THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA

[Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.]

Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF J. E. DOWNEY & CO., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

With his arms about her, telling her over and over again how dear she was to him, and how it was because he thought she could not love him as he wished that he had gone away, the two might have stood there until the sun had hidden itself from sight behind the mountains and the night had come up from the valley below, but that the roan horse, in his efforts to nibble at the grass by the road-side, jerked so hard upon the bridle which Erastus held upon his arm as to bring them back to a knowledge of their surroundings.

Then they started slowly homeward along the ly-road that wound around the rocks, and over the stones, and in and out of gullys washed by centuries of rainy seasons.

Slowly in fact did they go, on that the cows, lazy as they were, had got home and been milked, and Mrs. Parsons had looked many times in the direction from which they came, and in which she knew Lucy had started in search of him, hoping to see her coming. Finally, a little worried at her long absence, she suggested to her husband that he go up the mountain a little way and call, and so, quick to take the alarm, was on the point of starting when he saw the lovers approaching, the roan horse following the length of his bridle rein behind.

For a little space John Parsons stood in doubt, then raised his hand to his eyes and if to gather more of the fading light.

Only an instant he stood so, and then bringing his hand down upon his thigh with a slap, he cyclaimed:

"I knowed it! I knowed Ras could take a hint! That's him, Marty, that's 'Ras, an' he an' Lucy hev made up. Don't ye see? he's a-holdin' of her hand."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE COTTAGE AT THE SLOUGH.

A very happy little group it was that sat under the new porch of the shanty until long after the stars came out that night.

So many chances had taken place; there was so much to talk about that it was ten o'clock before they once thought of the time, and still they talked on for another hour before retiring, the family to their beds and Erastus to a bunk on the floor.

The young man remained three days with them, and during that time they talked over all matters relating to family affairs, past, present and future.

Mrs. and Mr. Parsons of course gladly gave their consent to the engagement of the young people, but it was necessary to postpone the wedding until Erastus could get his place irrigated and in shape to produce a living.

It seemed very hard to part again so soon, but since he could not take Lucy with him, every day spent away from his own ranch delayed their marriage just much the longer.

And then there would be the pleasure of writing and receiving letters, which, of course, they would do every week, at the farthest.

The project of selling the mountain ranch and all going to the Slough to live was talked of, and Mr. and Mrs. Parsons agreed that when Erastus got his place irrigated and was ready to marry, if he was satisfied with the country and the prospect, they would sell their own home and buy again as near him as possible, and if not they would both sell and go elsewhere and live together.

And thus all were comforted by the thought that Lucy's marriage, when it should occur, would, instead of separating her from her parents, reunite them all with Erastus, and it is probable that for these three days the inmates of the shanty upon the mountain side were as happy as it often falls to the lot of people to be.

Certainly John Parsons was happy.

Lucy and Erastus wandered about the place, and through the gulch and up the mountain side together.

Together they went for the cows, as Lucy had done alone the night Erastus came.

Erastus helped Mr. Parsons sprout the grape-vines, and Lucy helped Erastus; and if occasionally, as they worked together at a vine, their hands met and their fingers intertwined it was no more than the tender tendrils of the vine they were trimming did.

If, as they walked hand in hand over the mountain, or sat to rest in some quiet nook, his lips sought hers and drank deep of love's nectar, they only followed the example of the birds that near them billed and cooed, and talked of where their next year's nest should be.

And have not you, dear reader, done the same? Then have you not known the sweetest and the best thing that life has to give?

I will not describe the parting, when at last the day and the hour came, and the roan horse stood ready to be mounted at the door.

There is enough of sadness and suffering in this true story without dwelling upon the parting of those loving hearts.

It was noon when Erastus started on his return; it was night on the fourth day when he led the roan into his stall at the Slough and ate supper with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, to whom he frankly told the purpose and result of his visit, and from whom he received hearty congratulations.

The next morning he went back to work on the ditch, and if his companions were ready with their jokes, he was in far too good a humor with the world and all things in it to be odended at what he knew was kindly meant.

For months he worked early and late at the ditch, and when it had been completed, and the water, in its slow seeping through the soil, had rendered it capable of sustaining vegetable life, he began planting trees and vines, and breaking the soil for future crops. When the year closed he found his place beginning to look quite like living.

He had intended going again to visit Lucy and her parents at this time, but his place still lacked a dwelling, and the little it would cost to make the journey would aid just that much towards buying the material towards a cottage which he had planned, and finally decided not to go, but instead lift take his team and work a month for the rancher who had pastured his colts during two dry seasons; and thus, instead of spending what little he had, obtain enough more to enable him to get the material to begin building with.

