THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

EASTER MORNING.

Dame Margaret spake to Annie Blair,
To Annie Blair spake she;
As from beneath her wrinkled hand
She peered far out to sea.

"Look forth, look forth, O Annie Blair,
For my old eyes are dim;
See you a single boat afloat
Within the harbor's rim?"

Sweet Annie looked to east, to west,
To north and south to look also;
There was no single boat afloat
Up in the angry sea.

"The sky was dark, the winds were high,
The breakers lashed the shore;
And louder and still louder swelled
The tempest's soul-it roar.

"Look forth again," Dame Margaret cried:
"Doth many boat come in?"
And scarce she heard the answering word
Above the furious din.

"Pray God no boat may put to sea
In such a gale!" she said;
"Pray God no soul may dare to night
The rocks of Danger Head!"

"This is Good-Friday, Annie Blair,"
Dame Margaret cried again,
"When Mary's son, the Merciful,
On Calvary was slain.

"The earth did quake, the rocks were rent,
The graves were opened wide,
And darkness like to this I ill down
When He—the Holy—died.

"Give me your hand, O Annie Blair;
Your two knees bend upon;
Child, send to you your lover back—
To me, my only son!"

All night they watched, all night they prayed,
All night they heard the roar
Of the fierce breakers dashing high
Upon the lonely shore.

Oh, hark! strange footsteps on the sand,
A voice above the din
"Dame Margaret! Dame Margaret!
Is Annie Blair within?

"High on the rocks of Danger Head
He lieth—a dead man,
All reddened, all unclothed—
Mere—broken and splintered mast."

Oh, hark! slow footsteps on the sand,
And women wailing sore:
"Dame Margaret! Dame Margaret!
Your son you'll see no more!"

"God pity you! Christ comfort you!"
The weeping women cried;
But "May God pity Annie Blair!"
Dame Margaret replied.

"For I feel long and youth is strong,
And it must still bear on.
Leave us alone to make our moan—
My son! alas, my son!"

The Easter morning, flushed with joy,
Saw all the winds at rest,
And far and near the land—it smiled
With sunshine on its breast.

The neighbors came, the neighbors went;
They sought the house of prayer;
But on the rocks of Danger Head
The dame and Annie Blair,

With still, white faces, watched the deep
Without a tear or moan.
"I cannot weep," said Annie Blair—
"My heart is turned to stone."

Forth from the church the pastor came,
And up the rocks strode he;
Bring me the thin white locks to meet
The salt breath of the sea."

"The rocks shall rend, the earth shall quake,
The sea give up its dead,
For Christ—our Lord is risen, indeed—
'Tis Easter morn," he said.

Oh, hark! oh, hark! A startled cry,
A rushed hurrying to it;
The swooning of a manhood man
Adown the village street.

"Now unforgiven and Christ the Lord
Be praise and thanks—I pray!
The sea hath given—it gives—the dead
This blessed Easter-day!"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

PAMELA CRUMP'S ESCAPADE.

The Crumps were, or considered themselves, the very first people in Pottsville, and Josiah Crump, the present head of the family, was very proud of his ancestors. He was about the mean-est man in money matters ever known. He had driven his boys from home by his niggardliness; and now that his wife was dead his daughter Pamela was all that he had left. She was a handsome, strong, well-made girl, with a good mind, although he had given her the very poorest education and no accomplishments whatever. She worked in his house without help, or thanks, or reward of any kind; her only consolation being that she *was* Miss Crump.

"Much good that does me," she used to say, as she toiled away to save her rich father a few more dollars.

Girls who had no grandfathers to boast about, had accomplishments and good clothes, and comforts and pleasures of all sorts which she never knew, and which her father could well afford. At last, on her nineteenth birth-day, after she had longed in silence for many days, Pamela grew bold. Long, furlined cloaks were just coming into fashion, and how she wanted one, only a girl can know.

It was while her father sat counting over a great roll of bills, which he had just received as the rent of certain property, that she went softly behind him, and said, meekly:

"Pa, can I have one of those large black silk cloaks, such as Betsy Buroughs wears—one with a fur lining? I'll make it myself. It will wear for years. O, pa, I do so want it!" and she paused, with hands unconsciously clasped together.

Mr. Crump looked at her, horror-stricken.

"A *silk* cloak, with a fur lining!" he repeated, slowly. "No, you can't, Pamela; it's too expensive. Get your poor ma's gray blanket-shawl and wear that out. I'm sure she'd be willing."

"Poor ma's shawl had moths in it two years before she died," sighed Pamela. "She couldn't wear it, and you never knew, pa, you don't know how badly off I am. I've outgrown my sack, and look like a fool in it. I have boys' shoes and a hat—oh, dear, such a hat! I cannot really go out anywhere."

"Women should be keepers at home," said Mr. Crump.

"Certainly I ought to go to church," said Pamela.

