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 XXII.—CONTINUED.

So it was decided to sell the calves and buy the lumber for an addition to the shanty, and the next day John Parsons took them over to Mr. Meeker and got the money for them.

On the way home he stopped at another neighbor's and borrowed a heavy wagon, and the day following started to town bright and early with the letter to Erastus still carefully concealed in his inside pocket.

"Bet that'll fetch him home on a run," he mused as he dropped it into the office at the landing just in time to have it get into the mail bag as it was being got ready for the down boat. "He'll be here in a week of that letter goes straight, or else he ain't as good at takin' a hint as I think he is."

Mrs. Parsons noticed that her husband was unusually jolly that night when he returned home, and all the next day and the days that followed after it.

He had always tried to appear cheerful in the presence of his family, and had never failed to respond to any effort of Johnny's to get up a laugh, though it often caused him an effort to do so; but on this particular evening, although it was late and he must have been tired, he really felt jolly, and he joked Lucy about one of the clerks at the store, where she and her mother had traded when in town, and also about a neighbor's son, who had shown a disposition to seek her society, but who, not receiving any encouragement, had decided that she was "stuck up," and so informed the other young people of his acquaintance.

The letter was three days in reaching its destination, and then lay in the post-office several days more before being called for.

Erastus had no correspondents other than the members of Mr. Parsons' family, and as there had been little that was pleasant to write about on either side, letters had not been frequent between them of late, and the young man seldom went to the post-office.

One day as he was working with several of his neighbors upon a ditch which was to be the means of irrigating their claims, another neighbor, who had been to town, rode up and, stopping his horse, called out:

"Here, Hemmingway; here's a letter for you."

Erastus was in his shirt sleeves in the ditch, shoveling, and the horseman leaned from his saddle and handed him the letter.

"If that's from your girl, she don't write a very purty hand," he said, with a wink at the other ditchers, who had stopped work and stood leaning on their spades.

Glancing at the superscription, Erastus saw that it was in a strange hand. The post-mark, however, proclaimed it to be from Phippsburg, and his first thought was that something terrible had again happened to Uncle John and his family; that they were all dead, may be, and a stranger had written to inform him.

Hastily tearing off the envelope, he looked at the signature and saw the name, "John Parsons," in still, awkward letters, at the bottom of the page, and it flashed over him that Lucy was married and that Uncle John had written to tell him of it because no one else liked to do so, and the blood rushed to his heart, which beat so that it seemed his companions must hear it.

But no; the letter said: "Lucy and her mother had gone to town."

Then she was not married yet. The blood began to return to its proper channels.

"Lucy has given Annelsey his walkin' papers."

Could it be possible that she was not going to marry the New Yorker after all?

And if not, what then?

The letter seemed plain enough to be understood without possibility of mistake, yet he read it the second time before its full import came to him, and then the blood rushed to his heart even more violently than before.

"Lucy might be his yet—that is what Uncle John meant," he said to himself. "If she had not loved some one else better she would not have dismissed Annelsey." And "she did not encourage any of the young men there"—that was what the letter said, and it said he was to come at once.

He had climbed out of the ditch and was brushing the dirt from his overalls with his hands.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, addressing the neighbor with whom he boarded, "will you let me have your roan horse for a couple of weeks and use my colts while I'm gone? I'm going home and want to make the trip as quickly as possible, and neither of the colts can stand a hard jaunt under the saddle very well. I'll take good care of the roan and promise not to hurt him. If I do you may take your choice of the colts to pay the damage."

"What's up?"

"Folks sick?"

"Why don't you go to 'Frisco and take the steamer?" came from one and another of the crowd.

"The fact is," replied Erastus, with his usual straightforward honesty, "I have not got money enough. You fellows know how it is yourselves. Money don't grow on these sand ridges until they are irrigated; but I can ride through in four days by traveling late and early and resting in the hottest part of the day, and not hurt the horse a bit if Mr. Johnson will let me have him, and it won't cost half as much as it will to go by the cars and boat."

"You can have the horse if you want him," replied Mr. Johnson. "I know you won't hurt him; but you haven't told us yet who is sick or dead."

"There's no one sick or dead, boys; but I'm going, and going to start tonight."

"Girl run away with another fellow?" asked one of the men, with a grin.

"No, my girl hasn't run away with another fellow," replied the young man, with a laugh that some way reminded him of what he had often called the "giggling" of the girls.

