THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

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Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

The road by which they had come the night before could be seen at one point only, and that nearly a mile distant, where it wound around a spur of the mountain and dived down into a ravine from which it emerged only to wind around other bluffs and spurs and dive down into other hollows out of the range of vision of any one standing in the door or at the windows of the shanty.

By ascending to the summit of the mountain, a succession of lower ridges and hills could be seen stretching away towards Philippsburg and the river, with sometimes a glimpse of the valley beyond, and of a thin line of smoke from the steamers that went puffing up and down that highway of nature; but from the lower ground on which the shanty stood this view was shut out by intervening hills, and there came a feeling of loneliness, and sequestration indescribable, to the three women as they looked out upon the scene that first morning.

A thick crop of self-sown oats mixed with weeds had sprung up on the ground, untilled for two years. These the rain had beaten flat to the earth in places, while in others they still kept a half erect position and were twisted together in bunches.

The few scattering grape vines, left to themselves, had broken from their supports and run riot among the weeds and grass. The peach and pear trees showed the same lack of care, the very luxuriousness of their growth and their untrimmed appearance adding to the general look of desolation.

And this was the scene upon which Martha Parsons looked, standing in the door of the shanty with her two daughters. Contrasting it with the home they had just left, and recalling the fact that the nearest neighbor was two miles away, is it any wonder that her heart sank and that for a moment she almost wished they had gone down into the valley and rented, instead of buying this isolated and lonely place upon the mountain side?

CHAPTER XX.

A GLEAM OF SUNLIGHT.

But it would not do to give way to feelings of despair. This was to be their home and they must make the best of it, and without a word she turned back and began arranging things so as to give room to set the table and get what breakfast was possible under the circumstances.

Mr. Parsons came in with his arms full of wood gathered from a fallen tree top, and soon a fire was burning in the stove and the smell of coffee filled the room.

No complaints were uttered, but all worked to get things to rights. Nails were driven into the studding of the walls and articles of clothing and many of the cooking utensils were hung up out of the way, at least for the time being.

The table was placed in the center of the room and covered with a white cloth, the frugal meal placed upon it and the family gathered about for the first meal in the new home. As they ate they talked of how best to arrange things.

If it had been the dry season they could have gone on so much more comfortably, but with the certainty of rain one third of the time for months to come, the prospect was dismal enough.

However, they must do the best they could, and after breakfast Mr. Parsons hitched to pick up the beds, one in each corner farthest from the stove, which stood in the center at that end of the room where a single window of six small panes of glass looked out upon the mountain above them. At the other end were two windows of twelve panes each, through which could be seen the hills stretching away towards the river.

There was also a similar window on each side at the right of the doors, so the room was not dark, however much it might lack for conveniences.

Everything not needed for daily use was packed in boxes and trunks and stored away under the beds, but even with this economy of space very little room was left for moving about.

Each member of the family, however, tried to be cheerful and so cheer the rest. Lucy even went so far as to attempt a witticism, and suggested that there was no lack of room so long as none of them were obliged to leave the house in order to get space to open the stove door.

Strips of bright carpet were laid between the beds, about which were hung curtains reaching from the ceiling to the floor. The clock found a resting place upon a shelf to the left of the front door. A bureau with a mirror occupied the space between the windows at the end where the beds stood. The table, when not in use, was folded up and allowed to stand in the center of the floor ready to be opened at meal time. Upon the walls were hung a few pictures. The white curtains which had once adorned the windows of the sitting-room of the old home were fitted to those of the new; and when all was done that could be done, the room looked so bright and cozy that the hearts of the occupants lifted a little, and but for the thought that one was so soon to leave them, whom they knew not when, if ever, they would meet again, they might have been almost happy.

Jennie did not know what day to look for her husband's coming, for he could not tell, when they parted in San Francisco, how long it would take him to arrange his business, which consisted in the collection of several little sums of money owing to him, but she had written from Chippsburg, telling him where to go for directions how to find her; and one day, about a week after the family had taken possession of the shanty on the mountain side, he came, having walked out from the landing.

Mrs. Parsons cried a little when Ensign kissed her and called her "mother." It reminded her so forcibly of the separation which his coming presaged that she could not help it. But she welcomed him warmly and made him feel that she loved him already for Jennie's sake.

From John Parsons he received a hand-shake which, hardened as his own hands were by work in the shop, came near causing Ensign to flinch. The man whose daughter he had married felt a very warm friendship for him indeed.