When this was done he procured the assistance of a neighbor who had a few carpenters' tools and some knowledge of the trade, and together they framed and sided up the cottage.

Then he worked at night to finish it.

Often when thus engaged, after a hard day's work in the field, would he take from his pocket one of Lucy's letters, and sitting upon the work-bench or a saw-horse, re-read the lines he already knew by heart, or lose himself in dreams which those lines gave rise to; then, rousing himself, take up his tools and work far into the night, that the cottage might be the sooner completed and the face and form which he now saw only in dreams be ever present with him in reality.

At last the cottage was finished and ready for occupancy.

A plain cottage it was; not unlike the one on the mountain side, only a little longer, and wider, and higher.

There were two rooms below and one above, and there was a little porch over the front door—not long or broad, but sufficient to shade the room from the sun a little and give relief from the bare and inhospitable look which a dwelling without any projection always has.

He meant to add a larger structure in front in a few years, when his ranch should be fully irrigated and in cultivation, and so reproduce the cottage in the foothills in accordance with the plans he had laid the night he slept under the stars on his hastily made visit that time he won Lucy's consent to be his wife; but for this he must wait yet awhile.

And so, with a heart filled with hope and courage, and running over with affection for her who was to return with him as his bride, he took a long look about the cottage, and going out, carefully closed the door behind him that it might not become unfastened during his absence.

Standing in front of his cottage, he cast his eyes over his ranch with a feeling of pride and satisfaction.

That which three years before had been a bit of desert was now a farm, with an orchard and vineyard and fertile fields, none of them very large, it is true, but everything there was the work of his own hands, the result of his own energy and economy, and it was something of which he might well be proud.

When he had taken it all in, the cottage and the green fields and the young orchard and vineyard—as a picture which he could hold in his memory until he returned, and could describe to Lucy and Uncle John and Aunt Martha and Johnny, he turned and walked rapidly away in the direction of Mr. Johnson's.

He was to start early the next morning, and was to drive his own team; the colts now fully grown and hardened to work.

He had decided upon this after conferring by letter with Lucy and her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons desired to give as much as possible of the furniture necessary to start the young folks in housekeeping, and they could do this to some extent out of what still remained of that brought from the old home in the foothills, and it was just as cheap and a good deal nicer, these lovers thought, to make the journey this way, in their own conveyance, with their household goods packed in the wagon, than to first transport them fifteen miles to Phippsburg, ship them by boat and cars, and then go a long distance after them at the other end of the route.

Besides, in thus going across the country they would have a whole week to spend in each other's company; in which to talk of their love and lay plans for the future.

It would be almost as good as a real wedding tour, Lucy decided.

And so one afternoon the dwellers on the mountain side saw a wagon drawn by a pair of bay horses, whose driver was a dust-covered young man with a sun-tanned face and sandy mustache, wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat, coming up the by-road which ended at their gate, and knew that the bridegroom had come to claim his bride.

The place had changed considerably since Erastus had seen it two years before.

The addition to the shanty had been erected, and with the little porch in front fairly raised it to the dignity of a cottage.

The rose bushes which Lucy and her mother had planted had grown as all things do grow in that climate and soil, had clambered all over the porch and were in full bloom, having been watered and tended by loving hands.

Back of the cottage and on either side great hollyhock bushes, with purple and white and yellow blossoms, stood "thick as people in a street," and over the low windows, and reaching clear up to the eaves, Madeira vines mingled their soft, green leaves with those of the morning glories, that in the early hours of the day were sprinkled thick with beautiful, bell-shaped flowers.

In front were long beds of pinks, and verbenas, and larkspurs, and great crimson-hearted dahlias, that lifted up their faces and bloomed and nodded in the breeze; bent low as if to inhale the fragrance of the mignonette that looked up from the borders of the beds in which they all grew.

The grape-vines upon the sloping ground above the house had added two years of growth to their stems; and, although yet unable to stand erect without the supports to which they were tied, their symmetrical arrangement in rows, together with the richness of their foliage, formed a background that brought out the coloring of as pretty a picture of simple home life as one may hope to see in a long drive in the mountains or foot-hills; and it is in the mountains and the foot-hills that beautiful pictures are to be sought for.

Out-side of the inclosure, and a little further up the mountain, the cows which Lucy had driven home on that blissful evening two years before, when Erastus had told her of his love, were chewing their cuds beneath a scraggy, low branched oak.