How could he help it when reminded so forcibly of what, up to the moment, he hardly realized; that instead of running away with another fellow as he had expected her to do, his girl had dismissed the other fellow because of her love for him.

The rough joke sounded irresistibly funny, and withal brought such a delightfully warm feeling to his heart that it is no wonder he laughed, or that the laugh was just a trifle hysterical.

What a terrible mistake there had been. What a wretch he was for not having spoken up when Annelsey first came courting Lucy, and so have saved all this suffering.

How tender his heart grew, thinking of her who had suffered so—who must have suffered so terribly all this time.

Such were the thoughts that passed through the young man's mind as he walked rapidly towards his boarding place.

But what if Uncle John was mistaken?

He was half way to the house when this thought came to him, and he stopped and stood perfectly still for some seconds, but not stiller than his heart seemed to have become.

"At any rate I'll know the truth," he said aloud, and then mentally: "I played the coward once, I'll not do it again. Uncle John certainly meant me to understand that Lucy loved me well enough to be my wife, and I would be a craven indeed not to ask herself now."

Going directly to the shed where the roan horse stood, he groomed him carefully, then went to the house and to the low room up-stairs where he slept.

Here he bathed and changed into his best suit, being careful to see that the few dollars in money which he possessed were in his pocket-book and in his pocket.

Meantime Mr. Johnson had left the ditch and gone to the little patch of ground a quarter of a mile away, which his wife cultivated as a garden, where he knew her to be at work.

When told that Erastus was going on a visit to his old home and would start at once, Mrs. Johnson hurried to the house and began preparing a meal before he should go.

Neither of them asked the young man any questions as to the cause of his sudden going, but both guessed that it was in some way connected with a love affair and were anxious to assist him in every way possible. Mr. Johnson offered to loan him all the money he had, which was less than two dollars, and Mrs. Johnson fluttered around, trying to get something a little extra for him to eat, helping him with his necktie, and offering to do a dozen other things as if he had suddenly become a child, or what appeared more likely—was going to see his sweetheart, if not, indeed, to get married. And all the time she was trying not to say anything that would show how very anxious she was to have him confide in her, yet hoping greatly that he would do so.

Erastus, in the first flush of his new-found joy, was only restrained from showing Mr. Parsons' letter and making a clean breast of the whole affair by a lingering fear that Uncle John might be mistaken.

It was really very hard for him to keep from telling. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were the best friends he had here at the Slough, and he knew they thought a good deal of him, and he wanted to tell them what a lovely girl Lucy was, but could not quite bring himself to do so, even when Mrs. Johnson remarked, as she fixed his necktie, that she "s'spposed he would soon have some one else to do it for him now," and so he left them wholly in doubt, and mounting the roan, rode away in the direction of the foot-hills of the Sierras.

He curbed his own impatience and the desire of the spirited roan at the start, well knowing that time would be lost and not gained by fast riding for the first hour or two.

The sun had long since set, when, having put thirty-five miles between himself and his starting-place, he dismounted, tethered his animal in a spot of wild oats a little off the road, rubbed him down with dry leaves and grass, and rolling himself in a blanket lay down upon the ground.

If his body was weary he was not aware of it, for his heart was filled with the sweetest hopes; and what sustains the physical powers like hope?

As he lay looking up at the stars, and watching the full moon coming slowly up from behind the distant hills and climbing a sky that had not known a cloud for weeks and weeks, he recalled every incident of his life from the time when Mr and Mrs. Parsons had taken him, a poor, outcast boy, to their home and their hearts.

He thought upon every act of Lucy's which appeared in any degree to indicate her feelings toward himself, and tried to place one against another, the unfavorable against the favorable, in such a way as to enable him to strike a balance and determine just what his chances were. But in this he was conscious of failing, for there were many little instances—acts or words—the meaning of which he was utterly unable to determine, which he yet felt certain had a meaning if only he knew upon which side of his love account to place them. Besides, it was so very pleasant to fancy that the favorable ones outnumbered the others, if indeed there were any others, that he could not avoid going off into blissful waking dreams of the future, when he should have got his place at the Slough irrigated, and set in fruits, and have a cottage built.

He would have a cottage just like the one in the foot-hills, where they had all spent so many pleasant days, he thought; the cottage now abandoned and going to decay. Lucy would be by his side always, and Uncle John and Aunt Martha should bring Johnny and Ive with them, their honored and beloved guests, and all the misunderstandings and suffering of the past should be forgotten.

