THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM.

Long ago, when refreshingly green,
As at present—thank Fortune!—I'm not,
If your sweet fascinations I'd seen,
They had touched a susceptible spot.

Such a figure, such hair—if it's real—
Such a face—your whole physical plan
Makes a school-girl's complete beau-ideal,
And her utter quintessence of man.

But when older and wiser, how sad
Such complete disillusion to get,
And behind such a stately facade
To have found just *apartments to let!*

And you love me—don't say I'm not kind—
Find some maiden more easy to please,
More indulgent to absence of mind,
And content with the graces she sees.

Though you claim I have tortured your heart,
In defense it may surely be said
That I never could once make you smart,
Since I could not remodel your head.

So spare your affection to tell,
An avowal I too well divine,
For the next girl will do just as well,
And her heart may be softer than mine.

So, in view of the danger it brings,
There's a line where flirtation must stop;
For the holiest, windiest things
Are the likeliest always "to pop."

—*Century.*

RELATIONSHIPS.

That there are minds so constituted as to be unable to understand any degrees of relationship beyond the family circle of father, mother, brothers and sisters we can gather some evidence from our own experience. Never shall we forget the attempts made by a party of collegians, many years ago, to explain to a lady at a supper-table the old puzzle: "If Dick's father is John's son, what relation is Dick to John?" She really tried her best, but utterly failed to grasp the problem. Much assistance was offered in the shape of a decanter and a wine-glass to represent "Dick" and "John;" and the lady's voice might have been heard, amid all the din and clatter, exclaiming seriously, and in a tone of remonstrance: "Do you mean to tell me that that wine-glass is the grandfather of that decanter?" But it was all in vain. The attempt to convince the good lady had to be abandoned. The intricate mathematical investigation was beyond her powers.

There are also persons who have never given their minds to problems of this kind, and to whom anything outside of their own narrow experience presents a difficulty.

The number of people who understand the terms "first cousin," "second cousin," "first cousin once removed," etc., is very small. Probably many of those who read these lines imagine that a "first cousin once removed," etc., is the same as a "second cousin;" and still more carry on the transactions of life under a mistaken notion that if "Mary" is "first cousin once removed" to, say, "Tom," then Tom is also "first cousin once removed" to Mary. Let us hasten to dispel these illusions.

Suppose we illustrate our remarks by a fictitious little pedigree:

Mr. Jones.

Mr. W. Jones.		Mr. T. Jones.	
Mr. A. Jones.	Mr. J. Jones.	Mr. C. Jones.	Tom Jones.
Mary Jones.	H. Jones.	H. Jones.	

Now here it may be necessary to explain, as we fear many persons "don't understand pedigrees." The orininal Mr. Jones is supposed to have had two sons, Messrs. William and Thomas Jones. Of these two brothers William was the father of Alfred and John, and Thomas was the father of Charles and Tom. Mary is the daughter of Alfred; Henry is the son of John, and Richard is the son of Charles. It will not need any extraordinary acumen to discover that Alfred, John, Charles and Tom are all grandsons of the original Mr. Jones; and that Mary, Henry and Richard are his great-grandchildren. Those who have taken in thus much may, by a further stretch of intellect, comprehend that Alfred and John are first cousins to Charles and Tom, the father of the former pair of brothers being brother to the father of the latter pair. But now comes the difficulty. What is the "relationship" between our old friends "Tom" and "Mary?" Tom is first cousin to Mary's father, Alfred. What relation is Mary herself to Tom? Some persons say "second cousin;" but this is a mistake, she is the "first cousin once removed"—a relationship which may be defined as that of "the child of a first cousin."

This relationship, existing as it does between two persons in different generations—*i. e.* not descended by an equal number of steps from the common ancestor—is not a mutual relationship, like "brother" or "first cousin." In other words, if Alfred is brother to John, John is brother to Alfred; if Alfred is first cousin to Charles, Charles is first cousin to Alfred; because these are in the same generation;" therefore these relationships—"brother" and "first cousin"—are "mutual." But "uncle" and "nephew" are not mutual relationships; for, if Alfred is uncle to Henry, Henry is not "uncle" to Alfred; and if Richard is nephew to Tom, Tom is not "nephew" to Richard. And "first cousin once removed" is a relationship like "nephew." If Mary and Henry are "first cousins once removed" to Charles, it does not follow that Charles is "first cousin once removed" to them. He is often called so, but quite as erroneously as an uncle would be called his nephew's nephew." The curious fact remains that, for the converse of the relationship "first cousin once removed," *i. e.* for a "parent's first cousin," there is no name of universal acceptance.

