour of the day an act was signed or a proclamation issued by the Chief Executive, and hold that it had no effect previous to that hour. Applying this principle to the Illinois case, the Supreme Court rules that the Constitutional Amendment was not adopted until the polls were closed, and finds that before that hour the entire vote on the bonds was cast. The bonds were accordingly held valid.

—At Centerville, Ark., where there is no Bergh Society, a wager was made as to the endurance of a certain tough mule. The trial drew a crowd, and the betting was heavy. The treadmill of a threshing machine was used, the mule being fastened in it and compelled to walk without rest. Whenever he was inclined to stop he was goaded to keep him moving. He was not allowed food or water. For over three days the beast walked, and when he finally fell down it was to die.

The Seductive Fare.

"Well," spoke up the smooth-faced young man, "faro has sent me to the wall many a time. I will," continued he, "relate a little experience that occurred to me some two or three years ago. I was, as many of you know, paying my addresses to Miss —, the accomplished daughter of the Hon. —. I had an engagement to go to the theater with this young lady one evening. I drew my half month's salary that afternoon, and instead of paying my board bill and other incidental expenses, repaired to a 'bank' and dropped the entire amount. I did not even reserve enough to purchase theater tickets. I looked around to see if I could find a friend who would loan me the required amount, but as usual when you are in distress your friends are often not to be found.

"It was now past seven o'clock, and I knew the young lady was dressed and ready to go to the theater. I studied over the situation, and finally braced up and resolved to go and tell her the plain truth about the matter, and humbly ask her forgiveness. I knew she was a practical girl, endowed with more than average intelligence, and I thought after I told her the whole truth she would be content to postpone going to the theater until a more opportune time presented itself. I went. I told her all.—

"Did she rebuke you?" chimed in three or four voices.

"Well, I should say not," answered the young man. "She just said that she regretted very much that I had lost my money, but it wouldn't do to put off going to the theater, as she had for a week been talking to her folks of the pleasure she anticipated. The young lady looked at her watch, for I had none—it was in pawn—and said: 'It is time we were off.'

"I told her it would be impossible to purchase theater tickets with buttons, that was about all I could show up at the time. The little lady excused herself and hastily left the parlor, saying she would return in a moment. She did return in less than a minute, and putting on her hat and coat, commanded me. I might say, to come on. It just then began to dawn on me that she was going to buy the theater tickets herself, and you can imagine how my proud heart beat at the reflection that I was to have my way paid into the theater by a lady. I had to accept her generosity, though, for she was determined to go at all hazards. She slipped into my hand a brand new twenty dollar bill and said: 'Take that and get the tickets and return me the change.'

"I bought two tickets and paid for them $2.50, leaving $17.50 in change. We sat the first act through, and suddenly I thought of a scheme by which I could repay the lady the cost of the tickets. I told her that I left my room door open and I feared that some one might enter it in my absence and abstract some valuable papers which I keep in the bureau drawer. As I only lived two or three blocks from the theater, she suggested that I had better run down home and lock the room door and then return. Off I went, but instead of going home I repaired to a faro bank, intending to make one or two bets only, and if I made a winning to return and give the young lady her money. I put down a dollar on the ace and lost; another dollar on the ten, and lost.

"Fate seemed to be against me, and I began making half and one dollar bets, losing and winning alternately. I did not keep track of the time, my mind was so much upon the game. By and by, I looked around and saw four or five young men standing near me, all of them in full dress. I uttered the words: 'Is the theater out, for God's sake?' 'Yes,' said one, 'it has been out about twenty minutes.' I did not tarry to cash in what few chips I had, but rushed out of the room at race-horse speed, and down to the theater. All was darkness there. The janitor of the theater, with his small night-lantern, was on the outside. He had just put out all the lights. I stood dumbfounded, and finally concluded to go back to the gambling den and finish up the work which I had begun.