And thus he lay and drew bright pictures of sweet days to come, until from waking dreams he passed to dreams which came in sleep, but they did not greatly differ from each other; the music and the words were just the same—were love and Lucy; love and Lucy.

Although the sun was not yet up, there was no dew upon his blanket or in his hair when he awoke in the morning; for dew seldom falls in this portion of California during the dry season.

The roan horse had risen from his bed in the tall oats, and had stretched himself and begun again to eat of the rich herbage.

Erastus led him to drink at a creek which they had crossed but a little way back the night before, again rubbed him down, and leaving him eating, walked to a rancher's shanty, a quarter of a mile away, in quest of his own breakfast.

He found the family just sitting down to their own meal, explained to them that he had ridden late the night before and had camped out, and was given a cordial invitation to "draw a chair up to the table and help himself," which he very promptly did.

Breakfast eaten, he offered to pay, but was refused; gave thanks instead of money, and hurrying back to the place where he had left his horse, fastened his blanket to his saddle, placed both upon the roan, and mounting, resumed his journey.

Just before noon he stopped at a little town, put up at the hotel, fed and rubbed down his steed, got his own dinner, and did not mount again until the greatest heat of the day was over. Then he pushed on at a rapid pace until an hour after sunset, when he again tethered his horse and slept upon the ground, as he had done the night before.

The day following was a repetition of the one which preceded it, but its close found him well up in the foot-hills, and he put up at the cottage of a rancher, with whom he had stayed over night when on his way to the Slough the year before.

In the morning he arose with one thought throbbing in brain and heart, "to-night I shall see her, to-night I shall know my fate."

He fed and groomed his horse as usual, but could scarcely wait for breakfast, which was not yet prepared when he returned from the stable. He had eaten a cold lunch for supper, but his impatience conquered all desire for food. He was counting the hours now, and the moments would drag themselves so until he was in the saddle again.

Rather than appear discourteous or strange, he waited for the morning meal to be prepared, but was off almost before his host had arisen from the table.

He had ridden seventy-five miles the day before, and had feared the roan might feel a little stiff and sore at starting, but when he saw him come out of the stable with head up, apparently as anxious as himself to be off, this fear vanished, and he determined to push through the remaining forty miles without halting. But he found the roads not so good as he had anticipated.

He was now in a part of the foot hills with which he was unacquainted, for he no longer followed the road over which he came the year before, but struck across the country by a route which left the old home off to the left, and threw him further up towards the mountains, and when noon came he was still, from the best information he could get, fully fifteen miles from John Parsons' shanty, and compassion for his horse induced him to stop at a rancher's for feed and rest; so that with this delay and the trouble which he experienced in learning exactly where the shanty was, even when within a few miles of it, the afternoon was well nigh worn away when he reached the point where the by-road which led to it turned off from the main track; and even then he was not certain of this being the place.

He had stopped his horse and was debating with himself whether to turn off or follow the main road yet further, when he saw coming around the spur of the mountain, and into the road over which he had just passed, her for love of whom he had come, and the sight sent all the blood in his body surging to his heart, and for the moment he could neither have spoken nor moved.

Evidently Lucy had not seen him pass, and was not now aware of his presence.

She had come to find the cows and drive them home to be milked, and was following along behind them as they lazily moved homeward.

She was dressed as Erastus had seen her oftenest in the olden time, in a light print dress and sun-bonnet. In her hand she carried a little crooked stick, which she had picked up to drive the cows with, but was paying very little attention to them. Instead she was gazing off upon the hills which stretched away and away, one above another, until they became snow-capped peaks that in the light of the falling sun looked like amethysts set into the cerulean blue of the heavens.

Had not the cows paused at sight of the man and horse standing in their path she might have reached his side before becoming aware of his presence, but when the cows stopped and stood with their great eyes staring with the least bit of surprise at what was not a very common sight to them in their mountain pastures, she raised her stick and bid them "go-along." Then seeing for the first time a gentleman standing by the roadside holding his horse by the bridle, she blushed a little beneath her sun-bonnet, and dropping her eyes, followed closely after the cows, which had again lazily taken up their line of march.

The blush which suffused her cheeks was not, however, owing to her having recognized the horseman, for she had not done so. She had only glanced at him and then dropped her eyes with a feeling of embarrassment, for she seldom met gentlemen now, and however much poets may sing the charms of milkmaids in calico dresses, they will never be able to convince any member of the sex that they look their best in that role, any more than can be taken from them their womanly desire to appear well in the eyes of the opposite sex, even though he be an entire stranger, as she supposed this one to be who stood waiting for her approach, presumably that he might inquire the way to some neighboring rancher's shanty, or possibly if her parents would entertain him for the night.

