THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

FOR YOUNG HEARTS ONLY.

Oft in the Winter of our lives
We mourn the Spring's departed hours,
And think what joy 'twould be if Age
As well as Youth could find her flowers;
But much I doubt were Spring to give
Some of her blossoms to December,
That they would seem as fair and sweet
As those we lovingly remember.

For violets blue and daisies white
In frost and cold would surely shiver,
And purple iris flags soon droop
If waving o'er a frozen river;
And so 'tis better as it is—
For young hearts only are Spring's pleasures;
We old ones, faith, must be content
To know that once we shared her treasures.
—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Weekly.*

SUDDEN WHITE HAIR.

When the Emperor Leopold was about to make his grand entry into Vienna the old sexton of St. Joseph's Cathedral was much troubled in his mind. Upon such occasions it had been his custom to take his stand on the pinnacle of the tower and wave a flag as the Imperial pageant passed by; but he felt that age had so weakened his nerve that he dared not again attempt the perilous performance. After thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that he must find a substitute; and knowing his pretty daughter had plenty of stalwart suitors, the old fellow publicly announced that the man who could take his place successfully should be his son-in-law. To his intense disgust, the offer was at once accepted by Gabriel Petersheim, his special aversion, and the special favorite of the girl, who saw not with her father's eyes. On the appointed day Vienna opened its gates to the new-made Emperor; but it was evening, or near upon evening, when the young flag-bearer welcomed the procession from St. Joseph's Tower. His task performed, Gabriel would have descended from the airy height, but found his way barred. Two wretches had done the treacherous sexton's bidding, and closed the trap-door of the upper stairway, leaving the brave youth to choose between precipitating himself on the pavement below, or clinging the cold night through to the slender spire, with but ten inches of foothold. He chose possible life to certain death; but when rescue came with the morning, his eyes were sunken and dim, his cheeks yellow and wrinkled, his curly locks as white as snow. Gabriel Petersheim had won his bride at a fearful cost.

Believing a fortune might be easily won in the oil-country, a young Bostonian went there to enrich himself. One stormy night a glare in the sky told him that an oil-tank was on fire a few miles off; and knowing that after a time the oil would boil up and flow over the side of the tank, he made for a hill to witness the spectacle. "She's coming!" a man shouted. There was a rumbling sound, and then the burning oil shot up from the tank, boiled over its sides, and floated down the creek, destroying everything in its way, and setting fire to a second tank. Curiosity getting the better of discretion, he ran to the ground in the rear of the tanks, to get a better view, and in trying to avoid a pool of burning oil, fell into a mudhole, and stuck fast therein. Struggling till he could struggle no longer, he lay back exhausted, watching the billows of smoke surging upward and floating away into space. Suddenly his ears were startled by the sound of cannon-firing; a column of flame and smoke shot up from one of the tanks, and he was stricken almost senseless with the knowledge that the "pipe-line men" were cannonading the first tank, to draw off the oil, and so prevent another overflow. He tried to shout, but the words would not come. A little stream of burning oil ran slowly but surely toward him. He watched it creeping on until it was almost upon him; then in a moment all was dark. When he came back to consciousness, he found himself in his own room, surrounded by "the boys," who had seen him just in time to save him. It was a weary while before he was himself again, and then he was inclined to doubt if he was himself, for his once dark hair was perfectly white.

Instances have not been wanting of the hair being deprived of its color in a few minutes. The home-coming of the King of Naples after the Congress of Laybach was celebrated with much public rejoicing. To do the occasion honor, the manager of the San Carlo Theater produced a grand mythological pageant, in which an afterward well-known opera-singer made his debut in the character of Jupiter. The stage-thunder rolled, the stage-lightning flashed, as the Olympian monarch descended on his cloud-supported throne. Suddenly, screams of horror rang through the house; the Queen fainted, and all was uproar and consternation, until the voice of the King was heard above the din, crying: "If any one shouts or screams again, I'll have that person shot!" Something had gone wrong with the machinery before the clouds had descended ten feet, and Jupiter had fallen through. Fortunately, a strong iron wire or rope caught his cloak, and, uncoiling with his weight, let him down by degrees. But a workman falling with him was impaled upon a strong iron spike supporting the scenery. In ten minutes or so they reached the ground, the workman dead, the singer dazed, but able to thank Heaven on his knees for his escape; and then the awe-stricken people saw that the black-haired deity had become transformed into a white-haired mortal, whose youthful features formed a strange contrast to their venerable-looking crown.

Staff-Surgeon Parry, while serving in India during the mutiny, saw a strange light. Among the prisoners taken in a skirmish at Chamda was a sepoy of the Bengal army. He was brought before the authorities and put to the question. Fully alive to his position, the Bengalee stood almost stupefied with fear, trembling greatly, with horror and despair plainly depicted on his countenance. While the examination was proceeding, the bystanders were startled by the Sergeant in charge of the prisoner exclaiming: "He is turning gray!" All eyes were turned on the unfortunate man, watching with wondering interest the change coming upon his splendid glossy jet-black locks. In half an hour they were of a uniform grayish hue.

