THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

AT REST.

The following lines by the late Henry W. Longfellow on the death of Bayard Taylor, read at the memorial meeting in Boston, January 1?, 1879, need little change to make them peculiarly appropriate at this time:

Dead he lay among his books;
The peace of God was in his looks.
As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,
So those volumes from their shelves
Watch him silent as themselves.
Ah! his hand will never more
Turn their storied pages o'er!
Never more his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet!
Let the lifeless body rest—
He is gone who was its guest;
Gone as travelers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.
Traveler! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?
Poet! thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse,
Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Deukalion's life thine own,
On the ruins of the past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.
Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;
And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea—
Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks.

OLD INDIAN RITES.

Peculiar Customs of the Aborigines of North America.

Nearly all the peculiar customs which formerly existed among the different tribes of North American Indians are now preserved only in tradition, and many of the most interesting have faded even from this shadowy configuration. One of the most striking and singular was an eternal fire. It is a favorite theme to-day among the survivors of that once powerful nation, the Natchez. These Indians were of a higher type of intelligence than any of the North American tribes. All the rites and duties connected with this custom are also fresh in the recollection of some of the other more northern tribes, and it was only extinguished after the arrival of the French upon the great Lakes. Those who were known to have been fire-worshipers were the Chippewas and Shawnees, possibly the Iroquois, but there is little proof that the latter knew much of it. The Chippewas, who assert that they received their fire from the Shawnees, inhabited the regions around Lake Superior, and the council-house of the tribe, together with the seat of the eternal fire, were west of Keweenaw Point. Here lived the principal chief, called the Mutchekewis, who exercised more authority and assumed more state than would be compatible with the tastes and present feelings of the Indians. The designation was official and not personal, and the office was hereditary in the direct male line. He was supported by voluntary contributions, his muckmewa, or provider, making known from time to time his necessities by public proclamation. Whatever was required on these occasions, whether food or clothing, was immediately furnished. He appears to [illegible] seen their chief priest, and could have [illegible] engage in war or the hunt. In neither [illegible] where he resided, and near the village [illegible] eternal fire was kept [illegible] his cabin, [illegible] altar was a kind of rude burning. The a[illegible] building was erected, over which [illegible] selected by the [illegible]ed, but guardians we[illegible] charge of the fire. Mutchekewis to take ch[illegible] two women. Two of these were men an[illegible] persons; but They were always married to [illegible] in this the wives of the men employed [illegible] do the service were required to cook and [illegible] husbands' necessary domestic work, while the [illegible] hands of the women destined to the sacred duty were always engaged in hunting and providing whatever else was wanted. The four persons devoted to the altar were thus left without any secular cares to divert their attention from the holy trust committed to them. A perpetual succession was kept up in this priesthood by a prerogative of the Mutchekewis, and the principal head women, the former selecting a husband, and the latter a wife for the survivor, whenever any of these eight persons died. The chain was thus always unbroken, and the traditionary rights transmitted unimpaired. Death was the penalty for any neglect of duty, and always inflicted without delay and without mercy. The council fires were lighted at the great fire, and carried wherever the great council was held. After the termination of the business, a portion of it was carefully returned and the remainder of it extinguished.

Whenever a person became dangerously ill, if near enough he was taken to the house of the Mutchekewis, where his fire was extinguished and a brand was brought from the altar and a fire kindled at which a feast was prepared. A great dance was then held, after which the viands were consumed. General Cass, who gave much time to the collection of facts relative to traditional customs of the Indians, said that his informant asserted that the above ceremony never failed to cure the patient for whom it was performed.

Once in eight years the whole Chippewa tribe assembled at their principal village about the season of the buds. Early in the morning the great pipe was lighted at the sacred fire, and delivered to the Mutchekewis. He took one puff, delivered it to the women, and then to the men, by all of whom it was in the same manner smoked. It was then handed round to the children. This cermony consumed the day; and early the next day a feast was held, at which men, women, and children ate in separate groups, in perfect silence. In the evening, without a song or dance, they quietly departed for their different villages. The fire was called Kangageeskoote, or the everlasting fire. The principal male attendant was Kangagee Keegik, or the everlasting sun, and his assistant, Kanawaudemkshkoote, or the fire keeper. The principal female was called Kangegee Gaubewakna, or the everlasting standing woman; and her assistant, Kabagaubewekwa, or the-woman-who-stands-all-the-time.

According to the Natchez legend this tribe should have been of Asiatic origin, for they were the most devoted and sincere of all the fire-worshipers, and the most unanimous and religious followers of all the idolaters of the East. Another curious fact is that they held the women in the highest respect and esteem, and with a gallantry quite uncommon among the aborigines of America, they ascribed the salvation of their race to one of the too-often degraded and despised sex. The tradition is substantially as follows:

Thousands of "snows" ago all the inhabitants of the earth, with the exception of a single family, were destroyed by floods and darkness, and want of food. This one family managed to keep up a large fire of wood, and so survived for a time. But in consequence of the continued darkness even this last remnant of human existence was about to perish. In this emergency a young girl of the family, suddenly inspired with the idea that she might save the race by an act of self-sacrifice, threw herself upon the fire which served the despairing sufferers for a light. Her body was speedily reduced to ashes; but on the moment she arose, perfect and [illegible]ently unharmed, in the eastern sky, appe[illegible] [illegible]unded with halos of surpassing glory. [illegible] darkness began to disappear before the ne[illegible] sun, and the last family of the Natchez was saved. This wonderful girl became [illegible] the chief [illegible] her of the tribe, and it was decreed that [illegible] nearest female relative should be her successor. The worship of the sun, which she had rivaled in brilliancy [illegible] her resurrection, was at once established, and, in addition to this, a perpetual fire was kept, called the "Living sacrifice of the sacred fire;" and it was the belief of the survivors that so long as this fire blazed upon their altars, the Natchez would be powerful and happy. On the spot where the sacrificed maiden was reincarnated, where the fire fell from heaven and surrounded her with glory, they built their great mound to indicate that their wanderings were at an end.