It has been shown that a first cousin's child is called a "first cousin once removed." On the same principle a first cousin's grandchild is called a "first cousin twice removed," and his (or her) child would be a "first cousin three times removed," and so on, the number of "removes" showing by how many generations the two persons who are so related differ. On the same principle that a great-grandchild is rare—*i. e.*, a person lineally removed by three generations—a first cousin three times removed is, speaking generally, somewhat rare, but far more common, doubtless, than a great-grandchild, because the former means the great-grandchild of a person's first cousin, who may be much older than the person himself. Indeed, it is quite conceivable that a man should live to see his first cousin five times removed for he might easily have a first cousin fifty or sixty years older than himself, and live to see that cousin's descendants of the fifth generation.

And now we may pass on to second cousins. "Second cousins" are persons whose nearest common ancestor is great-grandparent to each—in other words, if two persons are first-cousins, the children of the one are second cousins to the children of the other.

The children of "second cousins" are, of course, "third cousins." Likewise, the children of two "third cousins" are "fourth cousins," and so on.

In fact, using algebraical symbols, we may say that a person's nth cousin n times removed is one who is lineally descended from the nearest common ancestor by n more generations than the former, the former himself being $n-1$ generations below that ancestor.

Thus, for example, your fifth cousin twice removed is eighth in descent from your sixth ancestor (counting your parent as first ancestor, your grandparent as second, and so on).

Tremendous consequences have resulted from even distant relationship, and it has been in countless instances all-important to preserve family records, by means of which claims to great wealth and high rank have been established. It is all very well to smile at the claim to a fifth cousinship several times removed; but if the heir presumptive knows that no nearer cousins—no relatives of any kind, removed or not removed—stand between him and the chieftainship of his family, who shall blame him for having studied the intricacies of relationship? It has not seldom happened that a very distant cousin has thus succeeded to "the title and estates." There was an instance of this in the great house of Stanley, about a century and a half ago. When James, the tenth Earl of Derby, died in 1736, it was necessary to go back some two hundred and fifty years in order to establish the claim of his heir, Sir Edward Stanley: and, in fact, this eleventh Earl was sixth cousin to the tenth. And it is somewhat remarkable that, although the present Lord Derby is the fifteenth Earl, yet he is not descended lineally from any of the first ten Earls, except, of course, the first, the Constable of England, who died in 1504.

The Dukedom of Somerset was conferred in 1547 upon the Protector, Sir Edward Seymour, with this peculiar limitation—that the heirs of his *second* marriage should succeed, and, failing them, his heirs by his *first* wife. For several generations the Dukedom remained in the second family; and it may have seemed to many a righteous retribution that, in 1750, when the seventh Duke died, there was no heir to succeed, except among the descendants of the Protector's first wife. The head of that branch, therefore, Sir Edward Seymour, sixth Baronet (for the first Duke's grandson had been made a Baronet), became eighth Duke of Somerset, being fifth cousin once removed to the seventh Duke.

Sir Edward Courtenay was created Earl of Devon in 1485; and his great-grandson Edward, after sundry attainders, was created Earl of Devon in 1553 by Queen Mary, with remainder to "heirs male general." Now this Earl died in 1566, aged thirty-nine, and unmarried; and as there were no Courtenays left who were at all nearly related to him, the Earldom was supposed to be extinct, and was not claimed. More than two centuries and a half afterward, however, in 1831, it was proved to the satisfaction of the House of Lords that William, third Viscount Courtenay, was entitled to the Earldom of Devon, as heir general of the Earl created by Queen Mary, to whom his relationship was that of sixth cousin nine times removed! The nearest common ancestor, Hugh de Courtenay, second Earl of Devon, of a former creation, had died in 1377, nearly two hundred years before the first Earl of the present creation. Thus it was decided that the Earldom, during the 265 years of non-claim, had been, not extinct, but dormant; and seven of the Courtenays who lived and died in that interval are reckoned now as righful heirs of Devon.—*London Society.*

An Oil-Bubble Burst.

A very few weeks ago all the oil-region journals were giving accounts in bold head-lines of the big oil wells struck in Cherry Grove, Warren County, Pa. The great mystery, big 646, came in with a deluge of oil. It opened a large field, and in a county that was productive before of naught but rocks and timber. In quick succession to 646 other large flowing wells were found, and so great was their greasy outpouring that tankage could not be erected fast enough to contain it. The pipe lines were not able, with their immense pumps, to keep pace with the flow of the new wells. Hillsides and streams were covered with petroleum, as it ran to waste from the overflowing tanks. For a time it looked as though every hole that was bored would prove an oil spouter. The effect upon the crude market was at once manifested by a big decline in petroleum. From the seventies the price dropped close to the forties, and the most sanguine bull trembled lest the Warren field extended its limits, as there was every reason to believe it would, and connect the lower and upper oil fields in one continuous belt. If so, down the market must go to twenty-five cents or even lower.