Some years ago a young lady who was anxiously awaiting the coming of her husband-elect, received a letter conveying the sad tidings of his shipwreck and death. She instantly fell to the ground insensible, and so remained for five hours. On the following morning her sister saw that her hair, which had been previously of a rich brown color, had become as white as a cambric handkerchief, her eyebrows and eyelashes retaining their natural color. After a while the whitened hair fell off, and was succeeded by a new growth of gray. This case coming under the observation of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, shattered his unbelief in the possibility of the sudden conversion of the hair from a dark color to snow-white. No man knows more about the hair than Dr. Wilson; but he is at a loss to explain the phenomenon quite to his own satisfaction. "If," says he, "it be established that the hair is susceptible of permeation by fluids derived from the blood—a transmission of fluids from the blood vessels of the skin into the substance of the hair really occurs, the quantity and nature being modified by the peculiarity of constitution or state of health of the individual—it follows that such fluids, being altered in their chemical qualities, may possess the power of imposing new conditions on the structure into wh'ch they enter. Thus, if they contain an excess of salts of lime, they may deposit salts of lime in the tissue of the hair, and so produce a change in its appearance from dark to gray." Then he tells us: "The phenomenon may be the result of electrical action; it may be the consequence of a chemical alteration wrought in the very blood itself, or it may be a conversion for which the tissue of the hair is chiefly responsible." So many "may-bes" from such an authority prove that the mystery of the sudden whitening of the hair is yet unsolved. It is likely to remain unsolved, since the doctor—more modest than many of his brethren—owns that "the mysteries of vital chemistry are unknown to man."

The whitening of the hair wrought by mental disturbance is sometimes only of a partial nature. Vexation of spirit gave Henry of Navarre a partly-colored mustache. An old writer tells of an Irish Captain going to deliver himself up to Lord Broghill, the Commander of the English forces, who, being met on his way by a party of English soldiers, was made prisoner, and was so apprehensive of being put to death before Lord Broghill could interfere in his behalf that the anxiety of his mind turned some of his locks quite white, while the others remained of their original reddish hue. Perhaps, the curious change was less annoying to its victim than that which befell an American girl whose first intimation of her lover's falsity was the reading an account of his marriage in a newspaper. After a night's brooding over the traitor's perfidy, her looking-glass showed her that one side of her head was still adorned with tresses of golden brown; but the other, alas! was decked with locks more befitting a grandma than a maiden still in her teens; though even this was not so bad as was the case of a French girl, who, frightened by the floor of her room giving way beneath her, shed her hair so quickly that in three days' time she was—to use the expressive comparison of a chronicler of the event—"as bald as a bell-handle."—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Universal German Custom.

This *trinkgeld* business prevails everywhere and under all circumstances. I have frequently seen passengers in the street cars give the conductor a little remembrance when he collected their fares, and they did not expect anything in return for it, either. Nor was the money bestowed in a benevolent spirit, for the donor always sank back in his seat with a self-satisfied expression, and received the touch of the conductor's cap and his murmured thanks in a manner that gave one an unpleasant suggestion of patronizing. Nor can the bestower of *trinkgeld* under such circumstances refrain from stealing a hurried and almost supercilious glance around the car at the other passengers to see if they have observed his liberality and appreciate it. I have been told—though I have had no personal experience—that it is customary to give the ushers in the churches a couple of cents, or so, when they show you to your seat. It reminds one of the "money-changers in the temple." A German is brought up with the sound of *trinkgeld* always ringing in his ears. He sees it on all sides; "every gale that sweeps from the North brings to his ears the clink of resounding pfennings." He is not to be blamed, then, if he gives way to the national custom and gives and expects to receive it under any and all circumstances. But, at the same time, it is mighty aggravating to an American who is used to treating servants as if they were, at least, something a little better than slaves to whom one tosses a few pennies in a spirit of pity. Even after one has gotten the run of the waiters, and is perfectly certain that each and every one of them, even if he is an unfortunate nobleman, will take a few pfennings and return due measure of bows and scrapes for the same, one has yet several little tricks to learn, and must pass through several other similar experiences. He must learn that each and every man who has anything to do with the public in any underling capacity is always ready to take a small sum of money, be he ever so distinguished-looking and clad in the brightest of uniforms.