In comparing Ensign with Annelsey, as he had naturally done at times, when he expected both would become his sons-in-law, he had somehow come to regard him as a kind of hero, contending against odds, as he felt that all men who labored were forced to do, and that in choosing Jennie for a wife he had allied himself with those who, although giving no outward sign, were yet half unconsciously revolving in their minds some plan by which to remove the wrongs beneath which they suffered and writhed.

It was true that he had lost his pride in possession and with it all confidence in himself.

Without much knowledge of books, inclined by nature to think lightly of his own abilities, and having failed to successfully defend what he knew to be his natural rights to the wealth which he had himself created, he now felt that he had no right to offer advice upon needed reforms in society or the laws. But Ensign was young, he possessed cool courage and a spirit that would not allow him to remain supinely inactive beneath great and continued wrongs. Besides this, he had a fair education, and, so the girls said, had once or twice talked to his fellow-workingmen in public upon questions affecting their interests, and there had gradually grown up in the mind of John Parsons a feeling that Ensign was to be instrumental in some way, perhaps as a leader, in righting the wrongs of the people.

So long as Lucy had been engaged to marry Mr. Annelsey these feelings had been suppressed, overlaid as it were by a fear that in encouraging them he was choosing between his daughters, who were equally dear to him, but he had not been able to prevent a feeling that Annelsey, being in sympathy with the cause of the bosses which he had suffered, was in some way partially responsible for them, as he certainly was a representative of the class who were the gainers by those losses, and by the losses of the thousand and millions of other men and women who are doomed to toil all their lives for the wretched pittance of enough food and clothing, and hopes of better times, to induce them to continue the work of creating wealth for others.

The moment, however, he learned that Lucy had dismissed Mr. Annelsey, the thoughts which had before been but a dumb kind of feeling, kept under by a knowledge of the relation which the young man was likely to bear to the family, began to take shape, and once or twice in talking with Jennie of the life which she and her husband would lead in Chicago, he had even put these thoughts into words, and now he welcomed the young man not alone as a son-in-law, but as one who might some day help to right existing wrongs and make the people free.

Ensign remained with the family nearly a week, and every day endeared himself more and more to his wife's parents. It was in order that they might become better acquainted with him, and thus not feel that they were giving their daughter to one so nearly a stranger, that he remained. During his stay he helped all he could to put the place in better shape, and as the rains did not fall during the entire week, the two men were enabled to do much towards making things look more cheerful.

A shed for the horses was built out of lumber bought for that purpose by the former owner, but never erected. The broken places in the fence were repaired; the grape vines staked and tied up, and portions of the over-abundant growth of fruit trees cut away.

It was really wonderful the change which these little improvements made in the looks of the place. But then they had the sun, and the sun with a very little assistance in the way of setting leaning fences and gates upright will, in a few days, make a great change in any picture first seen when wet and sodden by long continued rains.

As the two men worked they talked—talked of the wrongs of the farmers and the laboring and business men of the cities, of the causes of so many losses and so much poverty and suffering and of the possible or impossible remedies.

"There ought to be a law to prevent corporations from ownin' land they don't need, an' can't make no use on, 'cept to make them that does want to use it pay for the privilege," said Mr. Parsons, as they were at work repairing the fence. "No man can't be really free unless he has a home o' his own, and here Gover'ment has gone an' give half the State to corporations, an' how is the next gineration to git homes, I'd like to know.

"An' other corporations are washin' down the mountains an' filin' up the valleys; splin' the finest lands; chokin' up the river, an' destroyin' the homes of honest folks jest as of gold was of more value than bread. I've tried hard to get somethin' ahead agin old age come a creepin' on to us, and to give the youngsters a start when they left us, as Jennie is a doin' now, and here's what it all amounts to; a bit of land not much better than wild on the side of a mountain. The land God made, an' all the improvements that is on to it never cost a thousand dollars when they was new, and that ain't as much as my wife had when I married her; so we've got nothin' at all to show for a lifetime of hard work an' savin'.

"So far as we're concerned, mother n' me I mean, it don't make much difference any more. We're gettin' old and shan't last much longer; but ef you an' Jennie ain't no luckier than we have been, and there ain't no change for the better in things, I'm afeard you won't have even such a shanty as we've got to die in, and your children won't be no better than slaves. Ye see it holds to reason that ef things don't get no better they must git wus, fur every year the corporations an' the rich folks is a gettin' more an' more of the land, an' of everything else, an' the more they git the easier it is to git more, an' by an' by they'll hev it all, an' them as hain't got nothin' an' can't git nothin' will hev to do as they say or starve."

