THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA.

ON THE CARS.

[illegible]

A FLIRTATION.

A Little Story with a Moral for Young Ladies.

It was begun on the Lake Shore Railroad, ... [illegible] ... west of Buffalo. Some ... [illegible] ... Flora had taken the ... [illegible] ... Thad and his wife. They were going to ... [illegible] ... Thad to buy ... [illegible] ...

... [illegible] ... shopping, and dinner and supper at the Tifft House. Thad and his wife ... [illegible] ... by the evening ... while Flora was to go for a ... [illegible] ... friend, Cora ... [illegible] ... had recently been married, ... [illegible] ... Buffalo.

... [illegible] ... Flora had ... seen the face of the "gentleman." ... [illegible] ... He was seated three ... [illegible] ... of her, and she ... [illegible] ... his well-shaped, well-fitted ... [illegible] ... and the brown waving hair ... [illegible] ... felt hat, but his face was ... [illegible] ... a newspaper. At length, ... glancing inadvertently into ... [illegible] ... mirror that was placed at an angle ... [illegible] ... of the car, she saw his face ... [illegible] ... in a wide, prolonged yawn ... [illegible] ... just at that moment met, and she ... smiled at the spectacle, and in a second, thinking what ... [illegible] ... was at least rude, turned ... [illegible] ... her handkerchief to her face to ... [illegible] ... She hoped it was to ... this open mouth that "the gentleman" put up his handkerchief, but it ... [illegible] ... like a response to Flora's ... [illegible]

"The gentleman's" eyes twinkled, and he responded to Flora's smile apparently amused at being caught. He also at once turned his seat so that he was in a position to see Flora without any movement on his part.

Her cheeks reddened. She looked out of the car window, but in a short time her eyes again met the other eyes in the glass.

"The gentleman" did not stare rudely. He simply glanced a moment, and then resumed the reading of his paper. As he did this Flora foolishly allowed herself to examine him more closely, and soon came to the conclusion that he was a very fine looking and a very gentlemanly appearing man. Before she had fully concluded her sermon, however, the brown eyes in the mirror were again lifted and met hers. She blushed, turned her head quickly, and then smiled nervously. The movement and the smile attracted the notice of her cousin.

"What amuses you?" she asked carelessly.

Flora leaned toward her, and with big eyes and a flushed face laughingly described what had occurred.

"It was very funny," she continued, "and since I caught him yawning he looks frequently into the glass, and the roguish twinkle in his eyes is very amusing."

"The impudent fellow!" exclaimed Thad's wife, turning toward the mirror.

The smiling brown eyes there found no favoring response in her face. She gazed steadily into them with the expression of an affronted guardian of imperiled youth.

"You should not notice a strange man in this way," she said severely. "It is very improper."

"Why, it's real fun, and there certainly can not be any harm in it," replied Flora. "I'm sure I see no harm in it, and he is a very gentlemanly-looking man."

"There is harm in it," said Cousin Thad's wife, "and you should at once quit looking in the glass."

In a spirit of willfulness Flora exclaimed petulantly: "Why, I can't raise my eyes without looking into the glass, especially when I'm conscious that the roguish eyes in the glass are looking at me."

"Well, you must not do it. It's simply scandalous," said Thad's wife. "We can turn the seat over and sit with our backs to the fellow."

"But that will seem absurdly conscious," Flora interposed.

"You certainly can't look any more conscious than you do now, sitting here and flirting with a stranger. Come, do get up, and I will turn the back of the seat." But glancing over her shoulder, she added: "But there are men in the seat behind us."

"Yes, of course there are, and how would it look for us to whirl our seat over and arrange ourselves facing them?"

By this time Thad's attention was attracted, and he leaned across the aisle and asked in a laughing way what they were quarreling about. Before the question was answered, the car-door was flung open and the conductor shouted the name of a station. The train stopped; Thad got off, as he said, to straighten himself out; "the gentleman," too, left the car, as did the men in the seat back of the two ladies.

"There, the seat back of us is empty!" said Thad's wife. "Now we can turn the back of our seat, and Thad and I will sit together, and you can have a seat to yourself with your back to the mirror."

"And if that shouldn't be sufficient," laughed Flora, "Thad can ask the conductor to put the man with the eyes off the train."

In the meantime the vacant seats were rapidly taken by the way passengers. As the train was moving from the station, Thad seated himself by Flora. A second later "the gentleman" entered and went forward to the seat where he had left his valise. Two ladies occupied it, and ... [illegible] ... He looked indignant, but picked up his valise from the floor where they had set it and went down the aisle.