There was a magical change. For some cause not yet made plain, the largest of these Cherry Grove wells ceased to flow, and cannot be induced to do so again. The wells will not respond to a torpedo. Pulling up and cleaning them out have been tried, but without results. The probability is that Cherry Grove as a large producing district is played out. Under this change the oil market has rebounded to sixty cents, with a fair prospect of its going higher. The only thing that may discourage an advance is the wild-cat wells hanging over the trade. One of them is at Balltown, Forest County, and the other is the Shannon Well on the Cooper tract, in the same county. As these two wells are the largest in a county similar to the Cherry Grove district, and not many miles distant, the oil men will suspect them until their true character is determined.

Never in the history of the petroleum trade has there been a district which proved so productive at its start, or collapsed so quickly. Neither has there been one which has resulted so disastrously to the producers, few if any of them getting over the cost of putting down their wells. From the manner in which these wells started off it was believed that all that was necessary to become wealthy was to secure a lease in Cherry Grove and put down a well.

The excitement upon our Oil Exchange over the frolic of these wells is intense. When the gushers were struck and the market began to tumble, everything was at a white heat. The brokers pushed and pulled each other around the bull ring in their eagerness to sell out the stuff, as they termed it, at any price. As soon as the news came of the lessened production of the Cherry Grove gushers excitement again ran riot, and the eagerness to buy oil was like unto the fever for selling a few months ago. If there is no new field struck in the face of the played-out Bradford, Richburg and Butler districts, we may reasonably expect an appreciation in prices. If so our region will boom.—*Oil City Special to N. Y. Sun.*

An Affecting Incident.

In the hand of Madame Aubert, when her body was taken out from the recent railroad wreck in the tunnel near New York, was a note which she was writing at the time of the accident, as follows:

"My Dear Sister: Many thanks for your kind letter received last night. Mother seems very much weakened, but she is a little bit better this morning. When we will get to the city—I do not know, nor what is the matter. Every few minutes we start, then back, then we start again. It is all the more annoying that I have lots of things to attend to to-day, as we move in next Saturday, 30th instant. If I possibly can I will run over to see you to-day, if not, on Monday. We have come to a dead stop again about One Hundredth street. Hoping to reach New York today, with love to all my family, to all"—

After writing the word "all" Miss Aubert was killed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A young man in a Western Illinois town advertised for a wife. His own sister answered the "ad," discovered the identity of the advertiser, and, without betraying her own identity, led the enamored young man along till he proposed marriage. The joke was too good to keep and now there's another young man who hates women with a cruel, bitter hatred.—*Chicago Herald.*

Woman's Rule in Russia.

"Who is now the leading spirit of the Czar's Government?" I asked a high official. "A woman, as usual," he answered. "Like other monarchical countries, we have always had some woman at the top or at the bottom of our Government.

During the thousand and twenty years of Russia's existence there have been eighty rulers, all told, of whom only five were women. But if we study Russian history, we shall find that nearly every Russian ruler has been ruled by a woman. Among Russian sovereigns there are seven canonized as "Saint," several are "Great," one is "Apostolic," one "Monomachos," one "Longarmed," one "Blessed," one "Soothsayer," one "Dark," one "Imposter," one "Brave," one "Proud," one "Terrible," one "Not-to-be-Forgotten," one "Moneysack" and one "Liberator;" but among the host of crowned heads that have ruled Russia for the past thousand years there was apparently but one "Wise" head, and that a woman's. The great Princess Olga of the tenth century, the first Christian sovereign of Russia, is known in history as "the Wise."

When the great Prince Vladimir, being yet pagan, consulted the representatives of his people as to what religion should be adopted, they answered: "The Greek religion, for were it not the best, your Grandmother Olga, the wisest of women, would not have adopted it;" and the worthy grandchild followed the example of his grandmother. The philosophers of today, however, would call her rather "the Smart or "the Cunning."

After Olga for seven centuries no woman ascended the Russian throne. In 1725, when Peter the Great died, his charming and witty wife, "the Russian Asphasia," was proclaimed autocratrix under the name of Catherine. In course of time there were three other Empresses, Ann, the niece of Peter the Great and murderess of the boy Czar, Peter II.; Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great and murderess of the baby Czar, Ivan VI.; and Catherine II., the wife and murderess of Czar Peter III. The poets sang of Catherine II. as "the Northern Semiramis," and by her great vices and brilliant deeds she fully deserved that appellation. As for Ann and Elizabeth, the classical name of Messalina would be perfectly applicable to both.