"Not to show fine clothes," said Mr. Crump.

"But I ought to dress like a lady," sighed the poor girl. "I should think you'd admit that, pa?"

"*Ladies* are not always most dressed," said Mr. Crump. "Far from it. You are Miss Crump. Remember the Crumps are the oldest family in Pottsville."

"O, I know all that, pa," interrupted Pamela; "but it does no good if I must go about looking like a beggar."

Mr. Crump brought his cane down on the floor, thundered out: "Hold your tongue, Pamela," buttoned his pocket-book into his bosom, and trotted away to deposit the money, while Pamela, scarlet from brow to chin, remained where he had left her.

"O, what shall I do?" she exclaimed at last. "Is this a woman's fate to beg all the days of her life? I have no education. I cannot teach. I can do nothing but household work. I'm the best washer in the village, but— There!" cried Pamela, bringing her foot down on the floor suddenly. "There! I've got it. A girl who can wash and iron as I can doesn't need to beg for her clothes."

Brushing her tears away, she ran into the entry, took from a peg her shabby sack and hat, put them on, locked up the house, and hurried down the village street as fast as her strong young limbs could carry her, until she stopped at a little white house, at the low window of which she tapped. A little girl opened the door, and Pamela followed her into a sitting-room, where a thin woman sat, amidst cushions, in a big Boston rocking-chair, with a brand new baby across her knee, two older ones on the floor near her, and two little boys building a block-house on the table, while the little girl who had opened the door made the sixth of the youthful group.

"Why, Miss Pamela," said the mother, "how pleased I am to see you! Excuse my getting up. I ain't strong yet. I was thinking when you came in whether or no I should be able to darn that piece in the carpet, but I don't feel I shall. Nurse has gone away, and sister can't come, because her husband is down with malaria, and I'm awfully unsettled."

"You must be," said Pamela, dandling the baby. "Why, what a little beauty it is, Mrs. Pease. I suppose you've got a washerwoman this week?"

"No, I haven't. It's my worst trouble," said Mrs. Pease. "I had Kitty bring the things, and they are all mended and sorted out; but black Barbara is engaged up on the hill, and I don't know what I'll do."

"Hire *me*," said Pamela.

"Ma!" laughed Mrs. Pease. "Why, Miss Crump."

"I mean it," said Pamela. "I wash better than black Barbara, and I want to earn some money. You can pay me what you pay her, Mrs. Pease."

"A dollar a day," said Mrs. Pease; "that gracious, Miss Pamela; you *can't* mean it?"

"I mean it from my heart," said Pamela. "Pa thinks more of his money than he does of me. I'm going to earn clothes for myself. I need them, I'm sure."

"Men are so peculiar sometimes," sighed Mrs. Pease. "If you really mean it, it will be a great comfort to me."

Pamela instantly took off her bonnet and sack, tucked up her skirt, and took Kitty out into the kitchen with her.

Before night "the washing," white as snow, was piled in a great clothes-basket. Mrs. Pease had had a good bowl of soup, and all was tidy in the little sitting-room, where Pamela sat mending the bit of carpet.

"I knew it would bother you until it was done," she said, "and now I'll go home and get pa's tea."

"Oh, Miss Pamela, I'm so much obliged," said Mrs. Pease, "and I believe you've only done it to oblige me."

"No," said Pamela. "I did it to earn money. May I come next Monday?"

"Why, gracious me! if you *will*," said Mrs. Pease.

"Been to see Mrs. Pease?" asked curious Mrs. Chalker, peeping out of her kitchen door as Pamela passed.

"I've been washing for her," said Pamela.

"Why, how Christian kind of you, to be sure," said Mrs. Chalker.

"Nothing of the sort," said Pamela. "I took my dollar for it. Have you your wash-woman, Mrs. Chalker?"

"No, I haven't, and I ain't able to wash," said Mrs. Chalker.

Pamela instantly offered her services.

"I'm going to go out washing," she said. "I'm going to do it just as other wash-women do for money. I shan't explain why. But here I am, a splendid laundress, ready to be hired six days in the week, from seven to six if any one wants me."

So it began. Before long Pamela had many employers, and the village was rife with supposition as to the why and wherefore; but never was girl prouder of herself than was Pamela when she laid down upon the counter of a dry goods store the money for the silk and fur of her coveted cloak; hard-earned money, but all her very own, not a cent of it coaxed out of any unwilling man alive.

She wore the cloak and a pretty plush bonnet and new kid gloves to church on Christmas day. She looked well. The Squire stared at her solemnly, but he knew she had had no money.

"I reckon," he thought, "she's cut up her poor ma's old black silk. I won't ask any questions," and he held his peace.

Pamela, as she looked at him, wondered what he would say if he knew all. That week she had had some cards printed—professional cards.

The printer brought them home next morning. They read thus:

"MISS PAMELA CRUMP—Laundress. House-cleaning done in the best manner. CURZON HOUSE, ——."

