THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

LIKE A HOUSE.

Men are like houses. They are flats.
They, too, have bricks—within their hats,
They're mortgaged, hammered, nailed and floored,
And have room-attics, and their board.
Hence lady tenants, and, we guess,
A man has his aunts, more or less.
Both have top stories, empty quite,
And each doth take carpenter right.
Houses and men of ancient dates
Have gaping cracks and broken grates.
Hence cats and rats stand, with stairs;
Men do the same. Both need repairs.
Houses are lathed with plaster. Men
Are plastered all with lather when
They shavings have. They're shingled, too,
Upon their man's hard roof so true.
A house well built will settle quite;
A man well billed will settle right.
Scaffolds on houses hang; but men
Hang on a scaffold off again.
Unlike a man a house of wood
Foundation has for stories good.
Both we lightning need below
For man that burning much we know.
—*R. C. Daly, in Detroit Free Press.*

ACROBATS AND GYMNASTS.

The practice of lofty tumbling without a net is so manifestly reprehensible that it needs neither comment nor condemnation here; but it is a curious fact that many more accidents are recorded of ground-tumbling than of aerial gymnastics. A member of the Hanlon-Lotta troupe, who has been doing sensational business all his life, told me that he never met with a mishap but once, and that was in descending from a bar only his own height from the stage, when he sprained his knee rather severely. And it is a significant circumstance, which cannot be too strongly noted, that the comparatively few accidents which have happened to gymnasts have nearly all occurred through defects in the "life-saving apparatus," the net. When this belongs to the performer, it is generally spread under his own supervision, and the strength of its texture and its tension carefully tested, and renewed if required. But where the net is a stock property of a place of entertainment, or, worse still, is provided by an *entrepreneur* who, not a performer himself, farms the gymnast, and undertakes to find all the appliances, damaged material and insecure attachments are apt to be overlooked.

The descent into the net itself is said to be not altogether devoid of danger, and a popular impression is current among these people that to fall upon the side of the head will inevitably break the neck. I am not aware, however, that any case has been known to bear out this theory. Many gymnasts now dispense with the rugs or carpets with which the net is commonly padded, on account of their interfering with the view of those seated under the net, and come down upon the naked meshes without injury. A certain "Little Bob," a fine young man now—who has been celebrated for pre-eminently high dives ever since he was a very small boy, sometimes making a headlong perpendicular descent of eighty feet or so, where the building is lofty enough to permit of it, says that he would have no objection to plunge from a height twice as great into a net of proper tension, and that he has never suffered any inconvenience from the transit through the air or arrest of motion. He comes down in a slightly oblique direction, with the hands extended for effect, after the fashion of a diver; when he sees the net "getting near," the arms are withdrawn to the sides and the head is tucked in on the chest, so that he falls upon the shoulder-blades and rolls over. In connection with this part of the subject, the elegant and wonderful "dives" of Zazael at the London Aquarium will doubtless be remembered by many readers.

Your special commissioner being taken up to an exceedingly high and dusty place to see some very ingenious mechanism recently invented by a gymnast, was induced by the enthusiastic arguments, protestations, and twice-repeated example of that individual, to take the direct route to the lower regions—in plain words, to drop from a swinging bar into the cushioned net some fifty feet below. Fingers seemed to assume an iron grip, and the bar to become magnetic, even after the trapeze had been brought to a standstill, and the legs drawn up at right angles with the body in a sitting posture, as directed. "Now then, *go!*" was shouted more than once, before I could unbend those hands which had apparently acquired a persistent rigidity of their own; then the bar and roof with its beams and girders flew away from me, and a tremendous repentance of the folly I was committing rushed upon me, with a distinct presentation of every detail of every story I had heard of people falling through nets improperly fixed or badly mended, and a totally independent calculation of the surgical effect which the legs of the inverted chairs I had observed piled up in the area below the apparatus would produce upon the human frame falling from a height. The whole accompanied by a perception that I was gradually, very gradually, inclining backwards; which opened a new vista of the probabilities of my demonstrating the truth of the sideways neck theory. I seemed to be suspended between earth and sky for about a week, and was always reconciled to the position, when I suddenly and unexpectedly found the crimson mattresses billowing up about me and surging over my face, and woke to the fact that I had really fallen. I landed on my back, but there was no shock, nor, indeed, was I conscious of having stopped; which perhaps was due to the elasticity and rebound of the net. The only part of the adventure which was disagreeable physically was the walking, or rather stumbling and crawling, over the net to the ladder at the farthest end, a very quaky, sea-sick sort of business.