Mme. Pobedonostzeff, the leading spirit of the Russian Government of today, is the wife of the Chief Procureur of the Holy Synod and the most confidential counsellor of the Czar. She is young, beautiful and ambitious. She married Mr. Pobedonostzeff but a few years ago. Her husband, a very old gentleman, is in love with her. It is said of him that the knightly motto, "God and my Lady," he changed into "God and My Wife," and upholds it as devoutly as a knight of old. He rises early, prays to God, adores his wife, and then goes to see the Czar, or the Ministers, or the Holy Synod, and everywhere he tries his best to carry out the commands of his charming goddess. Meanwhile she herself is not idle. She receives hosts of fair visitors of high rank, who, while offering the homage, seize the chance of commending their husbands, brothers or cousins. Sometimes this or that Minister of State does himself the honor of paying his respects to her. Occasionally she visits her Majesty, the Czaritza, to cheer her soul in her golden cage. And the Czar himself is there always at hand. Thus it has come about that, while the Czar keeps away from the capital of his empire, Mme. Pobedonostzeff has somehow found herself to be the center of the Russian political world. Instead of the Czar's policy, or the Chancellor's or the Minister's policy, we hear of the Madame's policy. With the modesty of an ascending star, she does not reveal her projects, but it is very doubtful whether any liberal reforms will find favor with her.—*St. Petersburg Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

How Pickles Are Sorted and Sold.

Very few persons know how many pickles are consumed in this city and vicinity. In the commercial world the word "pickle" means a small cucumber. They are divided into three general kinds, according to their size, and are denominated small, medium and large. They are sold by the thousand, and the sizes are ranged according to the number that can be packed in a barrel. Barrels are sent to this market holding from 300 to 6,000 cucumbers. The size most in demand by pickle houses at present range from 800 to 1,400 to the barrel. Where they run over 2,000 to the barrel, they are called gherkins. The pickle-makers bought too heavily of the gherkins last year, and hence they have a large quantity of this size still on hand. The medium-sized cucumber is very scarce and commands a high price.

The largest harvest of cucumbers in this part of the country is upon Long Island. The average yield is 120,000 cucumbers to the acre. Some of the land under especially high cultivation produces as high as 175,000 cucumbers to the acre. Usually cucumbers are sold by the large commission houses at from $1 to $1.10 a thousand. Recently cucumbers have been so scarce that they have been sold at $3 a thousand. The average price yesterday for cucumbers in large lots was from $1.75 to $2.25 a thousand. The dry weather has been the main cause of the present short cucumber crop. It is estimated by experts that the crop this year will not be over two-thirds of the usual yield. In the country about Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, also, large quantities of cucumbers are raised.

In consequence of the enormous consumption of cucumbers, an advance nearly doubling the price at which they are sold by the commission houses, must have a marked effect upon the entire market. One of the largest commission houses in this city stated to a *Tribune* reporter the other day that few persons had any idea of the immense interests involved in the cucumber trade. Over 300,000,000 cucumbers were raised by the Long Island farmers. These were sorted and shipped in barrels, either to the commission houses or under contract to the salters. Over $1,000,000 a year is invested in this industry.

The gherkins are chiefly sold to the Southern market. They also are employed in making chow-chow and mustard pickle. The medium sizes, ranging from 800 to 1,400 to the barrel, were most sought for and brought the highest prices. It was estimated that fully half of all this enormous quantity of cucumbers were sold by licensed venders. Some of the farmers sort their consignments before sending them to this market. The sorted cucumbers sell better than the unassorted.

So important has the cucumber trade been in this city during the past few weeks, that some commission houses have made it their rule to telegraph the state of the market every morning to their customers. The consignments have been so heavy that they have been obliged to make their settlements twice a week, instead of once, as had been usual. The prices have been very high, the average having been more than double those of last year. Nevertheless the fluctuations have been so considerable that there had been a good deal of speculation, both by the salters and the farmers. This year enough cucumbers to supply the demand cannot be obtained. It was stated yesterday that many of the large salting houses had no cucumbers in hand, except a few gherkins which are not in good demand in this market. They are packed in glass jars and bottles and sent down into Texas and Central America. This small variety can be shipped better than the larger cucumbers. It is expected that there will be an unusual scarcity of cucumbers until the advent of the next crop.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Spelling "Reform."

English spelling is, more than that of any other living language, a beautiful history, as it now stands, of the rise and growth of the language itself. In our apparently awkward assemblages of now silent consonants, in many of our phonetically useless double letters, we recognize the delicate threads by which we can trace hosts of words back to their origin; our spelling is, in itself, a practical and living treatise on etymology. To know the meaning of a word thoroughly, one must know its derivation, its past history. Now, which is the better—a spelling which can easily be mastered by the veriest blockhead, or one which epitomizes, as it were, the whole meaning of a word, its history, its subtle affinities with parent tongues? Our spelling is difficult, you say; well, what of that? Most good things are. We no longer pronounce words as they are spelled? The more shame to us! Here lies the real and most grievous fault in our language. We spell right enough for the most part, but we pronounce badly. The English-speaking race has done its utmost to bedevil its own language by slip-shod habits of pronunciation. But, because our spoken tongue has unworthily drifted away from its honorable beginning, shall our written language follow it, cut loose from its fellowship with the other great languages of antiquity and modern times, and so throw away the last trace of its paternity? The man who first stopped pronouncing the *gh* in *daughter*, and begin to sound the same couple of consonants in *laughter* as if they were a single *f*, did a most slovenly, lazy and utterly contemptible thing.