Below, brown in the October sun, lay the stubble field from which the grain had been harvested, and which now stood in a rick near the shed where the horses were munching at their feed.

Beyond the cottage was the young orchard of peach, and pear, and apple-trees, and over all the cloudless blue sky of California.

More than a hundred turkeys wandered at will through the orchard, down into the stubble field, and far up on the mountain side. Or they clustered about the shed and rick of grain, or came with the chickens at feeding time to the bare bit of earth near the kitchen door to receive their portion of the food thrown to them by some member of the family dwelling within the vine-wreathed cottage.

And here, one morning a week after Erastus' coming, a little party, composed of neighbors and their families, gathered to witness the marriage of the young couple who had plighted their faith two years before, standing in the road while the cows went lazily home without them.

It was not an assembly such as would have graced a fashionable church in a great city. Not one among them all, perhaps, but would have felt ill at ease in a richly furnished parlor of a brown-stone front in New York or Chicago.

They were common country people—husbands and wives who gained their living as John and Martha Parsons gained theirs—by the tillage of the soil and the raising of fruits, and grain, and poultry. Young men and maidens, the sons and daughters of these people in the common walks of life, dressed—the girls in cheap, light-colored lawns, with may be a bit of bright ribbon at the throat or about the waist; the young men in suits of linen or some other light and not costly fabric, and all of them with hands and faces tanned by the sun, but with hearts that throbbed as quickly at whisperings of love, or capable of feeling as keenly the stings of unjust criticism, as if they were robed in velvet, with diamonds sparkling upon soft, white hands.

Before these friends and neighbors, Lucy, dressed much as the other maidens were dressed only that her robe of pure white was of finer material, and without ornament except some roses upon her breast and in her beautiful dark hair, stood up with Erastus and gave the responses that made them husband and wife as they were propounded by the gray-haired minister whose services had been secured for the occasion.

The kisses and congratulations over, and the tears which would come in spite of her determination not to let them dried upon the cheek of the bride, they all sat down to a meal at which there was a bride's cake, of course, and a cold roast turkey, and great mealy potatoes, and the most beautiful bread.

There was fruit also, the first borne by the trees and vines planted, since coming to the place, by the hands that sought out and plucked these, the occasional first offerings found scattered here and there among the foliage.

And afterwards there were kisses and hand-shakes again, and foldings of the bride to the bosom of father and mother, and tears in the eyes of all, and fervent "God bless you's."

And then Lucy was helped to a seat in the wagon, over which a canvas cover had been stretched and into which the little store of household goods which formed her dowry had been packed. Then her husband climbed up by her side and amid wavings of handkerchiefs and more "God bless you's," they drove down the lane and out upon the road which led away over the mountain and the foot hills towards the new cottage which awaited their coming at the Slough.

Oh, what a happy, happy journey was that for seven whole bright October days; traveling by easy stages during the day, and camping out, and sleeping in the wagon at night!

What memories of the longer journey across the plains when they were children came back to them as they watched the camp-fire smoldering in the darkness and the twinkling of the stars overhead; and what beautiful secrets they disclosed to each other as proofs of their mutual love and confidence! And when, on the evening of the last day's journey, they drove up to the Johnson shanty, what a hearty greeting Mrs. and Mr. Johnson gave to the young bride who had come to make glad the home of her husband and to be a neighbor and friend among neighbors and friends!

And when, after a hearty meal of the best that could be found in the house, they went to take a look at their own home, walking hand in hand across the fields, with what pride Erastus pointed out the boundaries of his own claim; to the vineyard, and orchard, and fields, made fruitful by the water that, coming through the open ditches cut by his own hands and those of his neighbors, was fast turning the desert into a garden.

And the cottage; how pleased Lucy professed to be—really was—with its appearance and conveniences! What pleasure they took in deciding just where each piece of furniture should be placed! They would have a carpet on the larger down stairs room, and the bureau and the best chairs should go in that; and the small table, with a few books, should stand near the center of it. Lucy's guitar should hang on the wall with Erastus' flageolet, and just as soon as they could they would get a few pictures to help make the room still more bright and tasty. Their bed they would put up stairs, and, until they could build larger, would eat in the kitchen, or in pleasant weather, out of doors, and so keep the best room always cozy and nice.

And so, still planning for the future, yet perfectly happy in the present, they returned as they came, hand in hand across lots to Mr. Johnson's, where they were to spend the night.