When within a few paces she raised her eyes and turned her face towards him.

As she did so he spoke her name and took a step towards her.

"Lucy!"

She stopped suddenly and the little crooked stick fell to the ground while both hands went to her face pushing back the sun-bonnet.

"Lucy, don't you know me? I've come all the way back to see you; started the moment I got your father's letter—that is the moment I learned you were not going to marry Mr. Annelsey. I love you, Lucy—love you better than anybody or anything in all the world. I have always loved you ever since we were children together, and I want you to be my wife."

And she only said: "Oh! 'Ras!" and put her hands to her face and began to cry.

"Lucy, Lucy, can't you love me?" pleaded her lover. "I know I am not rich like HE was, but I'll love you always, love you better, it seems to me, than anybody else can love you. Can't you love me, Lucy?"

She put out one little sunburned hand and laid it on his arm. With the other she continued to hide her face.

"Oh, 'Ras," she sobbed. "I—I—do love you. I always did, but I thought father wa-wan-wanted me to marry HIM, and that you loved Julia Eunis, and then I didn't care. Oh, 'Ras, I'm so glad you've come."

And she buried her face on his shoulder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—During the last hundred years the English race has multiplied fivefold, the Russian fourfold, the German two-and-a-half-fold, and the other European nations in a smaller proportion, Italy having nearly doubled, and France and Spain having added only about fifty per cent. to their population.

APES FISHING FOR CRABS.

A Java Species That Sacrifices Its Comfort to Its Palate—An Able-Bodied Crab.

"They have on the coast of Java a peculiar long-tailed ape, and a sand crab that grows to an extraordinary size and possesses great strength in its claws," said a gentleman who lived in Java years ago. "The apes are particularly fond of the crabs, which are very shy and wonderfully quick in their movements. They live in deep holes in the sand, but spend much of their time on the outside of their holes, where they run and hop about. They range in size from that of a silver dollar to that of our edible crabs. Their claws are not large, but have a grip that is vise-like. The apes make daily raids on the haunts of the crabs, and occasionally succeed, by creeping stealthily to within a few feet of a group of them, in springing upon them and capturing one before they have scampered to their holes. Usually, however, the crabs are so wary that while the ape is still in the air during his spring toward them, they have separated and disappeared into the ground. The ape, finding himself too slow to make a capture, then resorts to a bit of strategy to secure a dinner. His mode of final capture inflicts upon him a pang of physical suffering which is frequently more than he can bear, but his love for the crab as a morsel of food is so strong that he never hesitates to accept the personal discomfort which its capture involves, and usually bears it with a stoicism which might inspire admiration if it were not for its comical side.

"When the ape finds that he is foiled in his effort to capture a crab by springing at a group, he backs himself up to a hole into which one had disappeared. Sitting down, he thrusts his long tail into the hole. The crab, to punish such unwonted intrusion, seizes the end of the tail in its strong claws the moment it approaches near enough. Any one who may have been so fortunate as to hide himself in the bushes unobserved by the ape making the raid, will have a hard time to restrain his laughter when the critical moment of contact between the crab's claw and the ape's tail is reached. There is a look of comical suspense on the ape's face as he thrusts his tail down into the hole. When the crab closes on the tail the expression of suspense departs. The ape gives an involuntary start, and then settles back on his haunches, while he closes his teeth together with a determined air, and eventually, springing forward, out comes the tail from the hole, with the crab dangling to it. Instantly the ape swishes his tail forward and brings the crab to the ground with a force that stuns it and causes it to drop its grip. With a stone the ape smashes the shell of the crab, and is soon picking out the meat and processing with his meal.

"One day I was watching a large ape fishing in this way for crabs. The apes are as sly as the creatures they hunt, so persistently, and the least sound from the brush will send them scampering away. The ape I was watching made a dismal failure of his attempt to spring on a crab, and at once proceeded to fish one out of a hole. He selected a hole into which I had seen a very large crab disappear, and I anticipated fun. The ape's tail had gone its full length into the hole before his face indicated that the crab had made its connection. Suddenly he gave a start and a yell. He bent his body nearly double, and slapped his hands on his knees and wagged his head, with his teeth closed tight and his lips drawn down, while on his face was a look of agony and despair doubly intensified. He made several attempts to withdraw his tail, but fell back each time and howled as the crab drew it taut. Tears actually ran down the ludicrous face of the suffering ape, and when he clapped both hands to his forehead and swayed his body to and fro like a little old man tortured by the toothache, howling dismally the while, I could no longer restrain myself, and yelled with laughter. This frightened the ape, and he gave a quick spring forward. Out came the crab and away went the ape. The crab hung to the tail, and as far as I could see maintained its hold, in spite of the way it was lashed and trailed as the ape flew over the ground, yelling at every jump. He disappeared in the thick brush, but how he divested himself of the crab I never knew."—*N. Y. Sun.*

NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

A Dreamer Who Did Not Even Awake at Sedan.