The cards were circulated through the village by a boy hired for the purpose, and on her return at night from her day's work, Pamela found a postal card awaiting her:

"MISS CRUMP, Laundress—Please call at Mr. Bothwell's early to-morrow.

G. BOTHWELL."

Now, Mr. Bothwell was the new minister, a widower with two children. He knew nothing of the Crumps or of the village as yet. He had preached there once, and been "called" in consequence, on the demise of the excellent Mr. Dolorous, who had departed this life at a ripe old age. Pamela laughed a little as she determined to call and see what was desired. At seven o'clock she rang the bell of the pastor's very small house and was answered by the gentleman himself. He was in evident distress of mind, and his dressing gown needed mending sadly.

He looked at Miss Crump for a moment and then requested her to walk into his study. It was a dusty place with a good deal of manuscript lying about; and the shrieks of weeping children were heard in the distance.

"May I ask what I can do for you, madam?" inquired the gentleman, motioning to a seat.

"You wrote to me," said Pamela. "Miss Crump, laundress."

"Oh, dear me, yes," replied Mr. Bothwell, with wide-open eyes—"I wrote to you. Thanks for your promptness. The fact of the matter is, my housekeeper—an aged colored person—I thought her most estimable—is lying terribly intoxicated on the kitchen floor, and has been for two days, and things are—are—"

And Mr. Bothwell, running short of words, spread his hands abroad in a pantomime descriptive of chaos.

"I understand," said Pamela calmly. "Where is your kitchen?"

Two hours afterward the master was calmly writing in his study, and the children, washed and dressed, were listening to the stories Pamela told them as she rubbed away at the washboard.

The housekeeper had been dumped upon a bed in a small bed-room on the lower floor to sleep off her intoxication, and potatoes were boiling and a couple of chickens roasting for the family dinner.

Meanwhile, Mr. Crump, having some important documents to inspect, had come home unexpectedly, and entering the house, had found it empty, and in the sitting-room came upon a sight which petrified him with horror.

A little portable desk, which his daughter had appropriated for her own, lying open on the table and in it the cards we have described, and her account book.

He read the cards first:

MISS PAMELA CRUMP—Laundress. House-cleaning done in the best manner.

Then he ran his eye over the account book.

Washed—Monday, for Mrs. Pease; Tuesday, for Mrs. Chalker; Wednesday, for Mrs. Mott; iron, Thursday afternoon; house-cleaning for Mrs. Down on Saturday.

All this in a furious rage, and almost foaming at the mouth, until he came to the following:

Dec. 5th—Bought silk and fur for cloak.
Dec. 10th.—Made cloak. It fits well.
Dec. 25th.—Wore cloak to church, and thanked Heaven I hadn't had to beg it from father.

Then Mr. Crump closed the book, and with a queer disposition to cry, sat down beside his solitary hearth and looked at the fire for several hours, without stirring.

When Pamela opened the door and came in, she saw her father, and knew that he knew all.

"Pamela, come here," he said. "How long has this been going on?"

"Since October, pa," the girl answered.

"Then you've been disgracing me and yourself for three months," said the old man. "You, a Crump! and all to spite your poor old father for being careful of his money."

Pamela was not afraid of her father now. She came over and sat beside him.

"Pa," she said, "it was not for spite; it was for need; I suffered so much mortification, not only from being shabby, but having to beg. If there is anything in good blood, as you think there is, perhaps that made it hard for me to beg from even you. I was happier earning what I needed. Would you like to be a beggar, pa?"

"You've done very wrong, Pamela," said her father. Then he paused, and added: "You shall tell me what allowance you need for your clothes, and I'll let you have it monthly. Now give me those cards."

He burnt them in the fire when she had handed them to him, and she hurried away to get his tea, and no more was said. The Crumps were not great talkers.

But Pamela is not sorry for what she did to this day.

As for Mr. Bothwell, he rejoices; for otherwise, perhaps, he might, being a shy man, never have met Pamela Crump, who is to marry him before long. Other people may blame her for her "escapade," or call her "odd" or spiteful; he understands her, and admires her all the more for her independence.

"Though, Pamela," he often says, "I should have offered myself all the same had you actually been a laundress."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Some of Lord Bridgewater's Stories.

Of Lord Loughborough Lord Bridgewater tells a couple of stories which are not to be found in Campbell's biography of that eminent mediocrity. In his capacity as Chancellor he was, of course, judge of the sanity of suspected lunatics. The heirs of a gentleman of fortune wished to take out a statute of lunacy against him, whereupon Lord Loughborough had him brought up for examination. A long conversation took place, during which the gentleman answered so pertinently and spoke so well that the Chancellor was almost convinced of his sanity. Toward the end of the examination a slip of paper was thrust into his hand, bearing the single word "Ezekiel." This was quite enough for Lord Loughborough, who at once began to speak about the Hebrew prophets. "What fine poetry," said he, "there is in Isaiah!" "Very fine," replied the patient; "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote!" "Surely," was the reply. "And Ezekiel, too; what a genius was Ezekiel?" "Do you like him?" said the man. "I'll tell you a secret: I am Ezekiel."