Acrobats and gymnasts usually practice during the morning on the stage of some theater. Even when not working at any new trick, they always practice once a day, if their engagement does not include two performances. Sometimes they have to go through as many as six or seven. When a man intends to bring out some novel and special feat, and wishes to keep it a profound secret until its production, he hires an empty school-room or public hall, or even a theater, for his own exclusive use, and there exercises with his appliances and assistants until he is perfect. No stage performance is ever rehearsed at home. It is somewhat disappointing to find that the music which seems such an inspiriting accompaniment to the spectators is disregarded by some professionals, who, indeed, aver they would rather be without "band-clatter!"

Salaries vary enormously, of course. Of late years, there has been a demand for female gymnasts, and some have been forthcoming; but, as might be expected, they rarely excel. Still, they draw good houses, and the morbid taste of the public enables some of them to command fifty or a hundred pounds a week. Troupe salaries run even higher than this in exceptional cases; but managers always want something that no other company has presented, and the art is therefore a progressive one. All manner of things are introduced to impart a spice of novelty to old tricks in every department. Acrobats juggle with balls, knives, hoops, fans, bells and burning torches while tumbling; or throw somersaults while playing the violin or tambourine; or mount themselves on roller-skates and bicycles. Gymnasts are "fired" from spring-boards concealed within a gigantic cannon, let off pistols in their flight through the air, or go through their evolutions amid a blaze of squibs and rockets. The various "lines" of business, too, while more numerous and diversified, are not so distinct and separate as they used to be. Trapeze, flying rings and horizontal bar work are now combined; poles and ladders still hold their ground; but tight-rope and slack-wire walking—feats more easily acquired than any others—bottle-performers, ceiling-steppers, pedestal acrobats, and modern Samsons, are a drug in the market. It is denied, by the way, that the ceiling-walking, which at one time created such a sensation, has ever really performed by atmospheric pressure or by magnetism, as was alleged, springs or hooks having been always employed.)

Equilibrists are rather in the ascendant just now. It seems incredible that any one should be able to sit in a chair and maintain it balanced on two legs upon an oscillating bar, or stand upon one leg on a globe resting on the same unstable foundation; nevertheless, those and other similar marvels are executed nightly for fifty shillings a week. Rolling-globe and barrel performers are at a discount; but French comic acrobats, who mix a lot of burlesque and fun with their tumbling, are looking up. Circus troupes include every variety, and have their own specialists as well. Clown and harlequin may be developed from any of these; many of the famous old clowns were accomplished spade-dancers. But it is the mode now to take new departures altogether, and we find acrobatic ballet-troupes, dualoguists, and comedy companies, nigger minstrels and step-dancers who accentuate their hornpipes with somersaults and hand-springs.

Although most of those who follow this calling assume foreign names, they are nearly all English; and English acrobats, like American circuses, French actresses, Italian singers and German musicians, are noted all over the world. In many parts they are much more highly esteemed than they are here. In South American countries, for instance, the arrival of a clever gymnast causes as great a sensation as a new prima donna at the opera. They frequently travel in connection with circus companies, which on foreign tour are of more extensive proportions than they are at home; and it is strange sometimes, in remote corners of the earth, to find the walls plastered with some name that was familiar in the Christmas pantomimes for Crystal Palace entertainments a long ago at home. Whether they have any talking to do, they crack their jokes in English as usual, whatever they may be, and it appears to go down just as well with the audience, who, moreover, applaud vehemently, as an exquisite witticism, and single word of the native language which a performer may have picked up. If you talk to any acrobat of ten years' standing, you will frequently discover that he has been in every quarter of the globe.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Horse-Car Manners.