"It was but a short time before I was again broke, and then I departed to my room. My first impulse was to kill myself, but I was too much of a coward to do it. When I arrived at my room I raved like a madman, that I should so basely deceive the one who had done so much to make a man of me. When I thought of the poor girl having to go home all alone, I tore my hair and swore that I would never again play against a game of chance, and I have kept my word to this day.

"Early the next morning I received a note from her, reprimanding me, and requesting that I send her the change from the twenty-dollar note. I had it not, but succeeded in borrowing it later in the evening, but this time I steered clear of the faro bank and went directly to the young lady's house and handed the entire amount in an envelope to the boy who answered the bell, and requested him to give it to the lady. Ten thousand dollars would be no inducement for me to go into a faro bank again. The game is a viciously enticing one, and any young man who bucks against it is bound sooner or later to become both a financial and social wreck."—*Washington Critic.*

About Wills.

1. Before attempting to make one's will it is well to examine the distribution which the law will make in case there is no will. This is well for several reasons, and one of these reasons is, that not infrequently it will appear that the law would distribute the estate substantially, or very nearly, to the owner's liking. Another reason is, that in many cases the legal distribution would be quite contrary to the owner's liking, and this discovery will bring out his own wishes with helpful clearness. Another reason lies midway of the first two; the law will often suggest to the testator methods to be used or to be avoided, and these suggestions will aid him in settling his own plan.

2. When an energetic man or woman sits down to the making of a will the first result is apt to be too much. There is a desire, and there is often a determination to dispose of each parcel of property upon conditions and with qualifications precise to the verge of intricacy: estate tare tied up for two or three generations to come, and material for indefinite litigation is created.

3. On the other hand, the more complaisant man falls in the other direction, and leaves a will so vague as to be of little worth.

4. In each State certain formalities are prescribed by statute, which must be strictly conformed to, and it is risking whatever is at stake upon the whole instrument to undertake the making of a will without the aid of a good lawyer: indeed, only a lawyer of the first rank should be consulted concerning a will.

5. It is quite as necessary to employ a lawyer to state one's wishes with legal accuracy and judicial fairness as to know that the statutory formalities have been observed. It is true that the courts are very indulgent in construing clumsily-drawn wills, and require no niceness of rhetoric or of grammar or of orthography; but all these are non-essentials; the insuperable embarrassment is the frequent impossibility of discovering the testator's meaning; and, if the lawyer is competent, he will know how to put this meaning in unmistakable form, and, doing this, he will render a very valuable service.

6. It is not possible to draw a will which cannot be contested—any more than it is possible to avoid being sued in one's lifetime. The courts are always open, whoever imagines he has a grievance has a right to be heard, and he has only to demand a hearing to secure it. All that can be done, therefore, is to leave behind no real cause of grievance, and to leave a will so plain and just as to command the respect of the intelligent and the fair-minded. If unreasonable men, nevertheless, bring on a contest, and an incompetent court is unable or unwilling to see the facts, the testator may, after all, be baffled. But such cases very rarely happen.

7. More prudent than the careful making of a reasonable will is the timely distribution of an estate in the course of a lifetime. There is no greater evil among property-owners than the excessive accumulation of capital in the hands of one man. The farmer prospers, and his sons and daughters grow up and make beginnings for themselves. The farmer wants at his death to divide all his capital to those who shall succeed him. His children begin life in a small way, and at the old man's death are themselves in middle life, relatively poor, and eager for the divisions of what has been hoed just out of their reach for twenty or thirty years. Such reactions are most unwholesome. If each child upon setting in life is immediately given as nearly as may be the whole of what is intended to be ultimately his, the result is far better.

8. The legal enfranchisement of married women goes rapidly on of late years, and in some States is already almost a fixed. No uniform rule can be laid down, because women are not uniform—even men are not. The capitalist whose wife is his friend and companion, will provide little else in his will than that whatever of property is his at his death shall become his wife's. This is nothing more nor less than a true partnership. The wife whose husband is worthy, will, in like manner, leave everything to her husband. The surviving partner. In such cases children will be dowered as they marry, and it will be understood that no dower will be given which would reduce the paternal estate below the needs of the parents themselves.

