THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands; likey are so full; they turn at our demands So often; they reach out,
With triffes scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So very many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake, We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times, Or if they speak too slow or quer, such We may pass by; for we may see Pays not far off when those small words may

Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear, Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go ig the path with ours-feet fast or slow, And trying to keep pace—if they mistake. Or tread upon some flower that we would take Upon our breast, or bruise some reed Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,

We may be mute.

Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault: for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Sogether such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may

So many little faults we find We see them; for not blind Is Love. We see them; but if you and I Perhaps remember them some by and by

They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to biess. Days change so many things—yes, hours, We see so differently in suns and showers. Mistaken words to-night

May be so cherished by to-morrow's light We may be patient: for we know There's such a little way to go. -George Klingle, in N. Y. Independent.

MADE OR MARRED

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, "One of Three," "Probation," "The Wellfields," Etc.

CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED.

"Forgive me, Mabelle" she cried. on a sudden impulse. "I love my brother-God and myself only know how much- and your sister is a bad, unprincipled woman, who will have Here, sit down, and do not think of going back yet."

"No, don't touch me!" said Mabelle, with difficulty getting her words out. "I knew-I-she-

"You knew-you knew!" cried ook upon her.

"No-I mean-I did not know this. I laggard look around as she put her

hand to her head. "Please to tell me --- " Grace had begun, when the silence outside was most treacherous blow. suddenly broken by the sound of wheels, pad, strange though it might seem in the intensity of their present feelings. both the girls looked eagerly out of the window, for, deep in the foreground of both minds, lurked the unspoken Had not Grace herself, innocent and fear: "What if Philip, by any chance, were to arrive to-day-now?" And Grace, seeing a cab drive up, and the driver thereof scanning the numbers on

the house-doors, uttered the fear which paralyzed Mabelle's lips.

"If it should be Philip! Good heavens-I believe it is Philip Still no answer from Mabelle, while Grace rushed to the window and found that her fear was right-the cab stopped there; that was he, bronzed and tanned. and looking like a foreigner-much changed-a man to attract notice now wherever he went; but Philip, her very Grother Philip, casting impatient glances toward the house, throwing some coin to the cabman, and striding up the steps. It was then that the full force of the situation burst upon both girls.

"He has not been to London at allhe has come by Liverpool. The letter -why, he can never have got the letter. He does not know.'

Grace hurried forth the words, and, losing her presence of mind, began to walk hurriedly about, wringing her hands and muttering:

"What shall I do? Oh, heavens, what shall I do? What a welcome home! My poor Philip?

Mabelle had sunk upon the chair, unable any longer to stand up-her limbs would not support her, and then-a step, a stride, and the door was burst pen, and Philip had Grace in his arms, and was laughing with delight, and kissing her. and saying: "Now, my child, don't die of surprise-don't

In the bitterness of her heart Grace could almost have been angry with him for his blind, joyful haste, his oblivion, his utter inattention to everything but he joy of returning and seeing his beloved ones again.

"Philip," she said, releasing herself and speaking solemnly, "you don't seem to see that I have a visitor-and a visitor who has come on a bad er-

"Why-what! Mabelle! You look ill. What ails you? There's nothing the matter with Angela, is there? Speak directiv!" he added, almost angrily. "Is

"Philip-it is very sad," began Grace. "Angela has-has-oh, she as done what is very wrong. She has treated you very badiv."

"What do you mean? How dare you av anything against her? I had a leter from her the day I left Hong Kong, sidding me welcome. I-

His confident words came to an end as he looked from one to the other of them; saw Grace's pale, stern face, and the terrible overwrought expression

anguish upon Mabelle's If I could have stopped it-" began this little maiden, in a tremulous

"Stopped what? I desire to know tell my mother myself. It is due to her that I should. Where is Angela,

and what has she done?" She has eloped with Mr. Fordyce, and got married to him," said Grace, faring him, pale, with dilated eyes and of the world may be, she is guiltless." her fright, to make a rush for her life, required luggage, than the landlady "I must really shake hands with you -Philadelphia Press."

this is what told us."