When a gentleman boards a horse-car he should jump on to the feet of as many platform passengers as possible. By so doing he not only discovers the easy self-possession of the man of society, but he also assists in the discouragement of the dangerous practice of riding on the outside of the car.

It is preferable to get on the front platform, which will give you an opportunity to open the forward door, thus ventilating the car and distributing catarrh, sore throat and pneumonia among the passengers.

Be not in an immoderate hurry when the conductor passes through the car collecting fares. Patience is a virtue, and you should do what you can to assist the conductor in cultivating it.

After he has made his collections, count the passengers, taking care that the conductor shall see what you are about. It is natural to suppose that he has the interest of his employers at heart, and will therefore be pleased to see a stranger interested also.

If you can do it without making yourself sick, chew tobacco, using the straw for a cuspidor. Tobacco, you know, is a powerful disinfectant, and, besides, if passengers were too careful to preserve the cleanliness of the straw, the penurious officers might neglect to replenish it as often as sanitary considerations demanded.

Smoking, unfortunately, is forbidden, except in the open cars; but by carrying a lighted cigar into the car and letting it go out gradually, you will be enabled to permeate the interior with effluvia which will drive out any disease germs that may be floating about.

Never give your seat to a homely woman. It is the duty of a woman to be beautiful, and if she neglect that duty, take good care that you do yours by punishing her for her negligence.

Never offer your seat to an elderly woman. She has not long to live, and a little rest can not materially lengthen her days. It is in youth that the seeds of disease are implanted. Therefore, you should never give up your seat to any but a young lady. You help her to build up a strong constitution by averting weariness and undue tension of the muscles.

When a lady wishes to take a car, she should shake her parasol at the conductor, and when the car stops, let her walk to it as leisurely as possible, stopping to chat with a friend before quitting the sidewalk, if convenient. It is not ladylike to hurry.

If the seats are all occupied, let her choose the timidest male biped and glare at him until he is only too glad to get up and let her sit down. She may thank him, if he be very timid; this will make him feel more uncomfortable than before. Ordinarily, however, and on general principles, she should bestow no consideration upon the fellow. It might make him vain to think that he had done a gallant thing.

If the lady have a child with her, she should allow the little precious to occupy as much space as possible, and in order that the garments of the abutting passengers may be liberally muddied, the child should be encouraged to kneel on the seat, with its face to the window.

Never take the child in your lap, that a gentleman may have a seat, and if the conductor suggests that children occupying seats must pay fare, refuse absolutely to notice his suggestion. Take advantage of your sex when opportunity offers. Conductors rarely put women off the cars.

When a lady leaves a car while it is in motion let her face to the rear. She will probably get a fall, but what of that? If she is a lady of spirit she is not going to be dictated to by an arrogant monopoly.

When the car stops within a few feet of where she wishes to land, no lady who respects her rights will get out. She will wait until the car starts, and then have it stopped for her individually. She has paid her fare and is entitled to her rights, and ought to have them, even if it kills the horses.

Of course it is unnecessary to remind the gentlemen that it is their bounden duty to look the ladies on the opposite seats out of countenance.

It is also unnecessary to say to the ladies that when taking an open car they should never neglect to sit upon one of the smokers' seats. The man who smokes in public is never so happy as when a face is near to receive his fumid exhalations, and you thus contribute to his happiness, besides making yourself happy by having something to growl at.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Mr. John V. Farwell, of Chicago, has his life insured for $223,000. This is believed to be the largest individual insurance carried in the West.—*Chicago News.*

A Long Voyage in a Dory.