On the morrow Mr. Johnson helped Erastus to unload the few heavy articles and place them in the cottage, and then they went away, and together the young couple put down the carpet and arranged the furniture, returning to Mrs. Johnson's to dinner, as that lady insisted that they should do.

Indeed, she would have had them remain with herself and husband for a week, "until they got rested from their journey," as she said, but to this they could not think of consenting.

They were both anxious to get into their own house, that they might together take up the work of making still more beautiful and productive the spot upon which they expected to remain all their lives.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE THREATENING WHIRLWIND.

The year that followed was a very happy one to the young couple, working away upon their claim at the Slough.

True, they were poor, and were forced to live very economically; but what was poverty when they had love, and health, and the assurance that poverty would be vanquished in a few years more?

It looked less than two years of the time when they could "prove up" and get a Government patent to their land under the Homestead act, and by that time they would have almost as fine a fruit and vegetable ranch as the State afforded; for here the frost never comes, and with all fear of drouth banished by the certainty of an abundant supply of water from the river through the irrigating ditches, prosperity seemed assured beyond any possibility of failure.

Then, too, a branch of one of the leading railroads was being built near them, and would be completed, and furnish means of transportation for everything they raised, by the time their trees and vines were in full bearing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE RAINY DAY.

Boys, our youth too fast is fleeting,
Life's glad morning can not last,
And the moments, swift retreating,
Warn us that they soon be past.
There will come a sore decreasing,
And I would fain say to you say:
While the sun is brightly shining,
Don't forget the rainy day.

Sunshine can not last forever,
Storms will come and winds wage strife,
And as sure will dark clouds gather
On the horizon of life.
Let us, then, in youth remember
Life is not one long, bright May;
Sure will come the direst December,
Sure will come the rainy day.

As the busy bee doth gather
In bright days her winter store,
So should we for life's bleak weather
Garner ere the summer's over.
Yes, ere life's bright spring doth leave us,
Let us store aside to lay
Something that may sweeter give us,
When shall come the rainy day.

—*Golden Days.*

A WISE LITTLE MOUSE.

In Spite of His Brag and Cunning, He Was Caught at Last.

He was a very curious little mouse, indeed, and had his home in the wall of a farmer's kitchen.

Now I can't begin to tell you all the mischief this little mouse did. He had gnawed holes through the doors of the cupboard, and posed his nose time and again into the cream bowl, and eaten great pieces out of the new cheese, and knocked over a beautiful glass preserve dish and shivered it to atoms; but, worst of all, he had nibbled great holes in two of Mother Sprague's fine linen table-cloths. Oh, he was, indeed, a naughty, naughty little mouse, and he quite gloried in the mischief he did.

They had set traps time and again for him, but without avail, for he was a most cunning little mouse, and somehow kept clear of them all. Even the delicious smell of cheese had failed to entice him within those queer-looking little wires. He knew well enough that danger and death were there.

Miss Puss, too, with all her cunning, was unable to catch the frisky little mouse. She had tried time and again, by strategy as well as open warfare, but each alike has failed. Just when she thought she had her sharp claws upon him, away would scamper the little mouse, stopping just long enough to glance defiantly back at Miss Puss, with a look in his sharp beady little black eyes which seemed to say: "There! I've cheated you this time, old mouser, you see you are not half as sharp as you thought you were."

In short, they had set so many traps and formed so many plans, the farmer, his wife and the servant girl, by which to catch the little mouse, and had never yet succeeded, that he was in high glee over their repeated failures, and so well pleased with himself in consequence, that he had grown to be a very conceited little mouse, as well as a most cunning one.

Very often he would talk to himself after this manner: "They will *never* catch me, this is certain. I am too wise a little mouse not to see through all their movements. They might as well save themselves the trouble of setting those traps, for all the good it do 'em. I wonder if they really think I am silly enough to poke my nose into one of those holes just to get a nibble at that scrap of cheese, and be chosed to death for my pains, when I can gnaw my way into the cupboard and eat as much of that whole fine cheese as I want, without any danger to myself. No, indeed. It is all too plain that I am too cunning for them, too wise a little mouse by far, ever to be caught in a trap."

However, something happened one day that proved the little mouse was not nearly so wise as he thought he was.

Some fresh oysters were brought into the kitchen. In preparing them for supper the girl happened to overlook one of them, and it was left lying in a corner of the hearth with its shell partly open.

That night, when every one had gone to bed, and all was silent within the kitchen, this cautious little mouse thought he might venture forth on a raid. Very soon he came to where the oyster was lying so still upon the hearth.