The other story is perhaps better. The Earl of Bradford was brought before him for the same purpose, and a conversation followed, in which the Chancellor was completely puzzled. At last he asked: "How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean," asked Lord Bradford, "a live sheep or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford; "there is much difference. A live sheep may have four legs; a dead sheep has only two. The two fore legs are shoulders, but there are two legs of mutton."

His resistance in the county afforded Lord Bridgewater matter for occasional jesting. One of his anecdotes is of his father, who declared that he knew the length of an old woman's conscience. An old woman, who was one of the weeders in the garden, accosted him one morning and said: "My lord, there is a great deal of red tape in the garden—may I take some of it?" "Yes, good woman, certainly," replied he, "take enough in conscience." The head gardener, who afterward had occasion for some tape, finding but little left, measured the remainder, and found that the old woman had taken about thirty yards and a half.—*London Society.*

The Blizzard of Siberia.

King Burran, a distant relative of Western Blizzard, is the great ogre of Siberian traveling. He is apparently delighted when he comes down and finds the earth all covered with the light frozen particles of snow, all ready to be blown and drifted about hither and thither wherever his wild fancy wishes. He revels in delight at the mischief he is enabled to accomplish unchecked and unbidden. Calling his companions about him the entire family of the Burrans, he begins his work. First, he just blows the snow particles leisurely over the wide plains, as if he would like to level off the entire country to a dead monotony. So he blows it over the post-roads until it has reached the level of the surrounding plain, fondly imagining in his stupid mind that the sledge and caravan drivers will lose their way and get stuck fast in the drifts. But his game has been anticipated, and dead brushwood has been planted all along the route, which the drift cannot cover, and the yemschik can see where to steer his sledge quite as well as if it were in summer time. "But I know a place," he thinks to himself, "where the foolish human beings have not taken any precautions. There is the road through the woods yonder; this I will block up with a heavy drift, so that the dull-headed yemschik will have to make a detour of four or five miles in order to get on the road again." This done King Burran hurries along full of glee to the next village. Here is a post station, he thinks to himself, and the traveler must pass through the streets in order to get a change of horses. "I will make it warm for him," he soliloquizes, and then proceeds to carry all the snow he can gather up from the plains and to pile it in huge mountains along the village streets and against the peasants' houses. "I will make it difficult," he says, "not only for the traveler to proceed, but I will give the poverty stricken peasant something better to do than to go out and render our friend in the sledge any assistance." So, having filled the streets, he proceeds to fill the farm-yard level with the housetops. "Ah, there are the good man's cattle shivering under the board fence. Forty degrees of Reaumur is certainly too much for them. I will give them a nice white covering wherewith they may keep themselves warm," and then he proceeds to bury up the poor man's cattle so that they have to be dug out in the morning, some dead and some alive. This done, he goes on his way rejoicing, piling up a few more drifts on the route from his wanton exuberance of spirits, and then he disappears northward again. This seems to be the spirit in which the storm king does his Siberian work, and woe to the unfortunate traveler who follows close upon the monarch's heels. As you pass along these Siberian post-roads you cannot help thinking that old Burran is in the habit of playing practical jokes upon peasants, yemschiks and travelers, so uniform is his method of procedure. Many villages through which we passed during the last two days of our journey from Orenburg to Omsk were literally made level with the surrounding plains, the farm-yards being filled with the snow that could not be piled into the village streets or up against and over the one-storied log-houses of the place. We were fortunate, however, in coming a day or two after the visit of the old giant, and only once had our driver to make a long detour to avoid the drifts in a short stretch of forest road; and only once did he catch us in his wild game of snow-drift, and I may flatter myself that we escaped with only a minimum of delay.—*Siberian Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Mr. Gladstone's Library.

If Mr. Gladstone were given to the affixing of his house with inscriptions, he would have written over the door of its library, "Abandon conversation, ye who enter here." Without the inscription the injunction is understood. If people hanker after conversation, there are plenty of rooms adjoining where they may enjoy themselves. In the library, it is understood, you read or write, but do not talk.