The telegraph recently announced that the little dory Pacific, that left San Francisco last August for Australia, under the command and sole control of Captain Bernard Gillboy, reached her destination in the first part of February. The little vessel is only eighteen feet long, seven beam, and thirty inches in depth. A log was carefully kept by the Captain, and the following is an extract: "Dory Pacific sailed from San Francisco, August 12, 1882, with five days' provisions and twenty gallons of water. Had good weather for several weeks. Saw no [illegible] for several days. Finally one day I saw many small fish, also logs of wood, which flapped their tails against the boat alarmingly. Made a harpoon and speared several, but could not get them on board. Slept one, two and three hours at a time in the after part of the boat. Had to rig a scarecrow to keep the sharks away. On November 18 spoke the barkentine Tropic Bird, from Tahiti to San Francisco. Calculated position. Had averaged about six miles per day. Our day's run 10 miles. [illegible] Eyre Island, Friendly Group. Seven days afterward, in the evening, a heavy sea struck the starboard side of the boat and turned her bottom up. Was thrown under her, but came up on the other side, and managed to catch hold of the rudder. Took off my oilskin and lashed myself to the boat. Had my watch and chain inside the boat; tied my clothes to a forty-fathom rope and made a drag. Afterward righted the vessel, but she went over again. Before I had her upright a second time she drifted ashore on a coral reef, 25 miles from Sandy Cape. Lost two compasses and the rudder. The coral cut a hole through the bread, and I could not eat the latter. Threw it overboard. A swordfish struck the boat in the bow and caused a leak. Had to use a wooden pump and bailed her out. Had a Christmas dinner of canned beef and alcohol. Was about exhausted when I managed to catch a sea-fowl. For several days fed on fowl and fish. Finally had to eat turtle and the boat's bottom. On January 29 had nothing to eat, and considered myself fortunate when I sighted the ship Albert Vittery, and was picked up in latitude 12 degrees, longitude 134 degrees west."

Additional accounts state that the Pacific crossed the line on Friday, September 29, in longitude 136 degrees west. The Vittery took the lone mariner aboard, and landed him at Maryborough, Queensland. Later reports state that he was taken down with typhoid fever soon after his rescue, probably the result of his exposure.

English Investments in American Cattle.

According to a Western operator it appears that during the last few years the English have invested heavily in American stock cattle, and are now reaping a rich reward for their ventures. It is estimated that nearly one-sixth of all the new herds in the country are owned by English capital. That the English have hit it so far there is not a doubt, but whether their good fortune will continue is quite another matter. Many say that the present high price of beef is due to the large body of cattle withdrawn from the market to raise herds. The enterprise of the English has aroused the Americans, and American capital is now seeking investment in cattle-raising out West. It is the large amount of foreign capital seeking investment in cattle that has driven the price up so high. Cattle this spring are higher than ever before for stock purposes, and twenty-eight dollars, thirty dollars and thirty-two dollars per head are not considered too high prices to ask. I hope soon to see cattle lower, when they can be bought for say sixteen dollars to twenty-two dollars per head. Not that I am sanguine that such will be the case. The cattle business has been so long neglected that it can not be picked up at once in the face of a population of 55,000,000 of people and their enormous demands.

The Peril of Travelers.

A man who lately held the position of night telegraph operator at one of the stations on a New England railroad has related to a reporter of the New Haven *Union* a personal experience which serves to illustrate the chances of disaster to which travelers are constantly exposed. He was the only man in the depot at night and his hours were from 7:30 p. m. to 7:30 a. m. One night he dropped asleep at his instrument and the next thing he knew he awoke to hear the rumble of an approaching train, and his telegraphic call vigorously sounded on the receiver before him. To his dismay he perceived that his right hand and arm were asleep, as the common expression is, and totally useless, and it was only with great difficulty that he could give an intelligible response to the signal with his left hand and scrawl a brief memorandum of the instructions which followed. However he did succeed in stopping the approaching train and giving the important orders which he had just received. "But," said he to the reporter, "the affair frightened me so that I determined never to nap any more in that office, and to get off the road just as soon as I could find a decent place elsewhere."