It was Mabelle who put Angela's let- ought to be done? ter into his hand, which Philip took in silence, not deigning to reply to what, he told himself, was a foul and atrocions lie.

blaze, while he said in a low voice:

hearted woman, but it seems that I against her will. have been fooled and jilted by a coarse -ha, ha!"

Mabelle, which sound caused Grace to a sister. turn to her once more, saying:

"Oh, Mabelle, if you had but told-" Philip looked at the girl indifferently. as if she and hers were henceforth beneath his notice, or even his contempt. But when he saw nothing but a limp, lifeless-looking white figure, crouched in a sort of unconscious heap against the table, he strode forward and raised her up, and carried her in his arms to the sofa.

"No reproaches here, Grace. Don't are not in the habit of fainting, even for serenely, "I'll go down to the office. It and report myself. I shall be back some time this evening, Grace."

And with that he was gone.

CHAPTER XVL

REACTION. He was gone, and to Grace the room seemed strangely silent and empty. It did not appear as if he had only been there a few brief moments, and had gone near to break his heart by what then disappeared again, but rather as he has done; but you are innocent, I if he had been there a very long time, see, and it has shaken you terribly, and now that he had departed she could not get accustomed to his absence. While she bent over the unconscious Mabelle, and tended her, and summoned her landlady to help her, and listened to the loud and forcible exclamations of the latter, Grace's thoughts Grace, recoiling, and flashing a terrible | were wholly occupied with Philip. How happy! how handsome and eager he had looked as he came in, so full of knew she had seen Mr. Fordyce. I health and prosperity, of hope and joy! thought she had seen him often, but I What a white dismal change had settled did not know. I began to think she over his face as he read Angela's letter, would not marry Philip, and that I and in those words of his, as he burnt ought to speak to you-I didn't that letter, what a curse there lay! know. I am nearly mad, I think," What trenchant, bitter, uncompromis- in anticipation of the coming horror, oncluded Mabelle, with a strange and ing contempt! Grace took comfort in and gestures had not been those of a office, looking tranquil and self-posman who would succumb under the

No wonder this poor little girl had lost consciousness altogether, thought Grace-she, the unhappy little participator in the secret, worn and unstrung by weeks of foreboding and anxiety. clear of conscience, felt her cheeks burn and her heart beat with terror as she heard him speak, and trembled more at what he implied than at what he actu-

By slow degrees Mabelle regained consciousness, and when she was fully restored to her senses it filled Grace's heart with compunction to see the change which had taken place. Now that the terror was over, that the storm had broken, all her factitious strength gave way; the enforced energy which had sustained her collapsed, and the languor which oppressed her limbs were overpowering.

"Has he gone? Has Philip gone, or is he here yet?" she asked, with a return of her terrified, hunted look. "He has gone, child. He will not return till evening. Lie still and drink

this wine.' Mabelle shook her head, passed her hand across her forehead, and said, pressing her head wearny upon the hard, little sofa pillow:

"No, thank you. My head achesoh, dreadfully! And I am so tired. 1 don't feel very well, and I don't think I can go to school this afternoon." "Go to school! I should think not!

You will lie still here, and I shall sit beside you, and no one will interrupt us. Yes, Mrs. Livsey, you may bring in dinner, and set a place for Miss Fairfax, because she will stay with me."

But she could not prevail upon Mabelle to touch food; only to lie still upon the sofa until Grace had made some pretense of a meal, and then neither threats nor persuasions would induce the young girl to stay a moment longer. She would go into their own lodgings "and rest," she said.

Grace said firmly that she did not think her fit to be left alone, and would go with her, but this Mabelle also declined: and all Grace could extract from her was a promise that she would send for her if she should not feel better in the evening. She was ched her out of the house-a slight, drooping, brokenlooking young figure-and she suddenly remembered how she had drawn Philip to the window that Monday morning after her arrival, and had asked him who that bright, pretty young girl was who walked so uprightly. The remembrance of that happy morning, and of all that had passed since, overpowered Grace. Flinging herself upon the couch on which Mabelle had been lying, she covered her face with her

hands, and wept sore. Toward six o'clock came a note from Philip, dated from the office.

