THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

FRUIT OR FLOWER.

When orchards smile, and our gardens bloom
In rainbow beauty from day to day,
And verdant leaflet and nodding plume
Keep time to music the breezes play,
How sweet the bower
When sun and shower
Unfold the bud and reveal the flower!

Along the meadows in gleaming lines
From year to year is the promise writ;
Tassels and tendrils of clinging vines
Are never weary proclaiming it;
As bells in the tower
Toll forth the hour,
They herald the fruit that follows the flower.

We may watch and wait, but can hasten not
The sweet fruition our hearts desire,
Nor gather the grape or the apricot
Until they are fed with the noonday fire;
Though the fields we scour,
We have no power
To harvest the fruit that is still in flower.

But when the orchards are pink and white,
And all the meadows are green and gay,
In the promise given we take delight,
And breathe the fragrance that comes in May,
Nor ask for the dower
Of a riper hour,
For the perfect fruit in the time of flower.
—*Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Weekly.*

BRITISH LAW OF TREASON.

Trials for high treason have been most rare in modern times, and the whole subject is invested with a singular interest even for the general reading public. From the beginning of the common law treason was recognized and punished as a crime, the cause of the crime always being some act of hostility against the Crown by some one owing allegiance to it. With an unwritten law and corrupt or subservient Judges, it may readily be imagined what bloody injustices were possible. The laws of Alfred declared that if any man plotted against the King, either himself or by harboring exiles, he should be liable in his life and all his possessions. During the two centuries that followed the conquest, however, trials for treason were rare, and the literature of the subject is scanty. The King being merely regarded as a sort of Premier-Baron, and there being no difficulty in finding a flaw in his title, treasonable enterprises were frequent; per contra, when those engaged in such enterprises came to grief, they were got rid of without excessive formality. William de Braose, when King John invited him to send his son as a page to Queen Isabella, hesitated, and his wife declared that she would never trust her child in the hands of a man who had murdered his own nephew. The result was that the whole family, having vainly fled to the Irish wilds, was shut up in a room in the tower and starved to death. The punishments varied, but were often barbarous. The Barons under Mortimer and Isabella hanged Le Despencer and burned out Edward II.'s bowels with a red-hot iron introduced through a cow's horn. The Norsemen had an interesting way of insinuating an adder into a prisoner's stomach in a similar fashion, while Edward III. when he caught Mortimer, his mother's paramour, merely hanged him. In the twenty-fifth year of his reign, Edward made a creditable attempt at remedying the uncertainty of the earlier law under which counterfeiting was treason, whether the King's seal or his coin were copied, and it was treason to "eacroach upon the royal power." The new statute made it treason to compass the sovereign's death, to levy war against him, or to adhere to his enemies, etc., though all such offenses had to be proved by an over act. "Compassing the King's death," however, proved a term capable of almost indefinite expansion; and when the phrase could not be stretched to take in an obnoxious opponent, the law was disregarded, or a new act was passed for his benefit. Not alone was a prosecution for treason a convenient method of getting rid of a political opponent, but very small fish were scooped in in the net. Under Edward IV., one man, whose deer the King had killed, was put to death for wishing that the King had the deer's horns in his belly, and another was hanged, drawn and quartered for making a pun. He called his inn the Crown, and his son the heir to the Crown. The Judges must have resembled that loyal magistrate of the last century who sent a man to jail for declaring that the Prince of Wales was born without a shirt to his back. A special statute of Henry VIII. made it treason to believe the King's marriage with Anne of Cleves valid. The statute of Edward VI. required for the conviction of one charged with treason two sufficient and lawful witnesses, but this provision was eluded in a dozen ways. Bacon, when Attorney-General, convicted the decrepit old Parson Peacham of treason by bringing in a sermon found in his study which had never been preached—more by token, the great philosopher stood by him when he was racked to extort a confession. The punishment of treason in the "good old times" was something too horrible almost for description. The average reader has a mild and very erroneous idea of what "hanging, drawing and quartering" really meant, but he will be instructed if he reads the history of the Jesuit Ballard's conspiracy in favor of Mary Queen of Scots, in which he enlisted Anthony Babington, Chidiock Titchbourne and other generous young men; or turns to the recital by Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby of the execution of the Jesuit Hugh Green, in 1642. "The hangman," we read, "either through unskillfulness or for want of a sufficient presence of mind, had so ill-performed his first duty of hanging him that when he was cut down he was perfectly sensible and able to sit upright upon the ground, viewing the crowd that stood about him. The person who undertook to quarter him was one Barefoot, a barber, who, being very timorous when he found he was to attack a living man, it was near half an hour before the sufferer was rendered entirely insensible of pain. The mob pulled at the rope and threw the Jesuit on his back. Then the barber immediately fell to work, ripped up his belly, and laid the flaps of skin on both sides, the poor gentleman being so present to himself as to make the sign of the cross with one hand. During this operation the writer of this kneeled at the Jesuit's head and held it fast between her hands. His face was covered with a thick sweat, and blood issued from his mouth, ears and eyes, and his forehead burned with so much heat that she could scarce endure her hand upon it. The barber being still under a great consternation"—but enough.