Right and left he glanced, seeking a vacant seat. Thad watched him. He did not know of the flirtation, and was a good-natured fellow, so he said, as "the gentleman" passed:

"You can have a seat here, sir, if you will accept it. You will not object to sit with your cousin," he added, to Flora.

Mira was indignant. She tried to catch her husband's eye, and endeavored to put a stop to it by touching his foot with one foot and by treading on Flora's gaiter with the other, but Thad was dull and could not comprehend, and Flora, without hesitation, demurely moved over beside Mira. With proper acknowledgment "the gentleman" seated himself.

He glanced at Flora. There was a twinkle in his eye. Flora blushed, but was evidently pleased.

Mira was very nervous and angry. She put up her "tailor-ress" so as to prevent, if possible, the two from seeing each other, and tried to draw Flora into conversation.

"Take this magazine, Flora, and look over the fashion-notes, so that we may know what to buy when we get to Buffalo."

"Oh, I know what I want!" Flora said with an impatient tossing of her head, resenting the interference of her cousin. "As if I needed a duenna!" she said to herself. "I think I'm fully able to take care of myself and know quite as well as she does what is proper or improper."

In the meantime, "the gentleman" and Thad were talking about the time they were making, the hour they would get into Buffalo, and other road matters, and through all the talk there were occasional glances between Flora and the stranger.

As a last resort Mira exclaimed: "It's very dusty. Flora, the cinders are dangerous. Take my veil and put it on. I have another in my satchel."

"No, I should smother," Flora replied, pushing away the two and a half yards of brown barege tendered her.

Just then the peanut-boy came along, and Thad bought oranges for the ladies, and "the gentleman" also indulged in one or two purchases. He offered some of his popcorn and candy first to Thad and then to the ladies. This brought more familiar relations, helped along innocently by the innocent Thad, and in spite of Mira's frantic attempts to appropriate "the gentleman's" general remarks and to make the replies, he succeeded in making more or less conversation with the smiling Flora.

Arrived at the city, it was a matter of course that "the gentleman" should assist Flora in taking her traveling satchel and other belongings from the train, especially as Thad was giving his attention to his wife, and that he should be invited by the unconscious Thad to secure the vacant seat in the carriage which conveyed the whole party to the Tifft House.

Here "the gentleman" took his leave, with an impressive manner towards Flora which made her blush. Mira was almost beside herself with indignation, and before they were in their rooms began with excited volubility to tell Thad about the mirror and "the gentleman's" significant smiles and glances.

With much vehemence Flora protested, made denials and endeavored to justify herself.

"I didn't make eyes at him," she said. "I didn't look sentimental. Why, Thad, I didn't look at him a bit more than Mira did. And there was no more harm for me to look at him than there was for Myra. It did not hurt my eyes."

"A girl can not be too careful in such matters," Thad said, soberly. "Men often presume upon the slightest grounds to press their attentions. You would feel very much humiliated to find in the morning paper a personal addressed to you."

"I'd think the personal, in fact the whole thing, very funny, anyhow," returned Flora. "But no man with any sense would take advantage of the trifling things that Mira is making such a fuss about."

"But some men are made up without sense, or rather I should have said without principle," Thad said, as he put on his hat for the street.

"But the man of the looking-glass isn't that kind!" Flora retorted, with a nod of triumph.

In half an hour Flora was ready for the street and for shopping. As she sat waiting for her cousin, there was a rap at the door. She opened it. A letter was handed her, addressed: "To the Young Lady of Room 34, Tifft House." Slipping the letter into her pocket, she called to Mira, in the dressing-room, "I'll wait for you in the parlor," and hurried along the corridor, feeling half-guilty, and yet excited and curious to know if the letter was really from "the gentleman" who was in the cars. Reaching the parlor, she opened and read it with a throbbing heart and a glowing cheek. Then she wrote on one of the hotel cards:

"ROOM 34.

"MR. BEN—Sentiment is independent of name or place or other externals. The yielding to your request will depend upon the right conditions. If you have anything further to communicate, I shall be in Buffalo for a week, and you can address me through the post-office. To-day we shall be in Room 34, Tifft House. Of course that forty-mile ride on the Lake Shore R. R. was too amusing to forget."

This she addressed to "Mr. Ben. P. O. Box 1123."