"I don't exactly understand where the wrong starts," replied Ensign, "but I know there is a great wrong somewhere. The ownership of land by corporations, and by others who only wish to play at dog-in-the-manger, is one cause for the existing condition of things, but there must be others.

"Some way or other the larger portion of all the wealth which the people create gets away from them while they are exchanging it among themselves. I don't know how, but it does. If it didn't there could not possibly be rich people who have never worked.

"The merchant buys the goods of the manufacturer and sells them to those who consume them, thus saving much time which would be wasted if each individual was forced to go to the manufacturer for every article purchased. The merchant is therefore a valuable member of society—he helps the producers to make an exchange of wealth, and is fairly entitled to receive pay for what he does. But there are the nations' banks. I don't see how they help any; and every particle they consume or hoard up is so much taken from the wealth which belongs to those who produce it. It seems to me that those who produce wealth ought to have wit enough to devise some means of exchanging it among themselves without paying a bank for the privilege. And ever once in awhile there comes a panic, and thousands of business men are ruined, and thousands of laboring men thrown out of employment, and then they get desperate and try all kinds of sharp tricks to catch up again. Now if nobody is benefited by those panics, some way ought to be devised to prevent them, and if anybody is benefited by them they are the fellows that ought to be watched and not allowed to have any hand in the making of the laws, for it is natural to suppose that they would legislate in their own interest and not in that of the laboring and business portion of the community.

"Then there are the railroads; they get their charters from the people on the plea of being public highways. The people build the roads and then the companies charge just what they choose for transporting the people and their goods from one part of the country to another, and if it is goods that they transport, they usually take a great deal more of them than they leave the producers, and then bribe Congress and courts and State Legislatures not to interfere with them.

"And so it goes, and I don't know how to go to work to stop it."

"Wal," replied Mr. Parsons, "you're on the right track anyway, an' you jest want to keep agoin' till you think it all out. What you say about the exchangin' of wealth is sensible. It holds to reason that there oughtn't to be nothin' thrown in the way of folks exchangin' wealth. Them that works creates all the wealth there is, and if they had all the kind to begin on, and weren't beat no way in the exchangin' of what they produced it's mighty clear that ef a fellow didn't produce nothin' or help some way in the exchangin' of what others produced, he wouldn't have anything to eat very long. There ought to be some way discovered so that them that produce the wealth could trade among themselves without suppottin' a lot of fellers that don't do nothin' but stan' a-oul'an' look on.

"If you an' Rastus, now, could be together you'd figger it out between you in short meter, I'll wager. I tell you Rastus's smart, and he's got the sand to back it, an' ef anybody ever goes to disturbin' him on his claim, there'll be trouble in camp dead sartin."

At last the day came when Jennie and her husband were to take their departure.

The family arose early and prepared breakfast as usual, but it was with heavy hearts and eyes wet with tears. And when it was eaten, Mr. Parsons went out and hitched the horses to the spring wagon and drove around to the door of the shanty, and helped Ensign to lift in Jennie's trunk. The smaller traveling bags followed. Then came the last kiss and clasping in arms and pledges of remembrance and love, over which we wingly draw a veil.

Who is there that has not witnessed similar partings, partings of those whose happiness depended so much on each other's presence, yet who were forced by the cruel necessity of hunting for dollars, to tear themselves apart, and each go separate ways with half of the sunshine gone out of their lives?

Will the time never come when men will understand what the Teacher of men meant when He said: "Take no thought for the morrow"? And is it not possible for us by being just to each other, to remove that constant, crushing weight of care which comes from the ever-present necessity of taking thought as to what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed?

I believe it will come; I know it is entirely possible.

When good-byes had been said, John Parsons drove the young couple to the landing, where, with tears coursing down his cheeks, he, too, bade them good-bye and God speed, and then, having fed his horses, again hitched up and started sadly homeward.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN PARSONS GIVES ERASTUS A HINT.

When the spring came, the level ground about the shanty on the mountain side had been broken and sowed in grain, or planted with vegetables; the sloping ground above set in grape vines, and a hundred added fruit trees were putting forth their buds and giving promise of the future.

John Parsons was not so young and spry as formerly, but he was still in good health, and work was the only escape from thought. Every day when the rain was anything less than a regular downpour, he was to be seen at work somewhere about the premises, and Mrs. Parsons and Lucy lent ready assistance.

They made few acquaintances in their new home. There was no neighbor nearer than two miles away, and not more than a score of families within a circle easily reached for a day's visit, and of these a number were foreigners, who, being unable to speak the language, did not mingle with their American neighbors.