One must not allow himself to be caught in the way Chicago and I were when we were green in the *trinkgeld* business. We went out to the tomb of the Emperor's father and mother one day and were directed to enter by a very intelligent, distinguished-looking man, dressed in a very impressive uniform. We went in and looked at the really beautiful effigies of the King and Queen, and, under the influence of the soft, mellow light streaming in through the beautiful colored-glass windows, and the natural solemnity of such a place, we unconsciously fell into that frame of mind in which one always is ready to judge his worst enemy rather leniently, and to ascribe to him some good motives. In this state of mind we debated in whispers the probability of the distinguished-looking attendant expecting a fee. And it was unanimously agreed that he did not look like a man who would receive an offer of this kind in the right spirit. So we concluded to simply thank the gentleman and not run the risk of offering an insult and *trinkgeld* at one and the same time. We passed out, simply saying: "*Danke Ihnen,*" as we passed the distinguished one. But that individual followed us out and, with a touch to his distinguished-looking cap, said in that distinguished-sounding voice of his: "The gentlemen have forgotten the attendant." There was nothing left us to do but to apologize and give him a couple of cents and receive in return the bows, scrapes and thanks of a very distinguished-looking man. And I don't know but what the investment was a good one. One cannot get bows and scrapes half as cheaply in America. If I had the money to spare I think I would try and hire that man by the month to puff me up a little with self-esteem—I know of no surer means to that end than the bows and scrapes of a distinguished-looking man.—*Berlin Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

How They Get the Best of Us.

Johnnie went out and "losted" himself yesterday. He was missing for two whole hours and the neighbors were all aroused to see if they had seen the stray young vagabond, wheeling a little red wheelbarrow off with him. After a long and tedious search he was found in the back-yard of a new chum, mounted in triumph on the roof of a hen coop. Didn't he "catch it." Well, no, not hardly. It was this way. When his mother started out to look for him she determined that when once found he would get such a spanking as would cure him of his nomadic tendencies, but as she looked and looked, and began to grow anxious, she "mellowed" toward the little scamp, and by the time she found him, his face browned and heated with the sun, his hands begrimed with dirt, his apron tore, and a new hole stabbed in his shoe, she was so glad to see him that she picked him up and kissed him. "He was only a little ways off, that's all," said she, as she gave him a second plate of pudding at dinner for being "such a nice little runaway." Oh, these little ones get the best of us [illegible] time.—*New Haven Register.*

—Latest advices are to the effect that nothing has yet been heard from that kitten which two bad boys of Toronto tied by the tail to the tail of a kite and sent sailing off into boundless space. Kitty dropped off when the kite had reached an altitude of about 1,000 feet. The country can momentarily expect to hear of a shower of live cats somewhere down in Kentucky.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Ship Brake.

An apparatus has been invented, the introduction of which, it is claimed, will prevent any further appalling disasters caused by the collision of vessels in rivers, channels, and at sea.

The construction of the device is very simple and consists of a pair of iron shutters or "fins," hinged one on each side of the stern post of a vessel and shutting close to its sides from the stern post forward. The "fins" are kept tightly closed by a simple apparatus on deck, which is connected with the pilot house, and when "let go" the stays connected with the "fins" allow them to open at right angles with the ship, bringing it at once to a standstill, and holding it fast as if anchored. The area of the "fins" is in direct ratio with the size of the ship, and the immediate stoppage of the vessel when they are suddenly opened is a certainty. "Fins" much larger than are needed may be fitted to all vessels without looking out of proportion to the size of the ship. For example, a vessel requiring fins with a superficial area of 100 square feet to stop it could be supplied with fins of an area of 500 feet, and they would not look large or disproportionate to the ship. When the fins are released the experiment proves that no jarring or shock is experienced, such as is felt on a railroad when the brakes are applied. The water being a yielding body, acts as a spring or cushion. For foggy weather or darkness a self-acting guard is rigged out at the bow of the vessel, and should it meet with any rigid body in the path of the ship when touched, it at once releases the "fins" and stops the vessel before it can reach the obstruction, without any movement or direction on the part of the pilot or navigating officer. When closed the fins follow the outline of the ship, and, being flush with its sides, can in no way diminish its speed. The inventor's first experiment was made with a 37½ foot fast steam yacht, to which was attached a pair of "fins" 4 feet long by 2½ feet wide. This power proved to be at least twice as much as was needed to stop the vessel instantly when at full speed. A second trial demonstrated this fact when only one fin was used. The space traveled after the brake was applied was so small that it could not be discerned by persons watching the experiment from the shore.

To ascertain what sized fins would be required to stop a certain steamship of fourteen hundred tons measurement a raft or float was constructed to carry a pair of fins in position without fixing them to a vessel. The float and fins were towed out by a powerful tugboat, being attached thereto by a new six-inch manila hawser. When the tugboat was going at full speed with full steam on the fins were released and the effect was to snap the hawser like a piece of thread, making a report like a cannon. The fins remained firm. The breaking strain of a six-inch hawser is said to be twenty-seven thousand pounds. The fins used on this occasion were each 9x8 feet, or together an area of 144 square feet. When they were tried with the fourteen hundred-ton vessel they proved abundantly large, stopping the ship instantly and holding her fast against her power within a less distance than five feet.