"Ha," said he, cautiously approaching it, and bending his sharp little eyes near it, so as to take a good look at it, "what is this, now? Another trap, perhaps; but no, it doesn't look at all like one. There is nothing suspicious looking about it, it is true, but still it is best to be cautious, therefore I'll take a closer view of it."

So the little mouse bent down his head till his little twinking eyes were close beside the oyster, and then he peered in through the half-open shell. The oyster lay very quiet within, and looked so nice and cool and fresh that it quite set the little mouse frantic with the desire to feast upon the new dainty.

"Oh, dear me!" said he, licking his whiskers, "how nice it smells! and I am sure it must taste even better than it looks. What a feast I am going to have, to be sure! and such a laugh to myself over the sour looks of the servant-girl in the morning, who was, no doubt, saving this delicious morsel for herself!"

So saying, this wise little mouse, who had never yet been caught in a trap, and who bragged to himself continually in consequence, poked his sharp little nose through the half-opened shell of the oyster.

Now if I had been there, I would have whispered: "Be very careful, little Mr. Mouse, for, with all your cunning and boasting, you may get yourself into a fix yet."

And it was just as you have doubtless suspected—*the oyster was alive!* and no sooner had the little mouse poked his nose into the opening than it closed with a sudden spring, and lo! the little mouse was caught at last!

Now I dare say, if he had been given the time to think over it all, his one thought would have been that he was not such a very wise little mouse after all.

Little boy, little girl, I am very much afraid there are some of you just like this wise (?) little mouse. Oh yes, you are *quite sure* you have wit enough to keep out of danger. You are too sharp, so you think, ever to be caught in a trap. Take care! The oyster looked very tempting and harmless to the little mouse, but within lay danger—death.—*Clarison Howard, in Harper's Young People.*

BEN'S SICKNESS.

A Day Spent in Bed and a Little Bitter Medicine Effect a Radical Cure.

Litte Ben May was getting tired of school. He asked to stay at home so often, that at last his mother said she would not let him stay at home unless he were sick.

Now Ben had a friend, who did not go to school. Little Joe was very anxious to have Ben stay at home, so that they could play together.

These two little boys, when they found that Ben's mother would not let him stay at home, put their heads together to deceive her. Just think of that!

After awhile, Joe said: "I'll tell you what to do, Ben. Say you are sick, when you get up in the morning, and when it is nine o'clock, you can say you feel better, and then we can fly my new kite."

Next morning, when Ben's mamma came to wake him up, he said: "Oh, mamma! I feel sick."

His mamma said right off: "He still, Ben. I guess you had better stay at home to-day." So this bad little boy did not get up, but had his breakfast in bed.

When he heard the clock strike nine, he said: "I feel better now, mamma, I guess I had better get up."

His mother felt glad that he was not going to be sick, so she helped him to dress, and he was soon out helping Joe fly his kite.

The next week, he thought he would play sick again. So he again told his mother he was sick and stayed in bed till nine o'clock.

Now that Ben had been sick twice in one week, his mother told his father about it. Mr May said: "It seems to me, Ben eats a pretty good supper for a sick boy. I believe he is playing sick, so that he can stay at home to play. The next time he says he is sick, keep him in bed all day, and I will have some bitter medicine fixed up, which I want you to give him."

Not very long after this talk, Ben had a third attack of sickness, and felt suddenly better when nine o'clock came. But this time, when he said he felt better and wanted to get up, his mother would not let him, but told him that bed was the place for sick boys. So Ben had to stay in bed.

In a little while, Joe came to the gate and began to whistle for Ben. But Mrs. May took no notice of him. He then came to the door and asked to see Ben, but Mrs. May said that Ben was sick in bed and could not see him.

She was now sure that Ben had been deceiving her; so she got the bad medicine and went to his bed. "Sit up a minute, Ben and take this medicine."

"I am well now, mamma, I don't need any medicine."

"Yes you do," said Mrs. May. "Take this, and you will not have this sick feeling another morning."

Ben cried, and tried to beg off, but his mother made him take the bitter stuff, and would not give him anything nice to take the taste out of his mouth, so that he tasted it all morning.

By noon he was sick and tired of his bed, and wanted to go to school, but his mother would not let him. She sent up his dinner of bread and meat; and when Ben heard that they had pie, he sent down the girl to ask if he could not have a piece. The girl came up and said that his mamma did not think that pie was good for sick boys.

In the afternoon she let him get up and dress, but would not let him run out and play.