Some hours later, when the ladies returned from their shopping to the Tifft House, Mira saw Flora take a letter from the table in her room and place it in her pocket. She asked no questions, and in a few minutes was dozing on the sofa. Ten minutes passed, when she was aroused by a shake, and saw Flora, pale and excited, by her side.

"Mira! Mira!" she said, "please wake up and tell me what to do. I'm so frightened that I'm almost crazy! She threatens to expose me."

"To expose you! Who threatens to expose you?" said Mira, sitting up, bewildered and frightened. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"Oh, I forgot that you don't know about it," said Flora. "Why, you see, that man wrote me a few lines."

"What man?"

"That man who was in the car."

"He did!" cried Mira. "The impudent, presuming"——

"And I wrote him a few lines just answering a few questions."

"Why, Flora Denton! Aren't you ashamed? What would your mother say? Writing to a strange man is utterly disreputable! I don't want the responsibility of having you in charge again. Why, don't you know that such things are full of danger?"

"I've found out that they are," Flora answered with trembling lips. "The gentleman's wife"——

"Don't call him a gentleman!" Mira interposed. "No gentleman would do such a thing as he has been doing."

"The villain's wife," amended Flora, "opened the note I wrote to him and read it."

"I'm glad she did; it served you right."

"And she says she or her brother is coming around here to find out who I am. Do read this fearful note!" And Mira read:

"YOU BOLD GIRL: I warn you that if you ever write again to my husband, whom you call Mr. Ben, I shall take the most summary measures in my power of publishing you to the world. I shall send this note to your ... [illegible] ...

THE WIFE OF MR. BEN."

"What can I do about it?" said Flora, with a piteous face. "You see, I never dreamed that he was a married man. He just ought to be shot for taking advantage of me in this way! It's as mean as it can be. Do tell me what to do!"

"I don't see anything you can do except to meet the woman and frankly apologize to her."

"But I can never endure such an interview. She might shoot me or something else. Couldn't I remain in my room and let you see her? Oh, do allow me to do this, Mira!"

"No; you'll have to take the consequences. I did all I could to interrupt your foolish performances."——

There was a loud rap at the door.

"Oh, there she is now!" Flora cried, starting to her feet like one hunted.

The door was opened by Thad. He was told what had occurred, and after reading the woman's letter, he said: "Well, the train starts in an hour that is to take Mira and me home. If the woman calls before we leave the hotel, I will meet her and if possible prevent an interview with Flora. If she does not, I think Flora had better return with us, instead of visiting her friend here. Thus possible trouble may be avoided."

"Oh, I shall be glad to go. I shall not dare to remain here. I can write Cora that circumstances prevented my visit. Do let us leave at once. I dare not stay here a moment longer than is necessary. I wish I had stayed at home with mamma."

They left the hotel at once, and were fortunate in not meeting the woman, who, it is possible, did not carry out her threat. At any rate, it was so severe a lesson to Flora that for weeks she was in a state of nervous agitation, hardly daring to receive a letter from the post-office, or to meet any stranger who might knock at the door of her home.

The moral of the story to all girls traveling in the cars is too apparent for me to dwell upon.—*Youth's Companion.*

DIPHTHERIA.

The Precautions Which Ought to Be Taken in Well-Marked Cases.

There are many cases in which at first a skilled physician can not say positively whether it is contagious diphtheria or a simple non-specific inflammation with which he has to deal, and this uncertainty may continue for a considerable time. If Dr. Jacobi's views are correct, and he is certainly very high authority on this subject, diphtheria may exist, especially in the adult, in a chronic form, not greatly disturbing the health, or at all events not preventing the person so affected from going about and performing his or her usual duties, and yet making the secretions from such person capable of conveying the disease.

The precautions to be taken in the management of a well-marked case of diphtheria are, or should be, generally known, they have been published as circulars by many health boards, and through the secular and medical press, and may be summed up as follows: Isolate the patient in an airy room having the least amount of furniture, especially that which is upholstered, and having no carpet or curtains. Disinfect all excretions and secretions, and especially those from the throat, nose and mouth, and all articles soiled by them, promptly, while they are yet moist, and thoroughly. Use clean, soft rags for receiving the discharges from the nose and mouth, and burn them as fast as soiled. If other articles are soiled, use solutions of chloride of zinc or bichloride of mercury, under the instructions of the physician. Be especially careful as regards toys, pencils, or other articles which may be given the child for its amusement, of the articles used in giving it food or drink. Everything that has touched the patient's lips, or has been touched by anything that has touched the patient's lips, is dangerous.