9. The tanglest relations between parents and children are the salest, and upon no topic should there be freer speech than touching the family property. The youngest child should always be trusted to know substantially what the family is worth, what the yearly income of fees and gains is, how the estate is to be divided, if there is likely to be enough to divide during the parents' lifetime, and whatever else he may be substantially the wiser for knowing in the premises. Such training in a family, otherwise wholesome, prevents the possibility of trouble about property.

10. Property is capital for use—not mere hoards for drones to live on. The wise parent will not necessarily give an equal number of dollars to each child, by any means. He will give more or less with a single eye to the use likely to be made of it, and he will be very careful not to reduce the pressure of relative poverty which is necessary to the wholesome development of most character. He will spend a fund in the education of one child, and will hand over an equal sum in cash to another, to whom money will be more helpful even than books. In a word, he will look to the end, and will do whatever he does with reference to the final good.

11. As to charities, it seems to be agreed that he who gives in his lifetime is wise, then he who gives after his death. The pleasure of seeing the good done, the suffering relieved, the seed sown, is a pleasure few who once have tasted it will deny themselves.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Demon in the Sky.

One of the most interesting sights in the sky, and one that can be watched without a telescope, is the variation in the light in the star Algol, which—Arabic name means the demon. It is sometimes called the Winking Demon. This wonderful star is now in a good position for observation, being nearly overhead at nightfall. It is the brightest of the little cluster called the Head of Medusa, which according to the old fable Perseus carries in his hand as he rushes to the rescue of Andromeda. For a little over two days and a half Algol shines as a star of the second magnitude. Then its light begins to fade, and in about two hours and a third it sinks to the fourth magnitude, glimmering so feebly that a casual observer would be unable to distinguish it from the other faint stars in its neighborhood. Thus it remains for eighteen minutes, and then it brightens again, and, in the same time that it occupied in growing dim, attains its former brilliancy. From one minimum to another is two days, twenty hours and nearly forty-nine minutes.

The fact that a star thus brightens and grows dim at regular intervals is in itself wonderful, but it appears all the more wonderful when we are told that Algol is a sun, having an enormous dark body revolving around it at a tremendous speed. Some astronomers think this mysterious body will fall into the star, producing an outburst of light and heat that would be fatal to any living being that might exist within millions of miles of that distant sun. Such a catastrophe would be visible in the splendor of the star.—*Chicago Times.*

—A popular preacher in one of the orthodox churches at Samara, a town in the Volga Government, gave umbrage to the Revolutionary Committee of that city by vehemently inveighing against the murderers of the late Czar. A few hours later the committee held a meeting for the purpose of deciding what punishment should be inflicted upon the priest. The committee resolved that he should be put to death, and its members drew lots for the executioner's office, which fell to a girl of nineteen, affiliated to the organization only a few days previously. Upon drawing the fatal lot she exhibited some agitation, but accepted her murderous mission with the words: "The committee will have reason to be satisfied with the manner in which its decree will be carried out." Next morning the doomed priest was awakened shortly after daybreak by the report of a firearm, discharged in a room contiguous to his own bed-chamber. Upon entering the room in question, he beheld his only daughter stretched out at full length upon the floor near the foot of the bed, and weltering in her blood. She had just strength enough left before expiring to confess to him that she had pledged herself to take his life, but preferred killing herself to fulfilling her oath. Exhorted to reveal the names of her fellow-conspirators, she refused. And died without having afforded any clue that could lead to their detection.