The library has three windows and two fire-places, and is built about with bookcases. Here and in other rooms there are stored over 10,000 volumes, of which theological works form an appreciable proportion. These are collected in one particular corner of the room. Separate departments are assigned to the works of Homer, Shakespeare and Dante. Unlike most lovers of books, Mr. Gladstone is not selfish in his affection. Since there is no public library near at hand, the library at Hawarden Castle is open to borrowers, no further security being taken than the entry in a book of the name of the borrower, with the date of the transaction. There are three writing tables in the library, each having its distinct work assigned to it. At one Mr. Gladstone seats himself when engaged in political work; the second is reserved for literary labor and Homeric studies; the third is Mrs. Gladstone's. "It is," Mr. Gladstone remarks, with a mournful smile, and a wistful glance at the desk where "Justinus Mundi" was written, "a long time since I sat there." In a corner of the room stands an ax, a present from Nottingham, which Mr. Gladstone prefers, and is accustomed to use. In the library the Premier spends nearly the whole of such portion of the day as is occupied within doors. Here, with the busts of Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Canning, Cobden and Homer looking down upon him from the book-cases, and with his old friend Tennyson glancing out from the large bronze medallion which lies on a table near, Mr. Gladstone has thought out an Irish Church Bill, two Irish Land Bills, and many Budgets.

The work each succeeding morning brings to the Premier is enormous in quantity and universal in interest. Human energies, however colossal, would fail to grapple with it unless assisted by method. Mr. Gladstone is as methodical as he is energetic, and no day departs without having its work fully accomplished. His correspondence, both private and official, is enormous, and is dealt with on a very simple plan. The secretary opens his letters, reads them, and indorses on the back of each the name of the writer and the purport of his epistle, this last undertaking being accomplished within a space that would surprise the writer, who has probably covered three or four folios. Mr. Gladstone sees everything, and indicates the nature of the reply, where reply appears to be necessary. If the letter be specially important, or peculiarly interesting, he reads it himself. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is satisfied with glancing at the *precis*. Before he resumed office his irrepressible energy found some outlet in conducting his correspondence with his own hand. Any bore or ninny-hammer who cared to invest a penny in a postage stamp could draw from the great man a post-card written in the well-known handwriting, and with the even more familiar signature. Now, Mr. Gladstone avails himself much more fully of the services of his secretaries, and though he writes many letters in the day, they stand in infinitesimal proportion to those that are sent out in his name. One device he has hit upon is calculated to soothe the feelings of his innumerable correspondents. He had a note in his own handwriting lithographed, in which he begs to thank his correspondent for his favor, and remains his faithfully, W. E. Gladstone. This is so well done that the unsuspecting correspondent, not familiar with the appearance of lithography, may cherish the note under the impression that it has been written especially to him by the great minister. *H. W. Lucy, in Harper's Magazine.*

Daily Bread.

"And when I have broken the staff of your bread, ten women shall bake your bread in one oven, and they shall bring your bread again by weight, and ye shall eat and not be satisfied."—Leviticus.

"Glory is an art
Still changing into fort of momentary triumph.
Know on the top of thy genius most depend;
All books of cookery, all bridles or art
Are vain, if without genius thou would's cook."

At an inn in Sweden there is the following inscription on the wall in English: "You will find at Trollhathe excellent bread, meat and wine, *provided you bring them.*"

It is said in Holy writ that "man cannot live by bread alone." That bread was as important a part of the diet of mankind in the old days as it is now, may be easily inferred from the fact that it is mentioned in the books of the Old and New Testament nearly three hundred times. In Ruth II and 14 Boaz says to the maiden: "At meal time come thou hither and eat of the bread and dip thy morsel in the vinegar." David said to the lame son of Jonathan: "Thou shalt eat bread at my table continually." In the reprint of the apostle's exhortation to owe no man anything, Paul advises the Thessalonians to "eat their own bread," and says of himself and his company: "Neither did we eat any man's bread for nought." Moses gave a law to the Israelites which they keep to this day, that they should commemorate there coming out of Egypt by eating unleavened bread for seven days. The bread was also made into loaves. Samuel told Saul he would meet three men, "one carrying three kids and another carrying three loaves of bread." And when the Witch of Endor entertained Saul she killed a fat calf, "took flour and kneaded it and did bake unleavened bread thereof." We can imagine that it was a Sally Lunn sort of bread and not at all bad to eat. They had also in those days the common bread and show bread, and loaves were sold by weight as they are at the present time. It is also in practice now to ask for bread and receive a stone; and of all mischievous things that should not be taken for the stomach's sake, heavy, soggy, leaden bread is the worst. It is a common apology for heavy bread that it is sweet—so is arsenic, and it has the merit of killing quickly, but the other drags in its attendent dyspepsia and bids its victim endure a life of torture. Thomas Hood appreciated it when he wrote:

"Who has not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead?"