"DEAREST GRACE-I find I shall not be able to come up to Lawrence street this evening. They are so excited at having got me back down here tout I can't get away, and Grey insists upon my going for a couple of days with him, and being introduced to Lady Elizabeth. Do you remember all about Lady Elizabeth, and the time of Grey's wedding? Will you "Mabelle, you ought to have told me," said Grace, when Philip's strong voice drowning their accents, broke in:

and the time of Grey's wealing, will you send down by the messenger the smallest of my portmanteaus? I will write you to-morrow or the next day. Do not mention anything of what has happened this morning in your letters home. I shall be there soon, and will

ent, dear child. "P. S.-By the bye, will you, for my sake,

if Philip's indignation should take a from the next house came in, requesting to see her, and told her that Miss said Lady Elizabeth, pleasantly. "Has Fairfax appeared to be very ill, and, as Mr. Massey come to stay, Dick?" now," said a voice at his elbow. "And her sister was away, would Miss Massey come in, and say what she thought

seemed to her, very ill, indeed. She are later than I thought.' made her go to bed, sent for a doctor, But in the act of reading, his head, took her place beside Mabelle's bed, way, there are some people coming to which was clear enough, comprehend- and, as it eventually proved, did not dinner. I wonder who I shall give you ed quickly the whole state of the case. leave her for a fortnight. Mabelle was to take in to dinner, Mr. Massey. What He neither swore, nor raved, nor sick almost "unto death," and to desert sort of young ladies do you like?" stamped; but both the girls trembled ber Grace's heart must have been as he stepped up to the fire, tearing the harder than it was. She nursed the lady you may choose for me," replied paper across, and tossing it into the girl tenderly, making light of the ill- Philip, with a sudden flush and a sud-

During the first days of convalescence she heard from Mabelle's lips the It was a dreadful, bitter little laugh. whole story of her struggles and trials, It sent the blood rushing over Grace's and before her task was over she had face; it elicited a faint moan only from grown to love her patient as dearly as

"Whatever the rest of the world may be, she is guiltless." She echoed Philip's words from the bottom of her heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT MR. GREY'S. Philip left the house, toward the moment of entering which he had vearned so eagerly, and for such long and weary weeks, and passed out into the street you see she has fainted. Healthy girls quarter of an hour which had elapsed fessed to take a great interest in China things like this. She has gone through great convulsion of nature had taken anxiety appeared to be to learn what something that has been too much for place. Was it likely that anything of her-more than she could bear. Look the kind should have occurred? And to her, that's a good girl. I'll carry her yet it seemed to Philip, and no doubt up stairs, if you like, but don't let me would have so seemed to nine men out see her again-or, stop," he added, of ten in his position, amazing that everything should look just as it had seems there is nothing better for me to done before-the sun still shining with of the best faces I ever saw, as well as do now. Yes, I'll go down to the office April brightness-the people quietly passing up and down the familiar street: even one or two faces that he knew; an ugly omnibus conductor with one eye, there he was, in his old place, as the vehicle went down. All outside was as before; it was only within himself, Philip Massey, that such awful stupendons changes seemed to have taken

> place. Of course, he did not in the least realize what had happened yet; but he knew there was some horrible calamity in the distance which hung over him and oppressed him like a distant thunder-cloud in a summer sky. The cloud would roll up, and burst in a storm. So would his calam'ty roll up soon, and burst upon his mind in full force. Falsehood, treachery, the most hideous, frightful lies-the basest, vilest intrigues-soon ne would have to grasp it all, and understand that they had all been practiced-all these abominationsby the woman whom he had set up in his heart as in a shrine, and worsh ped with his whole soul. He shuddered a little

He went into the room full of clerks, who looked up as he entered, and one of them began civilly: "What can I-why, Philip Massey!