In the opinion of the inventor a collision like that of the Stonington and Narragansett could have been averted if the steamers had been provided with the brakes. The Stonington—the colliding vessel—had several minutes in which to stop. The same number of seconds would have been sufficient with the brake to bring her to a standstill. Another case in point was the loss of the steamship Bohemian, which was wrecked on the southern point of Mizzen Head by collision with rocks. Out of fifty-seven persons on board thirty-five perished, including the officers. One of the survivors stated in evidence that he was on the lookout and gave warning of "breakers ahead" ten minutes before the steamer struck.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Summer Bonnets.

White bonnets prevail for dress this summer. Of seven new hats prepared for a young lady's outfit for Newport, five were white, the sixth was a blue coaching hat trimmed with terra-cotta roses, and the seventh was a large brown straw hat for traveling. Of the five white bonnets, two were very small capotes, one was an English poke, and two were large round hats. One of the capotes is of pearl lace, pearl beads and crushed pink roses, while the other is Tuscan straw, with a *chaudron* velvet Alsacian bow and strings, and a cluster of salmon-colored carnations on the left side. The English poke of fine Milan straw had ficelle lace and buttercups for garniture. The largest round hat, shelving downward on the forehead, was of split straw, trimmed with many white ostrich feathers and a scarf of embroidered white silk muslin, while the other, of Manila, had long thick cream and yellow plumes.

The crinkled silk China crape and white silk muslin, with embroidered dots, threfoils, diamonds and rings, are the favorite scarfs for fine straw hats, and are also used in small bonnets. The muslin is cut bias, and is passed around the crown in full yet soft and flat folds. This may be accompanied by either flowers or feathers, but flowers and feathers seldom appear on the same hat. The ostrich plumes now used are all what are called "made plumes;" that is, they are doubled or tripled in order to have them very full, and this fullness does away with the necessity of having them very much curled; hence they are as useful after being moistened or at the sea-side as elsewhere. The demi-long plumes and short thick tips are more useful for the present styles of trimming than very long Mercutio plumes. Breast feathers with the head attached are very stylish for trimming the straw and velvet turbans that are worn this summer, but wings are no longer in favor. The stripped coque plumes mounted like breasts are called sea-side feathers because they are perfectly straight, yet quite full, and have no curl to be taken out by dampness. Another made feather useful in all temperatures has chenille mixed with the tips of ostrich feathers. For fine flowers, carnations are shown in a single bunch with long stems, costing ten dollars the cluster. These are of the fashionable salmon shades, and are used on black and on white bonnets. There are also velvet pansies in clusters, at the same prices, showing only the darkest purple, yellow and red coloring seen in the choicest specimens of this lovely flower. Lilacs are coming into the favor already shown them in Paris, for there are entire bonnets of the palest pinkish lilacs stripped from the stalk, and their only contrast of color a velvet binding of wood brown, with two pairs of narrow strings, one pair of the brown velvet, and the other of the pale pinkish lilac hue. The white lilac bonnets are also very handsome, with dark purple or green velvet strings. For round hats young ladies the wreath of roses [illegible] foliage has already been noted. For girls in their teens there are pretty wreaths of two rows of pink-rose buds. These are straight around the crown, with a pale blue moire ribbon bow and long ends behind, as if tying the wreath on the hat. Outside of the flowers resting on the brim and covering it are two scantily gathered frills of embroidered mull, either polka-dotted and scalloped, or else an imitation of Irish point. This girlish and simple trimming can be put on at home at small expense, and will look well on the light Panama hats that are now sold at very low prices.

The English poke bonnet in the shape most in favor with those who prefer pokes to round hats. The ficelle lace trimming is very becoming, and is usually supplemented inside the brim by dark velvet placed smoothly like a lining two or three inches back from the front; a row of dull gray or pearl beads hides the seam joining the velvet and lace. Sometimes velvet is similarly placed outside the brim just back of the lace. A way of using the lace to make it cover the edges of the brim is to gather it inside the brim an inch and a half from the edge, and draw it together on the outside, making a sort of binding or puff; then put a plaited frill of the lace on the outside, with its scalloped edges falling on the puff, but not extending to the edge of the bonnet. A great bunch of long-stemmed buttercups on the left side is pretty on such pokes; a few black buttercups are effective in these clusters. Then some loops, knots, or a bow of crinkled Japanese crape or of embroidered muslin, trim the right side. The fancy for midsummer pokes is to dispense with strings, but if these are used at all, they are placed very far back under the crown, in order to make the front flare sufficiently. There is also a slight roll like a coronet on the brim of some new pokes, and these are very becoming to piquant faces with small features. Another quaint bit of trimming is a small stiff bow of the fine straw set on a curtain band below the crown. Two kinds of narrow straw braid in alternate rows are seen in English bonnets of late importations.