After that day, Ben's health was much better. Boys who are sick in the morning, and get well when it is too late for school, can always be cured by a dose of bitter medicine and a day in bed.—*School and Home.*

TOADS DO FUNNY THINGS.

The Story of a Veracious Pennsylvania Correspondent.

"No one knows the funny things toads will do," said a leading citizen of this village. "On a recent cloudy day, after a hard rain, there was a cool breeze blowing. I was looking over my garden when I heard a peculiar sound. Looking in the direction from which it came, I saw two toads in an open space in the garden. One was quite large, and the other was at least a third smaller. They were both standing on their hind feet facing each other. The large toad had its fore feet on each side of the smaller toad's shoulders. The small toad had his left fore foot on the large one's right leg. As they stood in that way they uttered strange guttural sounds, as if they were discussing some subject between themselves. Suddenly the small toad thrust its right forefoot, or hand, against the large one's stomach, and the next instant the latter threw the former to the ground, and a lively wrestle was going on. During the struggle on the ground the skins of both toads burst open on the back, and I supposed I was about to see the interesting process of toads taking off their old coats, rolling them up in little balls and swallowing them, as naturalists say they do. I did witness the process of shedding the skin, but something much more singular than the swallowing incident occurred. As I said, the day was quite raw and cold, and after the toads had rubbed their skins in a comical way toward their heads until they had both pulled themselves clear of them, each one began to shiver very perceptibly with the cold. Suddenly the small toad hopped quickly to where the skin of the big one lay, and, picking it up in his mouth, hopped away several feet. The big toad looked after the purloiner of his cast off clothing, and gave two or three appealing croaks, but made no attempt to recapture the stolen goods. When the small toad saw that he was not followed, he deliberately set to work to don the skin he had taken. It took him some time to do it, but he finally accomplished his purpose, and went masquerading around in the misfit garments exactly like a clown in a circus wearing the big, baggy costumes that some of them appear in. The little fellow seemed to enjoy the novelty of the situation, and hopped around the large toad in the most tantalizing manner. The big toad was shivering like a person chilled through and through, and by and by picked up the skin of the small toad, and began to force it on his body. The process was a hard one, but after several moments of unceasing effort he stood habilitated in the castoff garments of his diminutive companion. If the effect of the big skin on the little toad had been comical, that of the little skin on the big toad was much more so. The sleeves on the coat, so to speak, only came half-way down the arms, and the legs of the trousers covered the frog's legs as though they had been Knickerbockers. The body of the garment was so tight that the toad could not work either his legs or his arms, and he stood there the picture of comical despair. Bye and bye he began to swell himself up, and that apparently stretched the tight apparel, for he was able to move away slowly. He followed the small toad into the bushes in a dignified manner, and both disappeared. What the outcome of this curious exchange of clothing was I never knew."—*Hawley (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—The potato, introduced in England in 1600, was first eaten as a sweetmeat, stewed in sackwine and sugar.

TEMPERANCE.

AN IOWA JUDGE'S REBUKE.

What He Said When Passing Sentence Upon Violators of the Laws of the State.

Hon. F. M. Hubbard, District Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Iowa, in passing sentence upon some liquor dealers for violation of the Prohibitory laws of the State, said:

"While there are greater crimes known to the law which are punishable with great severity, there are none which involve more of those qualities known as despicable meanness and audacity than the selling of intoxicating liquors. There is something in the taking of human life so instantaneous that it shocks and terrifies the minds of all, and yet we look upon the man who takes human life quite as surely, but by a slow, lingering process, if not without condemnation, at least without horror. You who stand before the court for sentence are in every moral sense murderers, and you are within the spirit, if not the letter, guilty of manslaughter, for the law says that whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your boasted victims upon the witness stand, and who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only abundantly testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own. You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally leprous and scrofulous you are inwardly. The ruin, poverty and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declare as from the housetops that you are living in idleness and eating the bread of orphans watered with widows' tears; you are stealthily killing your victims, and murdering the peace and industry of the community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into miseries, poverty, and rags. Anxious wives and mothers watch and pray in tears nightly, with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring with the wiles and smiles of the devil into midnight debauchery.