Napoleon III. lived in a perpetual dream. He was born to dwell in silence and solitude rather than in the din and splendor of the Tuileries. I have seen him at the Elysee and at St. Cloud seeking out a tree, and not a man. On many days he never awoke at all; he was a somnambulist, and subject to hallucinations. This is why when people stood in his presence they asked of themselves if he was still there. Often he appeared not to hear, because he answered not. But on the morrow he proved to you that he had heard distinctly. He thrust the cup from reality, even when the cup was not tinged with bitterness. He loved everything from afar, even womankind. When he was at table he ate heartily and drank tolerably, but without knowing whether the cooking was good or the wine of genuine stock. When he went to the Bois de Boulogne it always seemed as if he were there for the first time, so few faces did he recognize. He saluted with his hand, but not with his mind. Hence it was those about him often said: "What can he be thinking of?" His political enemies wrote that he only thought of betraying France. On the contrary, he only thought of making France great and invincible. He desired that everybody should be rich and that the fowl in the spot spoken of by Henry IV. should be a chimera no more. For the tyrant had a heart of gold. The dread of reality, while it raised him in the cloud-land of reverie, kept him away from truth. Therefore it was that after the celebrated Congress of Paris he committed none but capital errors. Therefore it was that, having declared that the Empire was peace, he waged war for the sake of others. He fancied himself still a believer in the the strength of the Latin races when he wished to have an Emperor crowned in Mexico. He did not perceive, so blind was he, that while he strove to govern the world he sacrificed France. That everlasting dreamer, who did not even awake at Sedan, was a sort of ice-bound hell, paved with good intentions. He partook of De Saint-Pierre's longings for perpetual peace. He gathered inspirations from all the reformers who planned the happiness of nations. He retained in his soul the generosity of Queen Hortense and of Josephine, his mother and grandmother. He never refused aught except to himself. That man who had so many enemies was not his enemies' enemy. Two days after the coup d'etat he thought of the amnesty. He read "Les Chatiments" without faltering in his admiration of Victor Hugo. He desired to enrich Lamartine—another dreamer. He forgave the acts of treachery of those who surrounded him because he made allowance for a proportion of evil while he wished that good should prevail. People spoke of his leaden eye and even of his simplicity, which was at one time legendary, but beneath a mask of impassiveness he concealed the fire that consumed him. He was hardly ever the man of action on guard at the gates of the Louvre as at the gates of France. As has been said, he believed in his star, in the superior government of things, as Bossuet puts it. That man who loved adventures and feared nothing here not audacity on his face. At first sight he was not thought capable of filling an important part. He was small, he walked badly, he did not shine, nothing about him appeared endowed with life, neither his hair, nor his eyes, nor his mouth. Yet when speech or a smile animated him you felt that he was a man. On horseback particularly he broke his bonds and acquired some majesty. At table, too, he looked well, for he was all bust. When he donned his uniform he had somewhat the air of a conqueror. No one doubted his bravery. In that strange life of his one scarcely detects here and there his will, so much did he waver between yes and no. Like a painter impressed with the idea of grandeur and beauty, he aspired to everything. But he stooped short at the sketch, not being gifted as are the masters of the world. Hence his personality, which he wished to be glorious, will remain in half-tint; history will only devote to him pages wherein the shadows will cover the light.—*Bonnassye.*

THE POSSUM.

A Creature Not Likely to Be Affected by Dietary Changes.