When Titus Oates hatched the Popish plot of 1678, the infamous Chief-Justice Scroggs aided the perjurer most vigorously. No second witness appearing when the Jesuit Whitbread was put upon trial, Scroggs discharged the jury to enable the Crown to supplement its evidence, and, on a subsequent occasion, Whitbread was duly convicted and executed. But Scroggs was outdone by Jeffreys, when Lord William Russel and Algernon Sidney were brought before him in 1683, on a charge of complicity in the alleged Rye-house plot. The jury was constituted illegally, and he was refused the right to challenge, while not one witness proved the offense charged—conspiring to kill the King. In Sidney's case, only one witness, the infamous Lord Howard, could be found, but Jeffreys improved on Bacon by accepting as the second witness garbled extracts from a theoretical manuscript work on government found among his papers. Sir Thomas Armstrong was at the same time hanged, drawn and quartered, "without trial, without having been confronted with his accusers, and without being heard in his own defense." Anyone can read in Macaulay the story of the bloody assize in the west, after Monmouth's rebellion, when men were hanged and quartered by hundreds, and Jeffreys sentenced Alice Lisle to be burned alive, the sentence being with difficulty commuted to decapitation. Elizabeth Gaunt was less fortunate, being burned to death at Tyburn in October, 1685. When there was not evidence enough for Scroggs or Jeffreys, the crown could always pass a bill of attainder and have Parliament declare A or B guilty of high treason, and therefore be executed, with extinction of his titles and confiscation of his property. William of Orange made haste to do honor to Russell and Sidney's memory, yet he was the last sovereign to employ a bill of attainder. Thus he sent Sir John Fenwick, a Jacobite, to the gallows, it being hopeless to indict him with one witness to the overt act. The bill was with difficulty got through Parliament, Lord Derby opposing it eloquently in the Lords. In those days the prisoner was hanged for half an hour; then his heart and bowels were torn out and burned; then his body was quartered, and the four fragments and his head were stuck upon spikes in different parts of the country. After the Jacobite rising of 1745, Townley and Flatcher were thus dismembered, their heads being set up over Temple Bar, where Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, remembered seeing them. They rotted away about the time of our Declaration of Independence.

The last persons executed in England for high treason were Arthur Thistlewood and his four companions, hanged at the Old Bailey, May 1, 1820, for the famous Cato street conspiracy to massacre the Ministers at dinner and carry off the heads of Castlereagh and Sidmouth as special trophies in bags prepared for the purpose. They were the last prisoners confined in the tower, and the last beheaded after death. By the way, hanging, drawing and quartering was inaugurated in England in 1241, when William Marise, the son of a nobleman, suffered for piracy. September 21, 1848, William Smith O'Brien, convicted of high treason, was sentenced to be hanged, and then beheaded and quartered. A similar sentence had been passed on John Francis, in June, 1842, for the attempted murder of the Queen. Mr. O'Brien rather nonplused the authorities by objecting to have his death sentence commuted to transportation, on the ground that the Queen had no power to substitute one penalty for another, and it was deemed expedient to pass an act of Parliament to remove the doubts excited as to the legality of the act of clemency.

In old times the fact that a true bill for treason had to be found by a Grand Jury saved many a noble politician whose head would have fallen once he was before the lords. Two witnesses were needed as to the overt act, and the prisoner was entitled to a copy of the indictment and the jury panel a certain time before his arraignment. But according to the act of 1800, where the overt act is in the nature of a direct attempt on the life of the sovereign, the trial is to be conducted in the same manner as an ordinary indictment for felony.—*London Special to Chicago Times.*

Buried in a Trance.

A New Brunswick (N. J.) dispatch says: In the latter part of March a man named James Gilliland, residing here, died after a brief illness. He was a carpet weaver by trade, and was well known in the neighborhood. After death his house was visited by sympathizing friends, who were anxious to look once more on their departed comrade. There was a peculiar appearance about the body, which was the subject of comment, and many of the visitors refused to believe that life had departed. Even after the body had been prepared for burial and inclosed in a coffin there was none of the ordinary appearances found in a corpse, and Gilliland's friends were greatly agitated over the matter, many of them believing that he was only in a trance. So strong was this belief that physicians were called in to make an examination. They found the body slightly warm, and having none of the chilly feeling to the touch which is always found in dead bodies; the face was somewhat flushed, and the supposed dead man resembled a person in a deep sleep more than a mass of lifeless clay. The doctors, however, after a critical examination, pronounced Gilliland dead, and the funeral took place the following day, the interment being in the cemetery. Last week a brother of Gilliland came to this city to make an examination, having heard that there were suspicions that the man was not dead when burial took place. He proceeded to the cemetery yesterday in company with a man to reopen the grave. When the coffin was reached the lid was carefully removed, and to the great horror of the man he discovered indubitable evidence that his brother had been entombed while in a trance, and had afterward recovered consciousness. The body was found lying on one side with the face terribly scratched, as though done while in agony. It is thought that the unfortunate man, on recovering consciousness, endeavored to free himself from his coffin, and that a terrible struggle for life took place, the hands being horribly lacerated, while the face plainly showed signs of terror. The body was immediately reburied. Last evening the family of the unfortunate man refused to give any information on the subject, and the cemetery authorities were likewise reticent.

Must Have a Scotch Hammer.

A correspondent writes of an amusing incident which occurred at Oneonta, N. Y., and says that he knows all the persons referred to, and can vouch for the truth of it. "A carpenter and joiner in Oneonta said to his fellow-workmen: 'As soon as I can get a chance, I am going to send over home to Scotland and get a claw-hammer, one that I can work with; I can't get a decent hammer in America.' About this time a friend of his was going back to the 'auld sod,' and he commissioned him to go to the best hardware store in Glasgow and get a carpenter's claw-hammer, the best he could find, regardless of cost. In due time the friend returned, bringing the desired tool. The party gathered around him, including some of his fellow-workmen, and he proceeded to open the package, in the meantime making the remark: 'I'll show you something to make your eyes water,' as the friend had assured him that he had brought him the kind of hammer used by the best workmen in Glasgow. He affectionately unwound the wraps, and, as he took the tool and handed it over to his friends, he said: 'There, look at that!' One of his friends did so, and read the trade-mark on the hammer: 'Made at Norwich, N. Y., U. S.' There is no more bragging about Scotch hammers."