When convalescence has set in do not yield too soon to the importunities of the patient to be allowed to see his friends or to go out, nor to your own feelings of weariness at the long-continued confinement. Above all things do not, under the excuse of giving change of air and scene, send him off to some other place to complete his recovery; you might send dynamite about the country with scarcely more risk. Do not send the child back to school in less than six weeks after the attack; about two weeks after you are satisfied that he is entirely well is a very good rule.

If the little life is not strong enough to withstand the attack, and is cut short, do not in your grief forget the danger to other lives which the house and its contents may yet cause. Do not allow sympathizing friends and playmates to enter, do not have any funeral ceremonies in the house, treat the sick-room and its contents as being dangerously infected.

In mild and doubtful cases follow the plan above indicated as nearly as you can, and be sure that all your care and patience will be needed if you wish to obtain security for other members of the family and for friends.—*Sanitary Engineer.*

Anxious to Save Tidies.

"Does your mother ever speak of me, darling?"

"Oh, yes; every morning."

"I'm so glad."

"She says she hopes we'll be married very soon."

"That's pleasant. If she likes me so much we'll be very happy, wont we?"

"Oh, ma thinks we ought to get married at once."

"She is anxious to have me for a son-in-law, isn't she?"

"No, it isn't that; but she says your back hair has ruined every tidy in the parlor."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—See that your horse's bit is neither too short nor too long for his mouth.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Congressman Rosecrans' son is a Catholic priest and his two daughters are nuns.

—In his "Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson" Dr. Holmes says the poet and philosopher always had pie for breakfast.

—It has been decided by an Arkansas literary society that a horse is superior to a district school as an educating agent.

—Susan B. Anthony began life as a school teacher at eight dollars a month, and in fifteen years saved three hundred dollars.

—Rev. Charles E. Burdette, a brother of the *Hawkeye* humorist, was married recently to Miss Minnie Russell, a fellow missionary in Farther India.

The prospectus has been issued of the greatest literary enterprise of a philological character ever attempted in Japan. This is a Chinese dictionary called the "Moji Fuyu," which will extend to forty volumes.

The circulation of cheap literature does not apparently affect the sale of very expensive editions of the same works. There appear to be a great many people in the country who are building up fine libraries.—*Current.*

—The late Mark Pattison, speaking of the ... [illegible] ... "I think it must have been the scanty supply of paper which made the classics what they are."—*Chicago Herald.*

Fanny Elssler left an estate worth $250,000. She was most graphically described by a "Varmounter," who, after seeing her dance in Boston, said: "She is as much quicker than lightning as lightning is quicker than a stone wall."

—A Kansas editor informs us that he did not attend the late editorial convention at Kansas City for the simple, but very good reason, that he had no railroad pass, and did not receive notice in time to make the journey on foot.—*Kansas City Times.*

Belle Kinney, a twelve-year-old girl of Marysville, O., hold her book upside down when she reads, inverts her copy-book and writes with the left hand, and in both is as skillful as other children with their books in the usual position.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Libraries which are never replenished by new publications may be valuable, but they have lost their life. Several of the old libraries in New York are reserved for an apparently past generation, and it is almost as curious to see the people that go into them, it is said as to look at the old books on the shelves.

Mr. Mark Boyd, author of the "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," mentions that a Scotch gentleman of fortune on his death-bed asked the minister whether, if he left a large sum to the Kirk, his salvation would be secured. The cautious minister responded: "I would not like to be positive, but it's weel worth trying."—*N. Y. Sun.*

HUMOROUS.

The profits of an alligator farm are from $3,000 to $7,000 a year. For particulars as to how and when to plant and raise and get the crop to market see small bills.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A talkative woman, pressing her viands upon a guest at table, asked: "Are you not fond of tongue?" "Yes," said the wearied man, "I always was fond of tongue, and I like it still."

New York school teacher—"Which is the biggest mountain in the State?" Boy—"Sing Sing." Teacher—"Why?" Boy—"Father went up a year ago and hasn't come down yet."—*Boston Beacon.*

"Denny, answer me now, phat was the name av the little byes wor playin' wid out in the yarrd this mornin'?" "Donohue." "Wel, I want you to be findin' out who, I won't have yez playin' wid any an' everybody's children."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Vas Fooled.