—From a Chicago *Tribune* romance: "Just as she was budding into the sweet beauty of perfect womanhood, just as life had for her only roseate hues, the blow had fallen—fallen with cruel, crushing force, and the future, into which she had been looking so joyously and with such confident hope, was rendered dark and desolate by the pall of disappointment which an angry fate had so ruthlessly cast over it. Her father had told her, not an hour ago, that he was ruined—that a deal in No. 2 spring wheat had proven the Circe which lured him on to financial destruction. They were sitting at the supper-table when Pizarro Corcoran related the story of his ruin to the girl, and after he had finished she did not bemoan her sad fate, but only said in low, tender tones: 'How kind of you, papa, not to tell me this until I had eaten the last biscuit. It might have taken away my appetite.'"

Have a Cup of Coffee!

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing lectured yesterday afternoon, at Dearborn Seminary, on "Tea and Coffee." "Millions of pounds of coffee," she said are used annually as a beverage, yet it is a well-known fact that a large proportion of the liquid infused from this favorite berry is such execrable stuff that the complaint of its villainous is almost universal. Lord Beaconsfield, with his wide experience, wrote in "Endymion" that a cup of good coffee is the rarest and most delicious beverage in the world. Bad coffee is certainly the rule, good coffee the exception. There is no reason why coffee should not be invariably good. With a common tin coffee-pot, pure water, and a fine quality of coffee as fragrant and delicious a beverage as any one need care to drink can be prepared without any extraordinary effort or trouble. The proper way always to secure excellent coffee. Mix the ground coffee with the white of an egg and a little cold water, stirring them well together, add one-third of the amount required of cold water, and set the pot on the stove where it will heat gradually. As soon as it comes to a boil add another portion of the water, and in like manner the third portion. After the whole quantity of water has been added, let it boil at once, pour a little cold water into the pot, remove from the stove, and after standing a few minutes to settle, it will be ready for use. This method, which is still simple, is also good. Mix the ground coffee with a small quantity of cold water to a paste, and let it steep for an hour or longer. When needed, add as much boiling water as desired, and let it stand for ten or fifteen minutes where it will keep hot but not boil. Cold water makes a stronger infusion and extracts the aroma of coffee better than hot water, and allowing it to reach the boiling point destroys the taste of rawness incident to most coffees steeped or filtered with boiling water. A little cold water poured into the pot immediately after coffee boils settles it nicely without the use of egg or isinglass, and makes it much clearer than the settling usually connected to the average cook. But it does not clarify it perfectly. A fine sediment, which gives coffee a slightly mealy color, will remain to distract from its appearance and impair its flavor. When egg is added the sediment is precipitated, and the coffee is clarified as well as settled. An inferior grade of coffee, properly made and perfectly clarified, will give better satisfaction than the finest grade made and settled imperfectly. There are so many varieties of coffee, and such a difference in tastes, that it is difficult to lay down any general rule in regard to the best varieties to select, or the quantity of coffee to use in making this beverage. Delmonico always allowed twelve tablespoonfuls, or six ounces, of coffee to a quart of water. Professor Blot believed two ounces to a quart was sufficient, while Soyer thought one ounce to the quart was as much as one needed. The lecturer believed the proportions as best suited the average taste were two large tablespoonfuls of ground coffee to each pint of water, and said the most delicious coffee she had ever drunk was made of a mixture of equal part of Mocha, two parts Java and two parts Rio, and prepared according to the first receipt given above. The flavor of coffee, she continued, is very mutually improved by almost persons by the addition of good cream, but when cream cannot be obtained, nice boiled milk is an excellent substitute, and is even better than a poor quality of cream. Tea, to be good, must be made with boiling water, but should not be boiled. Put the tea in the pot, a teaspoonful to each cup of water is about the proper quantity, if the tea is of good quality; let the pot remain on the corner of the stove or range till well warmed, then pour enough of boiling water in the tea to thoroughly saturate it. Let it steep ten or fifteen minutes, then pour on all the boiling water needed, and the tea is ready for use. Unless the pot is perfectly clean and the water fresh boiled, the tea will be apt to taste flat and smoky. The grasses absorbed by water give it a brisk, agreeable flavor, and when water is boiled for a length of time these grasses are drawn off, and will not make tea of the best quality. When coffee is made with boiling water the same is true in regard to it, although the difference between fresh and stale boiled water is not so apparent to the taste in coffee as in tea. Reboiled water is subject to the same objection, and should not be used in making either tea or coffee.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Vile Conspiracy.