Occasionally a couple of women from some of the little ranches upon the other side of the mountain would come to spend the day at the shanty, but not often; and, although pleased to have them come, Mrs. Parsons and Lucy did not always return their visits. This was not because they did not feel kindly towards their neighbors, but because they felt little inclination to go from home, and because they were busy, whenever the weather would admit of it, in helping to get the place in shape to produce a living for the family.

And so the spring and summer passed, and fall came again.

They now had an abundance of vegetables; the two cows which they had brought from the old place, and which found pasturage in the hollows of the hills, supplied them with an abundance of milk and butter, and even with a small surplus to sell, and this with the chickens and turkeys that thrived so finely and wandered at will up the mountain side and down the gorge at the foot of the level field, kept them supplied with groceries.

Of clothing they had a good supply when they came, and were not obliged to purchase, either for garments or bedding, for some time to come, and so did not suffer for anything except from a sense of their losses and wrongs, and for the want of companionship.

They heard from Jennie and her husband every few weeks. Ensign had been given the place promised him. They were living in the outskirts of the city, in a little cottage which they had bought on monthly payments, and were comfortable and happy, as young married folks who are blessed with good health and plenty of faith in each other and the future always are.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DIFFERENCE.

British and American Farming Intelligently Contrasted.

An Englishman, some time in this country, writing home to the *Mark Lane* (London) *Express*, uses this expressive sentence: "The American farmer owns his land and has no rent day to compel him to keep no stock that does not pay. The most improvident can get a living." Undoubtedly one who has a personal acquaintance with the agricultural methods of both countries can point out some striking contrasts. These, in the main, are the natural outgrowth of the different conditions to which the agricultural classes have been subjected.

The English farmer, burdened with taxes to an extent which would make American farmers "wince" if they were called upon to contribute at an equal rate for the support of public burdens, is compelled to pay in addition a rent for the land equal to one-fourth to one-half the price the land itself would bring in many well-settled portions of this country, and he has to make it out of the land, and if he can not do that he sinks at once to the level of a common laborer. He is compelled, therefore, to ascertain and adopt such means as will bring the land in the very highest production, studying closely the peculiarities of the farm as to its adaptability and the adaptability of the various portions of it to different crops. Then, when the most has been made from the land in this direction, an equal vigilance and intelligence is enforced in the other, of making the most out of the products which have been secured. And long experience has demonstrated that under the necessities thus imposed live stock becomes the main reliance of the farmer, without which he would quickly go to the wall. He can not devote his whole land to grain, because that would exhaust it, and the root crops which he can grow to advantage in the intervals would be practically valueless for animal food if there were no supplies of more concentrated food to use with them. Live stock therefore enables the farmer to purchase concentrated feeding stuffs in the market to use with his abundant root crops, transforming them into a valuable marketable product, and at the same time providing large quantities of manure with which to maintain the fertility of the soil; but the farmer must have returned the money he pays for his feeding stuffs and he has to have the value of his turnips, and is quick to see that an animal which will not bring this money is maintained at a loss; and he can not afford to keep an animal simply to make manure to put on the land and raise another crop to make more manure. This will not answer the purpose at all. The rent has to be paid, either out of the land or out of the pocket, and actual profit must be realized and actual money coming. So the English farmer, no matter what his degree of intelligence, education or enterprise, was long ago compelled to observe that there was a great difference in the capacity of certain breeds of stock to pay back with actual profit the money they receive in home-grown and foreign-purchased feeding stuffs, and she was likewise compelled by his necessities to have the best, *and to improve on that if he could*. No two and two make three way of figuring would keep him out of the poorhouse, but he had to get it down that two and two equal five and *make it*. Handicapped by this rent burden, compelled by necessity to make the very utmost from the farm, the British farmer has improved the ox from four hundred-weight at four years old to twelve hundred-weight at two, and given the world the splendid breeds of improved cattle, sheep and swine, and also some races of horses which are contributing untold millions to the agricultural prosperity of every clime.