Custom in matter of diet is constantly changing, but there is not likely to be a revolution that will in the least affect the 'possum. Henry Clay, on a memorable occasion, was employed to defend a man against the charge of murder. His opponent, a lawyer from a distant State, was a powerful antagonist, and, armed with many absolute facts, it was clear that Clay would be defeated. After using every argument that lay within his great reach, and seeing that his words were having no effect on the jury, the skillful orator, as a last resort, said:

"My fellow Kentuckians, you all know that I would not lift my voice in an attempt to defeat justice, for the supremacy of the law must be maintained, but, my fellow Kentuckians, there are times when a man is justifiable in taking human life. The killing of Darb Moore by our friend, the defendant, was one of the times. Why? I will tell you. Some time ago Darb, without provocation, said that under no circumstances would he eat a piece of 'possum. This was more than the defendant could stand. He could endure abuse, he could put up with insulting insinuations, but, gentlemen, he could not bear to hear Kentucky's gem of the oven abused. Now I ask you if he did not act humanely in taking the life of the slanderer—the would-be despoiler of happy homes—the trampler upon Heaven-sent appetite?"

The jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of not guilty.

No, the 'possum can not be supplanted. A baked shoat is very fine, and a turkey is not bad, but in the opinion of the "old Southerner" they are only as chaff when compared to the 'possum.

Attorney-General Garland, to use the expression of an old negro who used to cook for him, "us monstrous fond o' 'possum." Several years ago Mr. Garland, carrying a basket on his arm, was met by a friend.

"Good morning, Senator. You seem to have lost flesh. What is the matter?"

"I hardly know," the Senator replied, "but I think I must be suffering from dyspepsia. I have no appetite at all. Yesterday, during the entire day, I only ate a couple of 'possums."

"I am sorry to hear that you are in such poor health."

"Yes, it's bad. I bought three 'possums down on the market just now and as I am still suffering from loss of appetite, I shall eat them to-day."

Nothing is more deeply touching than the serious love of 'possum. It is an affect—pa—and simple.

The 'possum and the persimmon get ripe about the same time. The sweet potato comes first, but like a well disciplined ally, it patiently awaits the coming of the other forces.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A DOG STORY.

How the Texas Landlord Changed His Opinion of a Dog.

Four newly-arrived guests were sitting around the stove in a Texas country hotel. The landlord entered and noticed that there was a large dog under the stove. Turning to one of the guests with an obsequious bow, the landlord said:

"That's a magnificent dog you have got there. Fine breed. I can tell that by the looks of him. I am a sort of a crank about fine dogs."

The traveler said the dog did not belong to him.

"No," said the landlord, "then I suppose the noble animal belongs to you, sir? San Bernard, is he not?"

"How the deuce should I know? The pup don't belong to me," remarked the second traveler.

The landlord looked at the third guest, and remarked:

"That dog must have cost you a pile of money. Those kind of dogs are scarce in these parts."

The third guest shook his head and said the dog was none of his.

"By Jove, it's a pleasure to look at a dog like that. He is a beauty. I suppose he is a great pet. How old is he?"

"I never saw him before," replied the fourth guest.

"You cussed, bench-legged brute, get out of here, filling the room with fleas, you mongrel cur," exclaimed the exasperated landlord, kicking in three of the dog's ribs and lifting him into the adjoining county with his boot, as the dog tried to go out through the door.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Jones—Ah, I see by the paper that the serpent has been seen again off Long Branch. Brown—Is that so? Jones—Yes; and the paper says, too, that the party that saw the monster was composed of truthful and sober citizens. Now, what do you think of that? Brown—Well, I don't know. I don't see that you can account for it excepting in one way: that some of the party were truthful and all the rest were sober.—*Somerville Journal.*

HEALTH.

Happiness Depending Almost Entirely on Condition of Body and Mind.

According to our views of life, health is the most desirable thing that appertains to this present life. We so believe because man was created to enjoy himself, and please his Creator. If this were not so we should be obliged to charge Deity with imperfection, in that He had no settled object in the creation of man. Man's mental and physical constitutions in connection with the vast creations around him, their power to give happiness to man, is in proof that man was created for his own pleasure on earth, as well as for the pleasure of his Creator. Now as happiness in life depends almost entirely on the health of the body and mind, it behooves us to inquire what are the proximate conditions which will best promote physical and mental health. Physical health depends on various circumstances, as the food we eat, as to its quality and quantity, the exposure we endure as to heat and cold, the exposure to miasmata, or to the spores of vegetable or animal life which lodge in the mucous membranes, are taken into the circulation and modify to such an extent as to endanger and often destroy life. If when young the stomach is given double the work that it is able to do, it is plain that functional derangement must ensue, and if persisted in, disease, disorganization and death must follow. If we expose ourselves to the miasmatic exhalations of swamps and sluggish streams, we are pretty sure to suffer the pains of fever and ague, remittent or typhoid fevers. If we imprudently expose ourselves to intense cold or wet too long, we are in danger of acute inflammations in those organs most exposed or from weakness the most liable to take on disease. It is through the careful study of the causes and effects as applicable to the human organization that knowledge is to be acquired which can be made available in the preservation of health. The action of foreign bodies on the system taken into the stomach must be studied with care, and this through anatomy and physiology of the organs of the body. The original intention of the Creator, as related to the functions and powers of the body, must be studied in connection with those things both physical and mental which produce an effect on them. The experience of ages condensed in book form, and our own critical observations added thereto are what we have to depend on as a guide in the education of each and every organ of the whole system.