The Irish point embroideries on muslin and the finest ecru batiste, with open Saxony-work, are very effective trimmings for the country hats of fine split straw or the less expensive satin straw. When the large rough-and-ready straw hats are chosen, the trimming is plain white mull, or else dotted muslin with a little velvet added to give tone, or else some dark poppies in cinnamon red shades, or it may be a bunch of fruit. Many small pins, with gilt, or pearl, or colored glass beads, pin the mull scarf on the hat, or else they are stuck in the loops of a very large Alsacian bow that has Oriental lace across its ends. The large round hats with straight brims are preferred to pokes for shade hats in the country. For traveling, the choice is for dark straw large round hats for young ladies, while for those who are older are small capotes of cream or of black rough-and-ready straw that are sold for fifty cents, and are then trimmed with a dark velvet bow and strings, and a cluster of small flowers on the left side. The dotted muslin hats with a kerchief over the crown are pretty for mornings in the country, and are sold for $2.50 each.

Children's hats have wider brims than at any previous season, and these brims are rolled upward a trifle all around. The favorite colors are dark red and cadet blue, which is grayish, but there are also many Manila straws worn, with a velvet facing of becoming color inside the brim. A cluster of pompons next the crown, a band, bow and long ends behind of satin ribbon, and a moss ruche like the silk of the pompous edging the brim, trim such hats simply and fashionably. The fine English split straw is used for dressy white hats for children, and is trimmed with white feathers and jabots of Oriental lace, with a little mull or else silk muslin.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mistaken for a Ghost.

A number of ladies and gentlemen residing in Baltimore City and County a few evenings ago determined to give one of their number, living in the upper end of Baltimore County, a pleasant surprise in the shape of a phantom party. Accordingly each lady and gentleman secured a white robe and mask, a large 'bus was engaged, and the musicians were hired. They started, a merry, laughing crowd, for their destination, about seventeen miles distant from Baltimore. When within a half mile of their friend's house the 'bus stopped, and the ladies and gentleman donned their long, flowing white robes and masks, which were slipped over their street costumes. They then drove on to the house and were admitted by one of the young lady members of the family, who had been previously notified of the proposed party. The other members of the family were soon in the parlor and hospitably welcomed their white-robbed visitors. Dancing was at once begun, and kept up without intermission until eleven o'clock, when they were all invited to partake of the supper which had been prepared for them. Directly after supper one of the young ladies from Baltimore, feeling the room rather warm, walked out on the front porch. While standing there a sudden desire to explore around the grounds of the house took possession of her, and forgetting that she was still covered with her long white robe, she walked down the carriage-drive in the direction of the gate. She had not proceeded over a hundred yards when those who were in the house heard two pistol shots fired in quick succession, accompanied by a woman's scream. All rushed from the house in the direction from which the sound was heard, and they found the young lady lying in the road, apparently lifeless. She was carried into the house and an examination was made, when it was found that she had not been shot but had fainted from fright. She regained consciousness after an hour's struggle between life and death, and is still confined to her bed from nervous prostration. It was not found out until the next morning who had fired the shots, and then the occupants of the house missed an old family servant, called Ezekiel, who had gone home the evening before to see his wife, and who promised to return at twelve o'clock the same night, but failed to put in an appearance. A messenger was sent to his house, about a mile distant from the main house. The messenger, upon arriving at the house, found the old man in bed, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to leave it. He said he had seen a ghost the night previous, and he was never going out of the house again. When questioned he said he had started on the night previous about 11:30 for his employer's house, and when nearly there he saw a ghost. He was so frightened that he drew a pistol and fired at it twice, and then ran all the way home. On being told that it was not a ghost but a young lady, and that he had nearly killed her, he was more frightened than ever, and prayed to the Good Man to kill him right there. When the robe worn by the young lady was examined it was found that one of the bullets had passed through the hood and another through the sleeve. At the request of the young lady the colored man was not arrested, and the whole affair has been kept very quiet.—*Baltimore American.*

—Mrs. Frank Leslie has been quite ill, because of close attention to her extensive business, but is now better. It is a curious feature in Mrs. Leslie's history that she owes her present distinction to the death of two husbands. When the first, the late E. G. Squier, died, she was led by necessity to write for the papers which he formerly edited, and by the death of the latter she became their sole proprietor. She lives in handsome style on Fifth avenue, New York.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A bad neighborhood—Translated from the Black Maria: Lawyer—"Do you, witness, know whether with their mouths about their cash the neighbors much talking there do?" Witness—"I to smile myself should be about to be. If in a band-box one tightly sealed up was, that such too authentic for friendship was the neighbors with heads freely wagging would over-the-line-fence-between-two-back-yards tell each other."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Brother Gardner, of the Lime-Kiln Club, on Liars.

"Who am a liar?" asked the old man as he stood up in his usual place and glared around him.