The American farmer has been under no such necessity. His taxes have been light, his "tithes" and "rates" nothing, and no exacting landlord has placed him under annual tribute. Under such circumstances too many farmers have not manifested that desire for improvement, or made that effort to bring up the productive capacity of their farms or to secure such live stock as could turn its products to best account, which they would surely have manifested if their circumstances had been less favorable, or if they had been compelled to maintain themselves under some such unfavorable conditions as those which have since the "memory of man" rested upon the British farmers. Too many of them have not even felt the need of examining seriously the merits of the live stock question, and such surplus money as they may have comes to them in such a way and at such long intervals that even when convinced how many are still reluctant about making a change. It is not a lack of industry which can be laid, as a rule, at the door of the American farmer, for no more faithful class of workers can be found, neither can it be said they are in any wise lacking in intelligence. But too generally there is among them a strange apathy, which somehow makes men indifferent as to whether beyond a narrow margin above bare expense they receive any return for their labor and capital. If the British farmer is compelled to use the best class of stock, and can pay his rent, tithes and rates with no other, why can not the American farmer see the utility of the same kind of stock to save him what the Englishman pays? If the British farmer is driven to its use to preserve his capital, is it not clear that the American can by similar methods add to his capital an amount equal to the extra burden the British farmer bears? If the most improvident can "get a living," is there any reason why a farmer of snap, brains and ambition should content himself with no more?—*Breeders' Gazette.*

Not Up to the Times.

Agent to Mayor of Smytown, Texas—"I am trying to introduce this new patent washing machine and flatiron. I have also here an improved cake-cutter and a garden hose. You will find these articles—"

"Yes, yes; I dare say; but it won't do. You are behind the times. Have you any sixteen-shot revolvers?"

"No, sir; I have—"

"Any torpedoes suitable for blowing up jails?"

"No."

"No unbreakable ropes?"

"Not one."

"Nor masks, nor gags, nor—"

"Nothing of the sort, sir."

"Very well. Twenty-four hours to leave town. If once your presence is known here I can not answer for the consequences." Git!—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A strawberry grower says some strawberry plants are naturally barren, and should be pulled out and treated as weeds. He goes over the patch when the plants are in blossom and pulls up all plants that have not blossomed.

MODERN ICE-CREAM.

A Chemist Lays Bare the Base Deceptions of the Manufacturers.

"How is modern ice-cream made?" was the question propounded to a prominent chemist by the *Herald* reporter.

"Oh, I wouldn't be too hard on the girls by telling you," replied the man of science, "because they would deprive themselves of their favorite luxury should they know what they eat."

"But it would be a blessing for the small-salaried boys," suggested the scribe. "Two dishes of ice-cream for the girl and a lemonade with a stick in it, and a cigar on four evenings of calling time each week would be $1.60, or over $40 during the season. That amount would purchase a beaver overcoat with sealskin cuffs and collar. Think of it!"

The Professor was not proof against such an example of domestic arithmetic, and he relented. "I noticed," he said, "that Dr Bartley, of Brooklyn, publishes a statement in which he says that he finds a very subtle poison—ptomaine—in ice-cream during this season of the year. The formation of this deadly alkaloid, he thinks, is probably the result of decomposition in some gelatinous matter of animal origin, which enters into the cream as we get it now. I rather think that very little cream, if any, enters into the manufacture of modern ice-cream. Milk, eggs, corn starch and a thickening of gelatine are the principal ingredients, so far as I know. That gives a very appetizing ice-cream, I should think, and it is no wonder that they can sell the stuff at a dollar the gallon."

"I understood that cotton seed oil is used by some of the manufacturers," remarked the reporter.

"Worse than that," was the reply. "They use lard oil, which is nothing else than the 'oleo oil' of the butterine trade. Contrary to the butter-making, though, the oil is not chilled by being run into tanks of cracked ice, but is warmed in steam jacket kettles to nearly the boiling point two hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The milk, which is purchased from the creameries, is what may be called skimmed on both sides and partially in the middle—is also heated to about one hundred and seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, thus nearly equalizing the specific gravity of the two principal ingredients. To every five gallons of milk, costing twenty cents, is added eight ounces of oleo oil. After this is thoroughly mixed there is an addition of sixteen ounces of potash starch, which is cheaper than corn starch, and one-half ounce of gelatine. This whole delectable matter is then boiled in copper vacuum pans. The ingredients unite chemically much better in a vacuum than under atmospheric pressure, as would be the case in open vessels. Again the boiling point is lowered, and thus is prevented what has proved such an annoyance in butter-making—the suet flavor. Whatever should remain of that nasty flavor in so-called ice-cream is killed by the flavoring extracts, mostly vanilla. Then the mess is congealed in ordinary freezers, and your modern ice-cream is ready for market. The average vanilla extract is made from the sprouts of the spruce pine, and a better kind is made from the tonka bean."

"Then this voracious animal you call ptomaine is not only in cured meat but also in ice-cream which our dear girls consume with such avidity?" this by the reporter.