[illegible]

—*Carl Pretzel.*

—Mike (something of an invalid)—The docther says Oi must dhrink oirun for me blood. Mary—Shure, an' how can yez dhrink oirun, Moike? Mike—By meltin' it, av coorse. Mary—But yez can't dhrink hot melted oirun, ye fule. Mike—Oi knaw Oi can't dhrink hot melted oirun, but it's me-ilf that can wait till it cools.—*N. Y. Times.*

—When the well-known song, "Mrs. Brady's Daughter," was having a run, a lady one day went into Philip Werlein's store on Bourbon street, New Orleans, and stepping up to a dashing young salesman, said: "Mrs. Brady's Daughter." "Glad to know you," replied the young man, extending his hand. "How is your mother?"—*Exchange.*

—"What's the use of going to school?" one street boy asked of another, in surprise. "Why, I pick up lots of things in school. For instance, I found out to-day what a. m. means, what yer see in der papers all der time." "What does it mean, anyhow?" "It means after midnight, of course; and p. m. means pos' morton, and that's French for evening."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A charming young girl, accompanied by her octogenarian great-grandmother, who is all that the name implies, enters a dry-goods store. "How much is this ribbon?" she asked of the polite young clerk, who has bounded agilely over several stools to wait upon her. "A kiss a yard!" replied the young man gallantly. "Give me ten yards, then. Grandma'll pay you—she always settles the bills when we go shoppen."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Standing by an Editorial Opinion.

"We were in Al Bledgett's saloon last week, giving our views on Cleveland's Cabinet, and in other respects minding our business, when Gringo Baker came in and said we were a liar. We denied the charge and told him he was no gentleman. At this juncture, had we not quickly dodged, he would have knocked us down; as it was, he only grazed our nose. Knowing him to be drunk, and therefore, helpless, we darted out of the saloon and ran to our office with as much celerity as our game leg would allow, and locked ourselves in our sanctum. Had we not thus nobly refrained from combat we would soon have wiped the floor with Gringo Baker. And yet we understand that he calls us a red-nosed coward. We are quite content to be misunderstood by such men, and we reiterate in this public manner our views on the Cabinet, for which Gringo called us a liar. We believe it should contain a man who will recognize literary ability in giving out the post-offices. And there is a loaded shot-gun in our sanctum which says so, too.—*Extract from an Arizona editorial.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them fading.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—There is nothing that keeps an animal's system so well regulated and seems to sharpen their appetites as well as a judicious use of salt.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The growing of mustard for seed is said to be very profitable, as the seeds not only produce an excellent quality of oil, but can also be utilized after having been pressed.

—On setting out fruit trees they should be bent slightly toward the prevailing winds and then well staked; but as the stakes are lifted by freezing and thawing they should be looked after in winter and spring and reset.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A good specific for hiccoughs is made by moistening granulated sugar with good vinegar. Of this give to an infant from a few grains to a tea-spoonful. The effect is almost instantaneous, and the dose seldom needs to be repeated.—*Toledo Blade.*

—The *Poultry-Keeper* affirms that a good sprinkling of a pint of sulphuric acid, diluted with a pail of water, will effectually purify poultry yards if sprinkled in them. Disease will be well cured and noxious gases destroyed. It effectually keeps cholera away.

Before a man plants any fruit extensively he should ascertain how the varieties which he proposes to plant succeed in his neighborhood. If he can not ascertain then plant moderately, so as to "feel his way." The variations on account of soil and climate are very great.

—Cabbage Salad: Cut the cabbage very fine, and put into a dish in layers, with salt and pepper between. Then take two teaspoonfuls of butter, two of sugar, two of flour, two of mustard, one cup of vinegar and one egg. Stir all together, and let it come to a boil on the stove. Pour it hot over, and mix well with the cabbage; cover up.—*The Household.*

—A decided improvement on the old-fashioned bibs for children is made of a towel. Take a towel long enough to cut two bibs, cut it in half and hollow out for the neck at the top. If you take an all-white towel you can work a fancy border in colored worsteds, but be careful not to get the towels too wide, or the bib will always be over the hands. Bind the neck with white tape and cat-stitch with color.

—Excellent corn bread is made of two eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and very light, one pint of corn meal, a good lump of butter about the size of half an egg, one quart of boiling milk, half a teaspoonful of salt; put the lump of butter into the hot milk, then while stirring with one hand scatter the meal in with the other a little at a time, so that there will be no danger of lumps. When entirely smooth add the yolk and then the white of the eggs. Have a bread pan well buttered, pour the mixture into it, and bake in a quick oven.—*N. Y. Post.*

RENTING LAND.

The Man Who Rents Land on Shares Usually Pays Too High Rent for It.