It was only on this mound and at the festival of fruits that the priestess of the sun showed herself to the people, attired in robes of white, adorned with white feathers, her waist glittering with precious stones. She assisted in the early greeting of her ancestor, the sun, and as the god of day descended in the west his rays fell first upon the sacred princess, which circumstance was hailed by the worshipers as a recognition of sympathy and acknowledged relationship between the real sun and his speedy representative.

It was natural enough to believe that the extinction of the sacred fire would bring ruin if not destruction upon the race.

The sequel of the tradition is often related by Natchez Indians as follows: A brave young chief of the tribe became enamored of a beautiful maiden,

With eyes as bright, and step as light,
And graceful as the startled roe;
Whose hair was like the wing of night,
Waved to the war's departed glow.

The young lover's passion was evidently returned, but cruel parents opposed them, and their interviews were stolen and few and far between. The young chief was at times a watcher of the sacred fire, and on one occasion while thus engaged he heard the plaintive and melancholy song of a bird. Hastening into the neighboring grove, he was overjoyed to find his beloved mistress. There the lovers pledged their hearts over and over again, and were the happiest of mortal beings. When he returned to the temple the young man discovered to his horror that the sacred flame had expired, and that the altar which had for centuries glowed with living fire was dark and cold. When the sun again illuminated the hills there was no response of the sacred smoke, and the priests hastened to the temple to learn the cause. As soon as they learned the truth, the maiden whose beauty had been the main cause of this terrible catastrophe was slain, a propitiary sacrifice to the offended gods. The young chief was spared, but he was doomed to make atonement in long periods of fasting and prayer, after which, with solemn and imposing ceremonies, he was sentenced to imprisonment in the center of the great mound, there to remain until he should woo back from heaven the lost fire. The chief supposed that this would be an easy task, since he could produce fire by the friction of two pieces of wood, a practice common among his people. But, overcome by religious fear, his strength of arm appeared to have departed; and when, after long and patient labor, the fire was about to come, a tear of regret for his sacrificed mistress would fall upon the just-igniting wood and leave his interminable task for another renewal.

Although centuries have passed away, says a narrator, since this tragic event, old men among the Natchez in their day-dreams often speak reverentially of the young chief, whom they still believe to be in the great mound, engaged in his sorrowful labor, and they confidently assert that when he recovers the sacred fire he will appear at the altar, that the sacrificed maiden will rise in splendor as the priestess of the sun and queen of the tribe, and that the Natchez, resuming all their power and glory, will rise and take possession of their desolated homes.—*Chicago Times.*

The Teeth.

At birth, the germs of both sets of teeth—the *temporary* and the *permanent*—are already in the jaw. The permanent teeth lie in a line under the temporary ones, and, when the permanent ones begin to move forward to make their appearance, they push the milk teeth out. This is the natural order.

To secure a good start for the permanent teeth, the first or temporary ones must receive good care, and be kept in their places until the permanent ones push them out.

Man has thirty-two teeth. They are of three sorts—the *incisors*, *canines* and *molars*. The incisors are the front or cutting teeth, four in each jaw. The canine or eye teeth are two in each jaw. The molar or grinding teeth are ten in each jaw.

The back teeth in both jaws are known as *wisdom* teeth. They are called *wisdom* teeth because they appear at a period when man is possessed of the largest and ripest wisdom—or when he thinks so.

Good teeth constitute the finest ornament of the face; they are necessary to good articulation; they are indispensable to good digestion and sweet breath.

On the whole, their importance justifies the advertisement of the South Carolina gentleman, which appeared in the New York *Herald*, as follows:

"Wanted, by a planter in South Carolina, a wife. She must be under thirty years of age, must have a good disposition and good teeth."

I really don't blame the girls for talking in the streets with their mouths wide open, for, although sometimes they may not speak quite so plain, they do show their teeth to good advantage; and especially when they give one of those little, short, open-mouth laughs now so common among girls, in which they open the mouth so wide that you can see the entire thirty-two teeth—I do not blame them, for a mouthful of pearls is so very beautiful. I don't care what the nose or eyes may be, if the mouth shows complete rows of the brilliant gems, that face is a fine one—a sweet, wholesome one. While no matter how fine the eyes and nose if the mouth shows decayed and blackened teeth, or artificial ones, that face can't be a fine one—it is not sweet and wholesome.

The better classes of Americans are now exhibiting perfect teeth. Fashion demands it. They keep them clean, which never fails to preserve them.—*Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

King Theebau's Last Victim.

