HE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

D CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA.

PROTEST FROM THE BIRDS.

You see that little bluebird, blue as fragment of the sky,
As liquid azure, of a maiden's gentle eye?
If you hear its flute-like carol, each clear vibrating note,
Pour out in bubbling rapture from its melodious throat?

If you see that golden robin, the oriole's scarlet frame,
Flit thro' the dusky wood like a shaft of living flame?
If you hear its sweet voiced anthem as it flitted on its way,
Dropping rich pearls of song in merry roundelay?

And yet those winged darlings that sweep the fields and air,
So joyous in their carols, with plumes so wondrous fair,
Shed up their happy lives and cease their songs to pour,
That Beauty over her brow may wear one witchery more!

A congress of tormented birds in council lately met
That all their cried wrongs before them might be set.
They would beseech mankind to spare them from future woes,
From slaughtered of the innocents, from greed of cruel foes!

There were birds from all the woods and all the fields around,
The rarest of the song-birds, birds with a glory crowned.
The grosbeak and the kingbird, woodpeckers gray and pied,
The sanderling, the grebe and gull, that haunt the water side;

The bunting and the wax wing, the blackbird slash'd with red,
The warbler, the swallow, the jay with crested head.
The ruffed grouse from the woodlands, the piping russet quail—
All birds from hedge and thicket, from orchard and from vale.

They sang their hymns, they pour'd their song in pitiful lament,
They preened their tarnish'd wings, their necks in grief they bent;
In notes of supplication they begged each lovely maid,
Would wind the blood-stained plumes above her foreheads laid.

—*Isaac McLellan, in American Angler.*

JACK'S BREAKFAST.

How It Was Carried Over Until Tea Time.

"What a breakfast I shall eat!" thought Jack Abbott as he turned into Middle Temple Lane, towards the chambers of his old friend and tutor, Goodall. "How I shall cram down the rolls (especially the inside bits); how apologize for one cup more! But Goodall is an excellent old fellow, he won't mind. To be sure, I'm rather late. The rolls will be cold, but any thing will be delicious. If I met a baker I could eat his basket." Jack Abbott was a good-hearted, careless fellow, who had walked that morning from Hendon to breakfast by appointment with his tutor. Arrived at the door of his friend's room he knocks, and the door is opened by Goodall himself, a thin, grizzled personage, in an old great-coat, shaggy eyebrows, and a most bland and benevolent expression of countenance—a sort of Dominie Sampson, an angel of the dusty heaven of book-stalls and the British Museum.

Unfortunately for the hero of our story, this angel of sixty-five, unshaven and with stockings down at the heel, had a memory which could not recollect what had been told him six hours before, much less six days. Accordingly he had finished his breakfast long before his late pupil had presented himself. The angel was also very short-sighted, and in response to Jack Abbott's hearty: "Well, how d'ye do, my dear sir? I'm afraid I'm very late," replied in the blandest tones: "Ah, dear me! I'm very—I beg pardon—pray, who is it I have the pleasure of speaking to?"

"What! don't you recollect me, my dear sir? Jack Abbott. I met you, you know, and was to come and—"

"Oh, Mr. Abbott, is it?" My dear Mr. Abbott, to think I should not see you! And how is the good lady, your mother?"

"Very well, very well indeed, sir;" here Jack glanced at the breakfast-table. "I m quite rejoiced to see that the breakfast-cloth is not removed. I'm horribly late. But don't take any trouble, my good sir. The kettle, I see, is still singing on the hob. I'll cut myself a piece of bread and butter immediately."

"Ah! You have come to breakfast, have you, my kind boy? That is very good of you, very good indeed."

"Ah," thought hungry Jack Abbott, smiling even when he sighed. "How completely he has forgotten the invitation! Thank you, my dear sir, thank you. To tell the truth, I'm very hungry, hungry as a hunter. I walked all the way from Hendon this morning."

"Bless me! Did you indeed? Why, that's a very long way, isn't it? Well, I'll make some fresh tea, and—"

"I beg pardon," interrupted Jack, who in a fury of hunger and thirst was pouring out what tea he could find in the pot, "I can do very well with this,—at any rate to begin with."