As a rule farmers do not like to rent land in high condition on shares, and the man who works land on shares almost always pays too high rent for it. We have rarely seen a farm that had been rented on shares for several years that was not badly "run down." It would seem, therefore, that there is something radically wrong in the system.

The only farming that pays is good farming. We mean by good farming, draining when necessary, thorough cultivation, the destruction of weeds, saving and applying manure or plowing under green crops, and doing the work in season and in a workmanlike manner. The man who hires land on shares pays for it in labor. The more labor he puts into the land the bigger rent he pays—the less labor the less rent.

This is true, at least, so far as the tenant is concerned. He may put considerable labor into the land without the owner getting any benefit from it, owing to poor land or poor judgment, or the failure of the crops from drouth, insects, etc. But if the tenant puts in the labor he pays the money which the labor represents, whether the owner gets it or not. In other words, the tenant assumes the risk of poor seasons, just as much as if he paid money rent. He quickly finds this out, and sooner or later learns that the less labor he puts on the less risk he runs.

In spite of all this, we know many who have done well in renting farms on shares. They have now good farms of their own all paid for. In fact they have bought farms they formerly rented. Of course the owners of the farm were lucky in finding such men. If the tenants made money, the owners made money also. A great deal depends on the men. The owner must be liberal. If he can find a tenant that is industrious, careful, systematic, prompt and forehanded, he can well afford to help him in every way in his power. In helping the tenant he is, of course, helping himself.

In regard to what crops to put in on a rented farm, it is evident that, other things being equal, the more labor a crop requires and receives for its proper cultivation, the more rent you pay.

An apple orchard in bearing condition is profitable to the tenant. Unless he has a good crop to gather and market, he need spend but little labor on it. A meadow or pasture requires but little labor.

A crop of oats or barley, or spring wheat, costs but little to put in or harvest. Crops which need hoeing and cultivating, cost more than wheat, barley, oats, buckwheat, millet, timothy, clover, etc. We have known a farmer to let land to one man to sow to oats in the spring, followed with winter wheat in the fall, and to another man land to plant to potatoes—both on halves, the tenant to do all the work. If the oats yielded forty bushels per acre, and sold for thirty cents, the land-owner got six dollars an acre rent. If the potatoes yielded one hundred and fifty bushels per acre and sold for forty cents per bushel, the landlord got thirty dollars an acre rent. You will say that the tenant also received thirty dollars per acre. True, but he spends more labor on the potatoes than the oats.

The so-called garden crops, such as cabbage, onions, carrots, beets, rutabagas, turnips, celery, etc., all require considerable labor, and when raised on shares the land-owner, if a fair yield is obtained, gets a high rent for his land. He can afford to furnish all the manure and all the seed, and in fact should do so, and be liberal in lending the use of plows, cultivators, drills, etc. If good crops are obtained, both parties will do well.—*Christian at Work.*

THE BRAIN.

Bill Nye Emits Some Interesting Ideas Regarding Our Thought-Manufacturer.

This article is designed more especially for those vertebrates who are able to keep and use their own brains. It is not intended for the perusal of those who simply have a ganglion or nerve-center which they are using temporarily until they can afford a brain.

Man is more highly endowed with brain than any other animal. Still, nearly all animate creation has a trace of this organ—decreasing, of course, in intensity downward, from man to the lower mammals, birds, reptiles, batrachia and fishes, till nearly all traces of the brain disappear in the amphioxus and dude.

The elephant has the heaviest brain of any animal. It often weighs as high as nine or ten pounds. The whale comes next, with a brain that weighs, perhaps, five pounds. So, great mental strength is the result of quality more than quantity in the matter of brain tissue.

The brain of an adult man weighs on an average, forty-eight ounces, while that of the average adult woman weighs forty-four ounces, and yet woman is far superior to man mentally. I have obtained this information from a lady friend of mine who is thoroughly trustworthy.

The brain is inclosed in a bony sphere called the skull. This bony envelope is air-tight. The brain does not have to be aired if it is in a normal condition. It should be kept inside the skull constantly, and in as compact form as possible, for when it is otherwise great inconvenience may ensue.

The parts of the encephalon, we are told, are the *cerebrum, cerebellum, medulla oblongata, pons varolii, olfactory, pineal* ... Any one would think that a brain with all these things in it would not feel well, but such is not the case. The brain has been found, upon microscopic investigation after death, to contain not only the foreign microbes and things named above, but also a cineritious substance, cranial nerves, *motor oculi, corpus callosum, corpora striata, thalami, tubercula quadrigemina, cerebella, arbor vitae,* ... and other foreign substances, which must have made life a burden, and yet death did not result for many years.