"One can have no adequate conception of a cataract until he has seen Niagara, nor of the terrible fury and grandeur of a storm in mid-ocean until he has witnessed one; so no one can know the utter degradation and total depravity to which his species can be brought until he looks upon the desolate ruin caused by your hellish traffic. You are persistent, defiant law-breakers, and shamelessly boast that in defiance of the law and moral sense of the community you will continue in your wicked and criminal practices. It has, therefore, now become the imperative duty of this court to let fall upon you so heavily the arm of the law that you shall either be driven from your nefarious traffic, or ruined in your fortunes or wicked prosperity. You have become a stench to the nostrils of the community, and all good men are praying that you be speedily reformed or summarily destroyed. By the providence of God and the favor of this court these prayers shall be speedily answered by signal and exact justice for your crimes. And finally, let me entreat you, if you are not lost to every sentiment of humanity, to desist from your criminal vagabond traffic and betake yourselves to some honest calling for a livelihood, that you may yet become virtuous, useful citizens and entitled to the respect of a Christian community. If you persist in this way, your ruin is certain, and you will receive, as you deserve, the execration of mankind. You may think that the sentence of the court is harsh and unjustly severe, but the court assures you that, compared with your crimes and the desolation you have already brought upon the community, it is mild in the extreme."

INTEMPERANCE.

A Broken-Hearted Wife Whose Husband Has Become Like an Untamed Beast.

Not many years ago a young man of the highest promise and bearing an honored name, his profession being that of a lawyer, united in marriage with one of the loveliest of her sex. Every one present at the wedding feast remarked: "What a brilliant future." Nothing seemed wanting to complete his worldly bliss. But, alas! intemperance came like a thief in the night time (for he was a secret drinker at first) and robbed him of his honor, his eloquence, and gradually transformed him into a fiend, and his beautiful wife, with disguised fear, watched and waited for the coming of her lost loved one, striving by every skillful device imaginable to shield him from the unfeeling world. Only a few days ago, I received a letter (we were schoolmates) written by her own hand, and her words of intense suffering and despair haunt me:

"My friend, my heart is broken. My once kind husband is no longer a man of feeling. His actions remind me of an untamed beast in our little poverty-stricken home. What shall I do, oh! what shall I do?"

Ah! Men in their daily walks of life know but very little in regard to the worst features of intemperance. It is the poor wife who must witness its horrors and endure its curse.

Look at the young men of to-day, wearing the flushed cheek. Notice, too, their nervous, unsteady hand and observe their watery eyes—a sufficient proof of the use of intoxicating liquors, which is slowly but surely doing its deadly work.

Statistics show that the amount of mortality among persons of intemperate habits is ten times greater than that of the temperate community. But the persuasive voice of temptation has only to be heard: "Come, boys, let us take a drink." Ah! young man, pause in your downward course.—*Louise Euler, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

At one of the stations on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad recently an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage-car and said: "Is there anything for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks the baggage-master rolled out a keg of whisky. "Anything more?" asked the wet grocer. "Yes," said the baggage-man, "there's a gravestone that goes with that liquor." The countenance of the whisky man assumed a wraithy but thoughtful appearance, the door was shut with a slam and the train moved on.—*Union Signal.*

FRANCE is waking up to the Temperance reform. Its frugal people are made paupers at altogether too rapid a rate by the cafes and cabarets, which average one to each one hundred and five people throughout the country.—*Union Signal.*

THE Cologne *Gazette* says that 10,000 persons die every year in Germany by delirium tremens.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The room in which Patti was divorced was that wherein she was married in 1868.

—Victor Hugo spent his first earnings as an autnor in buying a cashmere shawl for his wife.

—Mrs. Langtry, the actress, is said to pay her husband a monthly salary for keeping away from her.

—General S. W. Crawford, one of the three surviving officers of the garrison at Fort Sumpter, has completed a book of political and military reminiscences.

—John C. Fremont, now seventy-two, says that he camped where Chicago is, where Minneapolis is, and where Salt Lake City is before there was a house at either place.

—Santa Anna's widow, a bright and chatty little body, full of reminiscences of her husband and his times, is still living in the City of Mexico. She was married to him at the early age of thirteen years.

—Jennie White, whose death at the age of one hundred and twenty-two is announced from St. Joseph, Mo., was a cook for Captain Waterhall, of General Washington's staff, during the revolution.