An Accurate Time-Piece.

* * * While on the subject of Waltham watches, we may mention that we have seen a letter from the Commander of the *Gordon Castle* (Castle line of Steam Packets), who was fortunate enough to save life at sea, and who for his gallant conduct was presented in September last with a Gold Keyless Waltham Watch by the President of the United States, on behalf of the London Local Marine Board. Referring to this Presentation Watch, he says: "When I left London the watch was six seconds fast, and on my arrival at Singapore it was only three seconds slow, a most extraordinary performance for a watch, as I carried it on my person the whole time. I compared it every day with my chronometers on the passage out, and it seldom or ever differed one second from them; in fact, I found it almost, if not as good as my chronometers, which is a great deal to say for a watch carried about and subject to all kinds of jolts."—*London, England, The Watchmaker, Jeweller and Silversmith, Feb. 5, 1883.*

—Prof. J. P. Stelle, agricultural editor of the Mobile *Register*, thinks the Southern States admirably adapted to raising hogs, and that by the new refrigerating inventions pork may be saved at the South as well as anywhere else. The long-continued warm weather is favorable to fattening and cheap pork, since hogs can not be kept up and warmed by stoves and wood fires in cold weather, and it is expensive to warm them by heat-producing food like corn and peas. He thinks pork can be made at less cost in the South than in the North.

—The so-called Gould Roads are the Wabash, Manhattan Elevated, Missouri Pacific, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, Texas & Pacific, Hannibal & St. Joseph, International & Great Northern, St. Louis & Iron Mountain, St. Louis & San Francisco. The Vanderbilt Roads are New York Central, New York & Harlem, Lake Shore, New York, Chicago & St. Louis, Michigan Central, Canada Southern, Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, Philadelphia & Reading, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis, and (as reported) the Central New Jersey.—*Chicago Herald.*

Not a Model Detective.

Yesterday afternoon a young lady wearing a look of indecence upon her countenance, entered police headquarters and glancing around from one to another of the many men assembled there, as if searching for some particular person, walked up to one of the clerks and timidly asked for a detective.

"Any particular one?" asked the clerk, in some [illegible] tone.

"No, sir," was the reply, given in a half whisper.

"Pray be seated, said the clerk, offering the lady a chair, "as soon as one comes in—I expect one every moment—I will present him to you."

In a few moments one of the detective force, who is noted among his brother officers as caring more for his business than for style and fine clothes, came in and was introduced to the young lady in waiting, and at his request she accompanied him into an adjoining office. Before stating her business, or even taking a seat which the officer offered her, she looked at him from head to foot for a few moments, and then asked, "Are you really a detective?"

This question brought a blush to the officer's face and for a second he seemed staggered and at a loss for an answer, but he soon recovered his composure, assured the lady that he was a detective, and inquired why she had asked that question.

"To be frank with you," said the lady, after some hesitation, "I never have had anything to do with policemen and detectives. I never saw but one detective in my life, and he was pointed out to me by a friend as he was passing by us on the street. He was dressed in the most fashionable of clothes, wore a huge diamond scarf pin, a double chain with locket pendant, and a big diamond ring on his finger. I supposed that all the detectives dressed like that, and therefore when I saw you and failed to observe all this, minus of dress and diamonds, I thought you were only a plain policeman."

The officer smiled, and proceeded to take notes of the case the lady had to lay before him.—*San Francisco Call.*

Great Flights of Pigeons.