Nothing, however, is so destructive to brain tissue as daylight. Many have died almost instantly after light and fresh air have been admitted into the brain. The brain is one of the most useful of all our organs, and, therefore, we should use every precaution to retain it; for, like the self-cocking revolver, a man may struggle along for years without having occasion to use it, and yet when he does want to use it he wants it very much. We might get along in society a long time without being called upon for any mental demonstration, but some day, without any notice whatever, we might be requested by our host to express an idea, and we would feel very much cut up to admit that we had left our thinker at home on the piano.

Physicians who have never had much experience with the brain, never having had a case of it in their own families, nor studied its habits in other people, frequently make an erroneous diagnosis where a patient is suffering from brain trouble. I once knew a young doctor, who has since resigned his lucrative practice in order to accept a highly responsible position as chambermaid in a large livery-stable, to make a mistake of that kind. The patient was a German, who was unconscious at the time the doctor was called. The latter felt the pulse, examined the tongue, wrote out three prescriptions on different drug stores for medicine to encourage zeal on the part of the liver, and went away.

The coroner was no expert in cases of that kind, but he went at it on the theory that the brain had been affected, and traced up the symptoms till he showed the jury that it was a case of quick coupling-pin on the brain. It seems that the patient had been exposed at a saloon on A street, and this was followed in quick succession by coma, semi-colon and full stop.

We should take great care of our brain if we intend to use it. It is a very sensitive organ, and is easily affected by external influences. Very little, after all, is known of the location of various phrenological organs in the brain. The relation between thought and the material organ which we call the brain is a little misty yet. It is not for poor, short lived, and puny man to know everything. The brain, however, is a curious organ. It is a good thing in its place, but entirely useless when removed from the party to whom it belongs. We should not overwork the brain, or strain it in trying to think of hard words that no one else knows the meaning of. Neither should we try to preserve our brain in alcohol during office hours. Alcohol and gray matter are always antagonistic. Let us take good care of our brains and not wear them out trying to impart information to those who do not seek it. Another thing that we should remember is that the brain weighs about twenty times as much as the tongue, and, therefore, there is no physiological law which will require us to tell all we know.—*Bill Nye in The Argonaut.*

She Probably Fainted.

"I was coming up on the car, you know," she rattled away, "and I met that Mrs. Johnson. She is always trying to lord it over me, and I knew by her looks that she had something awful to say. In about a minute she moved along and says, says she:

"'Have you got your costumes?'

"'For what?' says I.

"'For the Governor's veto,'" says she.

"Just think of her ignorance! It stunned me so that I could hardly get my breath. I saw it was my chance to dress her feathers down, so I put on all my dignity, raised my voice so that all could hear, and says, says I:

"'No, madam, I'm not going to the Governor's veto, but when the Governor's message takes place I shall be there.'"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed her husband, "but you didn't say 'message,' did you?"

"Why, of course—what is it?"

"It's the Governor's levee, you idiot!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Pa," said a young Danbury boy to his father, "where are you going?" "To a hog-guessing match, my son." "What do the hogs guess about, pa?" was the next querry. "Little boys should be seen and not heard," said the father, in an impressive voice.—*Danbury News.*

—News letters, in manuscript, were sold before newspapers were printed. The Italian name *gazette* was first applied to those letters and afterward to the printed copies.

HORSES.

Some Hints About Them Which May Interest the Average Driver.

"Have I time to give you a few remarks about horses? Why, certainly, don't you know that a man always has time to talk politics or 'hoss?' You don't expect me to 'give away' any tricks of the trade. Well, I sha'n't—not that there aren't plenty of tricks in the horse trade, but we're established here with a good reputation and we have to deal squarely, so we leave the 'funny business' to gypsies and other outside dealers. We have to study a buyer often and humor him a good deal, especially the chap who doesn't know any more about a horse than a horse knows about him. If a man really knows something about a horse we can deal with him comfortably enough, but the chap who only knows horse books—he's the 'daisy' to deal with. He'll twirl his eye-glasses and ask Latin questions enough to paralyze a first-class veterinary surgeon. We can always pick out the man who is buying his first horse—and he's another 'daisy.' He'll pound the horse all over, muss his kid gloves trying to open his mouth for age marks, and then come the questions: 'Is he a free driver, speedy, gentle if driven by women or children? Will he stand without being tied? Is he afraid of bands of music, steam-cars or wheelies? Is he apt to shy or kick or balk?' In fact, he seems to want to buy a cheap horse-angel!