"Ptomaine is found in all articles of food which are in certain stages of decomposition," said the Professor, with a laugh, "but then it is not an animal like trichina or bacteria. It is an alkaloid of great interest, which needs much explanation. At this season of the year, especially July and August, and sometimes during June, when the air is very moist and the vegetation very rank, there are conditions that favor sickness and at the same time decomposition. During the first stages of the latter an animal alkaloid is found which is called ptomaine. At just what point this formation takes place I am unable to say, but that it exists is beyond a question of doubt. It can not be discovered by ocular inspection, nor by the ordinary microscopic examination—a chemical analysis must proceed. Therefore, before there is any summary decision about the liability of dealers means must be provided and conclusions must be drawn which will show the exact appearance of articles of food infected with ptomaine in order to determine the character of such food as to its fitness for consumption. As far as I have been able to learn there are times when the meat appears at its best and looks most wholesome, but at the same time is charged with this deadly poison. It is supposed that this poison is very much more active than others. It is beyond doubt that it exists in meat and broth, and it has been found in pudding, cheese, ice cream and other articles of food into the preparation of which milk enters as the main ingredient. I also have an idea that ptomaine is found in the human body under certain pathological conditions, especially in typhoid fever and peritonitis."—*Interview in Chicago Herald.*

Not Much of a Fool After All.

Sam Wednesday, an impecunious citizen of Austin was supposed to be crazy, and his relatives brought him before the County Court to have a *lunatico de inquirendo* jury pass on his mental condition, his delusion being that he was very rich. A lawyer proceeded to ask the crazy man questions to test his sanity.

"I hear you are going to build a $50,000 residence."

"It is going to cost $60,000."

"You don't say so."

"Yes and I am going to start a daily paper with $250,000 capital. That's a mere trifle for a man of my means."

"You seem to have so much money, perhaps you would not object to lending me a thousand dollars?"

"I'd like to do it, Judge, but that would be such a risky investment, everybody would suspect me of being crazy."

The refusal of the supposed lunatic to seriously entertain the idea of lending money to an Austin lawyer, caused the jury to decide that Sam was in full possession of his mental faculties.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Mme. de Lesseps, who is second wife and mother of ten youngsters, is still young, and is a creole by origin. On her marriage day her father made de Lesseps a present of 100,000 francs, at a time when the Suez Canal shares were down as low as 250 francs each. He invested all the money in the speculation. In a few years afterward it reached the colossal figure of 2,500,000 francs. Out of this fund M. de Lesseps has just purchased for his wife a superb and princely mansion in the Boulevard Malesherbes.

THE FASHIONS.

New Toilets and New Combinations—Jaunty Dress Belongings.

The combination of dark blue and dark red is a very favorite one with the Princess of Wales.

An exquisite Parisian toilet recently forwarded from this city to a wealthy lady summering at Saratoga was made of the most delicate blush-rose satin, embroidered with pale blue velvet and silver blossoms and leaves, this magnificent fabric combined with pale blue satin and white duchesse lace.

New bodice and belt clasps, with smaller ones for holding ribbons, straps and the like, are made of aquamarines and mock rubies, silver and pearl, bronze and gold, and gold mingled with rich-colored enamels in oriental designs. These ornaments are in great demand, and most of them are very expensive. They greatly assist the modiste in giving a stylish outfit to her street and visiting costumes.

Many of the newest grenadines and black canvas dresses are trimmed with Chantilly lace and black satin ribbons, or with panels and folds of gupure net alternating with those of the canvas or grenadine, each dress showing an entire absence of the very popular jet ornamentation, the beauty and effect of which, like lace trimmings, have been much abused and spoiled by lavishing some of the richest of the beaded panels, plastrons and vests upon inferior fabrics for street wear. There are also new etamine nets with very broad stripes of gupure net set upon, but woven in, the fabric. Suits of these goods are very elegantly made over foundations of trim but thin summer twilled surahs, the costume often being contained with plain etamine, of the same mesh as that of the striped goods. The panels, sides of the bodice and tunic, or the Hungarian overdress, which opens square over a pleated plastron front of the stripe, are hand-comely trimmed with rich gupure lace, corresponding in design with the pattern in the stripe.