It is wholly incomprehensible, to the present writer, at least, how people can point with admiration at such infantile barbarisms as the Italian *filosofia, fantasma*, and the like. Such spelling is spelling for ignoramuses and commercial travelers; it is written baby-talk. So far from phonetic spelling of this sort being a "reform," it is a downsliding into the vulgarest and cheapest mediocrity. A true "reform" would be to reinstate a worthily etymological spelling wherever time and carelessness has obliterated it. To leave the meaning less *subtle* and return to the expressive *subtile*; to put two *m's* into *amount*, so that its derivation from *ad* and *mons* shall stare readers in the face; to put two *t's* into *literature*, as the French do, so that one may be absolutely sure that the word does *not* come from the past participle of *linere*, to besmear. It may be said that such etymological spelling is of advantage only to cultivated people, who "know Latin and Greek," as the phrase goes. Admitted! But, in Heaven's name, who are to govern language—the educated or the vulgar? Is a spelling which speaks volumes to the educated man, which is surpassingly rich in the most pregnant associations, to be ousted by a system which tells him nothing whatever, and the only advantage of which is that foreigners and stupid bumpkins can learn it in one year instead of six? Is the mountain to go to Mohammed, or Mohammed to come to the mountain?—*Boston Transcript.*

Why He Didn't Explain.

Some eight or ten years ago a silvery-tongued chap who claimed to be a fruit-tree agent swindled the farmers of this county in a shameful manner, and one resident of Nankin was so mad about it that he came to Detroit, searched the rascal out, and gave him a pounding on the street. After he got through his work he told the fellow that he would lick him twice as bad if he ever put eyes on him again, and it was a threat to be remembered and nursed. About three weeks ago the Nankin man was traveling in Washtenaw County, and as he journeyed along the highway he met a traveler who so closely resembled the fruit-tree swindler that he halted, and called out:

"Here you are again, you bold-faced rascal!"

"Yes, I'm here," was the calm reply.

"Well, so'm I, and I'm going to lick you until you can't holler! I said I'd do it, and I always keep my word. Climb down here"

The stranger "clumb" without a protest, shedding his coat as he struck the ground, and a fight began. In about two minutes he had used up the farmer and was coolly replacing his coat.

"See here," said the man from Nankin, as he wiped his nose with a burdock, "you fight better than you did eight years ago."

"Well, I dunno. This is my first affair with you."

"Didn't I wallop you in front of the Detroit Post-office eight years ago?"

"No, sir! I was in Australia up to a year ago."

"And you never saw me before?"

"Never!"

"And was never in Nankin?"

"Never!"

"Well, I'll be hanged! Come to look at you I can see that you are not the man! Why on earth didn't you explain, or ask me to? You must have thought me mistaken."

"Oh, yes, I knew you were mistaken; but I had just discovered that I had driven seven miles on the wrong road and was wishing some one would come along and give me two words of sass. I didn't want any explanations about it. A rotten sweet apple will cure that black eye in three or four days, and salt and water will tighten your front teeth in a week or so. I feel fifty per cent. better, and I'm ever so much obliged. So long to you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Secret of Beauty.

The secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health if they have lost it, or to keep it if they have it yet. No one can lay down specific rules for other people in these matters. The work which one may do, the rest he must take, his baths, his diet, his exercise, are matters for individual consideration, but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a rule, when a person feels well he looks well; and when he looks ill he feels ill, as a general thing. There are times when one could guess, without looking in the glass, that one's eyes are dull and one's skin is mottled. This is not a case for something in a pretty bottle from the perfumers, or for the lotion that the circulars praise so highly. To have a fresh complexion and bright eyes, even to have white hands and a graceful figure, you must be well. Health, and the happiness that usually comes with it, are the true secrets of beauty.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The murder of Joseph Scott, a policeman, in 1878, in Sacramento, Cal., has for a long time been shrouded in mystery. It was stated some time ago that three prisoners in San Quentin were suspected of the crime. Thomas Hamilton made a full confession a few days since, saying that he, Anderson, O'Brien and Eddie Edwards arrived in Sacramento the day of the murder. They came from Lincoln on a freight train, and determined to rob some one. They saw a man on Seventeenth street, and two of them went to hang him up, while the other two stood by to render assistance, if needed. The man was Police Officer Scott. He resisted and tried to draw a pistol, when Edwards shot him. Edwards is not yet in custody.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Work and Overwork.