So it is. Are you back, old fellow! and how are you?" Hearty hand-shakes and warm greetngs from all his old friends, and the admiring glances of new hands followed, after which Philip suggested that he would like to see Mr. Starkie,

and was straightway ushered into that gentleman's private room. Here, too, the greetings were warm, for Philip had done well the work which had been intrusted to him, and by his promptitude, decision and presence of mind had saved his firm from considerable pecuniary loss as well as losses in reputation which would have been more serious to them; and they, being liberal

men, were ready to acknowledge good service of whatever kind. While Phil p was deep in explanations to Mr. Starkie, and feeling an occasional slight shiver as there started across his mind a sense of what was awaiting him when the excitement should be over, and he alone with himself and his thoughts, in the midst of this Mr. Grey entered. Mr. Grev was a handsome, young man of about thirty, said to be somewhat reserved and distant, but whom Philip had : ways liked in the light and rare intercourse he had ever had with him. He greeted Philip with cordiality, entered into conversation with him, and interested in what Philip told him, invited him to return with him that afternoon to his house, spend a couple of nights with him, and be in-

troduced to his wife. At any other time the prospect would have been distasteful to Philip, or rather, his heart, which was warm and simple, as true men's hearts are, would have rebelled at the idea of going to strange houses, and visiting strange rsons, while he had scarce spoken half a dozen words to his favorite sister, and his father and mother, at home at Foulhaven, did not even know that he was again in his native land. But these circumstances were quite abnormal. The idea of getting into completely new scenes and places was a tempting one. He accepted Mr. Grey's invitation, and sent to Grace the note which has al-

ready been spoken of. Calliards, Mr. Grey's place, was some eight or nine miles out of Irkford, a pleasant spot in the fresh, unpolluted country, with purple moors and green woods around it. Mr. Grey drove there when business was over, and the drive through the April evening was pleasant -the air was cool, the sun was setting with clear beams and casting long shadows; they bowled swiftly along the pleasant country roads, and turned in before it was dusk along a limestone drive with a fir plantation on e'ther side, and up to a large, pleasant, irregular gray stone house. They entered through a tiled hall into a bright-looking sitting-room, in which a lady sat

Philip's troubles really seemed for the time to melt into the background as | are locked in for the night, to keep he stood talking to this han lsome, up- them from birds of prey. right, unaffected girl, of some one or

"He can stay a couple of days, he says, and I dare say he can tell you adventures enough to satisfy even you, Grace complied, and found Mabelle for he has been in a wild part of the restless, flushed, feverish, and, as it world. Is that the dressing-bell? We

"It is the dressing-bell, and by the

"I shall be sure to like any young ness in the accounts which she was den spasm of pain at his heart; but he "I thought I was loved by a pure-earted woman, but it seems that I against her will. compelled to send to Angela—sorely found that this pain was still quite with-in his control. He could bear it without any contortions of countenance, and even while it was gnawing most fiercely could smile and talk as if at peace and charity with all men.

Then he was taken up-stairs and left to dress, which operation he hurried over as rapidly as possible, dreading every five minutes alone with himself and that specter which was ready to spring out upon him in the first un-

guarded moment. Next came dinner, and the pleasant, sociable evening, during which Philip, to his great surprise, found bimself quite a lion in a small way, and had enough to do in answering the innumerable questions put to him by two again. During the ten minutes or very engaging young ladies, who prosince he had driven up to the door, no and all pertaining to it, but whose chief specimens of pottery or other curiosities he had brought with him from the

Celestial Land. "I like your Mr. Massey, Dick," said Lady Elizabeth, in a moment's aside with her husband. "He has one

one of the handsomest." "Yes; I'm glad you like him, but I think his manner is rather odd sometimes. Don't you observe how every now and then he almost starts, and looks suddenly around, as if--it's difficult to describe the expression. And he has been gazing intently at Miss Woodside for the last two minutes, without hearing a word she said."

"Oh, yes, I have noticed it. But didn't you say he had only arrived at home to-day? And you have dragged him off here, when I dare say he would much rather be somewhere else, or with some one else,"

"True! I never thought of that. It is likely enough."