Instances are on record where Antwerp homing pigeons have averaged upward of a mile a minute during a flight lasting four hours and three-quarters, or more than sixty miles an hour for nearly five hours. A more remarkable race was flown from Rome to Belgium in 1863. The distance is 900 miles, nearly 500 of which was over a country entirely new to the birds. Of the 200 birds liberated scarcely twenty reached home. Those making the trip, if they flew in a direct line, must have crossed the Apennines near Monte Cimone, where the mountains are between 6,000 and 7,000 feet high, and the Alps near the St. Gothard, where the lowest passes are about 7,000 feet. It is more than probable, however, that they rounded to the westward of these mountains and passed by way of Nice through France. The first bird reached home about twelve and one-half days after being liberated. The greatest distance ever flown by a homing pigeon was made in 1879 or 1880 from Madrid, Spain, to Brussels, Belgium, a distance of 1,100 miles, air line. In 1878 there was a grand concourse from Rome to Brussels, in which 1,066 birds took part. Only sixty-two reached home. In this country one of the longest flights on record was made in 1880 from Indianapolis to Jersey City—630 miles—by "Garfield," a silver ash cock now owned by George V. Crosson of the Red Star homing pigeon club.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A singular combat between insects was witnessed by a traveler in South Africa. Pursuing a caterpillar was a host of small ants. An ant would mount upon the caterpillar's back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn and bite and kill his assailant. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass the caterpillar climbed up, tail first, followed by the ants. As soon as one approached he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the caterpillar and he was killed, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body on the field.

—Mr. G. F. Watts, R. A., English artist, tells his countrywomen that extreme tightness of dress is a very hazardous experiment. Even beautiful arms, when very tightly enclosed, look not a little like sausages. But it is always to be remembered that folds, with their infinite changeableness of shade, light and shadow, are more beautiful than anything, excepting that perfection of form which is rarely found.

—Mrs. Meaker, who was recently hanged at Windsor, Vt., for murder, was the first woman to suffer the extreme penalty of the law in that State. About fifty years ago a Mrs. Peake was convicted of murder by poison, in Orange County, but cheated the hangman by committing suicide a short time before the day named for her execution.

A GRANGER whose name is Bob Shield,
Was mowing the grass in his field,
By a snake he was bitten,
And he has just written,
"St. Jacobs Oil has the bite healed."

A lame Chinaman on the Pacific,
Of pains and aches was prolific;
He limped all around,
Until he had found
St. Jacobs Oil, the great specific.

PRECOCIOUS boy (munching the fruit of the date-tree)—"Mamma, if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be an almanac?"

TWO GOOD signs—$ £.—*Waterloo Observer.*

THEY were talking about the cases of small-pox that are alleged to prevail over in San Antonio. One of the gentlemen, who has just returned from San Antonio, remarked that there was not much danger, as the patients had been isolated. Mrs. Werrel Atherton, who thinks she knows everything, spoke up and said: "It don't make any difference how many times you have been isolated, if it don't take."—*Texas Siftings.*

A SEASIDE belle having left her bathing-shoes out of the hotel window to dry, the town paper announced that the hotel had erected new awnings of a unique design.

"I AM free to confess," as the thief remarked when he turned State's evidence.

"THE best thing I ever read!" exclaimed a book reviewer, as he perused his uncle's will and found that the lamented had left him a snug bequest.

THE wake of a vessel is never celebrated.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

IT has been remarked that every miner knows his lode, but the history of the rise and fall of the toy pistol has proven that every minor doesn't know his load.—*Chicago Times.*

CHICAGO calls itself an Eastern city, and the law offers us no redress.—*Lowell Citizen.*

BISMARCK thinks that the American pig is the rooter of all evil.

"IT isn't that I care about a little work now," said a lazy tramp, "but I am afraid if I once begin to carry my own living I shall always be expected to do it."

ONE of the sweetest pictures of domestic economy is a post blocking a white stocking so that it won't show through the figure of his idol.