Work, fairly proportioned to the powers, is good and healthy for the organism; no matter whether it be brain-work or body-work. The full exercise of the powers, mental and bodily, is desirable and improves them so long as the demand is not excessive. But when the powers are called upon too freely, then danger looms ahead. Bodily fatigue manifests itself in lassitude, in unfitness for exertion, compelling rest until the sense of vigor is once more experienced. Certainly, so far so good. But these sensations are not always attended to, and too frequently are fought off by determination and sometimes by resort to stimulants. Baron Justus von Liebig wrote thirty years ago about the workingman who resorts to spirits in order to enable him to complete his task: "He draws, so to speak, a bill on his health, which must be always renewed, because for want of means he cannot take it up; he consumes his capital instead of his interest, and the result is the inevitable bankruptcy of his body." The system contains a reserve fund of energy upon which we can draw in emergencies, and this is known by the term "physiological capital." The body income is paid in daily from the food we eat: the body expenditure is the daily outgoings. The excess of income over expenditure is the body capital. When the outgoings are less than the incomings an accumulation of capital takes place in the body bank; just as is the case in the money bank, when more is paid in than is taken out, an accumulation follows. The excess is termed the balance. Now, when business firms reduce their balance too far they are in danger of failure if any sudden and unforseen demand be made upon them. In fact, if their balance be unequal to their demand they may become bankrupt. They usually meet the demand by drawing a bill payable at a certain date. In the meantime they set to work to provide the means to meet the bill when it falls due. If they succeed all is well. If their outgoings just equal their incomings such accumulation of means is impossible, and they be one bankrupt unless they succeed in practically staving off payment by meeting the bill coming due by drawing another. Yet the debt remains; and bill-drawing is a costly device which means absolute ruin at no very distant period. But during all this time there is the grave danger of some new demand, for which no similar scheme will or can provide, for their credit is already mortgaged up to the hilt. Smash then they must. Bankruptcy is the natural end of fictitious capital. Now, this illustration will make clear to the reader what is here meant about physiological bankruptcy. It means the exhaustion of the body capital and collapse before some new demand. Daily we pay into the body bank so much, and every day we draw out so much. Some days the paying in is far in excess of the withdrawal; then we feel energetic. Many persons so circumstanced feel a craving for something to do. A walk, a row in a boat, a game of tennis, anything that will safely take away the surplus energy, is acceptable. Animals are just the same. After a day or two in the kennel the dog delights in a long day's hunting. So with the horse; after a day or two in the stable he is "fresh," as it is termed, and quite frolicsome when first taken out. The cup is brimming over! On the other hand, man and animal alike enjoy a rest after severe and prolonged exertion. But when the horse must work every day his owner feeds him up—gives him more stimulant food. This, however, cannot go on forever. The horse is at last found unequal to his work, the veterinary surgeon is called in, who pronounces him "used up" and prescribes a course of "grass." That is, the horse is to have a long holiday, a rest in the country, until he is strong again.—*Good Words.*

Women and Water.

"There's an end to all fishin' for this season!" sighed the old man, dismally. "Perch was just bitin' good and bass was commencin' fer to run, but it's all up now for good!"

"Why so?"

"See them three girls out there in a boat? When three girls goes rowin' the fish just pack up and slip out."

"How do you account for that?"

"'Cause girls makes such a splashin' and fuss and slam around so that even a whale couldn't stand it. Hear 'em now?"

There is a good deal in the proposition that girls "slam around" some under the conditions nominated, and a man who takes any interest in human nature can hoard a great deal of information by watching three women get into a small boat. First, there is a series of squeals, supplemented by an edition of yells, closing with an abrupt dive and then an effort to sit on the same seat, and prolonged falsetto inquiries as to why the thing tips over so. To the average woman the center of gravity is always over in the next country when she wants to get into a boat, and the idea of equilibrium never enters into her calculation, until the keel pops up above the surface to see what's going on inside. As for rowing, the girl of the period regards it from a standpoint peculiar to herself, and inclines to the opinion that the oar-blades were made sharp because the water is hard and digging the order of the day.

"I claim that no woman can row a boat," continued the old man. "You see that girl shove one oar in the water while she holds the other in the air, and abuses the other two for not steering straight. But they get come up with," he chuckled. "The other day that same party was out fishin' and they caught one crab. The crab know'd they was girls as soon as he got in the boat, and he just opened his nippers and them gals walked ashore. I ketched their boat about a mile below and that crab was sitting up on the midships thwart winking at himself for his luck and enterprise," and the old man bent his attention on his fish-hooks, chuckling audibly as the force of the reminiscence struck him.