A lady—translated, loaf-giver—needs no better recommendation as an accomplished house-wife than the fact that she can make good, sweet, light, wholesome, delicious bread. Whether it is in the knack of things or hereditary—like red hair and temper—is a question more puzzling than the nativity of the sphinx. There are women who cannot make poor bread; no matter whether they have winter wheat, spring wheat, bolted or unbolted flour, their bread will be good and sweet and light. It must be that good bread-makers, like poets, are born, not made. There is no doubt that it is one of the most important branches of housekeeping; and the woman who aspires to the position must give her whole mind to it as the Boston swell did to his neck tie. It must be watched like a sleeping infant when it is rising, for there is an exact moment when the bubbles are just right, when if pressed with the fingers it dimples all over, and is soft and plastic for the molding hand. From then until the round golden loaves are stood up on their edges to cool, the bread-maker must give her undivided attention to it; she cannot indulge in a continued story or chat over the back fence with a neighbor or in any serious distraction of the mind without disastrous consequences. A lady in this city who had engaged a new girl was called to baking day by a horrible odor of burning bread. She ran down to the kitchen and found the oven filled with smoke, the bread ruined and no girl visible. That sumptuary was sitting on the step of the wood-shed reading with tear-dimmed eyes the fascinating story of "The Missing Bride," and she shook a pin in the page where she left off before her dazed senses realized that one had burnt up fifty cents' worth of flour.

Every cook book has a number of recipes for making sweet bread, some of them are good, others are worthless. All need very careful testing before they can be accepted, the requirements of different persons as to what constitutes good bread being as varied in quality as the bread itself. Care and system are necessary in all its branches from the beginning with the yeast or life, and ending with the disposition of the bread after it is baked. Warm bread is a rapid absorbent of odors or flavors. If laid on a pine table, or placed in a pantry contiguous to a barrel of onions, or put in a musty drawer, the delicate taste of the bread will suffer. It should be kept in a tin box or stone jar that is thoroughly washed and dried once a week in winter, twice a week in summer, well covered and dry.—*Boston Post and Traveler.*

Riding Harlequin.

One of the amusements of Australian stock raisers is to "run" a "mob" of wild horses, "mob" being the stockman's name for herd. Some of these mobs number among their most active members fine animals which have been broken, but have run away from a life of servitude. One day, news spread through a certain district that a mob had been run into the stock yards of a farmer. Many who had lost horses visited the farm, and among them a young man named Fitzgerald. As he was looking the mob over, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, that's lucky! I've not seen that gray horse these two years. I made sure that some one had stolen him."

Going into the yard he tried to drive this horse into a corner, by himself and catch him. But round and round flew the mob like wild deer, the gray as wild as any of them. Getting a long, light, greenhide rope, Fitzgerald made a noose at one end. Gathering up the slack in one hand, and holding the noose in the other, he whirled it two or three times round his head and sent it circling through the air at the gray, who kept thing about the yard. For a moment it hovered over the horse's head, and then settled round his neck. The rope was tightened, and the gray made a plunge or two. But his old training resuming its sway, he walked towards his master, though straining slightly on the rope. With a long stick Fitzgerald rubbed the horse gently over the head and body. Gradually approaching, he slipped on the bridle. But not until his face leg was strapped up did the horse suffer the saddle and the cruppers to be put on.

After giving Harlequin—as the gray was named—a few turns around the yard, in order that he might back if disposed to, before being mounted, Mr. Fitzgerald said:

"Now, Harlequin, old boy, we'll try whether you or I can hold out the longest."

He made several attempts to mount, which the horse resisted by plunging. Shortening the reins, and holding the near side cantle in one hand and a pair of iron, he placed his toe in the stirrup and in an instant was on Harlequin's back. A furious plunge half way across the yard, and the horse alighted on the ground with all four feet close to each other, his head between his fore legs, his tail well in, and his back bent like a cat's when a dog barks at her. But this bucking, though repeated again and again, failed to unseat the rider. Round and round spun the maddened gray, bucking and squealing like a pig, but his rider's vise like legs retained their grasp. All at once a strap was seen flying loose about the cantle of the saddle. "He's slipped his cripper, Fitzgerald's bound to come off now," exclaimed one of the stockmen. With each buck the saddle slipped further on to the horse's withers. At last a furious buck sent the plucky rider to the ground, with the saddle between his legs, and the bridle, which he had dragged off, in his hand. Away flew the horse, smashing the saddle with a kick which he intended for its owner. Inspection showed that the gray had slipped his tail out of the cripper. The horse was again caught and this time the cripper was tied to the tail with a piece of twine. On mounting the contest began again. Whip and spur had to be used, and an hour passed before the horse was subdued to canter and stop at his rider's bidding. But the subjection was real, for the master leaned back on the saddle and patted the hind quarters, which a few hours before it would have been almost certain death to approach.—*Youth's Companion.*

An Egyptian Crime.

A great scandal occurs to my mind, as happening at Cairo in 1880. Scheikh Hamuda Berda lived in a quarter of the town less fashionable than is generally affected by wealthy saints who have gained public recognition. With modest assurance he declared that Allah had personally granted him authority to cure all diseases. By the hand of Mahomet himself, the Merciful One confided to him drugs and lotions which restored the sight, replaced an amputated limb, and so on. As for mere pains and aches he removed them at a word. During many years' residence at Cairo, a vast number of persons profited by his supernatural skill, but he specially laid himself out for female patients. In later times, the good man found his practice so large that he could no longer attend poor people. From every part of Egypt, Arabia and Syria, wealthy ladies came to consult the Scheikh, and of course they brought a handsome present.