—A small, very black negro boy by accident threw his top through a large pane of glass in one of the front windows of Mr. Green's sewing-machine agency in the Cater block. As soon as he laid hands on the offending toy, he grasped it with steel spinner outwards, and beat himself fiercely over the forehead and head with it until blood came, when he threw the top as far away as he could and told the owner of the store that he "didn't go to break the window." His was a novel way of atoning for his fault, but it had the desired effect and he was allowed to depart unmolested.—*Selma (Ala.) Times.*

—Oscar Wilde has made $25,000 out of his lectures in this country.

A Hungry Man's Experience in London.

This man, this weak, foolish vessel, went out to breakfast one morning at ten o'clock. Being a generous and forgiving person, he selected the place where he had dined the night before. Some of the shutters were still on the windows. He went in, however. The long narrow apartment was full of dust, the chairs were all piled upon the tables, and a man was sweeping the dry floor with a dry broom and the most bewildering energy. The prospect was not promising, but not altogether cheerless. It was clear proof that people *did* sometimes sweep in London. The dust was a little too thick for weak lungs, however, and the stranger went out. He walked to several other restaurants and couldn't get in at all. So he drifted back again, reflecting that it was probably a holiday of one kind or another. By this time the tables were partly covered, and one or two of the waiters had arrived. The stranger sat down and looked around. Nobody took the slightest notice of him, and after awhile he rapped for a waiter. Then one of them came, staring at him unpleasantly. The American said he would take breakfast. The waiter replied that they did not serve anything until twelve. Everybody breakfasted at home. Well, yes, he would try and get something for the gentleman, but it was against the rules. He departed, having left this suggestion of an extra fee. By and by he came back with fried sole, eggs, coffee, rolls and a chop. The American ate voraciously, and called for the bill. His waiter reckoned it up rapidly in his head at seven shillings, or $1.75, and the foolish stranger paid him a shilling besides. Two or three days later he discovered that he had been overcharged by three shillings. Thus it cost him just one dollar of stealings and fees to learn to eat breakfast at home. This same man made a nice row in a restaurant at dinner one night when he first arrived. He had been warned to keep on the lookout for overcharges, and by the time his meal was finished he was in a good mood for that sort of a thing. He had arrived in the restaurant at five o'clock, and had called for a bill of fare. It was printed on a sheet of paper just the size of a page of the Chicago *News.* Half the items were in red ink. This indicated that they were special dishes for that day. He had soup, and ordered boiled mutton in red ink. The waiter consulted with the cook, and said the mutton would be done in three minutes. The stranger waited. In ten minutes the waiter came back and said the cook had concluded not to serve any more mutton that day. The American said he would have a lamb chop—also in red ink. Another consultation, and another disappointment. There were no lamb chops. Would he try a fillet of beef, rare? Yes, he would. The waiter looked rather ashamed as he came back this time. He had no need to speak. The truth was written on his face. There was no fillet. The American was angry, but calm. He said:

"Bring me anything you've got in your measly old ranch. I don't care what it is. Only don't keep me in suspense. I don't want to make up my mouth for any more things and not get them. Get me anything you have got."

He received a fair sort of a dinner, but he was out of sorts all the time. It is no laughing matter to work one's imagination up to one thing and get another. When it came to making out the bill you may image how carefully he watched his man putting down the items. As the waiter wrote, he talked. This is how it ran:

"One soup, one radishes and butter, one new potatoes, one turbot, one steak, one asparagus, one peas, one Bass'—how many breads?"

"What?"

"How many breads?"

"None of your business."

"Well, I'll have to charge for two."

"Charge? You don't charge for bread?"

"Yes, sir. A penny for each bread."

"Humph! Well, I had one." This very sulkily.

"How many butters?"

"Eh?"

"How many butters?"

"Butters—Oh! You charge for butter? Ah! I see. Two butters. There's nothing mean about you. Oh, no. Hold on there. Don't add her up yet. You've forgotten the salt. I had some on my radishes."

"No charge for salt."

"What? Is there anything you don't charge for in this infernal country? Perhaps you want to tuck it on for that glass of water I had a mouthful out of. No? Well, this is simply paralyzing liberality."

And he went out muttering. This actually occurred in a restaurant where fully five hundred people dine every day. I know, because I have seen the man. I see him in the mirror every morning when I am dressing.—*London Cor. Chicago News.*

The Mistake in Buying a Bonnet.

"Now, whoever saw an old-gold rose!" she cried, appealing to the mirror, "or black asters, or brown lilies of the valley, or pea-green chrysanthemums? It's just like a man! Not the least idea of taste! And they'll put anything on to him. Probably some old things they had left over from last year, and then stuck them together on a child's hat and told Jack it was the latest style! And he believed them, the ninny! It's just like him! Well, he may wear it, if he wants to; I sha'n't!"

Jack arrived at this juncture, his face beaming like a bran-new tin pan in noonday sunshine. Seeing the millinery in the hands of his helpmate, he exclaimed, gleefully:

"So you've got it, Mary! A little surprise, you know. It's a stunner, ain't it?"

"I should say it was, Mr. Jack."

It was the tone of these words rather than their intrinsic intelligence that caused Jack's face to elongate suddenly.

"Why, what's the matter, Mary?" he exclaimed, in alarm.

"Matter, Mr. Jack!" returned Mary, holding the bonnet out at arm's length, as if it had been a recent occupant of the small-pox hospital. "Matter, Mr. Jack!" she repeated; "I should think you'd ask! Just look at it!"

"Why," said Jack, beginning to lose confidence in his ideas on taste, "isn't it pretty?"

"Pretty!" screeched Mrs. J.

With that she let the millinery fall from her grasp, and then dropped all in a heap on the nearest chair and fell to weeping like a force pump.

It was hard on poor Jack. He had promised himself no end of pleasure as the result of his little surprise. "Mary will be so happy!" he had said to himself. "It will come so unexpected, too! And how she will admire my taste!" Instead of this, that beautiful bonnet lay neglected on the floor, and his wife was on the verge of hysterics!