In the large saloon of a fashionable outfitter up-town were recently set out a bride and bride-maid's dresses, with a pretty dinner toilet belonging to the trousseau. The first named gown was of deepest cream satin of the rich shade of that color now called "Alderney." The dress was made with kilted panels at the sides formed of folds of the satin, alternating with those of cream satin brocade. The back formed a superb court train, cut *en princesse*, and made wholly of the plain satin, which was magnificent in quality and luster. The front was cascaded with rich Venetian point lace, and directly down the center was an eight-inch band of pearl-beaded embroidery, the lace falling at each side of this exquisitely beautiful pearled panel. The satin bodice opened down the front over a pearl-beaded waistcoat, with lace falling about it from the sides of the satin bodice. The sleeves were exceptionally pretty, being very short, a cap first, this made of solid bead embroidery, with pearl pendants to fall over the arm, and draped over these were graceful coquilles of the lace, with rich cream satin ribbon epaulets on each shoulder. The bodice was slightly cut out in the neck front and back and garnished to match the sleeves, the vest portion being set in at the lower edge of the "casement" opening.

The fashions for the present are uncommonly becoming to stout people, as in the novelty and originality shown in draping skirts there is less of bunchiness and fulness than when the panier effects were in high vogue. Flat folds, straight lines, panels, long apron drapings, pointed bodices or bodices with vest or vest effects, all tend to give height and a slender effect. Each of these styles, however, is also made just as appropriate to slender people; for the plain, smooth vest that is becoming to the stouter form can be laid in shirrs or folds and lace draped, and thus made becoming to the more delicate figure, and the clinging apron overdress, just easily draped for the one, can be full-draped and elaborated upon for the other. Altogether, we have just now an eclectic style of dress, such as has not been so universally becoming to little and large, slender and stout, and to young and old, or to blonde and brunette. This fact holds good also in the matter of bonnets, hats and wraps. The same style of bonnet, for instance, is, under certain modifications and manipulations of the milliner, made equally proper for a sixteen-year-old miss or for her grandmother.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SOUR BREAD.

The Use of It Inductive to Dyspepsia and Kindred Evils.

In this country there is much poor and sour bread, resulting in part from a want of knowledge of the chemical principles, and also from our hot haste, not having time to look after the dough. In Europe it is not so, but there the housewife knows if the allowed ferment too much, and of course soda is not used. They laugh at us for our use of it, as unnecessary. Now it should be known that the range of fermentation is from 50 to 90 degrees Fah.—or the best temperature for it, while it is arrested below about 35 degrees and when it rises to 180, 212 being the boiling point. The putrefactive fermentation (rotting) is from 50 degrees to 100; is slow at 60, moderate at 80, rapid at 70, and very much so at 90, and utterly stops at 195.

It should be remembered that it is utterly impossible to have sweet and good bread if the dough is soured by too great a degree of fermentation. It is true that the sourness of the dough may be neutralized by soda or any alkali (the bakers sometimes use ammonia, but that does not make sweet and nutritious bread. Since the fermentive or "raising" process is one of destruction, consuming the starch, dissolving the gluten and materially wasting the nourishment of the grain, just as certainly, therefore, as this process proceeds beyond the first stage, entering the second, some of the best elements of nutrition, the sweetness, are forever destroyed, and all the alkalies of commerce can not restore them. If we eat such bread, we are liable to become dyspeptics, while its use in the family will naturally make the children—of various ages—alike sour. It is economy, therefore, to bury such dough or give it to the swine or fowls, unless we have much sympathy for them. This will be less wasteful than to eat it, provided we are careful to avoid the repetition—by due care. We may avoid sour bread, as we do scorched steak—by care.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

—A banyan tree cutting from Cairo, Egypt, is to be planted in Central Park, New York, with the hope that it will take root and prove a special attraction. It will take a year's time to determine the result.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A widow in Wilton, Conn., says she never intends to marry again. She is 104.

—Mrs. Smith, of Moultonborough, N. H., took her first dose of medicine at the age of ninety-six.—*Boston Globe.*

—Mme. Patti, having sung us out of our cash for many seasons, now proposes to write magazine articles to tell us how she did it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mr. Blaine has been made a Doctor of Laws by the University of Georgetown, and the same honor has been conferred upon General Hancock by St. John's College.

—James W. Hale, the originator of cheap postage between Boston, New York and Philadelphia in 1851, is now eighty-four years of age. He has been visiting Boston recently.—*Boston Post.*

—Within a year the shilling novel has become a very popular form of literature in England. American publishers made fortunes in the printing of such editions long before the idea occurred to their English brethren.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Mr. Erastus Brooks says that he has seen one hundred and twenty daily newspapers established in New York and of these only six are now in existence. He estimates that $20,000,000 has been sunk during that time on daily newspapers, and yet every other college graduate thinks he can run a newspaper.