Among the reports which have reached us from Mandalay (writes our Rangoon correspondent) is one to the effect that the King has still an insatiable thirst for blood, his latest victim being the son of one of the princes deported to Chunar for his share in the rebellion of 1866. It would appear that Theebau's serious illness in December last caused some of his courtiers to cast about for a successor in the event of the King's death. Their choice fell on the young Prince referred to, but unfortunately for their arrangements, the King got well, and proceeded forthwith to wreak his vengeance on the young Prince. A velvet sack and the waters of the Irrawaddy closed the career of the aspiring monarch, while his followers, three in number, were summarily dispatched.—*London News.*

—With somewhat curious taste, says the New York *Times*, a jeweler in Middlebury, Vt., has constructed a clock containing a representation in miniature of the scene of the assassination of President Garfield. The automata are of wood, about two inches high. The whole movement, which includes the execution of Guiteau, takes about three minutes.

—Justin McCarthy is writing a history [illegible] Georges

A New Sam Patch.

Among the remarkable athletes in New York is Mr. Robert Donaldson, harness manufacturer. Mr. Donaldson was born in Tain, Highlands of Scotland, twenty-six years ago. He is five feet seven and a half inches high, and weighs 154 pounds. He measures thirty-six inches around the chest and thirty-eight around the waist. He is as compactly built as Edward Hanlan, the sculler, although his muscles are more flexible.

Mr. Donaldson was introduced to a *Sun* reporter yesterday by Mr. Richard K. Fox as a gentleman who was desirous of making a bet that he would jump from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River.

A glance into Mr. Donaldson's eyes failed to reveal any gleam of madness or reckless daring. In fact he was very mild-mannered and quiet.

"Have you ever jumped from great heights, Mr. Donaldson?"

"A hundred times."

"In public?"

"Only three times in public."

"Where?"

"Once in Sunderland and twice at High Bridge."

"When did you jump from High Bridge?"

"August 12 and 18, 1880. When I appeared on the bridge in tights, an Excise Commissioner of New York bet me $25 that I wouldn't jump. When he paid me the $25, afterward, he said the sight was worth the money. I would have bet him $500 that I would make the jump safely. I am always perfectly confident, and confidence is nine tenths of a battle."

"Do you think you could jump from Brooklyn Bridge and live?"

"I am certain of it. The bridge is only ten feet higher than High Bridge. Besides, the water is lumpy and safer. There is only ten feet of water under High Bridge. I prefer broken water to a smooth surface."

"Do you practice before making a leap?"

"Always. I go to some retired place, where I can get a jump of forty feet, so as to make sure of my position when I go down."

"What is your style of dropping?"

"I crouch with bended knees, and hop off with my elbows nearly a foot from my sides, with my forearms and palms of my hands flat in front of my breast. I work my hands a little, like the flutter of a bird's wings. The first fifty feet I drop like a shot, then the air catches under my hands, my arms, armpits, chin, and even my ears. It takes four seconds to drop one hundred feet. I breathe while I am descending, and clap my hands over my chest and press my elbows to my sides just as I strike the water. All my vital parts are protected. My knees guard my stomach. I believe I could drop safely a distance of one thousand feet if I could be sure of striking feet first in my crouched position."

"Did you jump from High Bridge the first time you visited it?"

"Oh, no. I always familiarize myself with a place from which I intend to jump. I went to High Bridge every morning for a week, and crouched with my toes on the edge of the wall. By that means I knew just where my body would catch the air, and just where I would breathe going down. Taking a long breath just before you start is all nonsense. You have to go easy and natural. If I should toss my head back at the start, it would land me on my head and shoulders and kill me. They told me at High Bridge that a man named France was walking on the bridge one day with two women, when he said: 'Wait here until I go and get another drink, then I'll show you the greatest jump you ever did see.' He got his drink and jumped straight down. After that he laid ten weeks in a hospital before he died. A German and a negro also lost their lives by jumping there."

"Can you swim well?"

"Ten miles, if necessary."

"What part of the year do you prefer for jumping?"

"May is the best time."

Mr. Fox said he would give Donaldson $100 if he would jump from the East River Bridge.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Longfellow.

At the very threshold of the returning season of song the purest and sweetest voice of all is hushed. The summer will come as of old along the banks of the slow-moving Charles, but the heart which opened to its touch, the eye that traced each fragrant advance, the hand that matched color with color and note with note in loving rivalry with nature are gone. The beauty which curtains the world with overhanging heavens, clothes its plains with vestures of perennial freshness and garlands its mountains with returning flowers to the edge of the eternal winter among their peaks has lost an interpreter who could translate its most mysterious speech into common phrase. Other eyes will look no less deeply into its secrets of loveliness, other voices will catch no less clearly its inner cadence and melody, but the world will wait long for another who shall make the humblest see and the poorest hear with the eye and the ear of the most gifted.

Longfellow was pre-eminently an interpreter. He had in rare degree that pervasive and all-embracing sympathy which catches the tones of other ages and races as quickly and as naturally as the musician recalls the popular melodies of the day. His nature was so harmonious that he seemed to be able to dismiss himself entirely from his thought and keep open heart and mind for every comer. And the harmony, repose and sweetness of his character made him almost without conscious art the sweetest singer of his time. His verse flowed out of the depths of a pure heart, and its transparent currents reflect at every turn the stainless heavens.