"No, sir," continued the old man, glancing out on the river, "girls has no business in a boat, unless it's pulled up out of the water. The other day a chap went out with a couple of women after cat-tails, and he let 'em row. Their course was down stream, but as soon as they dug their oars into the water the boat started the other way, and I'm blessed if it stopped until they reached the head of navigation and slid up a tree. I'd as quick trust a baby with a gun as a girl with a boat, if I had my way. There they go!" and he pointed to the disaster beyond. "When they want to change places they try to walk past each other on the same side, and that fetches 'em! The water is nigh on to two feet deep there, and they are satisfied they are drowned!"

Did you ever see a woman fish?

Primarily she catches the hook in her dress, drops her hands in her lap, and says "pshaw!" Next she denounces the bait as "nasty," refuses to touch it, and then wonders why somebody does not "string it" on her hook for her. If by any mistake she gets her line into the water, she is sure that something is wrong with the sinker, and if she gets a nibble she throws the whole business overboard, falls backward into the bottom of the boat and squeals for help.

Occasionally you will find one who holds on and captures her prey. Look out for such a woman. Intoxicated with success, she will swing her line around her head, tear a man's jaw out with a hook, and all the time pity the fish.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—It is not generally known that Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Egypt, served with the Confederate army during the rebellion as Assistant Quartermaster-General.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Mrs. Ludington, of New York, seventy-eight years of age, has a daughter, Mrs. Cadney, aged sixty, who has a daughter, Mrs. Tice, aged forty, who has a daughter, Mrs. David, aged twenty-two, who has a daughter two years of age, all living in Sullivan County, N. Y.—*Troy Times.*

—Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, and Republican candidate for Governor of New York, is sixty-four years of age. He resides in Geneva, and is a widower. Cleveland Grover, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is forty-five years old, a bachelor, and Mayor of Buffalo.

—The Rev. Mr. Lansdell, an English clergyman, who started recently from St. Petersburg on a missionary tour in Siberia, was arrested and brought back, the police having taken the Bible he distributed for Nihilist literature. After some considerable difficulty, however, the reverend gentleman freed himself.

—Prof. Maria Mitchell has had charge of Vassar Observatory for nearly twenty years. She is a woman about sixty years of age, with a striking face and beautiful white hair. She is a Quakeress by birth and her dress and manners are distinguished by her Quaker simplicity. In conversation she is interesting, original and racy.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mrs. Huldah Sargent Robertson, the oldest person in Vermont, died recently at Bethel. She was born in Chester, N. H., April 30, 1779, and was the last survivor of a family of eleven children. The daughters of this family were remarkable for longevity, six of them living to be over ninety years of age, and two of them over one hundred years.

—Charles F. Fessenden, of Maine, has in his possession a number of manuscript sermons which belonged to his grandfather, the Rev. William Fessenden, who was one of the pioneer clergymen of Maine in the latter years of the last century. The peculiarity of these sermons is that they are written in an exceedingly fine hand and on one sheet of ordinary letter paper. It must have been a great surprise to the backwoodsman of that day to hear a sermon nearly an hour long preached from four small pages.—*Boston Post.*

HUMOROUS.

—About the most discouraging thing that can happen to a man is to be doing the handsome thing in keeping ahead of a cross bull, and find, on reaching the fence, that it is of barbed wire.—*Boston Post.*

—The weary husband as he proceeds to take down the clothes-line, unconsciously trips over a croquet arch, and from the bottom of his feet wishes he were where the wickets cease from troubling.—*Exchange.*

—Mike to Patrick: "Did yez ever see a flying fish, Pat?" Patrick, (with a look of wonder): "I've seen illustrations of 'em, but never an original." Mike (earnestly): "Oh, I've seen wan alive, but it was stuffed."

—"Please tell me what the time is?" asked a little boy of an apothecary, who was much troubled by such inquiries. "Why, I told you the time but a moment ago," snapped the apothecary. "Yes, sir," said the boy, "but this is for another woman."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A colored porter in an Austin store asked the proprietor for a day's leave of absence. "What's up now?" "Dar's a colored man gwine ter git married and I oughter be present ter see him fru." "Who is this colored man at whose wedding you have to be present?" "I se de one, boss."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"I've lost a patient," said a doctor, sitting down to a boarding house dinner table, with a frown on his face as dark as a gunpowder poultice. "I am sorry to hear it. Man or woman?" asked one of the boarders. "Man." "When did he die?" "Die, hang him, he's not dead. He stopped taking my medicine, got well and ran away without paying the bill.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

—A little girl had been playing in the street until she had become pretty well covered with dust. In trying to wash it off she didn't use water enough to prevent the dust rolling up in little balls upon her arms. In her trouble she applied to her brother, a little older than herself, for the solution of the mystery. It was explained at once—to his satisfaction at least. "Why, sis, you're made of dust, and if you don't stop you'll wash yourself all away." This opinion, coming from her elder brother, was decisive, and the washing was discontinued.—*Detroit Post.*

—"Never mind what you thought, sir," roared the lawyer to the diffusive witness, "and never mind what you believe. Just tell the court what you know." "Everything?" asked the witness. "Yes, everything; it won't take you more than five minutes, I guess." "Well, then," said the witness, cheerfully, "I'll just begin with that little scrape you had down in Swede Prairie last winter, when old Elder Newkins fired you out of his smoke-house when you—" But here the witness was sternly stopped by the shrieking lawyer and the solemn Judge, the court informing him that no one was allowed to be funny or mean in court except the lawyers.