"Ah! But I'm sorry to see—what are we to do for milk? I'm afraid I must keep you waiting while I step out for some."

"Don't stir, I beg you!" ejaculated our hero, "don't think of it, my dear sir. I can do very well without milk, I can indeed; I often do without milk."

"Well, indeed, I have met with such instances before, and it's very lucky you do not care for milk, but—well, well! if the sugar-basin isn't empty! I will go out instantly. My hat must be under those pamphlets."

"Don't think of such a thing, pray don't, my dear, sir," cried Jack. "You may think it odd; but sugar, I can assure you, is a thing that I don't at all care for. The bread, my dear sir, the bread is all I require, just that piece."

"Well, sir, you're very good, and very temperate; but now—ah, as for butter I don't believe—"

"Butter!" interrupted our hero in a tone of the greatest scorn, "why, I haven't eaten butter I don't know when. Not a step, sir, not a step. I must make haste, for I've got to lunch with my lawyer and he'll expect me to eat something, and, in fact, I'm so anxious and feel so hurried that I must be off, my good sir, I must indeed."

Jack had made up his mind to seek the nearest coffee-house as fast as possible and there have the heartiest and most luxurious breakfast that could make amends for his disappointment. Being once more out of doors, our hero rushes like a tiger to Fleet street and plunges into the first coffee-house in sight.

"Waiter!"

"Yessir."

"Breakfast immediately. Tea, black and green, and all that."

"Yessir. Eggs and toast, sir?"

"By all means."

"Yessir. Just so, and instantly."

"Yessir. Cold fowl, sir?"

"Precisely, and no delay."

"Yessir. Pickles, sir?"

"Bring all—everything—no, I don't care for pickles, but bring anything you like, and do make haste, my good fellow. Do hurry up! I never was so hungry in my life!"

"Yessir. Directly, sir. Like the paper, sir?"

"Thank you, thank you! Now, for heaven's sake, bring of you—"

"Yessir. Immediately, sir; everything ready, sir."

"Everything ready!" thought Jack. "Beautiful place, it, coffee-house! Fine English place—every thing so snug, so comfortable. Have what you like and no fuss about it. What a breakfast I shall eat! And the paper, too, horrid murder mysterious affair, assassination. Bless me, what horrible things—how very comfortable! Waiter!"

"Yessir. Coming, sir. Directly, sir."

"You've another slice of toast getting ready?"

"Yessir. All right, sir."

"Let the third be thicker, if you please, and the fourth."

Everything is served up hot and rich, eggs, plump ham, huge cold fowl, tempting.

"Glorious moment!" inwardly ejaculated Jack Abbott. He had doubled the paper conveniently so as to read the "Express from Paris," in perfect comfort. Before he had poured out his tea, he was in the act of putting his hand to one of the inner slices of toast when awful visitation! whom should he see passing the window but his friend Goodall. He was coming, of course, to read the papers, and this of all the coffee-houses in the world, was the one he must needs go to! What was to be done? Jack could not hurt anybody's feelings.

There was nothing left for him but to bolt. Accordingly, after hiding his face with his paper until Goodall had taken up another, he rushes out as if a sheriff was after him.

Jack congratulating himself that he had neither been seen by Goodall nor tasted the breakfast unpaid for, has ordered precisely such a breakfast, has got the same newspaper and seated himself as nearly as possible in the very same place.

"Now," thought he, "I am beyond the reach of chance. Goodall can not read the papers in two coffee-houses. By Jove was ever man so hungry as I am? What a breakfast I shall eat!"

Enter breakfast served as before.

"Glorious moment!" thinks Jack again.

He has got the middle slice of toast in his fingers, precisely as before, when happening to look up he sees the waiter of former coffee-house pop his head in, look him full in the face, and as suddenly withdraw it. Back goes the toast on the plate, up springs poor Abbott to the door, rushes forth for the second time, and makes as fast as he can for a third coffee-house.