It was no accident which directed the steps of this poet to that older world of history and song beyond the seas. He was to be the interpreter of the history preserved there to the new life unfolding here. It is only the blind fanatic who rails against the past, and would cut the race off from its heritage of years. The thinker knows that in those vanishing ages the seeds of this present found soil and root; the poet sees still more clearly the invisible and indestructible ties which bind to-day with remotest antiquity. In his inspiring outlook whatever was arbitrary and accidental fades out, and the continuous life of the race becomes one wide stream, rich with the colors of all the skies under which it has flowed and crowded with fleets of imperishable memories. Before our own mental life could find its place and work it was necessary that some gifted man should give us the master tones of that distant and multitudinous life beyond the Atlantic that we might complete the harmony with a new and native note. How perfectly Longfellow performed that office! The clear, strong tones of the Northern Saga, the rich, mystic melody of mediaeval times, the grand, passionate strain of the Italy of the Rennaissance, are all heard in the ample verse of this master of song. The organ music of history no less than the simple melody of home life acknowledged his mastery. The "Tales of a Wayside Inn," the "Golden Legend" and the "Divine Tragedy," are all transcriptions such as only a poet of the most sympathetic genius could have produced. Longfellow's heart was in the new world while his imagination was in the old, but there was no divorce between them. He faced the future even while he paused to hear those muffled melodies of a far-off time, and so he became the interpreter of Europe to America in the realm of the imagination. He gave us a historic consciousness, established our claim upon the past and made us feel that we had part and lot in it, diffused the atmosphere of European culture, and bridged the chasm between the old and the new. How much he aided in the work of bringing about that intellectual equilibrium between ourselves and Europe, so necessary before we could hope for great native work, no one can tell; but that he is read as the light of English firesides as no English poet since Tennyson is read, is evidence that he has not failed of a great and adequate recognition on both sides of the sea.

Best of all, Longfellow was an interpreter of life in the widest and most beautiful sense. There were some strains beyond his reach, but of melodies that sing themselves and rise like visions of angels in the dark places of experience, who has produced so many? Not for him the sounding line of Homer, the almost superhuman insight of Shakespeare, the awful journeyings of Dante; but all the dear, familiar paths along which men and women walk and toil and suffer, the small solitudes where summer lies sleeping in supernal stillness for him, beyond all else, the homes of the world.

There are many who give to the solitary mountain peaks of song few and careless glances, but who turn habitually to the words of Longfellow. The dear twilight of home lends them a glory which the greatest poet might envy; memories have gathered thickly round them, experience has translated them, verse by verse, from the outer to the inner life. This poet, who had loved much and suffered much, touched life in its great historic incidents and in its most familiar scenes and found the same elements of beauty and power in the highest and the lowest; to him the commonest flower that wastes itself along the highway nourished its roots in the same soil and unfolded its petals under the same sky as the rarest exotic. Standing in the world of homely, familiar things, he had daily vision of the unseen world of beauty and truth which overhangs and encircles the meanest life, and he made himself its interpreter.

If there is a higher work than this, which made every affection an open door into Heaven, every duty a straight path to God, every flower a symbol of Infinite Love and every life a possible heroism, it has not been revealed to men. Blessed, indeed, are they who are called to be interpreters of the invisible and eternal truth and beauty, to whom the vision and the song are both given, and whose path, like the career of the dead poet whom the whole world loved, shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—*Christian Union.*

Some New Arithmetical Problems.

A bank has $78,420 in its vaults. The cashier gets away with $90,382, and the bank settles with him for two-thirds. How much is the bank ahead, and what will the poor cashier do if next winter happens to be a hard one?

A house painter consumes forty-eight minutes in lighting his pipe; fifty-five minutes in telling stories; twenty-two minutes in watching a kitchen girl; thirty-six minutes in binding up a sore finger, and quits work nine minutes before six. How much time did he beat his employer out of, and how long will it take him to work himself to death?

A boy who is sent on an errand stops to watch three dogs, plays marbles with four boys, climbs two shade trees, takes a short ride on a velocipede, makes up faces at three girls, and sits on a lumber pile for fifteen minutes to help another boy learn to smoke. What did he get when he got home, and how long did it take him to make his mother believe that he had come in two minutes ahead of chain lightning?

A certain grocer whose scales only weigh fifteen ounces to the pound, sells 820 pounds of various goods every twelve hours. Find what he gains weekly, and after you have figured it up do your trading with some other house.

A lady desires to divide six sunflowers among five girls so that each girl can wear one to the party. How can she do it without cutting one of the girls in two?

At one of Eli Perkins' lectures in Ohio in a hall seating 820 people one-thirtieth of the seats were jammed full of enthusiastic admirers. Find the number of seats which didn't admire worth a cent, also explain how far Eli traveled by Foot & Walker's line next day.

A dog starts out to overtake a cat. She has seventy feet the start and knows that he means business. At the end of every rod she slips back two inches and he gains four inches. How far must he leg it to overtake her and hush her yeowls forever?

Three sticks of stove-wood weighing five and a half pounds bend a boy's back four inches out of plumb. How many additional sticks will it take to make his chin touch his knees?

A woman calls at thirteen different dry-goods' stores, walks a distance of three miles, enters three millinery shops, halts before seven show windows, calls upon two jewelers, and takes the car for home calculating to freeze the human hyena who doesn't vacate his seat for her the instant she gets her nose inside the door. Find how many ——? Come to think of it, you've found it all when she drops down without a "thank you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Impossible Girl.