What was he to do under these distressing circumstances? Do? What would any husband do in the presence of tears?

"Oh, well, Mary," he said, coaxingly, "if it doesn't suit you, of course you can change it. I ought to have known that a man isn't fitted to pick out a bonnet. There, dear, don't cry any more; but put on your things and go right down to Plushington's and pick one out yourself. Now don't cry, dear. I've got to go to the office; but you'll go to Plushington's right away, won't you, dear?"

Mrs. Jack's tears gradually dried, though a great sob every now and then showed the terrible anguish which still rent her bosom. She deigned no answer to her lord's entreaties, excepting something or other about that "horrid thing," and was about to break out again into fresh weeping, when Jack begged her again to go to the milliner's right off, kissed her hastily, and discreetly left her alone with her grief. When the door was safely shut behind him—the truth must be told—he *did* say something that rhymed with lamb, but it is certain that "lamb" was not the word he used.

It was wonderful how quickly Mrs. Jack recovered from her sorrow. Hardly had the street door closed ere she was herself again. There was now a look of triumph on her face. Hastily putting on her street garments, she shoved the despised bonnet into the band-box, and a minute later was on her way to Plushington's.

It is needless to follow her thither. If you are a woman, you know how a woman disports herself in a millinery shop; if a man, the less you know about such places the better for your peace of mind.

The next day was Sunday, Easter Sunday, and as Mrs. Jack walked down the broad aisle in her new bonnet—the bonnet of her own choice—she was supremely happy. And Jack was happy, too, to see his spouse in so heavenly a frame of mind.

"Well, I vum!"

Thus said Mrs. Jack, as she took her seat; for right in front of her in the Bangupton pew, there sat Mrs. Bangupton—the recognized leader in the fashionable world—with a bonnet the very counterpart of that "horrid thing" which Jack had sent home as a surprise to Mrs. J.

This is what Mrs. J. "vummed" about.

There were the identical neutral strings; the nondescript roses, chrysanthemums, lilies and asters, were all there; the "mean, scrimpy, night-cappy thing" was before her in every particular.

It is safe to say that Mrs. Jack got little edification from the service that morning. Mrs. Bangupton's bonnet was mixed up with the hymns; it was everywhere throughout the creed, collects, prayers; the morning lessons were entirely devoted to millinery; the sermon, from text to finish, was Bangupton and bonnet; and the benediction was made up of the same ubiquitous elements.

On her way home Mrs. Jack was not so cheerful as when she started thence. On the contrary, she was taciturn, sad, not to say morose. Jack saw that something was wrong, but, being a discreet husband, and having yesterday's episode fresh in his remembrance, he said nothing. It was, no doubt, the wiser course.

Upon reaching home, Mrs. Jack flew up the stairs, but not until she was in the solitude of her own chamber did her sorrow find words. Clutching convulsively at the strings of her new bonnet, she pulled it off and then sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"I don't care, *there!*"

This was her only exclamation. She continued to weep and sob for five minutes, perhaps. Then suddenly she dried her eyes, took up her bonnet, scanned it all over, and, with a look of satisfaction rather than of joy, exclaimed:

"Well, I picked it out myself, at any rate! None of *his* buying! I'd a died rather than have him by my bonnets!"

And no doubt she would.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Strange Accident.

John Flarharity, an engineer on a Denver & Rio Grande engine, was running a "pusher" in the yards at Leadville. He was ordered to go down the road and meet the incoming passenger at Eiler's. Just as he started out of the yards, the strap connected with the lever broke, and he lost all control of the engine. The engine was a new one and in good condition, and he says he never can explain just why or how it happened. Running at a tremendous speed down grade, he expected every moment to be dashed to instant death.

"It was an awful moment," said Flarharity, "when I found that the engine would not respond to the touch of the lever, and that she was beyond my control. The cylinder heads blew out, the steam blinded me, and everything seemed to conspire to hurl us to destruction."

"How heavy was the grade?"

"One hundred and eighty-five feet to the mile. Down the steep incline the train dashed. I tugged at the lever and brakes, but it was as if I had been tugging at the solid parts of the engine itself. Then suddenly I remembered that I was to meet the passenger-train at Eiler's. My fireman jumped off early in the race, and I was left alone, thinking I had left him dead on the track. We were making more than a mile a minute. Little pieces of sand and dirt flew against my face and stung like coals of fire. I yelled and screamed, for I knew that our only hope was to flag that train and get her on the side-track. I saw the operator, Woodward, running for the train as he saw me coming, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and steam, and dust.

"With one last effort I opened wide the throttle, hoping that the engine would throw herself from the track on the curve and save the train from destruction. Then I jumped, and unconsciousness overcame me. When I recovered I saw the engine lying on her side within forty feet of the passenger-train, and people were crowding around me bathing my head, and hoping I was not killed."

Flarharity escaped miraculously with only a few slight bruises. The accident was one of the strangest on record, and in it not a single person was seriously hurt.—*Denver Tribune.*

How Weapons First Came to Be Employed.

The idea of employing weapons for assault or defense was a logical result of the first contests that took place between man and man. In these contests the strongest man with his native weapons—his fists—was unconsciously the father of all arms and all armed strength, for his weaker antagonist would early seek to restore the balance of power between them by the use of some sort of weapon. The shorter-armed man lengthened his striking power by the use of a stick, and found, after a time, the help its leverage and weight afforded him. The first case in which the chance-selected, heavy-ended staff or club showed that weight or hardness had its value, was a first step toward furnishing it with a strong head. Hence the blow of the fist was the forerunner of the crushing weapon. In the same way the pointed stick became the lance or dagger; and the thrown shaft, helped, as knowledge increased, by the bow or "throwing-stick," was the precursor of the dart and arrow. The character of the first weapons was largely determined by the nature of the materials from which they were derived, and their shape partly from this and partly by copying the forms of the weapons possessed by the animals the primitive men slew. Hence arises the general similarity in character and shape of the earliest tools from all parts of the world.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—A city home: Inquirer—"Are you the gentleman that owns this house and lot? Citizen—"No, I don't own this house and lot. I only live here and pay the taxes on 'em."