"Am I never to breakfast?" thought he. "Nay, breakfast I will. People can't go into three coffee-houses on purpose to go out again. What a breakfast I will eat!"

Jack Abbott after some delay, owing to the fullness of the room, is seated as before. The waiter has "pressired" to their mutual satisfaction, the toast is done, eggs plump, ham huge, etc., etc.

Unluckily three pair of eyes were observing him all the while, to wit: the waiter's of the first tavern, the waiter's of the second and the landlord's of the third. They were now resolving upon a course of action. Jack was in the very agonies of hunger. "By Hercules, what a breakfast I will, shall, must and have certainly got to eat! I could not have stood it any longer. Now, now, now is the glorious moment of moments." Jack took up a slice of the toast and—with a strange look of misgiving laid it down again.

"I'm blessed if he's touched it after all," said waiter the first. "Well, this beats every thing!"

"He's a precious rascal, depend on't," says the landlord. "We'll nab him. Let us go to the door."

"I'll be hanged if he ain't going to bolt again!" said the second waiter.

"Search his pockets," said the landlord, excitedly. "Three breakfasts and not one eaten!"

"What a villain!" said the first waiter.

By this time all the people in the coffee-house had crowded into the room, and a plentiful mob had gathered at the door.

"Here's a chap that's had three breakfasts this morning," exclaimed the landlord.

"Three breakfasts!" cried a dry looking man in spectacles, "how could he possibly do that?"

"I didn't say he'd eaten them. I said he'd ordered them and didn't eat them. Three breakfasts in three different houses, I tell you. He's been to my house, and to this man's house, and to this man's, and we've searched him and he hasn't a penny in his pockets."

"That's 1," cried Jack, who had vainly attempted to make himself heard. "That's the very reason."

"What's the very reason?" inquired the gentleman in spectacles.

"Why, I was shocked to find, just now, that I had left my purse at home in the hurry of coming out, and—"

"Oh, oh," cried the laughing audience, "there's the policeman. He'll settle him."

"But how does that explain the other two breakfasts?" asked the gentleman.

"Not at all," said Jack.

"Impudent rascal!" said the landlord.

"I mean," said he, "that that doesn't explain it, but I can explain it."

"Well, leave it," said the gentleman, holding the angry landlord, who had meanwhile given our hero in charge.

"Don't lay hands on me," cried Jack. "I'll go quietly, if you let me alone, but just let me explain."

"Hear him, hear him!" cried the spectators, "and with his pockets!"

Here Jack gave a rapid statement of the events of the morning. This only excited laughter and derision, and our hero was hustled off, and in two minutes found himself in a crowded police office.

A considerable delay took place before the landlord's charge could be heard.

"Agony of expectation," groaned poor Jack. "I'll have bread and butter when I breakfast, not toast, it's more hearty, and besides you get it sooner, and eat. O tables both, O thick slices, O tea, when shall I have breakfast?"

The case is at length brought on.

"Well, now, you sir. Mr What's your name," quoth the magistrate, "what is the wonderful explanation of this very extraordinary habit of taking three breakfasts, eh? You seem very cool about it."

"Sir," answered our hero, "it is out of no disrespect to you that I am cool. You may well be surprised at the circumstances under which I find myself, but in addressing a gentleman and a man of understanding, I have no doubt he will discover a verdict in any statement which has occasioned eyes less discerning." So Jack gave an account of the whole matter, and the upshot of it was that the magistrate not only proceeded to throw the greatest ridicule on the charge, but gave Jack a note to the nearest coffee-house, desiring the tavern-keeper to furnish the gentleman with a breakfast at his expense, and explaining the reason why.

With abundance of acknowledgements, and in raptures at the now certain approach of the bread and butter, Jack made his way to the tavern. "At last I have the!" cried he, internally. "O, most ingenious of meals, what breakfast I shall have! Never was a breakfast so intensified!"