He offered her a handsome opal ring. "Excuse me," she said, while a blush crept over her velvety cheek; "opals are unlucky." Then he fished a package of caramels out of his pocket and attempted to present it to her. "I never touch them," she murmured, languidly, "as they destroy the teeth and draw the fillings out. My mother got some between her teeth the other day, and her jaws were held together so tight for two hours that she couldn't talk." "You must have had quiet in the house." "Sir?" "I say you must have had a riot in the house. I mean that your mother must have been so provoked that she couldn't preserve her usual state of beautiful serenity, but was obliged to give way to her feelings, in spite of her heroic efforts to appear calm. Would you like to go to the minstrels to-night?" "No, I thank you," she whispered, feelingly. "I am always saddened by such woeful dramas as 'Camille,' 'Hamlet' and 'Miss Moulton;' and the last time I was at the minstrels I saw how those plays could be made more heartrending with the jokes of the minstrels worked into them." He then invited her to take a walk, and partake of ice cream and other luxuries calculated to thrill the feminine mind with ecstacy. But she refused each and all of them. And the young man danced around with his pocket-book in his hand, and thought what expense men would be saved if all the girls were like this one. And he sang

"I've found me the wife of the future,
I've found the Impossible Girl."

Then he woke up and ascertained that he had been dreaming. The Impossible Girl has yet to be discovered.—*R. K. Munkittrick, in Puck.*

—The Governors of States where the death penalty is in force hang to Friday with a superstition that makes one wonder if they spit over their shoulder when they see a white horse.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—When a convict in Sing Sing Prison fails to iron twelve shirts a day, he is invited to "come over to the keeper's office and get paddled." It's a message that takes all the starch out of him.

Economical Soup.

Fresh meat and of more than one variety is required for a rich, clear soup or consomme, but the savory and thoroughly enjoyable one needs no such expenditure. The story of one successful in a family, whose mistress, [illegible] and author as she is, "looks to the ways of her household," and plans meals with absolute enthusiasm, may hold a hint for other young mistresses. And in giving it there is no intention of recommending exactly the same handling, but simply a showing what fragments can do.

Breakfast was over, and as my hostess rose she said:

"I must investigate the refrigerator. Do you want to come?"

I followed meekly. There was a fascination in that housekeeping where everything seemed to work without friction, and stood before the refrigerator as she [illegible] extracted half a drumstick and the backbone of the Sunday's turkey, a slice left from Monday's breakfast, a bit of smoked ham and the trimmings of a roast of beef being the [illegible] and ready for the dripping-pan, and the thin end of a porterhouse steak for breakfast on the following day.

"You won't use them all!" I said, in surprise.

"Of course I shall mix them. Haven't you discovered yet that in union is strength? That applies even more to soups than to corporations. Now attend."

I did attend and this is what happened. A porcelain-lined kettle with tightly-fitting lid came from the closet and received the heaped plate of apparently hopeless bits and ends, along with [illegible] about three pounds in weight. Four quarts of cold water, a heaping tablespoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper went in, and the kettle was put on the range, from which a lid had been removed.

"In half an hour that will be ready for simmering, perhaps in twenty minutes," my friend said. "I shall watch and as soon as it boils skim carefully and then move it back where it will simply simmer. It is one of the few things that practically takes care of itself when once started. Four hours simmering and then it can be drained into the soup jar and taken down cellar. Listen, Norah, for this is what you must understand and do. Every scrap of meat or bone goes into the kettle and gives up its virtues to the water, always cold, never hot, because cold draws out the juices and hot seals them up. It is eight o'clock now. At twelve strain it off through a wire gauze strainer, and to-morrow morning I will show you what to do."

The next morning found guest and servant alike interested in the soup jar which Norah brought from the cellar. A cake of fat covered the top. This was carefully removed, melted in a small saucepan and strained at once into a small jar, a sweet, delicate fat, "better than lard, Norah, for almost everything."

Below the fat appeared a thin jelly, clear and quivering.

"With more meat it would have been firmer, but this does very well," my friend said. "Now, Norah, the vegetable plate from the refrigerator."

Norah appeared in a moment, gazing dubiously at the plate. It held a spoonful or two of mashed potato, a remnant of stewed turnip and a spoonful of squash. Norah brought also a saucer of tomato and half a baked apple.

"You can't mean to put in that apple!" I said, astonished. "It's a most extraordinary mess, begging your pardon."

"The secret of one of the most delicious curries I ever ate was in two sour apples, so tender they melted, and were invisible," rejoined my friend calmly. "I used my reason, and now in a 'save-all soup' I should put in a raw one if this baked one did not prove just what is wanted. That slice of cold toast, too, Norah. Now we want character. A small onion, cut fine and fried brown in the fat we have just taken off gives the mere suspicion that is all one requires, and here are the green stalks, trimmed off them, removed from to-day's celery. I put no vegetables in the stock because I want the fat pure. Only a clear soup requires that they should be boiled together, and for all others it is best, whether fresh or cooked ones are used, to boil them after the fat has been removed. You understand, too, that from this stock may come a hundred varieties of soup, but we are concerned to-day with just this one. An hour's slow, steady boiling is all that will be necessary after the onion has been fried and added, and at the end of that time it will be ready for straining or can be poured out just as it is, though I prefer straining in order that there may be no bits of onion."

The onion was minced fine, not on the table, lest a flavor should be left there that might appear unexpectedly in some undesirable way, but on a small meat-board and dropped into the fat as soon as it was smoking hot. A saltspoonful of curry powder went in also and as the onion turned to a bright brown the whole was added to the stock.

"Put it on at noon, Norah, where it will boil slowly and keep it from scorching. And now we will see what will come of it;" and the mistress turned away with a faith I was far from feeling.

Dark distrust filled my mind as at the early dinner we came together again.

Too great fastidiousness, in my early youth charged upon me as squeamishness, had been my bane, and as my plateful was set before me I hesitated inwardly though with no outward sign, and lifted my spoon with a protesting memory of all the incompatibles that had met together.