"And yet it is not a year since you would have said it was very hard to be dragged off somewhere else, when you might have gone to Clevely Park," retorted Lady Elizabeth, maliciously.

The evening came to an end very the same, though he lingered as long as are now worn by young ladies. pted his host's invitation the remembrance; for his looks, words ent, and to arrive at the well-known to come and have a cigar in the smok- are made with from seventeen to twenalone in his room.

But once here, he felt that the anguish which had so long been as it were staved off at arm's length could be so averted no longer. It all came over him with a rush, and overwhelm

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Use of Salt.

We have received from a correspondent a letter making some inquiries into the use of salt, and we are given to understand that among other foll es of the day some indiscreet persons are objecting to the use of salt and propose to de without it. Nothing could be more at surd. Common salt is the most wide' distributed substance in the body; it exists in every flu d and in every solid: and not only is everywhere present, but n almost every part it constitutes the largest portion of the ash when any tissue is burnt. In particular it is a constant constituent of the blood, and it maintains in it a proportion that is almost wholly independent of the quantity that is consumed with the food. The blood will take up so much and no more, however much we broad-shouldered, distinguished looking may take with our food; and, on the other hand, if none be given, the blood or silver, which looks pretty and effectparts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly. Under ordinary circumstances a healthy man loses daily about twelve grains by one channel or the other, and, if he is to maintain his health, that quantity is to be introduced. Common salt is of immense importance in the processes ministering to the nutrition of the body, for not only is it the chief salt in the gastric juice, and essential for the formation of bile, and may hence be reasonably regarded as of high value in digestion, but it is an important agent in promoting the processes of diffusion, and therefore of absorption. Direct experiment has shown that it promotes the decomposition of the albumen in the body, acting probably by increasing the activity of the transmission of huids from cell to cell. Nothing can demonstrate its value better than the fact that if albumen without salt is introduced into the intestines of an animal, no portion of it impels animals to obtain salt. Buffaloes will travel for miles to reach a "salt lick"; and the value of salt in improving the nutrition and the aspect of horses and cattle is well known to every farmer.

The conclusion, therefore, is obvious that salt, being wholesome, and, indeed, necessary, should be taken in moderate quantities, and that abstention from it is likely to be injurious .-London Lancet.

-Fresh water fish are reared in every Japanese farm where there is a pool or brook with as much care as poultry in embroidering, to whom Philip was in-troduced—this was Lady Elizabeth the French cottage yards. Girls go in the evening with long wands to drive the fish into roofed tanks, where they

Fashion Notes.

Changeable silks are gaining favor. The Medicis collar is very popular this year. Two toned brocades are specially

handsome. Few bows are seen on modern shoes, and those are quite flat, of the style called cravat bows.

Bright colored silk embroidery is largely used for garnishing white opera Strings for bonnets are somewhat

broader, and mostly preferred in velvet or ottoman ribbon. Dresses of plain cloth are frequently Loops of narrow ribbons, gilt braid.

or velvet, are laid against the frills of ruching for the neck. Bright red and bottle green combined are in good taste. Some of the latest bridal dresses have

broad band of white fur bordering the Caps are of plaited lace, puffs of tulle,

and gauze. The most beautiful clasps, which fasten like an ordinary hook and eye, are now used to take the place of buttons, both for dresses and cloaks.

Bands of black velvet are worn around the throat and wrists at afternoon "at homes." They are always ornamented with diamond or pearl pins.

Ladies' white cloth dolmans are considered stylish opera cloaks when bordered with white fox fur and lined with

Small headed diamond pins, pearl, gold and silver pins are thrust about in the laces of jabots and frills on dressy

shell hair pins, with glittering Rhine stones in the curved end, are worn as ornaments, thrust through the coils of

the back hair. Neck chains are altogether out of

A novel apron drapery for a costume of silk and velvet is composed of velvet and ribbons woven together, over and under, in checker board pattern.