Jack Abbott, with the note in his hand, arrived at the tavern, went up the steps, hurried through the passage. Every inch of the way was full of hope and bliss, when, lo! whom should he light on but the other landlord whom he had just left in the court-room, detailing his version of the story to the new landlord, and evidently poisoning his mind with every syllable. Raging with hunger as he was, Jack could not stand this. With a despair for which he could find no words, he turned away in the direction of his lawyer's. "Now, the lawyer," quoth he, solilo-quizing, "was an intimate friend of my father's, so intimate that if he offers me breakfast I can accept it, and of course he will. I shall plainly tell him that I order breakfast to lunch, in short, that I have made up my mind to have it, even if I have to wait until dinner-time or tea-time, and he will laugh, and we shall be jolly, and I shall get something to eat at last. Exquisite moment! What a breakfast I shall eat!"

The lawyer, Mr. Pallinson, occupied a good large house, with the marks of plenty on it. Jack hailed the sight of the blazing fire in the kitchen. "Delicious spot!" thought he, "kettle, pantry, and all that. Hope there is milk left, and bread and butter. What slices I will eat!"

But Jack unfortunately rang the bell of the office instead of the house, and found himself among a parcel of clerks. Mr. Pallinson was out, was not expected home until evening. Jack in desperation stated his case. No result, but, "Very strange, sir," from one of the clerks. No Mrs. Pallinson existed to whom he might apply, so blushing and stammering "Good-morning," Jack found himself out again in the wide world of pavement and houses. The clerks had told him that Mr. Pallinson always dined at the Mendal coffee-house when away on special business, and towards it our hero turned his melancholy steps, determined to wait there for him. "Ah," thought Jack, with a sigh, "five o'clock isn't far off, and then I'm certain. What a breakfast I shall have when it does come! At length five o'clock strikes, and at the same time enters Mr. Pallinson. He was a brisk, good-natured man, who greeted Jack heartily. "Here, John, plates for two! You'll dine, of course, with your father's old friend." Jack's heart felt at home with this cordiality, and he at once entered into the history of his morning. The good and merry lawyer, who understood a joke, entered heartily and with great bursts of laughter, into Jack's whim of still having his breakfast, and it was accordingly brought up, with an explanation to the waiter that "this friend here had got up so late, and kept such fashionable hours that he must needs breakfast while he himself was dining. And so," said the shrewd attorney, as the waiter was respectfully bowing himself out, "no harm's done and now peg away." Jack did not wait for a second bidding. The bread and butter was at last actually before him, not so thick as he had fondly pictured it, but as the waiter had turned his back three slices could be rolled into one. This arrangement was accordingly made, the mouth was ready to swallow—enter Mr. Goodall.

"Breakfast is abolished for me," thought Jack, laying down the bread and butter, "there's no such thing. Henceforth I will not attempt it."

The lawyer and Mr. Goodall were well known to each other, but what had brought him thither was a confused story. He had somehow heard of a Mr Abbott having ordered three breakfasts, and having been taken to jail. He had followed him up from place to place till he found him in the tavern.

"I m very glad, sir, to find you so comfortably situated, after the story that hallow-thed fellow of a waiter told me at the coffee-house. But don't let me interrupt your tea, I beg of you!"

"Like most of innocent, I'm yes," though our hero, "the thinnest I m at sea!" He plunged again at the bread and butter, and was really breakfasting. "I beg your pardon," he said with his mouth full, "I'm eating a 3rd breakfast, but may I trouble you for that loaf? These slices are very thin, and I m so ravenously hungry." Jack doubled his thin slices, he took huge bites, he spoiled his tea, as he had sworn he would; he had eggs on one side of him, ham on the other, his friend before him, and was as happy as a prince escaped from a foreign land; and when he had at length finished, talking and laughing all the while, or hearing talk and laughter, he pushed the breakfast-cup aside, and chuckled to himself. "I've had it! Breakfast hath been mine! And now, my dear Mr Pallinson, I'll take a glass of your port!"—*Leigh Hunt, in Old Response.*

A TOUGH RACE.

That Is What a Fly Young Man Calls the French Canadians.