—Sara Bernhardt is married at last. Well, every man has a skeleton in his closet.—*Boston Courier.*

Cotton a Wonderful Plant.

Since I have studied the character of all the great Southern agricultural staples, and the special relations of each of them to the life and civilization of the people, the prominence always given to cotton does not seem strange or unaccountable. It is a wonderful and peculiar plant in its adaptation to the varieties of soil and general environment which it finds in different parts of the country in which it is grown, and also in its relation to some features in the character of the people who are engaged in its culture. It will grow on almost any soil and in almost any possible situation, in the latitude in which it belongs. Where the soil is generous the quantity of the fiber which is produced shows that the plant has very great power of assimilation and appropriation for whatever elements of nutrition are contained in its food supply. On the other hand, if the soil is excessively poor and sterile, cotton will still grow. It now wastes no strength or food on stem or leaf, but puts all its material and force into flower and seed. It is the fact that cotton is a seed fiber that makes it so valuable to this country. If it were the fiber of the stem or bark, as is the case with flax or hemp, much of the land of the cotton region, and much of the cultivation employed upon it, would be entirely inadequate to the production of the fiber in paying quantities. But nature cares more for seed, of course, than for anything else, and in making the seed of the cotton plant she makes the fiber which is of so great value; and in soil almost utterly barren, and with scarcely any cultivation, there will still be matured, on each dwarfed and stunted plant, a few bolls of fairly good, marketable cotton.

But the great preponderance given to cotton is nearly everywhere injudicious and unprofitable. In many extensive districts the planters persist in growing it on nearly every arable acre, as if it were the only crop the land would produce. They buy flour, corn and meat from the North in incredible quantities. When there is a good crop they receive much money for their cotton, but must pay it all out for articles which could be grown on their own farms. Many of the planters confess their conviction of the improvidence of this method, but persist in the practice, nevertheless. In various parts of the South there are vast tracts of as fine corn land as can be found on the continent, and there is no reason whatever for not cultivating in these regions all the corn needed in the Southern States, except the disinclination to adopt new methods of agricultural labor which is so strong among the planters. So, too, of the pork, or bacon, of which great quantities are brought down from the Northwest. It might just as well be produced at the South, and the planters, instead of buying what they themselves consume, should supply the cities and towns of their own portion of the country. One sees this Northern bacon in the streets of all Southern towns. The process of handling it is more picturesque than appetizing. It is tossed from the freight-cars into great heaps in the streets, whence it is transferred to drays by barefooted negroes, who walk over it and mount upon the loads as they drive away to the stores and warehouses. Here it is deposited on the sidewalks, where it often remains for many hours, romped over by negro children and their playmates, the vagrant dogs of the town.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Glanders.

Glanders, as everyone knows, is a highly contagious disorder of solipeds, and is now very prevalent in the United Kingdom. In London it is especially so, and causes great losses to owners of horses. It is readily communicable between the horse and ass species, less so between these and other species, but man is frequently infected. It is a most repulsive malady, and is incurable. Very much of our knowledge respecting it is entirely due to experiments on living animals. Not infrequently it manifests itself in a chronic form, and with such vague symptoms (though it is, nevertheless, as contagious as if these were well marked) that the most skillful veterinary surgeon cannot tell for certain whether it is the disease or only an ordinary catarrh. If it be glanders, then to allow the animal to live is to endanger the life of every horse and man who come in contact with it; while to destroy it, if the malady is not contagious, would be cruel and unnecessary. When time is an object, or facilities for isolation are not present, then test inoculation must be resorted to. For the purpose a worthless horse, or, better still, an ass, is inoculated, and a few days suffice to decide whether glanders is present. If the result of the inoculation is affirmative, the experimental animal manifests symptoms, generally at the seat of inoculation, which cause it little if any discomfort, and it is at once destroyed, as is also the suspected horse. By this precautionary procedure many horses, possibly those of an entire regiment of army corps, may be saved from peril, and human lives preserved from a loathsome and fatal disease. In elucidating the processes of disease, in framing preventive measures, in investigating the spread of contagious disorders, as well as in perfecting modes of surgical operation, experiments on living creatures are absolutely necessary, for their own interests no less than for those of mankind. Veterinary medicine and surgery are based on humanity no less than on utility, and their aim is to remove or alleviate pain among the animals placed under the dominion of man. By experiments in pathology, disease and mortality have been vastly diminished, and continued experiments in the same direction will cause further diminution. If mankind benefits, so do animals. A discovery which will avert disease in one will probably do so in the others; every advance of knowledge is a boon to all. To prohibit resort to experimental pathology would be at once to doom creatures which we are bound to protect to the endurance through all time of terrible suffering from disease that might otherwise be vanquished. Abhorring cruelty in every shape, and desirous of abolishing it by every possible means, I must nevertheless deprecate the attempt to place a barrier across the path pursued in pathological investigations on animals.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Repairing the Implements.