Jehiel Jasper strolled into the grocery store and Post-office of one of our back country villages, Saturday, and after standing around with his back to the fire until he was permeated with caloric, said:

"Well, I guess I'll read the news and get along towards home. Square Perkinses' paper come yet?" and he stepped behind the Post-office boxes, as was his custom, to take it out and read it.

"Can't let you see it, Jehiel," said the Postmaster; "Government has issued orders that any Postmaster who allows a non-subscriber to read a subscriber's paper will lose his position."

"No! You don't tell me! Well, if that ain't a great idea? It's a put up job—a gol darned conspiracy between these 'ere newspapers and the Gov'ment to keep the multitude in ignorance, so that they can domineer it over the community. And they talk about this 'ere bein' a free country. It's drifting right into despotism jes' as fast as it can. How in thunder's a man to know what's goin' on if he don't read, an' now the Government's settin' down on all sleds of edification, an' takin' away that privilege?"

"Oh, not so bad as that, Jehiel," said the Postmaster. "The Government doesn't say anything against your subscribing for the paper yourself, you know."

"Subscribin' for it! What d'ye take me for? D'ye 'spose I'm goin' to subscribe for a paper that I've read fourteen years right here by the stove without costin' me a cent? No, sir. I am a goin' to help 'em to oppress me by keepin' me in ignorance. No, sir-ee." And having got a supply of cheap plug tobacco put "on the slate," he mogged home a thoroughly oppressed citizen.—*New Haven Register.*

Where Jewels Are Found.

The diamond comes chiefly from Brazil and South Africa; the finest rubies from Burmah; the best emeralds from New Granada, while some are found in Burmah and in Germany; the sapphire is found principally in Ceylon. Pearls are brought from Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, and the Gulf of California. The opal is found in Hungary and Germany, Central America and many other places; the moonstone principally in Ceylon; the amethyst in India, Ceylon, Brazil, Persia, Siberia, Hungary and Spain; the aquamarine in Siberia and Scotland, and elsewhere; cat's-eyes in Ceylon, and the Hartz Mountains. The turquois is abundant in Ceylon and Persia. The onyx is widely diffused, the supply of commerce being obtained from Yemen in Arabia, Saxony, Russia and Great Britain. There are numerous other stones, not precious, used from time to time in an ornamental way, but not now permitted by fashionable caprice to enter largely into the composition of jewelry.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A woman, ninety-five years old, has been found in South Carolina, who never saw a railroad until one was built past her house the other day.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—It appears that the total customs duties levied on books imported into the United States realize not less than $1,000,000.

—Thomas McElrath, business manager of the New York *Tribune*, died during Greeley's regime, unknown to his guardian angel, recently.

—A "fine writer" is a man who having good taste and a tender heart, can say what he means in pure English.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—Mary Anderson has been upon the stage six years during long, in a sense, never and of long said, never had a continuous engagement of a night. Thirty-nine years of age.

—Mr. Walter Thornbury, an Englishman who would benefit by reading and speaking the Queen's English, died in London last week. He had made a study of the language.

—Professor Tyndall, of University, was asked to drop a line on the proof of his pronunciation of his name. He dashed off a card from his pocket, having forgotten his pen, and the card was found in January was about to be.

—Mr. Phelps A. Hendricks, Indiana Democratic Executive, wrote and a case of pneumonia resulting, but gone in the war, and was transported unconscious, is to be so published.

—A Dutch proverb asked: "Are there two alike in the world? Yes, and any number." "Where can there be more?" "In a mirror." "Where can there be less?" "In a Dutch family." "Where can there be more than one?" "In a Dutch family." "Where can there be less than one