"One of the curious traits about those French Canadians," said a fly man yesterday, "is the fact that they never die of old age. Some seventeen years ago a couple of us were working a Great Western train, and we bet a Frenchman out of fifteen dollars on the three-and-minute racket. He was a little, old, wizened-up specimen, seeming to be all of seventy-five years old, and he didn't get the game through his head before we jumped the train at a small station. The other day I was coming to Detroit from the East, and when the train stopped at St Thomas I got out to stretch my legs. I had scarcely touched the platform when somebody grasped me and a voice cried out:

"'He is da man! He lost me out of fifteen dollair!'

"I looked around to find that same old Frenchman hanging to my arm. I couldn't see that he had changed a particle in looks or grown older by a day.

"'I want me fifteen dollaire!' he shouted as he danced around. 'Dis time he throw one, two, three card, and he take ma fifteen dollaire and keep!'

"I tried to dress it out, but it was no go, and the result was that I had to fork over the money. He stood there as the train moved off, and shaking his fist at me he shouted:

"'Ah! I forgot! You doan't pay me no interest on dat fifteen dollaire for seventeen yaares! I see you again—mebbe seventeen yaares more!'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

JUST AS WELL.

How the Gensing Family Managed to Do Without a Hired Girl.

"My dear," said Mrs. Gensing, addressing her husband at the breakfast table, "I am going to discharge the hired girl, for she does not do anything to please me."

"Well, I hope you won't discharge her until we get another girl to take her place."

"Yes, I will and you'll see that we get along just as well. I am going to do her work myself. Now, don't you say a word for I'm going to do it."

Mr. Gensing said nothing, for, to tell the truth, the economical idea pleased him, but the next morning he could not see his wife get up and make fires so he made them. Then he brought water, and milked the cow, in fact discharged nearly all the duties of the hired girl.

"My dear," Gensing's wife said a few days later, "I told you that we could get along just as well without a hired girl. What's the use of wasting money? Now we are getting along just as well as can be without a word of complaint. You have never given me credit for what I can do. Say, George, before you go down town I wish you would bring in some wood and a couple of buckets of water, and, if you are not in too much of a hurry you may wipe the dishes for me."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A New Fabric.

Goods are made to a considerable extent in Saxony from a textile fiber obtained from the needles of the fir tree. The needles, young and green, are dried, and subjected to a settling and fermenting process similar to that in use for flax, which softens the woody parts and loosens them from the fiber, though the complete separation is only obtained after a lengthy boiling by steam. During this boiling a by-product appears, called fir-wood oil, which is similar to turpentine. The fiber is passed through a milling machine like those used for woolen cloth, and is carded and spun like cotton. Generally the carded fiber is mixed with a certain proportion of cotton or wool, and thus a kind of merino yarn is produced, which is worked in the hosiery frames into singlets, drawers, stockings, &c., these fabrics being then sold as anti-rheumatics and as a preventive of gout.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The County Commissioners of Grant County, New Mexico, have published a card in the *Southwest Sentinel* offering $250 reward to "any citizen of said county for each and every hostile renegade Apache killed by such citizen, on presentation to said board of the scalp of such Indian."

ARCTIC RELICS.

New Mementos of Polar Expeditions Taken to England by a Whaler.

When Captain Fairweather of the Arctic whaler Terra Nova made his vessel fast to the edge of the floe in Prince Regent's Inlet in June last he was very much surprised by a visit from a number of Esquimaux who were clad in duck trousers, serge and woolen shirts, big pilot overcoats and English caps. They had entirely discarded the usual Esquimaux trappings, and it was evident that they had found the treasure trove left behind by some Arctic travelers. It did not take the captain long to ascertain that they had plundered the depots made by the Franklin search expedition some thirteen years ago on Beechey Island, which was the Arctic headquarters of the many search parties that entered the archipelago north of the continent by way of Lancaster Sound. It was found later that they had stripped the Beechey Island depots of every thing that would be of service to white men in the desolate regions.