—Miss Adelaide Rudolph, of Cleveland, O., has been selected by the Board of Regents as the Latin professor at the State University of Kansas. Miss Rudolph is a niece of Mrs. Garfield.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Dr. R. J. Gatling, of Hartford, who invented the famous Gatling gun, is a stout man with a chubby face and a stubby gray beard. His eyes are small and squinty, requiring the use of strong lenses to aid them. The doctor is an enthusiast on the subject of building up the defenses of America.—*Hartford Courant.*

—Captain Richard G. Luce, who died at Vineyard Haven, Mass., recently, was, during his life, at sea 53 months, or nearly twenty-six years. He landed in New Bedford 50,000 barrels of whale oil, 8,000 of sperm oil, and 80,000 pounds of whalebone, and he was called the champion of the whale fishery.—*Boston Journal.*

—It is told of Gabrielli that when she visited Russia in 1765 Catherine wished to engage her services, for which the songstress demanded a salary of five thousand ducats. "Far too much," said the Empress, amazed. "Why, that is more than I pay my field marshals." "Then let your field marshals sing for you," was the swift rejoinder of the singer.

—Olive Logan saw the Princess of Wales with her three daughters driving in Rotten row the other day, and tells the ladies what Alexandra wore. A plain gray Turk satin gown, fitting tightly to the figure, linen collar and cuffs, a white straw bonnet trimmed with black velvet ribbon, a cluster of crimson poppies pinned up by the throat. No shawl or mantle, no diamonds, no jewelry of any sort. The three girls were dressed alike in navy blue cashmere, with red spots, round hats of white straw, trimmed with black velvet and a still red feather.

HUMOROUS.

—The Governor of the State Prison ought to be pined, for a man with six or eight hundred felons on his hand is deserving of sympathy.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—A man in Long Wood, Fla., recently exchanged a weekly paper for a mule. This trade was not so inappropriate as it would seem at first blush. They are both elevators of the human race.—*The Judge.*

—"Are you superstitious, my dear?" said Miss Birdie Meltonnis to a newly-arrived stranger in Austin, to whom she had become engaged. "Not a bit, but why do you ask?" replied the youth. "Nothing, except you are the thirteenth young gentleman to whom I have been engaged."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A man claiming to be a scientist wants some one to bore the earth to prevent its bursing. We have a friend who we think would be able to do it. Up to this time he has devoted all his boring energies to us, and we would be glad to see him try it on the rest of the earth.—*Boston Post.*

—A little boy was told that he must never ask for anything at the table, as it was not good manners to do so. The consequence was that he was frequently overlooked. One day his father said: "Johnny, get me a clean plate for my lettuce." "Take mine, pa; it's clean," and he added, with a sigh: "There hasn't been anything put on it yet."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Bessie, a bit of a blue-eyed girl, was about to go with her aunt to dine at a friend's house. "Don't forget your manners, Bessie," said her mother. "Be sure to say 'yes, sir,' 'no, sir,' and 'yes, ma'am' and 'no ma'am' when any one speaks to you." At the table the first question asked her was: "Bessie, will you have some soup?" "Yes, sir, no, sir, yes, ma'am, no, ma'am," said Bessie, faintly, while everybody burst out laughing.—*Golden Days.*

—Doctor—Have you got the better of the ague yet? Patient—No, sor. Ma'am my wife is as bad as ever, sor. Doctor—Did you get that whisky and quinine I prescribed? Patient—Yis, sor; but it did no good at all, at all. Doctor—That is strange! You took it according to instructions, I suppose? Patient—Yis, sor; ye know a man and his wife are one. Doctor—What has that to do with it? Patient—Well, ye see, sor, bein' as we are one flesh, I took the whisky and gave Biddy the quinine.—*The Whip.*

—"You don't seem to have the slightest knowledge of natural philosophy," growled a man, as the ice-man left a chunk on the sidewalk. With a whole the deuce-do-you-mean expression in his eye, the dispenser of frigid water retorted: "Yes, I do." "Then what do you mean by leaving so small a piece of ice on a red-hot day and such large chunks in cold weather?" "Because I know that heat expands and cold contracts. If I left you a bigger piece to-a morning, before night it would swell so that you couldn't get it in your refrigerator. Good-day."—*Chicago Times.*

A Fastidious Colored Lady.

Mrs. Judge Peterby, of Austin, employs a colored cook named Matilda Snowball, who is a great favorite with the sterner sex, but who is very high-toned, nevertheless.

"Who was that horrid-looking negro I saw prowling about the back yard?" asked Mrs. Peterby, indignantly.

"Dat's a feller I keeps company wid on week-days."

"On week-days?"

"Yes, mum; yer don't s'pose I'd be seen wid sich a bandy-legged, goggle-eyed moke like him on Sundays, does yer? Yer orter see de cullud gemman I keeps company wid on Sundays. You'd be s'prised, yer would."—*Texas Siftings.*