"You see it's as hard to find a long combination of good traits in a horse as it is in a man. Any horse that is tough and sound enough to be a free driver with good speed is pretty sure to have some little kinks that a horseman wouldn't mind at all. Of course nobody wants an outright kicker, or otherwise vicious beast, but a horse often gets a bad reputation through the ignorance of the driver. Take shying, for instance, a horse isn't near as nervous as most humans. He quite naturally notices an unusual object and expresses his surprise by a variation in gait or a side jump. Now the first thing amateur drivers think it best to do in this case is to yell at the beast and give him a slash or two with the whip. Well, the horse thinks, oh, you may laugh, but he does think all the same, well, he thinks his driver is frightened, too, and that he has a double reason to be scared, and perhaps runs away. Who knows, he may do it with the intention of putting himself and driver in a place of safety? Now, a horse never shies without notifying a watchful driver. If a cause is in front of him he will throw an ear sharply in that direction; if behind, he will point an ear inquiringly back; then an experienced driver, who ought always to be on the lookout, at once gets ready to hold him and at the same time reassures him with a calm, firm, stable word or two that he is used to. Yes, sir, any horse that can see is likely to shy, and when any one tells you he will not, it will be about as near the truth as that hostler or waiter who told Mr. Pickwick that his horse 'wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin load of monkeys with their tails burnt off.' That's the funniest horse story I ever read—oh, you've read it, have you?—Good.

"Speak of punishing a horse, always be careful about using a whip on a horse you don't know; see how differently horses take a whipping, just like youngsters—some will tremble and lose their spirit, others will become stubborn and balk, a spunky one will jump right out of your hands, and you might not get him back time enough to save a broken wagon or head. And here's a bad practice you ought to speak of: the lighting of those snappy parlor matches on a wheel-tire; many a horse has been startled in that way. Smoking on horseback is a very bad practice. A falling spark from a pipe or cigar has caused many riders broken bones or bad bruises.

"What is the best color for a horse? Well, that is about as much a matter of taste as importance. To be sure, few persons want a 'calico' or circus horse, as the boys call them, nor do they want a conspicuous cream-colored animal. White horses are objectionable because they become unsightly in muddy weather. Sorrels, bays and the darker hues are the most popular, and they are more easily matched than light ones. Grays, iron-grays and roans have a settled reputation for strength and toughness—but you might fill a big book with conceits and traditions about the marks and colors of horses. Some traditions have much weight in the estimation of a horse; one of the strongest is

Four white feet and a white nose,
Cut off his hide, give him to the crows.

"I suppose that idea about feet has been handed along for centuries from Oriental horsemen; an old Eastern translation says:

One white foot, buy him;
Two white feet, try him;
Three white feet, look well about him;
Four white feet, do without him.

"The Turks regard white forefeet as lucky, one white fore and hind foot unlucky.

"Do I think the clipping of horses cruel? Well, it depends upon the horse and also on the owner. A sound, strong horse that is driven for pleasure only, that can be given fine feed, careful grooming, heavy blankets and a light stable, wouldn't be apt to suffer badly. He really does dry off better after speeding than an unclipped horse in cold weather under such circumstances. I think it's a mistake to clip the average working horse."—*Boston Budget.*

The Use of a Scarf Pin.

They were playing whist in the smoker. One of the players wore on his collar-scarf a diamond pin. It was very large and very brilliant. The inference was that the wearer was a showy nabob, or a blackleg. As a partner was shuffling for a new deal, another remarked: "That is a fine pin you wear." "Yes," replied the man, "that is a good pin—for the money. It cost three dollars and a half. It is paste. You may wonder why I wear such a worthless bauble. I wear it for protection. This is the third one I have worn, the other two were stolen. Let me explain.

"I was traveling on a Southern railway at night. Gradually the passengers in the car I was in dwindled to three—two men besides myself. I discovered that these men were attracted by my scarf-pin, and I was convinced that they were determined to get it. I was glad, for I had more than three thousand dollars in money and checks in my pocket. When I left the car one man was in front of me, and one was behind, and as I passed out the door, the jolting of the car gave both an opportunity to fall against me. At that moment one of them snatched the pin, and thinking it was a great prize, had no thought of taking anything else. It is a safeguard, and I would not travel with valuables in a strange country without one."—*Providence News.*