WHILE out on a lonesome sketching tour in Bermuda, the Princess Louise, thirsting for a cup of water, asked for it at a negro cottage. "Massa, I'm very sorry, but we have no time to bother gettin' water for you." "Why, what's the matter?" "Why, Massa, you see, I'm boiling some water for my sweetheart to wash herself in tomorrow." "But I will iron for you while you are getting the water," said Louise, and she did so, being rewarded for her exertion. "Well, far de Lord, honey!" cried Auntie, with eyes glowing like plaques from an ebony wall, "de old man ain't nothing else ever wear dat shirt!" [illegible] Auntie was still [illegible] Louise and "bothering her" [illegible] the neighboring air in a bucket on her head to catch a breath or two.—*Detroit Post.*

Good Health Makes Earth a Heaven.

Remember, Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla has proven itself to be the best blood purifier, health renewer, and lowest strengthener that can be prepared from our present knowledge of drugs. It is a positive cure for scrofula and syphilitic disorders, weak kidneys, nervous debility, dyspepsia, etc. It is especially specific in the digestive and urinary organs and nervous system. Its soothing effect on mind and body is most wonderful. It acts like a charm in restoring all physical and mental distress. Quickly expels all blood impurities. It makes the old feel young and invigorates. In fulness of health, strength and vigor to every part of the body.

THE man who "dies game" should never be shot out of season.

G. M. D.

A Medley, a Mystery, a Marvel and a Miracle.

The Story of a Dream.

"GET money, honestly if you can, but get money," was a foolish father's advice to his son. Get money, if you can honestly, makes but a slight alteration in the order of the words, and varies the sentiment considerably. There is no harm in making money. It adds wealth all things. Used rightly, it is a power for good, and there is money enough in the world to form a lever by which the mass of humanity could be lifted, to a certain extent, out of its depths of sorrow and despair. Money we must have, for money makes the mare go. Some can [illegible] have you must know how to [illegible] borrow and [illegible] those who beg sing [illegible] lazy to work. There are men who never want to see you except to ask the favor, he is one. They will ask or just one word with you, and that one word is sure to be money. An impecunious fellow met a rich acquaintance, and was talking to him, directly for a dollar, said, "Friend Smith, if you had ten dollars in your pocket and I was to ask you for the loan of five, how many would you remain in your pocket?" "Ten dollars, to be sure," replied the rich man, without a moment's hesitation. He had reasoned, and knew so much to pass out himself by any such rule of subtraction.

O I see, said the impecunious man thus rebuffed. He was able to owe. He was one of the Micawbers, always waiting for something to turn up. [illegible] he will be better [illegible] But diseases do not heal themselves, and too late he gives up the full offer and this out to their [illegible] death's door. Had they been wise, they might have added many years to their least of life. The cure was nigh them, as it is nigh to all who read this medley. These paragraphs tell the story, as a patient personal experience. [illegible] the conquering the sooner for [illegible] but upon all [illegible] word of scripture.

Light will dawn, we said, and so it will, [illegible] we will call him. He was very sick. Consumption had fastened its fangs upon him. He had long neglected [illegible], and laughed at the idea of taking anything for it when advised to do so, and so went from bad to worse. His lungs became diseased, a hacking, church-yard cough racked him almost to pieces, and he was fast wasting away. A mere shadow of his former self, he scarcely slept at all at night, or slept only to dream horrible dreams. Talk of night-mare! A whole circus troupe, horses and all, seemed to make his bed the arena of their wild performances. In this case money did not make the mare go, for he spent a deal of money in doctors and physics and was worse for the application. He ate little, and was fast going down to an untimely grave, leaving his wife a widow and his four bright children orphans, when, lo! on one eventful night he dreamed for once a bright and happy dream, which our next paragraph will relate.