One day, toward the middle of last year, the young wife of Izzet Bey, a Colonel in the Egyptian service, proposed to visit him for an affection of the eyes. The Colonel sent her with a proper retinue of attendants, who returned, I know not why, after depositing their mistress at the door of Hamuda Berda. She entered with a favorite slave, but never came out again. For some days her husband was not alarmed, since surgical operations demand a certain time. Anxious at length, he called upon the Scheikh, whose manner was not reassuring. He protested that the young woman had left on the evening of her arrival, cured. The Colonel was not satisfied. He appealed to the police, and they searched the dwelling minutely; I presume that Izzet Bey is a man of influence. Nothing was found in the saintly house, but a very foul and malodorous well in the garden drew their notice. Removing the cover they found the corpses of the young woman and her slave, among such a mass of putrid bones as showed that wholesale murder had been going on for years. Brought before the Cadi, the saint confessed his habit of strangling every woman who came to consult him, if her jewelry seemed worth the trouble. Such hideous stories now and then shock the grave, dumb population of the East.—*All the Year Round.*

—A big cast-iron dog in a Sacramento store frightened away three armed burglars.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, is said to have learned Greek after she was fifty years old.

—Edward Payson Weston, the pedestrian, is delivering lectures in England on "Advantages of Temperance in Athletic Exercises."

—The Secretary of War is having prepared an elaborate report of the Yorktown Centennial celebration, with the major details of troops and other matters of interest in connection with the affair.

—Colonel John L. Lee, of Buffalo, N. Y., inventor of the Lee submarine torpedo, has been made the Czar's adviser of the an-lent and honorable order of St. Anne. He is the only American who has thus been honored.

—A New York lady of letters has written a novel of New York upper society, with the title, "A Transplanted Rose." It is a very truthful and entertaining collection of the more intimate anatomy of the highest social ganglia.

—The Boston *Post* discovers that in the library sale for the month of November Hawthorne, George Parsons Lathrop is a week ahead of Julian Hawthorne. Mr. Lathrop, we believe, married one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughters.

—The Queen of Italy is described as having an interesting but sad and pathetic expression of countenance. She has no majesty of presence, her walk is ungraceful, but her manners are affable and gracious, and she puts the shyest stranger instantly at ease.

—The author of those wonderful books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" is Mr. Dodgson, an Oxford magrate of the lowest degree. No books of humorous ever had a greater success among literary people.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The chief American worshiper of Robert Browning is Mr. Thaxter, the husband of the poet Celia Thaxter. This Massachusetts man has devoted many years of his life to the study of Browning, and has been giving readings of his favorite works in Boston.

—Seth Green, the noted pisciculturist, is thus described in the Rochester *Democrat*: "Mr. Green is one of those hardy, well-preserved, gracious men who receive one in the most hospitable and informal manner. His strong frame bears a large rounded head, well stocked with hair, and his long, heavy grey whiskers, almost hiding the lack of decision evidenced by his mouth, give him the appearance of a patriarch of the good old Yankee days in the colonies. Beneath and gleaming through the deep set eye, with its steadfast look that expresses a full rounded out character and contented disposition, is a merry twinkle that enkindles into a well-defined expression of satisfaction whenever he relates his experience with his friends, the inhabitants of the watery element."

HUMOROUS.

—The English complain that our raw cotton has sand in it. Let 'em work it right in, sell it to friction factory and sell it for match scratchers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A little boy who has been used to receiving his older brother's old toys and clothes recently remarked: "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

—"I'd have you know that my uncle was a banister of the law." "A tip for your banister?" retorted Mrs. Partington, turning up her nose. "Haven't I a cousin as is a corporal in the navy?"

—"What a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, rapturously, as she looked out over the beautiful scenery from a Pennsylvania railroad car. "Yes," replied Jones, without raising his eyes from his paper, "anthracite."

—An exchange contains an account of a man being "carried twelve miles by the wind." It might have occurred. There are times when a man would be carried two hundred miles by the "wind," if he could only raise it.—*New-ark News.*

—The young man who stores his mind with old proverbs must become wise. For instance he will learn that "An empty bag cannot stand upright." No one ever thought or believed it could, or ever wanted to, but it is well enough to know such things.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A lady in Frostburg, Maryland, the other day, washed her son's mouth with soap because he swore. A few days after she found him in the yard with his mouth and face full of suds. Pouring through the foam, he said: "Swore a heap of times today, mamma; getting them all out now."