The straight, high dog collar is affected by women with long, slender throats. It is generally made of dark velvet, stiff, with gold, silver, steel or pearl embroidery. Cravats and bows for the neck are

quite gone out of fashion. A tiny

brooch is used to fasten the small officer collar with which all dress bodices are now finished. Plush is coming steadily back into for the Queen of Portugal, both

trimmed with plush. Bonnets in the Princess shape, made soon, as it seemed to Philip, and when of shirred black velvet, with pompoms the party had dispersed, and the others of gray and black on the left side, and retired, he was naturally obliged to do strings of ribbon velvet of both shades.

ing-room, and so on, so that it was past ty-four very small buttons for dressy py. His opera was grand. midnight when he at last found himself | toilets; of patent leather, with cloth gaiters buttoned half way up the leg. for more neglige dress and for travel and the opera pronounced grand?" The most fashionable fur capes 2.3

> fox. Some of the former have little chenille ball borders. These capes make an effective addition to toilets of black silk, satin and velvet. The sheer linen cambric handkerloped edges, with a vine inside; a hem with several rows of raised dots inside,

and elaborate needlework all round trimming them. Others have an applique of pompadour lace in each cor-All walking dresses are still cut with round skirts, as also dresses for small evening or dinner parties; but the train seems to obtain more success than last year for ball or grand reception toilets. For such occasions the

short dress is only adopted by young girls or young married ladies who dance a great deal. Pretty ball toilets are made of milky white English crape draped over moire or satin, with light clusters of flowers. Others are of colored silk tulle plaited over silk, with draperies of figured tulle to match, or tulle spangled with gold ive. This tulle is draped over moire previously vailed over with plain tulle, which produces a most lustrous and

beautiful effect. are worn upon hats and bonnets, bows and slop up in mimic tidal waves. This and cravats; brooches have also come is an exact illustration-magna cominto favor again since large cravat bows ponere parvis-of the oscillations of the have been given up.

ments of the season. Fur is universally

worn as trimming this winter, and is

both stylish and elegant. toilet is a sure sign of good taste. Stockings should always be colored, unevening toilets. For the daytime they the Straits of Sunda. - Otago Times. are of cashmere, wool or silk bourette, matched to the dress or its trimmings. and either plain or striped, to wear with the semi low shoe or the high boot, sixteen to twenty small buttons, patent leather-pointed tip and low heel. for the evening the stocking is of colored silk, open worked or embroidered on the instep, and worn with the low satin or bronze kid shoe, plain or em-

broidered with beads. All plaid tissues, chess-board patterns and checks of all dimersions are lighted ing, stripes wide or narrow, of two dian trophies and souvenirs w -Yellow pine boards placed in a colors, or two shades of one color, cloth ably go to the State." "My dear," Mr. Grey had said, "let me introduce Mr. Massey, a gentleman who has been doing great things for us out in China—Massey, Lady Elizabeth out in China—Massey, Lady Elizabeth Grey."

"I must really shake hands with you "I must really shak

deep lace borders, worked in crotchet. with unbleached cotton pockets, sleeve revers, and deep collar matched to the embroidery or lace-such are the only trimmings becoming a young child's

Fashions are more varied than ever this winter. Evening dresses are made of either light or dark shades, with a train as often as not, but quite a plain one, without any sort of trimming, especially when the material is a rich one. This train, as has been already hinted, can be made top ut on and off at pleasure. Bodices are cut low in a round, square, or oval shape, seldom in the shape of a heart, and generally peaked in front. Sleeves to the elbow or of light lace, if lace forms part of the toilet. Gloves very long, of unglazed kid, pale gray, or black with black dresses; straw colored, white, pearl gray, or golden crust, with light evening or ball toilets; bracelets, as beautiful as possible, are worn over the gloves. - Brooklyn Eagle.

Grand Opera.

"Father," asked a young man of his cynical parent, "what is grand

"I don't know."

"Why are some operas called grand, while others are not so designated? It seems to me that if a composer could write grand opera he would never write any other kind."