Behold the blessed angel face! But until then stared him in the face, but the dream brought him hope. He saw a bright, white-robed angel in his dream, who said: "I come to bring you good news. Here is your cure assured, safe, harmless, prompt, and reliable. Get well and stay so. Take health thereby to others. Behold the proof." With these words the angel was gone, but ere the trail of light which followed him had vanished the dreamer saw glittering in the light three golden letters—G. M. D. "What can it mean?" he said to himself, as he awoke from his slumber. "I have had a Good Many Doctors, but never had such as this." Startled and surprised [illegible] and to her related his vision. After [illegible] could not solve the problem. [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible] since her husband became sick, she expressed the hope that the letters were not intended to suggest that a Good Many Doctors must yet be consulted in addition to all that had been interviewed. He groaned [illegible] consult any more there would have to be a [illegible] discovered he [illegible] pay them.

Every day found [illegible] and his faithful spouse searched diligently for a key to the problem. In the dictionary, in such newspapers as they happened to have, in books, on placards on the walls—everywhere they sought—hoping to find a clue. Letters stand for words, and they hoped to light upon the words that would suggest the cure. They Grieved Many Days over their lack of good luck, as they said, and the Good Man Dreamed again and again, but saw no more angels. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. "Oh, that the angel had Guided Me Definitely and Given More Directions," he exclaimed, again and again. Nearly two weeks had elapsed since the night of the Great Mysterious Dream, when there came to the house a pamphlet. Tired with his exhausting office work, which he still pursued, determining if possible to die in the harness, Jones was about to throw the pamphlet in the fire when something prompted him to examine it. Surely, thought he, here can be nothing that will *Pierce* this Gloom Most Distressing, or Give Me Disheartened, any relief. Poor man, he had worked letters over in his mind, and made so many combinations with them, that they occurred in almost every sentence he uttered. They entered even into his prayers. Heaven Grant Me Deliverance, he would say, nor let disease Grind Me Down, and so forth, *ad infinitum*, and a mile or two beyond.

Mentally tortured and suffering in every fibre of his body, what wonder that he read page after page of the pamphlet. It was a work on diseases, and in the morbid state of his mind its contents seemed to suit him. It spoke of almost every disease that flesh is heir to, but oh, joy! as he read, a Glimpse Most Delightful of light stole in upon him. "Eureka! Eureka!" he cried. "Wife, I have it, I have it."

Everybody in the house heard him cry Eureka, and rushed to the room to hear what he had found. All expected to see some Great Miracle Done, and then came the explanation. Simple, of course, but why had he not thought of it before? Oh what a revelation! Here was hope for him and for all consumptives. Here, hope for suffering friends and neighbors. That night he scarce could sleep, but when he did, he again saw a bright vision of golden letters, in fact, a Glittering Monogram Deciphered readily, and reading G. M. D.; and again P. F. P., and yet again P. F. P., and one huge P, around which these others were entwined, and then W. D. M. A. All the letters blended, yet each was distinct. All he had seen in the book, all he again saw in his vision.

Dream Most Glorious. D. M. G.—G. M. D.—Again he rang the changes; backward, forward, every way. Gold Medal Deserved. M. G. D.—Misery's Great Deliverer—till time would fail to tell them all. P. F. P. stood for Perfect Peace Promised for sufferers, and sweet release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pains. And again P. F. P. was Freedom Promised, and backward, P. F. P., it became Pain Flees. Now he could get well, and once well, he would be a missionary, a Glad Missionary Devoted to the work of telling others how they might get deliverance. He went through the list of diseases among them of his own acquaintance, from John Robinson, whose torpid liver gave him constant headache and severe bilious attacks, on through the list of those suffering from ulcers, coughs, weak and diseased lungs, to his friend, General B——, who then as now, was given as he. And for all these, as well as for himself, the Grand Medal Discoverer from present vision, and each may to Given More Decades of life than they had hoped to have years. Against the bilious cases he marked P. F. P. Against the ulcerous cases he marked G. M. D. Against the coughs, consumption, which by so long had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]