—A certain doctor of divinity has said that every blade of grass is a sermon, and a Cheyenne man wants to cut down the expenses of his church by purchasing a bale of hay instead of a pastor. We refrain from making a pun upon the word pastor in order to leave this paragraph open to our exchanges.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—A West End man had trouble with a plumber in his employ recently because he thought the plumber was trying to kill time. And he exclaimed to the plumber: "Confound you, get out! Go and loaf on the street and I'll pay you for your time. But I'll be hanged if I pay rent on a house for you to loaf in!" The line must be drawn somewhere.—*Boston Post.*

—The full term of three years had nearly expired, and they were discussing at the breakfast table the certainty that they must move and the uncertainty as to where, when the young miss of the parsonage drew a heavy sigh. Sympathizing father asks the cause, and she replies: "Oh, I was thinking what a mistake mother and I made when we married a Methodist minister."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Fatal Leap.

Officer Burdick forced his way into the room of Leong Tong, on the third floor of No. 716 Commercial street, about one o'clock yesterday afternoon, and, locking the door to prevent Tong's escape, began a search for lottery tickets. His remarks caused Tong's heart to fill with terror, and the unfortunate pagan trembled like a leaf. Burdick states that he started to search the room, and was looking under the bed, when he heard a crash and a yell, and, running to the window, looked out just in time to see Tong's body strike the asphaltum pavement nearly fifty feet below. Burdick secured a bundle of tickets as evidence, and then hastened down to Tong, who was found unable to move and seemingly in intense pain. He was carried to the city receiving hospital, where Police Surgeon Stambaugh ascertained that he had sustained two fractures of the right arm, a severe shock, and a fracture of the spinal column—a combination of injuries which it is expected will prove fatal within forty-eight hours. When informed that he could not live, Tong expressed a wish to make a dying statement, which he did, and in it charged Burdick with pushing him out of the window. The officer, he said, first struck him on the head with his fist, and finally pushed him out of the window as he ran to it in an endeavor to escape. There were no witnesses to the scene in Tong's room, but the majority of interested persons believe that Tong jumped out voluntarily in an endeavor to reach a narrow balcony about fifteen feet below his window. It is hardly probable, however, that the injured man would attempt the desperate leap he took simply to avoid arrest on a charge of misdemeanor, for which the highest penalty is a fine of $60.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Our Young Readers.

BORN ON AN APRIL DAY.

The girl that is born on an April day
Has a fortune to be sure,
Whatever she does she may do it well,
And win her way to power;
Whatever she sows she may reap the grain,
Whatever she plans she may see it plain,
If she but be born on an April day.

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to be fair
And her eyes shall be as gems may be
Which change as the light and air;
Shadowy grey
Dewy blue,
Dazzling brown
Or deep black,
If you but be born on an April day!

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to be wise
And to read the book of the world aright
With its mysteries and its prize;
Its secrets of joy and its secrets of sorrow
Shall be hers if she but borrow
If you but be born on an April day!

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to be true
And to make the most of the gifts of May,
But to hasten to the same goal
And to remember in the end of all
Of wisdom and love and kindness
Shall be
Her aim,
Her goal,
If you but be born on an April day!

Hurrah, and hurrah, for an April day,
For I think, in spite of all
Of the fickle weather, we may find that
Change is a good thing after all
And only when change is dreary
Do we wish for a change of weather
If you but be born on an April day!

—Mary Mason Jones, in St. Nicholas.

NAOMI AND THE BOG.

Many years ago, in a far away village, there stood the strangest looking house you ever saw. It was only one story high, rather small, very broad on the ground, and sloping up to no breadth at all at the top. And besides sloping up toward the top it curved inward, too, and curved out again at the top. And somehow the chimney looked as if it had been built outside, and then pushed down through the roof instead of growing up from within in the ordinary way. The upper part of the house had once been green, and the lower part had once been white. It looked as if it ought to have curtains drawn over it.

"Why, it looks just like a face turned upside down." And in fact that was just what it was—a face so that had been boxed almost on the waters and through the wealth had carried out the fisherman's full of hope to their work on the dim horizon, and had borne them back merrily singing in the afternoon. And here it was in its old age, clear up on dry land, with its chimney and windows and doors, trying to get off its sea-legs enough to speak and look like a real, genuine house. But it had not settled very far from the shore. All around it were wide sandy places, with here and there a growth of coarse grass, and on a windy day you could hear the beating of the waves mingled with the sighing of the pines.

One afternoon in the early spring time, the little door stood open wide. What a pleasant little room it seemed! thought, to be sure, it gives you a sort of expansive feeling to look upon the keen overhead, and see the ribs curving up to it from either side. A pretty, quaint, cheerful, home-like room, for all its rough table and chairs and lack of ornament.

On this particular day, then, little Naomi, large Naomi and her father were having a very earnest conversation.

"Father," cried the young and simple, "be back before to-morrow night. You know the moths might settle any night now."

"You don't know what that means, do you? Well, Naomi, a fisher's or sailor's had been dead more than a year—was poor, very poor. But he by great care and hard work, so far saved enough to lay out a little comfort