A tool or implement should never be put away after being used, without being put into good condition and made ready for the next season's work. But that is not always done, and when it is not, the repairs should be attended to at the first part of the season. In many sections where the spring work is already under full headway, it is now too late to get the full advantage of fixing up things, but the principle of "better late than never" holds good. It is both irritating and unprofitable to use a plow, cultivator, harrow or any other implement that is giving out every few days, and, perhaps, does not work well any of the time. Under such circumstances there is no better time than now to stop and have the implement repaired. Make a business of it. Look carefully over everything, and if there is a bolt, or a screw, or a nut or handle that needs replacing, have it done, and the trouble and loss of time that it may save will vastly repay the effort.—*Western Rural.*

—President Garfield's grave on every pleasant Sunday is visited by thousands of quiet people. The sentinels still pace about the vault, the bronze doors of which are thrown back, revealing the coffin—*Cleveland Herald.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Albert Wolff, in an article published in Paris, argues that the influence of American wealth on French art is bad, tending to render it "low and mercenary."

—Just before the death of Mrs. L. A. Mathews, of Lakewood, N. J., recently, her sight, of which she had been deprived several years, was restored. She was 103 years of age.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The literary industry of the late Jacob Abbott was extraordinary. During his busy life he wrote 180 volumes, besides doing a vast amount of editorial work, and contributing many articles to *Harper's Monthly.*

—Mr. Spurgeon, the London preacher, is a lover of birds, and he loves them in the only true fashion. He invites them to his lawn with daily showers of bread-crumbs, but never thinks of imprisoning one in a cage.

—Representative Allen, of Missouri, had a life-long ambition to go to Congress. He was finally elected, but on reaching Washington was taken with the sickness which ended fatally, so that he attended but one day's session after all.—*Detroit Post.*

—George Dolby, the business agent of Dickens during his last tour through the United States, proposes to issue a series of Dickens' letters to him. As many were written very quickly and at moments of intense excitement, it is probable that the volume will have some sharp passages.

—The following well-known persons are over 70 years of age: Ralph Waldo Emerson, 79; Charles O'Conor, 78; David Dudley Field, 77; Charles Francis Adams, John G. Whittier and Jefferson Davis, each 74; Oliver Wendell Holmes and Cornelius K. Garrison, 73; Jeremiah S. Black, Robert Toombs and Phineas T. Barnum, 72; Wendell Phillips, 71; Judah P. Benjamin, Alexander H. Stephens and Horatio Seymour, 70.

—John G. Saxe, the poet, who is so afflicted mentally in his old age, has a competency which was greatly increased some years ago by a fortunate speculation in Texas cattle-raising with his brother, Peter Saxe. The poet furnished some of the capital and his brother went to Texas to attend to the ranche. "My brother John," Peter said some years ago, "has made more money out of cattle in one year than he has made out of writing poetry in twenty years."

—Mrs. Nicholas Smith, formerly Ida Greeley, the eldest daughter of Horace Greeley, who died at Chappaqua, N. Y., recently, of diphtheria, was a lady of culture and of unusual force of character. After her father's death, she traveled some in Europe. A younger unmarried sister, Gabrielle, is now the sole survivor of a family that a few years ago had a national prominence. A brother died sometime before the demise of Mr. Greeley. Mrs. Smith leaves three little children, one an infant only a few weeks old.—*Chicago Journal.*

HUMOROUS.

—A Missouri girl wrote 2378 words on a postal card, and then mailed it without any address. The family didn't get any rest that night.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The paragraphers are making fun of the way Alyce Carlysle, a Western wryter of verses, spells her name. But the gyrl has a ryght to spell it in that y-se if she wants to.—*Syracuse Herald.*

—Teaching the young idea: "Grandpa, the sun is brighter in summer than in winter, is it not?" "Yes, and it's warmer and enjoys better health." "Why does it enjoy better health?" "Because it gets up earlier."

—When reprimanded by his employer for absenting himself from the office for two entire days, Fogg very calmly replied that he believed in the office seeking the man, and not the man seeking the office.—*Boston Transcript.*

—When Filkinsbury moved away from town he was asked if he received anything in the way of a keepsake from the citizens. "No," he replied "nothing; though I believe there was something said about my receiving the congratulations of the people on my change of residence."

—Her lips were like the leaves, he said,
By autumn's crimson tinted;
Some people autumn leaves preserve
By pressing them, she hinted.
The meaning of the gentle hint
The lover did digest;
And so he clasped her round the neck,
And glued his lips to her'n.
—*Our Continent.*

—"When I came to town," said a rich broker, "I hadn't a penny of my own." "And have you now, sir?" asked a quiet-faced man in the far corner of the room. The broker didn't answer the question. Perhaps he didn't hear it. Possibly it was a pain in the stomach that drew his face down so suddenly.

—"See here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered; "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He lets things run on as usual.—*Waif.*

—This is an amateur. He knows all about music, and he tells all he knows to his friends. How good of him. But it does not take him very long to tell it. He likes the modern school and considers Bach one of its best men. He does not like the tempo of the conductors. This pains the conductors and the musicians. The horn-player weeps into his instrument. But we like the amateur. We had sooner go to the funeral of one musical amateur than to that of ten conductors.—*The Score.*

—The other day a pompous little fellow at a dinner-table was boasting of the great men with whom he was on intimate terms. He was in constant correspondence with Bret Harte, had lunched with Tennyson, was in friendly relations with the Prince of Wales, and, in short, knew everything and everybody. At length a quiet individual at the other end of the room broke in on the conversation with the question: "My dear sir, did you happen to know the Siamese twins when they were in this country?" Our hero, who evidently had a talent for lying, but no real genius, at once replied: "The Siamese twins, sir? Yes, sir. I became very intimate with one of them, but I never had the good fortune to meet the other."—*Chicago Times.*

Growth of the Telephone Business.

The success of the telephone business in the short period of its existence is in remarkable contrast with the early history of telegraphing. The record of the telegraph companies was one of struggles and disasters till the Western Union took up the work of organization and consolidation. The telephone has been a source of profit almost from the first, and a number of men have already been made immensely rich by it. The report of the American Bell Telephone Company, for the year ending February 28, 1882, just compiled, shows an increase in the number of instruments rented to subordinate companies from 132,692 to 189,374 (over 4,700 a month); exchanges in operation, 408, to 592; subscribers, 47,880 to 70,525; miles of wire, 29,316 to 49,168. An item in the account illustrative of the rapid progress in telephonic appliances is 54,229 instruments destroyed, or to be destroyed, because defective. The gross earnings for the year are reported at $1,001,924, of which $885,312 came from the rental of instruments, and the net earnings were $562,061.—*Bradstreet's.*

Our Young Readers.