"Well, you see it's only by experiment that a composer can determine whether or not an opera is grand. If, upon first production, the music is beyond the abilities of the singers and bores the audience, it is grand. The weary yawn of a man does more, my son, to determine the value of an opera than the highest recommendation from a professional critic of music. If, though, the singer can climb to the summit of fashion, and women who have hand- emergency, and if the audience is some ones are converting them into pleased, the opera is not grand and the composer goes away dissatisfied, disappointed and disconsolate. Sometimes the composer can correct the mistake brought to light on the proof-sheet of first production. On one occasion a great composer produced an opera which he hoped would be grand, but there was so much music in it, the singers did so well, and the audience went into such fits of rapture and spasms of enjoyment, that the composer saw his work doomed to a wayward life of inferior appreciation. After the performance he took the opera and sat up all night crossing out the music and marking in rasp flats and guinea-hen sharps. favor. Worth has just made a dress for the Princess of Wales and another to get a revise. The audience became restless. Men began to talk business. A harness and buggy dealer from a neighboring town sold three buggies, two sets of harness, and figured extensively on an omnibus trade. Women drew their cloaks around their shoulders and shivered. The voices on the stage broke and fell in shattered fragments. The composer went away hap-

"Did the people continue their patronage after the music was marked out

"Bless your ignorance, yes. Why the increase in attendance was wonderthose made of monkey skin and black ful. Previous to an opera's advent as grand-that is, before the music is crossed out-only people who really loved the 'concord of sweet sounds' went to see it, but afterwards it was alike to all. The man with the dullest chiefs have taken the first rank-scal- ear enjoyed it quite as much, or pretended to, which is all the same, as the person whose spirit was stirred by the

gentle touch of soul-born harmony." "But, father, if there is really nothing sweet in the grand operas why do you take mother to see them?"

"Because I am a fool, son."

"Yes, but why does mother -. " "Because she is a foo:, my boy." "Are all people thus actuated?"

"Yes; that is, all who are honest enough to confess it." "Don't you believe there are people

who enjoy grand operas?" "They are highly cultivated, are they "No, not necessarily."

"What kind of people are they?" "Deaf people, young man."-Arkan-

Our Little World.

Some physical results of the Java disturbance help us to understand how small the world is. Take a bowl of Large metal c'asps, more or less rich. water, agitate the fluid in the center, artistic and beautiful, are worn with all and the undulations you excite propaelegant costumes at the neck of mantle gate themselves in smooth-swelling conor jacket, at the waist, in the folds of centric rings till they lap against the drapery or pulling. Metal brooches side of the bowl. There they break, sea reported from both hemispheres Tea gowns are now made principally this week. The tidal irregularities, in Watteau style, and have very long as might be expected, were most viotrains. One recently seen was made of lent on the northwestern seaboard of the palest gray cashmere brightened Australia, which lies right opposite the with a long Watteau back and train of scene of the Java disturbances. On vivid scarlet satin. Down the front that coast the sea retreated and adwere innumerable bows and ends of vanced a hundred yards. A day or two narrow pale gray and red satin ribbon. later oscillations appeared on the At-Dark Russian furs are the most fash- lantic seaboard of America. The parionable this winter. Long cloaks lined ticular undulation which, on the fifth with quilted fur are edged all around day out, slopped up on the east coast of with fur. Siberian fox and wild cat New Zealand must have come by way is absorbed, while it all quickly disappears if salt be added. If any further evidence were required it could be are one of the most stylish out-door garwater between us and Java by the direct route. It gives one a new conception of the littleness of what Henry Great refinement in the details of the Ward Beecher calls "this fi'penny-ha'penny world," when a man can stand on the ocean beach at Dunedin and less they are worn with entirely white watch the rippies from a splash made in

-The death of a noted native of Rockbridge County, Va., is thus related in a Texas paper: "Big-Foot Wallace, the celebrated pioneer, veteran and Indian-fighter, is dead." The old man has been leading a hermit life for years past in the brushiest part of Atascosa County, Tex., and was found in bed a corpse. It is thought that he had been dead two or three days when found. There is no heir to the few cattle he owned, and the contents of the cabin, np with fine streaks of brilliant color- his rifle, knife, saddle and various In-