Pickles Smith, Trustee Pullback, Samuel Shin and Evergreen Jones started and turned pale, and there was a death-like silence as Brother Gardner continued:

"An' what shall we do wid him—wid de liar an' de liars? De liar am wid us an' of us an' among us. He gits up wid us in de mawnin' an' he lies down wid us at night. Go to de grocery, an' de grocer smiles an' nods an' lies. Go to de dry-goods man, an' he has a welcome an' a lie. De tailor promises a suit when he knows he can't finish it. De shoemaker promises a pair of butes for Saturday when he has three days' work on de nex' week. De ice man charges us wid twenty-five pounds an' delivers sixteen. Our carpets am warranted, an' yet dey fade. De plumber plumbs an' lies. De painter paints an' lies. De carpenter planes an' saws an' cheats. De dressmaker not only lies but steals de cloth. We all lie like troopers fifty times a day, and de man who won't lie doan' stan' any show.

"An' yet, my frens, whar' will we bring up in de eand? When Waydown Bebee axes me fur de loan of a dollar till Saturday, he lies. He knows he can't pay it back under fo' weeks. I know he knows it, an' I lie. I tell him I jist paid out de last shillin' fur a washbo'd an' can't possibly raise no mo'. If I ax Judge Hostetter Jackson to sign a bank note wid me he lies when he says he promised his dyin' gran'muder nebber to do so. We lie when we w'ar better cloze dan we kin afford—when we put on airs above us—when we put on our backs what orter be fodder fur our stomachs. We has become a red hot, go-ahead, dust-aroun' nashun, but we has also become a nashun of liars, cheats and false pretenders. We adulterate our goods, cheat in weight, swindle in measure, and put on broadcloath coats to hide de absence of dollar shirts. Our society am full of false pretenders, our religion furnishes a cloak fur hypocrites, an' our charity am but a high-soundin' name fur makin' a dollar bring back ten shillings. I doan' know what de principal wickedness of Sodom consisted of, nor wheder de folks in Gomorrow tole lies or pitched pennies, but if either one could beat an American town of the same size fur lyn' an' deceptshun dey mus' have got up werry airly in de mawnin', an' stayed awake all night long. We lie, an' we know we lie. We play the hypocrite, we cheat an' deceive an' yit we want the world to pick us out as shinin' examples of virtue, and we expect our tomb-stones to bear eulogies georgious 'nuff fur angels. Gentlemen, let us kick each odder into doin' better! Let de kickin' begin just whar' it happens, fur we can't hit anybody who doan need it!"

Waydown Beebe arose to inquire if he had ever borrowed a dollar of the President and neglected to return it on the date specified.

"You has, sah!" was the prompt reply.

Waydown scratched his head, looked around for a soft spot to break his fall, and finally sat down with a look of melancholy creeping over his complexion.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Port Said.

Port Said, where the European Powers will probably land their troops if they resolve to protect the Suez Canal against posible destruction by the rebellious Egyptian army, twenty-three years ago was merely a narrow strip of sand which had been selected as the starting point of the great canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. M. De Lesseps then predicted that some day it would rival Alexandria. His prediction, it would seem, will be realized within a short time. The city has grown and is growing with marvelous swiftness. It has still the neat and prim Swiss look imparted to it at its birth by MM. Dussaud. It is still, according to one chronicler, "a city of dolls' houses, with a church and a mosque and chalet-looking booths and cafes that might have issued from a Nuremberg toy-box. But here the innocence of Port Said stops. There is nothing prim about it save its architecture; being a hot-bed of vice and crime unstemmed and uncontrolled by the Egyptian Zaptich—a sort of Ratcliff-highway without the Thames Police Court, where a day or night rarely passes without some mariner or other, black or white, being openly 'knifed' in the 'Grande Rue.' Port Said never sleeps. Attached to that uncomfortable, expensive hostelry, the Hotel des Pays Bas, are a gambling-hell and a concert-room, the orchestra of which is furnished by German young ladies imported from Trieste. The arrival of an Indian 'trooper' a 'P. and O.,' or a 'Messageries' from Saigon and Galle is the signal for a tuning up of fiddles and violincellos. But the fun waxes faster and more furious when an Australian drops her anchor in the basin. Then the young Trieste amazons rub their eyes and take to their fiddlesticks and receive the newcomers with a sprightly waltz at whatever hour of the night or morning it may be, utterly regardless of the peace of mind or body of the unlucky wight who may be courting sleep on one of the hard beds of the Hotel des Pays Bas."—*London World.*

An Idea Worth Adopting.