THE LOST BABY.

"I'm lost! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,
I stooped, and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered: "May be:

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last?" She shook her head:
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—is't just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
'Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?'"
—*Anna F. Burnham, in Wide Awake.*

"INDUSTRY NEED NOT WISH."

It was writing-hour in the home school-room of the Dalton children. The governess had been called out, and they were left on honor.

Jack Dalton had not written a stroke since the summons came, and by the time his teacher was beyond the door had drawn, from his pocket, treasures in the shape of marbles, alleys, fishing-lines and a knife.

"Tom," he called, to his cousin, and added emphasis with a well-aimed paper ball, "what'll you give in cash for this stock?"

"Don't want it at any price," answered Tom, without looking up.

"But I'm hard up, and will sell at a sacrifice," continued Jack; "besides, I want to get something else."

"I want to get something, too," Tom replied, "but not that trash."

Jack looked over at his cousin curiously, but he was intent upon his copy. He had been laboring steadily at the letters, and was half-way down the page, when the thought dawned in his mind that they might mean something.

This was the copy: "*Industry need not wish.*" Ah! what did not Tom wish? That very morning he had been wishing to buy a story-paper and some fruit for his invalid sister. Then he had heard his mother wish their little garden could be cultivated, and he felt sure he could do it if he only had tools to work with. And when it came to his own wants, they were really without number, and here, right before his eyes, if there were truth in his copy, was a remedy.

"Jack," he said, "listen, and tell me what you think of this: 'Industry need not wish.'"

"O, bother!" returned Jack. "I think nothing of it. It's good practice on the lettering; but as for the sentiment, it means no more than if it said: 'Jack and Gill went up the hill!'"

"But Benjamin Franklin said it," argued Tom. "It must mean something."

"Oh, it don't follow," returned his cousin. "He gained a great reputation, and after that everything he said was accounted wise. My own private opinion is that he said a great many stupid things."

"But if this should be true, Jack, just think of all the things we could have without wishing."

"I thought something was up," replied Jack, impatiently. "You've been sitting like a deacon ever since Miss Ray went out. Your copy-book has struck in, I suppose. For my own part, I'm not so stupid as to pin my faith on old proverbs."

But to Tom, who was poor, and being educated by his uncle, it seemed worth trying.

"I will begin this very afternoon," he thought. "I wish most for the papers for Amy, and will see if I can earn them."

His enthusiasm almost overcame his appetite, and, his hastily eaten dinner over, he set off in quest of work.

Right near his own home, and on one of the main thoroughfares of the town, was the quaint old residence of Eben Underhill. He was so old an inhabitant that everybody called him Uncle. For sixty years he had lived in the same substantial farm-house. Modern improvements had branched out around him, and stately store-houses reared their French roofs far above the lowly dwelling; but they only seemed to make a protection, shutting out the busy world, while the quiet, old-time life within kept its monotonous course.

The place always had a charm to Tom, and many rides had he enjoyed in Uncle Eben's spring cart, as he took his daily journey to the distant pasture and wood-lot.

To-day he paused at the gate, wondering if he might not find work there. But how he hated to ask, when it came to the point!

Uncle Eben was coming from the barn with a basket of corn-cobs. In another minute he would be in the house, and Tom was sure he would never have courage to knock at the door and make known his wish before the women of the house. His resolution carried him forward, and he reached the porch as Uncle Eben had his hand on the door-latch.

"Have you any work for a boy to do?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Well, I don't know," the old man replied. "If the right boy happened along, I might give him a job."

"Would I do?" asked Tom.

"Your clothes don't look much like it," said Uncle Eben, doubtingly. "It's sorting potatoes."

"I can do that," said Tom, "if you'll just start me."

"I've a mind to try you, and will pay thirty cents for the rest of the afternoon, but you'll have to put on my overalls, and kiver up your fine clothes."

Uncle Eben was stout and tall, and little of Tom was visible when encased in them. They were turned up six inches at the bottom, and when they reached his arm-pits Uncle Eben tied them with a piece of clothes-line, while the remaining length fell over in a ruffle. When new they had been brown in color, but frequent washings had turned them a light yellow, and they were ornamented with patches of lime and plaster.

"Now," said Uncle Eben, "with something to save your coat-sleeves, you'll be ready for work."

And he brought out a pair of blue-and-white butcher's sleeves.

When these were drawn on, Tom would have laughed had the gift been given him to see himself as others saw him, but, happily, he was thinking about the work, and to Uncle Eben the outward appearance was nothing.

The cellar was large, and quite light, and, being floored with brick, was warm and comfortable. In one corner was an old-fashioned, wide-mouthed oven, where the weekly baking of the family was done. Near it was the long, hanging-shelf, with a cloth covering it, and reaching over the sides, and Tom imagined the bumps in the cloth represented the cakes, puddings and pies underneath.

"Here's the potatoes," said Uncle Eben, as they came to a part of the cellar devoted to vegetables. "The little and specked ones put in the basket, and carry to the feed-bin in the barn. The good-sized and fair ones put in the barrels."

Then he fell to sorting with great energy, and Tom, watching his movements a few minutes, was able to take up the work.

All went well until he was returning from the barn for the third time, when he heard a derisive shout from the store on the opposite side of the street.

Looking up, he saw his Cousin Jack coming as fast as paroxysms of laughter would allow.