The nice point in this education is in giving just enough of legitimate food to each organ, so that the aggregated whole shall be in harmony with itself and all its surroundings. If the thing is over-done bad results show themselves, as for instance, if we teach alimentiveness to gobble all within reach, dyspepsia or inflammation will follow attended with suffering—if acquisitiveness is falsely educated, the person is little, stingy and is very apt to be tempted to theft or other crime to gratify its greed for gold. If veneration is over educated, the person neglects his business, squanders his money, becomes deranged, and often such derangement of mind leads to suicide. Every organ of the brain is liable to be falsely educated, as well as to be wrongfully neglected. In either case difficulty comes—effects follow that curtail more or less the happiness of the person, and hence it is evident, that to make the most perfect man requires a harmonious education of the whole. We are too apt to go to extremes, so much so that many of the faculties are sadly neglected.

As a sample take the profession of law. The lawyer is educated to make the worse appear the better cause. He is taught that next to his own finances interests are the interests of his clients. A murderer arraigned for trial is found to be cleared if the lawyer can do it. It matters not what the means used though his lawyer knows that his client is guilty yet he uses all his finesse, all his duplicity, all the false logic he can command to turn the guilty one loose to again imbrue his hands in blood. And this exclusive and specific education of lawyers is what has cursed this country with unholy laws and forged chains for the people. It is almost self evident that man's happiness individually and collectively hinges on the kind and degree of education given and whether it be confined to few organs, or evenly and appropriately distributed to all. Mothers, please do not try to make precocious intellects or to educate any given group of organs to the exclusion of the rest. Give a general diffused and rational education to all the organs of mind and you will have done a great favor to the child and a duty to yourself and the world.—*R. K. Slosser in Western Rural.*

NEW YORKERS.

The Overweening Conceit of the People of the Metropolis.

To men who were born here and have lived here long New York is miles and away so superior to any other city in America that he never thinks of uttering them or mentioning them in the same breath. This may be the sublimity of conceit—perhaps it is—but the fact remains that New-Yorkers consider there is but one city in America. They may travel all over the world, but when they return to America they live in New York. In the same way we observe that if a man makes a great fortune in Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Cincinnati or Pittsburgh he comes here, for many of the magnificent palaces on Fifth avenue have been purchased by men from other cities who made haste to come here as soon as they had made vast fortunes. I don't know whether they like New York or not, but they seem to stay. It is true that a man does not amount to much here unless he is a good deal of a man, but still the advantages of life in the most populous city in the Union are too numerous to be overlooked. A man worth $10,000,000 is of importance, if only on account of his wealth, in Cincinnati. But $10,000,000, unless it is backed by social graces and other advantages, will do little or nothing for a man in New York. I know that this statement will not be accepted, because it is the general impress on that wealth opens the doors to society in New York; still such is not the fact. There are hundreds of millionaires along the avenues who live magnificently and spend enormous incomes, yet whom nobody knows or cares to know. Not long ago a list of the number of men who were worth more than $5,000,000 was published in one of the papers here. There were hundreds of names, occupying considerably more than a column and a half, and it is no exaggeration to say that fully five-sixths of them were entirely strange to the ears of New Yorkers.—*Blakely Hall, in San Francisco Argonaut.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Warm borax will remove dandruff.—*Exchange.*

—Brown Bread: Two cups corn meal, one cup graham meal, one cup rye, two cups sour milk, one of sweet, one cup molasses, three small teaspoons soda.—*The Household.*

—A ring of salt at a little distance from a choice plant forms a barrier which "a slug can no more cross than a man could swim through an ocean of fire."—*Christian at Work.*

—Plants and beds of vegetables should always be watered in the evening, after sunset, in preference to any other time of the day; but especially should watering plants in the heat of the day be avoided.—*Troy Times.*