"It is delicious!" I said with fervor, and it was.

"Poor soul!" my hostess laughed. "How I have been pitying you. But hereafter I pray you believe me: a discreet and well-considered hodge-podge is often the most savory and satisfactory of dishes, and I am sure you will never again doubt the possibilities of scraps. Only remember, let them be daintily put away, never kept too long, for the least suspicion of mustiness is fatal, and once a week at least let the day's soup be this friendly 'Save-all.'"—*Helen Campbell, in Our Continent.*

How He Made Up for Shrinkage.

An old but good story is told of Captain Fred Wording who forty years ago was in command of the schooner John. The Captain was carrying a cargo of corn from a port in North Carolina to Savannah. He knew it was the custom to measure out the corn and if the cargo fell short of the bill of lading the Captain was responsible for the shrinkage. He also knew that in loading, the darkies had stolen quantities of the corn, and he was afraid the cargo would run short. On the passage down the Captain ran his vessel into the gulf stream and allowed her to remain there for some time. The waters of the gulf stream are from fifteen to twenty degrees warmer than the rest of the ocean, the temperature in some places being at eighty-two. The heat from the water swelled the corn until the hatches were nearly burst off. On arriving the Captain wanted the consignee to take the cargo at the invoice, but he refused. The consignee told the Captain that he would measure the cargo and share equally in the shortage or overplus. Captain W. was somewhat surprised to receive in addition to his freight money, five hundred dollars as his share of the overplus. The cargo in fact had gone one thousand dollars over the invoice. Captain W. did not keep the money but turned it in to the owners.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pullman rode through Italy in one of their own palace cars, the first that was ever taken south of the Swiss lakes.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe lately received the gift from her brother, Mr. Sam Ward, of a very handsome house on Beacon street, in Boston.

—The London [illegible] pays a feeling tribute to Longfellow: "It is scarcely too much to say that since the death of Byron no living English poet enjoyed so wide a popularity as Longfellow."

—The London *Truth* announces that Don Philippe de Bourbon, the second son of the Count d'Aquila, is about to marry Miss Mackay, daughter of Mr. John W. Mackay, the California bonanza king.

—More ex-Senators of long service are constantly appearing in the newspapers. John P. King, who is now living near Augusta, Ga., is said to have begun to sit as Senator earlier than any other man now in existence. His service began in 1834 and ended in 1837.—*Boston Herald.*

—Dickens' "Christmas Carol" is now in the hands of a Birmingham bookseller, who offers the manuscript for sale. The remainder of Dickens' manuscripts are at the South Kensington Museum, excepting that of "Our Mutual Friend," which was brought to the United States by Mr. Childs.

—Charles O'Conor, of New York, has moved into his new home at Nantucket, overlooking Vineyard Sound. He is [illegible] and [illegible] with his collection of books and pamphlets, which are ranged on the shelves of a large fire-proof library, twenty-five by sixty feet. He is said to be preparing an autobiography, in which special attention will be paid to several of the famous lawsuits in which he has been engaged.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Miss Cary's first lyric triumphs were achieved before her delighted neighbors on the verandah of her father's house, in the village of Wayne, in Maine. She was the youngest of Dr. Cary's six children, all of whom were gifted musically. The Doctor used to say of his young daughter: "If Annie could so far forget herself as to acquire the necessary ease and abandon when facing an audience, I think she would sing very well." When she began her professional career Miss Cary was painfully nervous and constrained.—*Boston Post.*

HUMOROUS.

—Personal: John, come back; all is forgiven! Pa kicked the wrong man. He did not know it was you.—*Stella.*

—"What makes you look so deathly sick, Tommy?" "Well, the fact is, the matter is, I've been taking my first chew, and I am only a [illegible] chewer."

—Mrs. De Nudie—"Oh, Mr. Cattleranch, tell me, are you esthetic?" Mr. Cattleranche—"Oh, dear no, madam; not at all. Never had anything the matter with me in my life."

—It is rather unpleasant to hear a public speaker remark: "My friends, I wish to say a few words on this occasion," etc., but then we must remember that to err is human.

—A speculator states that there is no money in building stores for St. Louis people. Queer! We thought that the man who built a shoe for a St. Louisan generally made a big thing of it.—*Boston Post.*

—Six medical experts examined a man as to his sanity, and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled about it for a week it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person altogether.

—Some one took Charlie up and asked him if he was his papa's boy. He answered: "Yes." "And your mamma's boy, too?" "Yes," replied Charlie. "Well, how can you be papa's boy and mamma's both at the same time?" "Oh," replied Charlie, quite indifferently, "can't a wagon have two horses?"

—Down at Old Bridge, in New Jersey, a woman got a fellow man so drunk he couldn't stand, and then she sent for a Justice of the Peace, and while some of the neighbors held the unhappy and limber jointed bachelor up, she married him. That's the kind of a hairpin a New Jersey woman is. When she has once made her "mash," no cold conventional ties of our false and much veneered social institutions may stand between her and her love if applejack only holds out.—*Hawkeye.*

—She was a real sweet-looking lady, with a sealskin sacque and a big plush hat, and she stood on the step of an uptown residence having just pulled the bell. "I called to see," said she to the lady of the house, who was very red in the face from frying doughnuts over the kitchen fire, "if you wished to give anything to the heathen to-day?" "No. I don't want to give anything to the heathen to-day. I just gave the woman next door a piece of my mind about her scalawag of a boy that broke down my plants. That's all I can afford for the heathen just now."—*New Haven Register.*

Southern Humor.