It was the opinion of these Esquimaux, a little farther south, who, in their ignorance, destroyed so many priceless relics of Franklin's ill fated party, relics which were of no earthly use to them, and which they could easily have bartered for enough tobacco and other little luxuries to last them half a century. Captain Fairweather met his party of natives just in time to save some very interesting documents in tin cases which the Esquimaux thought would serve them admirably as wadding for their guns. As it was, the captain obtained the records of every ship that had visited Beechey Island, except two, from Belcher's search expedition of 1852-54. The earliest records detailed the many vain endeavors of the party to find the Erebus and Terror and their unfortunate crews, and the disasters which befell even the search expeditions itself. These records, and some other interesting relics of the famous search in which over twenty ships and hundreds of men were engaged, Captain Fairweather brought home to Dundee, and he sold the natives to enjoy the tobacco, rum and other booty with which they had fallen their sledges at the Beechey Island depots.

England, Germany, Holland and the United States all possess interesting collections of relics of polar expeditions that become famous through their achievements or misfortunes. Almost every article belonging to the Jeannette expedition found by the various search parties along the Lena river has been brought home. They include even the boat with rudely carved letters that marked the place where Erickson's body was buried in the Lena, and also articles of clothing worn by De Long and his comrades when their bodies were found. A number of these relics are temporarily in the care of Mr. William Bradford, the artist, and they were recently exhibited in a Brooklyn store window. Among them were De Long's large Bible, Dr. Ambler's case of surgical implements, and some very interesting plants and flowers gathered and pressed by one of Greely's men around their station at Lady Franklin Bay.

The two most interesting collections of Arctic relics are the remains of the Franklin expedition gradually gathered together during many years and now in an English museum, and the Barents relics now exhibited at the Hague, which were recovered a few years ago after lying for nearly three centuries in the rude house at the north end of Novaja Zemlia, where Barents and his men spent the long winter night "in great cold, poverty, misery and grief." Many of these articles, over two hundred in number, were already well known through the graphic narrative of De Goer, the historian of the expedition, and they are exhibited in a room which is arranged to represent, as nearly as possible, the interior of the Arctic hut as it is represented in the picture De Goer made of it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

DISCIPLINING CHILDREN.

Necessity of the Adaptation of Forces to a Child's Nature.

Firmness and consideration are cardinal principles in disciplining children. Firmness is necessary at the earliest age. In all the care and management of a child much thought should be exercised. At a very early age a child will take advantage of a weak mother. At the same time it is not strength to make a set of rules and compel children to obey them as if all children were made alike, but watch a child closely, find out what are its natural tendencies, and adapt to them the few rules necessary to their needs. If it is natural for a child to want its food at certain intervals, then feed it regularly according to its natural demands, and so on through the various things in which a child must be trained. By careful observation a mother can soon learn a child's necessities and make its life regular without friction.

The secret of good discipline lies in adaptation of forces to the nature of the child. Consideration of peculiarities must be made even in very young children. Seldom two children can be governed in the same way, and it is a duty of parents to study their individualities, otherwise there is no discipline, but the care given aggravates evil tendencies in them. There can be no doubt that much of the naughtiness in children is unintentionally taught, or developed in them. When grown people are so far from perfect, it seems unfair that every apparent fault of the child should be made so much of, and many times what seems wrong in a child is only a natural act under the exciting conditions, and if we take time to examine the matter we shall be more just. Injustice and weakness in parents make sad havoc with children's characters. There is a strong latent force in children which we must strive to control; we can not change its nature, but by strength and patience and thoughtfulness we may guide it.

Over-discipline is as harmful as the lack of discipline. It may be worse, for if a child is let alone there is a chance for a natural development for good, but if a child is continually prodded with rules and directions, it may grow rebellious, the obstacles are exposed and the raw feelings are irritated. Many a time by too willing we create dangers we unwittingly foresee in providing something that the child will do thoughtlessly, and can only refrain from doing by constant selfe-denial, and often the thing forbidden is of little importance compared with the train of evils the prohibition introduces. When the child has disobeyed it is punished, the next time it disobeys it receives little or a fearful and unusual punishment. Children are morally and physically weak, and the great object is so to govern to prevent this weakness from becoming a large element in their character. A thoughtless, wrong act is not so bad as willful disobedience. We may give a child many opportunities to do wrong in the thoughtless way. It does not follow that because a mother sees every many of the small misdemeanors in a child's life that she is without law of order. The strength of her authority is needed for the more important occasions. Let a child revolve in its own orbit, without a court of orders, replace it within little disturbance as possible. It will live its own life in spite of every thing, and it is the duty of parents to see that the surroundings surrounding it are conducive to a healthy and pure growth, and that the fruitly truth is thus unobtrusively imparted be made and its every became possible.—*Good Manners.*

ANATOMICAL FACTS.