—Successful strawberry culture demands a thorough cleaning of the beds after bearing, and careful cultivation during the remainder of the summer if more than one crop is to be taken from the same planting.—*N. J. Examiner.*

—When your collars and cuffs come from the laundry as hard and stiff as a board don't break your starch and cuff-buttons in trying to put them on, but just dip your fingers in water and touch it to the button-holes and see how easy they go in.—*Detroit Post.*

—When frosty nights approach we often have one or two cold nights and then a week or two of warm pleasant weather. If squash vines bearing squashes that are almost matured, can be protected through the first frosts, they will mature their fruit in the sunny days that follow.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

—Gardens have generally an excess of coarse barn-yard manure and a deficiency of potash and phosphates. Many garden plants, especially turnips and cabbages, will be greatly helped in such gardens by substituting an application of phosphate for the usual spring dressing of stable manure.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—With a well cared for quince tree there is no "off year." Its golden fruit is as certain to ripen as its season is to return. But a well cared for tree is not a mass of bushes, and its roots have been protected from the extremes of heat and cold by mulching. Owing to the tenderness of its roots, there is only a limited area in which quinces can be profitably grown. In places where extreme cold prevails in winter, with little snow, it does not pay to plant the quince.—*N. J. Times.*

—Veal chops prepared in this way are excellent: Cut the chops from the leg in pieces about four inches long, half an inch thick and three inches wide. Dip them into beaten egg, roll in cracked crumbs (bread dried in the oven and finely grated or beaten in a mortar) and fry a delicate brown in water or nice drippings. When done, sprinkle a few drops of lemon-juice and place a few capers on each; garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley and serve hot.—*Boston Globe.*

DISEASED COWS.

Milk From Them Not Proper to Be Used in any Form.

A correspondent asks us if it is safe to use the milk from a cow that has a cough and appears to be in consumption. If she has consumption of the lungs, her milk is disagreeable in flavor and odor. That answers our correspondent's question. But it suggests the question how far is it safe to use the milk of a cow that is sick? To say the least such use would be dangerous. It is possible that milk of this character may not make a person using it sick and yet it may do an injury that may lead to serious results though they may not be traceable to their cause. Nothing that is impure should go into the stomach. Milk from a sick cow is impure. In fact the milk is the first thing to feel the effects of the sickness. The sickness may be of a very mild character, just a little fever perhaps. But the milk is affected. It is possible that adults may use such milk and not suffer perceptibly from doing so. But if an infant be fed upon it it may die. Thousands of children die every year whose deaths may be traced to just such a cause as this. Sometimes it appears to be the notion of some people that a cow's milk is wholly independent of the cow herself. The idea appears to be that the milk is some kind of a foreign formation. When we all get the practical idea that the milk is made by the cow, in her system, and is a part of herself, we will be able to see that what affects the cow will affect the milk. As a matter of fact the cow can not be out of health even in small degrees without the milk being unhealthy, and that fact ought to be recognized more fully than it is. There is no telling what damage disease germs in milk may produce in the human system.

So far as consumption is concerned, it has been affirmed that it may be conveyed to a human being through milk that has come from a consumptive cow. We are not prepared to say how true that may be, but whether true or not we can not take disease germs into our systems with impunity. Avarice may lead the milk seller to sell diseased milk, and he should be heavily punished for so doing. But we who keep cows to furnish milk for home consumption have not the excuse even of avarice to offer for running the risk of using such milk; at least avarice does not play such a conspicuous part as it does with the milk dealer. Farmers ought to have the best food in the world, and certainly ought not to consume any article of food that is raised upon the farm, about which the least suspicion of impurity may cling. We ought to treat ourselves well anyhow, remembering that good health is the best possession that we can have, and that we can retain it only by eating good food and otherwise living properly.—*Western Rural.*

The Science of Feeding.

The science of feeding is one of the most important studies for every person who is engaged in rearing live stock, from poultry up to horses and cattle. No other branch of agricultural industry is more neglected than this, and in no other is there more loss resulting from mistakes. It is not for want of abundant means for learning all about it. We have several good manuals upon the subject. Prof. Ormsby and Prof. E. W. Stewart in their excellent works have gathered a great fund of all the most valuable scientific and practical knowledge extant upon this part of the farmers and breeders' business. Agricultural writers who have a practical experience are constantly referring to this matter, and do so knowing from their own daily work how highly important it is to know how to feed, both to avoid waste of food and injury to the stock. We can not refrain from urging farmers to give their best attention to this most interesting part of their business.—*N. Y. Times.*