Every people is known by its jokes. Men are least restrained in their mirth, and give therein the largest play of their likes and dislikes. The humor of Harry Fielding, Thackeray tells us, is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue, and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. The same may be said of the humor of Rabelais, though the objects of its ridicule are not always cheats and scamps. The difference between *opera bouffe* and Anglo-Saxon farce represents the difference between the life of the French and the life of the English. With the Americans it is not the snob and the husband who are satirized; our domestic jocosity embraces chiefly the small boy, the widow and the mother-in-law, reserving for its most palpable hits the bully, the visionary speculator, the gamester and the commercial agent. Thus American humor may be divided into two classes—that which relates to fighting and that which relates to money. In the South the general classification grows still narrower, gaining, however, in whimsicality and local color what it lacks in breadth.

There can be no mistaking the origin of the old story of the traveler who asked a Mississippian whether it was worth his while to carry a pistol, and was told: "Well, stranger, you mout move around here more'n a year an' never need a pistol; but ef you should happen to need one, you'd need it powerful." Equally characteristic is the record of a well-known Tennessee case. The principal witness for the commonwealth testified that he was sent to get a fresh pack of cards, that he got them, and, returning, sat down in the grass. Here he balked in his testimony, and would go no further. At last, after cross-questioning and coaxing had been exhausted, the Judge threatened him with fine and imprisonment, whereupon he said: "Please, your Honor, if I must tell how I drapped in the jimson weeds, I suppose I must. It was just, your Honor, *to look over the kerds and mark the bowers.*" The following incidents no less reflect the local color of the ante-bellum days: Two Kentuckians went to settle their bill at a hotel in Boston. There being a dispute about the amount, one of them grew angry and began to swear, when the other said: "Remember, John, who you are. Remember you are a Kentuckian. Pay the amount and *shoot the scoundrel.*"—*Henry Watterson, in the Century.*

Our Young Readers.

THEIR MEANING.

What does it mean when the bluebird [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
There are the signs that the Spring is here.

[illegible]

THE G. R. K. R. R.

There was a wonderful stir on the big play-ground of Dr. Thwackem's school during the noon recess. Nobody was playing base-ball or foot-ball, but the running and rushing, the whooping and general racket and riot were something uncommon.

"Whoever heard such a racket!" exclaimed Dr. Thwackem himself, putting his head out of an upper window. "What is the name of common-sense are those boys trying to play at now?"

Dr. Thwackem soon discovered. It was Erasmus Jackson's new game. Erasmus Jackson was the pride of the whole Institute for the inventing of new games, and this was his latest effort. Erasmus had organized the one hundred and twenty-three other boys into the Great Royal Kamtschatka Railroad. Erasmus was its President, of course.

The play-ground of the Institute happened to be a pretty good sized plot of unoccupied town-ground adjoining the school. It ran clear through from street to street. Across this from corner to corner ran a double-track marked out with sawdust. Along it could be seen running, with an appalling whooping and squealing, strings of boys, [illegible] time. These were the passenger trains. Freight trains, consisting of from 12 to 20 to twenty boys, alternated with these; they moved more slowly, but with a wonderful puffing and letting off of steam.

Every few minutes a loud [illegible] and the blasts of a [illegible] from [illegible] warned everything [illegible] to clear the track for the Royal Moscow Lightning Express. Moscow is not in Kamtschatka, but Erasmus Jackson said that that didn't make any difference. The "general offices" of the company was at Moscow.

As the Doctor looked on, amused, the brakes were applied to the express with a suddenness that nearly threw it heels over head. That, however, was to avoid a collision with a freight train, and a purse of marbles was made up [illegible] and presented to the express engineer by the passengers, who owed their lives to his presence of mind.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Dr. Thwackem, chuckling, "it's truly quite shocking to think of so narrow an escape!"

All at once a new idea entered the good Doctor's white head. He looked down to the southeast corner of the play-ground, there was located Timbuctoo, the other terminus of the railroad. Timbuctoo isn't in Kamtschatka any more than Moscow, but Erasmus Jackson said that it sounded just as well as if it was.

The Doctor looked to see if [illegible] its imaginary towers lay a great pile of cut cord-wood. Yes, there it was, just as somebody had thrown it from a wagon.

"I've a good piece of a mind to engage it," said the Doctor to the sparrows chattering on a bough close by. "It won't hurt their fun. It'll do them good, and me good."

He pulled his head inside the window, and left the sparrows to chatter. Taking his hat, he walked down stairs, and out upon the steps.

"Boys! boys!" he called in his kind, clear old voice.

The Royal Kamtschatka Railroad rolling stock resolved itself quickly into a circling group of one hundred and twenty-four boys, closing around the Doctor on the steps.

The Doctor's eyes twinkled. He made a low bow.

"I should perhaps have said Mr. President, Stockholders and Officers of the—what is it?"

"Great Royal Kamtschatka Railroad," came the deafening answer.