Marvelous Excursions Made by a Variety of Useful Articles.

We are constantly seeing in the daily papers reports of marvelous escapes in the railway system made by pennies and other articles of legal tender stumbled through either in their pockets or elsewhere. As a rule these are little to generalizations, to those which affords a margin for the imagination of writers of fiction for the Lotharian of the newspaper. The following are some facts—under well-attested facts that have come under our personal observation, and which are prepared to submit for their authenticity. The possibility of any of the parties mentioned will be furnished to any incredulous reader on application.

Nerves Smith, an aged resident of Sangan County, Iowa, when a boy ran a needle into his third foot. The needle soon caused him no serious inconvenience and was forgotten. A few days ago Nerves felt a severe pain in his left wrist, and, when an incision was made, much to his astonishment, a piece of needle worked their way to the outer world. The needles were twenty-one in number and were to all appearance perfect. Mr. Smyrne will exhibit the needles to all who are curious in the direct.

Miss Samantha Adams, of Adams, Adams County, Mass., two years ago swallowed a campaign lie. She thought little of the matter at the time, but a few days ago, she was seized with violent convulsions. The family physician was called and finally extracted from the lady's right arm a copy of a campaign paper dated October, 1884.

Jeloraphat Jackstraw, of Tuftstown, Me., on the 16th of January last, accidentally swallowed a calendar with slips bearing poetical selections to mark each day in the year. The slips failed to agree with him, and he has not been feeling well for some time. On the 14th inst., he exhibited symptoms of poisoning. A stomach pump was brought into requisition and the calendar was brought to light. Strange to say the slips had been torn off leaving that marking the date of the extraction, March 15. Mr. Jackstraw says he is unable to account for this phenomenon.

Little Willie Perkins, son of the postmaster at Perkinsville, Nebr., swallowed a dollar two years ago, and, day before yesterday, he extracted from his left ear a dollar and twelve cents, the twelve cents being interest on the dollar at six per cent per annum. Little Willie is now "kicking" because he did not receive interest at a higher rate.—*The Rambler.*

A GREAT WRONG.

Why the Alderman Looked with Disgust Upon a Former Friend.

Two men talking in the street. "That man," said one, pointing to a passer-by, "did me a great wrong once."

"Why, I thought that he was a man of integrity. How did he wrong you?"

"Well he and I were candidates for alderman, and he withdrew in my favor."

"I should think that he attempted to befriend you."

"But he did not. He used his influence and elected me."

"Was that wrong?"

"Well, yes. I had not been in the council very long until he tried to bribe me."

"You don't say so. That was wrong."

"Yes, but making me a proposition was not the worst wrong."

"It wasn't?"

"No."

"What was then?"

"Why, he backed out."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Between New York and the Gulf of Mexico there are only four natural entrances to harbors where the depth at mean low water is over sixteen feet, while the largest ships draw from twenty-six to twenty-eight and one-half feet.

—The Canadian Minister of Marine reports 520 light-house stations in the dominion. At the time of the union there were only nine such.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Proper methods of cultivation will render poor lands productive and keep them so in the end.—*Georgia Journal.*

—All experience [illegible] the farmer who has enough land which can be cultivated by horse power and neglects to raise a root crop, fails to live up to his privileges.—*Exchange.*

—Don't put [illegible] in your pocket, [illegible] Try to have something [illegible] Keep your tools and implements [illegible] Bring [illegible] farm.—*Farmer.*

—It [illegible] farming [illegible] is not that of making [illegible] which [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the