The water supply abroad is so often of a doubtful character that travelers have resorted to the prudent expedient of drinking only some well-known mineral water. Thereupon a large trade has been done in the purchase from rag and bottle merchants of such mineral water bottles as still bore the labels in a fairly good condition. It was then easy to fill them with ordinary and possibly contaminated water, adding salt to give the taste and appearance of the desired mineral spring. By this fraud the consumer was not merely robbed but made to drink the very water he was doing his best to avoid. We are therefore pleased to note that in France at least the Prefect of Police has adopted energetic measures to check this abuse. Orders have been given to visit all depots of mineral waters, to seize haphazard a specimen and analyze it on the spot. The tradesmen will also be called upon to exhibit their invoices to prove whence their stock is derived. Not only are the stores of wholesale agents or dealers to be thus inspected, but the retailers, the cafe, restaurant and public house keepers will be subjected to an equally vigorous supervision, and all venders of such falsifications will be liable to prosecution.—*London Lancet.*

—An astute medical man, in France, has discovered a venomous poison in the germ of the potato, to which, he says, many of humanity's ills are to be attributed. How singular it is that he made this discovery only after the succulent potato had risen in value to almost it's weight in gold, and in dignity to the proud eminence heretofore attained only by the hot-house strawberry.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The Mexican Indians have recently killed and mutilated Rev. J. O. Westrup, Missionary of the Southern Baptist Board, and his guide. The band of Indians who committed this outrage were about twenty in number.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—A son of David C. Bressanman, living on Linville Creek, Rockingham County, Va., accidentally shot himself through the palm of the hand with a toy pistol a few days ago and died of lockjaw.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—President Arthur has recently been honored with the degree of LL. D. by Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y.

—Longfellow, Emerson and Garibaldi were born in the same year, 1807. The poet Whittier was also born in that year.

—Student, fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor: "We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker."

—Minnie Myrtle, the poetess of other days, and the wife abandoned by Joaquin Miller in Oregon, died in the Woman's Hospital at New York, recently, after months of severely painful illness.

—Charles Antobees, the most noted of the frontiersmen of Colorado, died a few days ago, at the age of eighty years, at his home near Fort Raymond. He piloted John C. Fremont back and forth over the range.

—Captain Frederic Howes, well known in the commercial world for the application of double topsail yards to shipping, which has given the invention the name of "Howe's rig," died suddenly of heart disease at Yarmouthport, Mass., a few days ago. He also invented the mode now in general use of slinging lower yards.

—Mr. Tulane, who recently gave $2,000,000 for the foundation of a University in New Orleans, is a Northern man, who rode into the Crescent City more than half a century ago in search of a modest business opening. He found what he was looking for, and retired with a fortune soon after the late Civil War began.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Deserted Wife," "Mary Derwent," the "Golden Brick," and other novels which were marked pecuniary as well as literary successes in their day, but are well-nigh forgotten now, is leading a retired life of elegant leisure in Fifty-sixth street, New York.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—An oration to which Daniel Webster referred in his autobiography, which was delivered July 4, 1802, in Fryeburg, Me., was recently discovered in a mass of the author's private papers which had found their way into a junk shop of Boston. At that time Mr. Webster was Principal of Fryeburg Academy, and was only twenty years of age.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mr. C. M. Raymond, who was married recently to Annie Louise Cary, is a wealthy, well-known New York broker. He came to New York from Norwalk, Conn., where his family reside. For some years he was senior member of the firm of Raymond & Saxon, brokers, and subsequently of the firm of Raymond, Saxon & Rogers. He was one of the founders of the Stock Exchange. It is said by the friends of Mr. Raymond that he and Miss Cary had been engaged for years; in fact, since her girlhood. Mr. Raymond was a bachelor, is of middle age, and a leading member of the Manhattan Club.—*N. Y. Times.*

HUMOROUS.

—Little Miss Innocent (seated at dinner, to pompous old cove): "Mr. S., won't you drink?" S.: "Yes, my dear, certainly. But why?" Miss I. Because mamma says you drink like a fish, and I want to see how fishes drink."—*Columbia Spectator.*

—Here is a good joke, original in its way, from the provinces. Station master, to suspicious-looking lady (aged), who has just entered a compartment: "Are you first-class, ma'am?" Aged lady: "Yes, thank you; how are you, sir?"—*London Life.*

—A hint is sometimes as good as a long speech. "Mr. Foote," said a gentleman to that celebrated wit at a dinner party, "your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket." "Thank you," was the mild reply, "you undoubtedly know the company better than I do."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"Children," said a la-da-dah Boston school examiner after hearing some essays read, "children, you should never use a preposition to end a sentence with!" "Isn't 'with' a preposition?" asked the girl whose composition gave rise to the correction. The la-da-dah school examiner with-ered.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—They were discussing religious questions: Said Brown: "I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death, neither does man? There is no difference between man and a beast." "If anybody could convince me of that it would be you, Brown," replied Deacon Jones, demurely.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Together they sat in the parlor alone,
At the dusk of a Sabbath day,
Her shapely head close to his own,
In a tender loving way.
"I like to lay my head, dear Will,
'Gainst yours," she murmured low,
In tones which made his pulses thrill,
And his face with rapture glow.
"And is it because you love me dove?"
He asked; and then she coughed.
"No, dear Will, not that, but love,
Because it's nice and soft!"