—The following are the ages of the various Presidents at the time of their inauguration: Washington, 57; Adams (J. Q.), 61; Jefferson, 57; Madison, 57; Monroe, 58; Adams (J. Q.), 57; Jackson, 61; Van Buren, 54; Harrison, 68; Tyler, 51; Polk, 49; Taylor, 64; Fillmore, 50; Pierce, 49; Buchanan, 65; Lincoln, 52; Johnson, 56; Grant, 46; Hayes, 54; Garfield, 49; Arthur, 51; Cleveland, 47.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Mr. Henry J. Hendrix, of Hollow Creek, sends us the following long names of that locality: Barbara Balgono Chickasaw Cherokee Choctaw Tennessee Spunkie and Harriet Ann Cassandra Dolice Bowie Sackie Lutha Hanover Adams. Mr. H. C. Bailey sends the following male name: Benjamin Bathurst Benbow William Henry Jeremiah Andrew Jackson Sings Simon Peter George Washington Johnson.—*Lexington (N. C.) Dispatch.*

—The Northern Atlantic States have vigorous old men. Dr. David Parker, of Gardner, Mass., is eighty-three years old, and has been in practice in that town sixty-two years. He rides more than any other physician in Worcester County. He frequently takes his sleep in his carriage. Richard Shaw, eighty years old, carries the mail between Hillsville and Shaker Village, N. H., walking six miles every day. He did not miss a day last winter.—*Boston Journal.*

HUMOROUS.

—"It was a terrible accident. He never will be able to talk again." "Why not? He only lost his arms." "Yes, but he can't talk with his toes, and he's deaf and dumb."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Fine Facilities for Observation.—"Can you tell the difference between an egg and cabbage?" asked young Mr. Hodliger. "I can," responded Mr. Ranter. "I have been on the stage for ten years."—*Puck.*

—The morphine habit, it is said, will cause the hair to drop off. Ladies who are addicted to this habit should take the precaution to pin their hair on securely before starting out for a promenade. A few extra hairpins will defy the opium habit.—*Norristown Herald.*

—More aggressive than usual. Agnes—Mamma told you that you were not to go to Bessy's house. Sally—I know she did, but I couldn't help it. Agnes—Couldn't help it—why? Sally—Because—because—Satan tempted me. Agnes—Then you should have put Satan behind you. Sally—I did—but—he pushed me.—*Life.*

—Soon told—

Little boy,
Parent's joy,
Took the college—
Paregoric.
Doctors came
Without number—
Boy died game—
Cucumber.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Young Featherly (at a late hour): Really, Miss Clara, it's very annoying, but I had it on the tip of my tongue but a moment ago. I was about to say—to say—er—singular, but it seems to have escaped me. Miss Clara (coming to his assistance) Possibly you were about to say "Good-night, Mr. Featherly."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—They were walking on the beach, and as Claude held her little hand he murmured: "I love to walk with you, so much free[illegible] so bright and I feel should[illegible]" "Do you, dear?" "I think that possible." And then he dropped her hand and turned slowly away, his sighs keeping time to the surges as they lashed themselves to foam on the pebbly beach.—*Boston Post.*

—Pretty cousin (to young doctor)—"So you are a full-fledged doctor, are you, Tom?" Young doctor—"Yes, I got my diploma last week." Pretty cousin—"Have you any specialty?" Young doctor—"Yes I shall make children's diseases a specialty." Pretty cousin—"Ah, yes, I see; and as you gain experience in your profession you will be able to attend older people. That's right, Tom; begin at the bottom and work your way up."—*Drake's Magazine.*

—In a suburban village a lady whose house is surrounded by ample grounds has a little boy who is addicted to visiting the neighbors without permission. Finding other deterrent methods fruitless, the mother thought she would shame the child into obedience by tying him to a tree in the front yard. A lady, passing while he was thus confined, asked: "Why, Bobby, what are you tied up in that way for?" "Oh," answered the boy, seeming to enjoy the situation immensely, "mamma and I are playing cow. You know we have to tie cows when we let them out to grass."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Comfort and Longevity.

A Hungarian statistician has been studying the effect of comfort on longevity. His tables show that the richest people have an average life of fifty-two years, the middling forty-six, and the poor only forty-one and a half. A well-to-do man is as liable to infectious disease as a pauper, while diphtheria, croup, whooping-cough and scarlet-fever are more prevalent among the rich. Consumption and pneumonia claim the poor, who are comparatively free from brain-fever. Cellar-dwellers are far more subject to disease than those who live above ground, except in diphtheria and scarlet-fever; nor do these diseases seem greatly advanced by over-crowding in tenements.—*London News.*