This was unexpected, and Tom felt suddenly ashamed and frightened. His first thought was to drop the basket, take to his heels, and find a hiding place in the barn. But it was too late. Jack was in the yard, and so overcome with the ludicrous appearance of his cousin, that he sat down on the chopping-log in the wood-pile, and laughed so long and so loud that it brought Uncle Eben half-way up the cellar-steps to see what was happening.

"O, my eyes!" exclaimed Jack. "What a figure! I knew your old yellow copy-book took root this noon, but to think you should blossom out in it so soon is a little too much for me!" and fresh laughter shook him until he rolled off the block and down the slanting wood-pile.

"Charity!" called Uncle Eben to his wife. "Get ready a kettle of water, and have it reasonable hot. Here's a boy in a fit!"

Jack picked himself up at this, and walked on a little distance.

"Industry need not wish," he quoted, "and certainly it need not," he continued. "If it rigs its followers in that style. Good-day, my sunflower!" and with a taunting bow he left the yard.

Tom turned back to the cellar. The work was left, but the pleasure he had felt in it was all gone. For the first time he was comprehending what a joke may be from the victim's stand-point.

"Has he been so long?" inquired the old man.

"Been? been how?" asked Tom, not understanding.

"Why, foolish-like—lacking in sense."

"It was not that," answered Tom, unwilling to accept the doubtful comfort of leaving a false impression about Jack. "He was laughing at my looks. He is very smart."

"A poor way of showing it then, is all I can say; but I'd rather be on your side of the joke than his."

"But I never thought it hurt so to be on the wrong side," said Tom.

"Not the wrong side at all, my boy," replied Uncle Eben, "and you'll find, as you go along through life, you'll have to take many a hurt, and carry many a sore spot, if you hold to the right. Why, I'm way past eighty, and the other evening I went down to the meeting of the Common Council, all those city fellows you know, who are ruining the place with their extravagance. I tried to remonstrate with them as a Christian and a citizen, and what do you think they did, but laugh and hiss, and ask for the pattern of my hat."

"Yes," said Tom, "I read about it in the paper, and Uncle Dalton said you were right, and the people would see it some day."

"Well, I hope so; and my advice is, never be ashamed when you know you are right."

"But what if you can't help it?" asked Tom, who was in just this trying position, and had experienced shame, anger and many conflicting emotions, in which he knew the evil outbalanced the good.

"Of course," continued Uncle Eben, "bad thoughts will spring up powerful fast when you're in a tight place, but don't let them keep you from doing the square thing. Just hold on, I say, and let the scorner laugh, and after a while the joke turns over of itself, and it comes your turn to laugh."

Under the sting of Jack's ridicule, Tom had concluded never to be found in such a job again, but he changed his mind as he talked with Uncle Eben, and resolved to test the truth of his copy, though raillery met him at every step of the way.

This resolution was so strengthened when he received payment for his work that he promised to come every afternoon that week.

When he reached home, the remnant of wounded pride sank out of sight at Amy's pleasure over the papers and dainties half his earnings brought her. The remaining half was laid away as a foundation toward the garden tools.

All this was years years ago. Tom is a wealthy man now, and the owner of a far Western ranch, but he dates the beginning of his business life from that afternoon's work, and attributes his success to the truth of the copy: "*Industry need not wish.*"—*Golden Days.*

Mushrooms in the Ear.

It was long ago discovered that every parasite was troubled with other parasites. The flea bites the dog, a smaller bug bites the flea, and so on, indefinitely. More recent investigations revealed the fact that many diseases were caused by fungi, which is either inhaled, or becomes attached to the body. Throat diseases and catarrhal affections are often caused in this way.

More recently it has been discovered that the cavity of the human ear is a most favorable place for the propagation of fungus growths. The fungi, which is known by the technical name of aspergillus nigra, are perfect mushrooms, with whitish stalk and black head. They are so small that it requires a microscope of a power sufficient to magnify three hundred times to render their forms clear and distinct. The growth spreads around the walls of the auditory canal and over the ear-drum, causing itching and dullness of hearing. The growth is strengthened by the use of oil or water in the ear, and there is no doubt but many of those who suffer from dullness of hearing are raising a crop of mushrooms in their ears, and their efforts to "soften the wax" are the most potent means of increasing the trouble.—*Nature.*

Edison's Electric Railway.

Two noteworthy experiments have lately been made in motors: Edison has run a train over his electric railway, at Menlo Park, at a rate of over twenty miles an hour. At the experiments at Berlin last year, on nine miles of the Siemens Road, the speed attained was only about ten miles per hour. Mr. Edison's track is like that of any ordinary railroad, involving curves, grades (one over thirty feet to the mile), with the various obstacles of ravines, streams and rocks. The car resembles the horse-car. The electricity is communicated from the generators, some 300 yards away, by two heavy wires, one connecting with each track. The tracks are insulated by covering the ends of the ties with a non-conducting compound. The wheels take up the electricity from the tracks and communicate with the dynamo-electric machine and gearing in the locomotive. Thus is given to the train a noiseless, rapid, pleasant motion, unattended with smoke, cinder and clatter.

—John Schriver and Lillie W. Cross, of Philadelphia, were engaged to be married. Schriver was inclined to be jealous, owing to Miss Cross having paid some attention to another young man. They returned from the theater the other night and were standing in the parlor of Miss Cross' home when her affianced asked her to kiss him. She proceeded to do so, when Schriver pulled a pistol and shot her. He then tried to kill himself. The girl was not expected to recover; the young man, in all probability, would.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A physician says that exposure plays a secondary role in the production of apoplexies, brain-softenings and the like, when compared with dissipation; that both in the higher and lower ranks of life, whilst work and worry count their victims by hundreds, dissipation counts its by thousands.

—A Detroiter has just been shot in the ear. The ball couldn't have been expected to go away around.—*Courier-Journal.*