A Fruit Episode.

The chief editor unconsciously munched away at his slice of watermelon, thoughtfully considering meanwhile an editorial on scientific progress. He ate deliberately and daintily, and had got half through the generous slice when the idea that he was seeking came to him. He picked up the pen with one hand, and with the other executed a slow, graceful sweep that carried the half-eaten slice, weighing about two pounds, out of the open window to the sidewalk where a hurried throng was. He did not consider the hurrying throng. He was absorbed with his idea.

Just at that moment there was a sound of footsteps on the stair-case. You would have thought that the incomer was taking two steps at a time, possibly three. The incomer opened the outer door as if he were a giant-powder cartridge, and the inner one like a cyclone. His voice was like a bull-dog's and his mouth had four corners as he yelled, threateningly:

"Who done it?"

The chief editor beamed at him mildly through his glasses. The man had a watermelon air about him that was curious. There were little hunks of pink sticking closer than a brother all round his shirt-bosom, and there was some in his eyes, and his ears, and everywhere. A big piece of rind protruded above his second shirt stud, and from his looks you would have thought he had swallowed a ripe watermelon whole, and it had exploded and burst through him. He appeared to be as mad as the dickens.

"You are mistaken, my friend," said the chief editor, with a think-of-the-poor-heathen look. "Watermelons are prohibited in this office. In the office above, however, they eat them continually. I think you will find them at it now."

The man shot up stairs and blew himself into the room over our heads, while the chief editor locked both doors and moved a desk against the inner one.

"If he had seen them," he said, pointing to some seeds on the desk, "I was a dead man."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Temperance Reading.

THE BEVERAGE OF HELL.

The following passionate outpouring published years ago on the part of an honored victim of the curse of strong drink is worth reproducing at this time:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink with the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then go thou on from year to year
Thy solace still the maddening beer.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the best good heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers be unheeded, your tears derided.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's failing flower strewed all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go live what I have done,
Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth—hope bathed in death—
And cool and kind brow;
Go catch the withering glance and see
There wherever he may be,

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tears;
Mark her worn frame and wither'ng form,
The step that shrinks her dark hour warm;
With failing frame and trembling limb—
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, had yielded up
That promise to the maddening cup,
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her path a bright—
And oh wed her there mid want and strife,
That lovely thing—a drunkard's wife—
And stamped on child-hood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—the drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that my soul has felt and known—
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow;
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you can try,
When all proclaims, its drink and die!

Tell me I hate the bowl!—
Hate is a feeble word!
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With deep disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark Beverage of Hell!

The Liquor Dealers Alarmed.

The friends of Temperance who are seeking to stop the tide of crime and wretchedness that flows from the use of intoxicating liquors are taking heart from the present attitude of those who are engaged in the manufacture and sale. The growing sentiment of the country in favor of Prohibition, and especially the astonishing majority by which this defensive measure was adopted as the constitutional law of Iowa, has struck terror into the hearts of those who have been not only bold in pursuing the traffic, but defiant in resisting all laws designed to diminish the evils connected with it. Some of the dealers are now ready to make a compromise, and offer to support License laws, in the hope that the friends of humanity will be satisfied with such measures. Even Saul is found among the prophets. Out West the whisky manufacturers are advocating a License law with a Sunday restriction; but there is a grave suspicion that this proposition does not proceed from any special regard for the sacredness of the Lord's day, but from a conviction that more whisky and less lager bier will be sold if such a restriction is enacted.

The Liquor Dealers and Manufacturers' Protective Association held their third annual Convention at Rock Island, Ill., on the 19th, and took a very gloomy view of the situation. Their report declared that "the business of Illinois is threatened." (What is the business of Illinois?) A New York evening paper, which has never been known as an advocate of Temperance principles or measures, has the following severe remarks upon the proceedings of this meeting and the course of the liquor dealers generally:

"The Liquor Dealers and Manufacturers' Protective Association held its third annual convention in Rock Island, Ill., yesterday. It was in the nature of a funeral ceremony. The report of the Trustees is a most lugubrious document. On every side the whis