—Revenge is sweet: "Look here, waiter, there is a fly in this soup," said a well-dressed, but disgusted looking stranger to a waiter at an Austin restaurant. The waiter looked at the fly critically, and finally said: "I'd give five dollars to know for certain if that fly is the one that has been nibbling at my nose all the morning."—*Texas Siftings.*

—An Austin Sunday-school teacher was examining his class as to their Biblical knowledge. Who was it that betrayed his master? First boy—"Abraham betrayed his master." "That's not right. Next." Second boy—"It was Judas Iscariot who betrayed his master." "That was right." A good little boy looked reproachfully at the teacher and said: "I am going to tell my ma you say it was right for Judas to betray his master."—*Texas Siftings.*

—In the steam car the other day was a bright little four-year-old lady. An elderly gentleman, a few seats back, every time the little one turned around, would shake his finger, or duck his head, or "cluck," or do some one of the score of things that are supposed to be especially pleasing to babies. The little girl answered these kindly attentions with a vacant stare, until, apparently surfeited and grown tired of them, she exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard half through the car: "Mamma, I really believe that old fool is trying to make love to me." The old gentleman stopped at once.—*Courier-Journal.*

Wanted Machinery.

When the Arizona diamond excitement was at its high-water certain parties in Denver formed the "Arizona Diamond Company," capital $1,000,000, and issued shares at five dollars each. Hundreds of thousands of these shares were taken without any questions being asked, but when the wind began to blow cold a certain Eastern man, who had invested about $5,000 and was hanging around for dividends, dropped into the Tribune office of the company and inquired:

"What are shares worth to-day?"

"About 90, I believe."

"Has a dividend been declared yet?"

"Not yet. We are just getting in good shape to realize, however. As soon as we get our machinery we shall have returns."

"Machinery? What do you want of machinery? I thought the diamonds were picked up by hand?"

"So they are. That is the old way of doing business, but this company can't fool around picking up diamonds by the handful. We have sent for machinery which loads a wagon in eleven minutes by the watch, and if the council makes don't hankie we'll have the first twenty-four wagon loads here early in June. Fine weather—good-day, sir. Next!"—*Wall Street Item.*

Our Young Readers.

A SWEET MUSIC-BOX.

You never heard my music-box?
You don't know what you're losing!
'Tis very sweet, but now and then,
I own, somewhat disturbing!
'Tunes run, and runs, and never tires,
Without a bit of winding,
No organ-man's to set it off,
No monkey and no grinding!

My music-box over all the house
Keeps up an easy humming
That if you're wicked, or cross, or sad,
The sunbeams will soon be coming!
A little laugh, a little song,
Not always set to metre—
But all the notes, in all the world,
Could never make them sweeter!

My music-box is a chatterbox!
And keeps one's home so merry,
That when, perchance, it rests awhile,
It's everybody's query
"Where is the sun? Behind a cloud—
The sunbeams all are sleeping!
What makes the minutes seem so long?
Just creeping—softly creeping!"

But ah! what's that? A laugh, a shout!
The music-box is playing!
And now the sunbeams wake again,
Their little queen obeying!
And so, you see, there's music gay
With laughter, words and singing!
And ah! the hills are happy, too,
Just hear the echoes ringing!
—*Mrs. E. N. Parker, in Youth's Companion.*

HOW THEY DIDN'T GET BURNED ON THE FOURTH.

"No," said Mrs. Binkley, decidedly, "you must not set off fire-crackers in the house nor in the yard. I resolved when Mr. Walker's house was burned last Fourth of July never to allow any more of this heathenish, dangerous playing with fire on my premises, and your father feels just as I do. The house has just been painted and papered, and I can't afford to have it burned down."

Mrs. Binkley's word was law in the Binkley family; and upon hearing her manifesto, Cy, Bert and Izzie, the three well Binkley children, put on countenances expressive of the deepest woe.

"I'm big enough, I guess," protested Cy, who was fourteen, and large for his age.

"I never set anything on fire yet," boasted Bert, a younger brother with the air of one advancing an unanswerable argument.

"Oh, mother!" wailed little Izzie, "it's too bad. Uncle Harry would say so, too."

Eddie, the lame boy, who was nearly twelve years old, though he hardly looked nine, sat perfectly silent, with the tears coming down his thin, patient cheeks. Eddie had been "lotting" on firing off the crackers, more, perhaps, than any of the rest of them. He had fallen down stairs when he was learning to walk, and the fall had changed him from a healthy, well-formed child to a poor misshapen, lame little invalid; but he had a beautiful, angelic sort of face, and in spite of the fact that he was so helpless, and that they all had to wait on him a great deal, the other little Binkleys loved Eddie more than anybody else in the world.

So did Mrs. Binkley; and when she glanced up after delivering her stern veto she saw Eddie's sorrowful face and overflowing eyes, and her heart melted. She thought a moment, and then she began, doubtfully:

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