"Thank you," responded the Doctor, slipping politely out of the necessity of repeating the rather long name of the company. He continued: "On observing your splendid system of road management a thought has occurred to me. I wish to respectfully submit it to you. Do you see that red cottage, which nobody lives in, down by your flourishing city of Timbuctoo? Good. And now will you kindly turn and perceive that other red cottage, rather larger, not many yards from your noble railroad depot of Moscow? You will notice that they are just diagonally across from each other. Very well. Our old acquaintance Widow Pitcher, who sweeps our school-room so thoroughly for us, bought two cords of hickory from Farmer Moe yesterday, and told his boy to dump them at her red cottage on the left side of the school play-ground upon Spring street. What did Farmer Moe's boy do but come to town early this morning, and dump every stick of the hickory alongside the red cottage to the right side—Summer street. Poor Mrs. Pitcher woke up, and looked across to the other sidewalk, and there it was. She told me before school-time that she didn't know how in the world she was going to get all that wood over to her yard where it ought to be. Don't you think that the freight trains of the Royal Kamtschatka Railroad could solve her difficulty for her, especially if I should give them half an hour recess to accomplish it?"

It is lucky that the storms of hurrahs, the cheers for the Doctor, Mrs. Pitcher, and the railroad itself, can not be heard in reading this report of proceedings.

Instantly the whole throng of Institute boys might have been discovered rushing across the broad play-ground to Timbuctoo, which became at once the great freight center of the G. R. K. R. R. Erasmus Jackson, Guy Merrill and Lee Holmes laid aside loftier dignities, and became hard-worked freight dispatchers.

"Three cheers for the Royal Road!" shouted out some one, as the first freight train, each boy carrying half a dozen thick hickory billets, set out for Moscow. All passenger trains went off for the day. Line after line laden with the misdelivered wood steamed off hot and fast for the distant back fence, where their burden was tumbled over into Mrs. Pitcher's yard. The hooting, switching, whistling and calling grew so loud that the passing towns-people halted before the boundaries of the Institute play-ground, and asked each other "if Dr. Thwackem was deaf," or "if he knew how those boys of his were cutting up to-day."

As he was leaning composedly out of the upper window, laughing to himself at the quick work the railroad was making with their job, and commenting upon it to the sparrows, it is to be supposed he countenanced the racket.

The last stick was finally tossed over into Mrs. Pitcher's domain. The last Great Royal freight train disjointed itself in the middle of the play-ground. The boys came thronging up the narrow [illegible] shouts, laughter and chaffing, and [illegible] sweet pleasure at having [illegible] accomplished a kindly act [illegible]

The doctor stood up at the [illegible] He took around [illegible] gave a bow at his [illegible]

"Mr. President, Stockholders [illegible] Engineers and Crew of the Great Royal Kamtschatka Railroad [illegible] Thank you. [illegible] Agnes [illegible]"

[illegible]

—*[illegible]*

A Boy to Be Trusted.

I once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. [illegible]

[illegible]

Was Bound to Enjoy Himself.

He was a seafaring man, and [illegible]

[illegible]

"Put, my dear sir, I [illegible]"

"I'm not yer dear sir," [illegible] just that's enough." At [illegible] the curtain went [illegible] "Corsair," and the old sailor [illegible] all eyes and ears, much to the [illegible] the mild young gentleman. [illegible]

"You will oblige me very much by keeping your feet still," said a [illegible] man just behind the mild youth.

"Beg pardon," said the mild youth, "but it's this party next to me."

"What's in the wind?" asked the sailor, looking over his shoulder.

"Keep your feet still," said the gentleman behind the mild youth; "you're disturbing every one."

"See here, you," said the sailor, "I paid for this berth, an' I mean to see the show, so stow yer talk and give a chance to take in the music." [illegible] old sailor started in again with heel and toe drumming. By this time all about them were glaring at the youth, who grew red and white by turns, and at last appealed to the usher.

"See here, sonny," said the sailor, "I came ashore for a racket, and I propose to enjoy it me own way. I've lots of money stowed away [illegible] an I can pay me own way, and [illegible] can't do that I can fight," and he commenced to pull off his coat.

"Here, usher! usher!" cried the mild youth, springing to his feet.

"Put 'em out! Put 'em out!" [illegible] from all parts of the house, and [illegible] two ushers rushed down the aisle, followed by a fireman.

"Come, young fellow," called [illegible] one of the ushers, "out of that."

"It's not my fault," [illegible] blonde youth was hurried [illegible] aisle and out upon the sidewalk [illegible] the old sailor settled [illegible] took a fresh chew and [illegible] would now be allowed [illegible] Kingin' in peace.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Tramp Rooster.

Some of the residents in one [illegible] of Middletown lately complained [illegible] policeman of a tramp rooster [illegible] enticing away their hens [illegible] their eggs elsewhere than at [illegible] seems the rooster came [illegible] place where the parties [illegible] single hen. One day he [illegible] coop with a half dozen [illegible] or laying there, went [illegible] This happened day after day [illegible] owners of the misguided [illegible] procured a game cock [illegible] Mormon rooster such a thrashing [illegible] he was unable to get [illegible] two. But he was bound to have a following of his own, and a few days [illegible] he brought home [illegible] another place, which [illegible] laid there next day and then went [illegible] Every day the rooster brought [illegible] his coop to lay. The family [illegible] they kept but one hen, were in the habit of getting from three to half a dozen eggs every day. The neighbors made so much complaint about the tramp rooster beguiling their hens that he was finally killed to appease their wrath.—*Middletown (N. Y.) Press.*

—A printing-office has been added to the industries of Blackwell's Island, N. Y. As there are no newspapers [illegible] the island as yet we fail to see how the scheme will succeed.—*New Haven Register.*

—A Louisville bill collector called upon a debtor, as he says, 1?? times before he got his money. Perseverance will saw a tree down with a [illegible]—*Detroit Free Press.*