

RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA.

A NEGLECTED GRAVE.

Neglected grave: how soon forgot!
A blackened stone, rank grass, dead leaves,
A narrow mound that ne'er receives
A fond attention, mark the spot:
Where one whose name no carving shows,
Lies wrapp'd in mortal's last repose.

Up yonder hill, years gone apace,
A funeral cortege crept—tears fell
From kindred eyes; a mournful knell
Announced an end to life's swift race.
And now, all those who sorrowed then
In endless peace are here again.

What care the dead if selfish aims
Afford no time for long respect?
If stately shaft or cold neglect
Extol or slight their empty names?
Alas! their usefulness is o'er,
The busy world needs them no more.

But do not we, whose beings thrill
With buoyant life and sturdy powers,
Keep bright the hope in solemn hours
That, when our throbbing hearts are still,
Some faithful friend shall ever keep
A loving vigil o'er our sleep?
—Howard M. Holt in *Lett's Weekly*.

A CLEVER WOMAN.

Her Shrewd and Successful Financial Operation.

It was nearly twelve o'clock on a bright spring morning. Yet Colonel Punter was still busily employed in his bachelor rooms in Piccadilly. The Colonel was a fresh-complexioned, somewhat portly man, of about fifty years of age, with grizzled hair and mustache and a vigor of eye and form, which, although he had retired, gave ample evidence that he was blessed with plenty of strength and energy, and would be quite ready for hard service should his country require it of him. On this morning he was correcting the proofs of a pamphlet that was shortly to appear, entitled "The Proper Formations in Savage Warfare." This pamphlet was looked forward to in military circles with a good deal of interest, for Colonel Punter was a very well-known man, and was highly thought of as a scientific soldier. He had been at work on these proofs for two hours, and had just made up his mind that it was time to walk down to his club, when his servant entered the room, and, presenting a card, said that the lady would be very much obliged if Colonel Punter would grant her an interview.

"Certainly," said the Colonel; then glancing at the card he muttered to himself: "Mrs. Verner—I can't remember ever to have heard the name before. I wonder what she wants." Then being a kindly and courteous man, he went to his writing desk, pushed the proofs away, and took up the newspaper, so that he might not appear to have been interrupted at work. Scarcely had he completed his little maneuver when the door opened and a lady, well but quietly dressed, was shown into the room. She was tall and graceful, and wore a heavy veil, which, however, on the servant's retiring, she threw back, and, holding out her hands, advanced with a smile, saying:

"I am afraid, Colonel Punter, you will have forgotten me."

The Colonel was quite equal to the occasion, and returned her greeting cordially, racking his brains in the meantime to think where he could have seen that beautiful, sad face before. It was the face of a woman about thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little more, with dark hair and eyes, and an indefinable expression of mirth beneath its sadness, indicating, as it seemed, a lightness of heart which the troubles of the world might have dimmed but could not obliterate. Observing, apparently, the Colonel's somewhat puzzled expression, she continued, gayly:

"I see that, as I expected, I shall have to help your memory. Don't you remember Miss Maud Mervyn, when you were quartered at Dover more than twenty years ago? Why, Colonel Punter, you had just got your company then, and we used to dance together at the Dover balls."

"Give me a moment, Mrs. Verner," he replied; "twenty years is a long time for an old man's memory to go back in a flash."

"Now, don't deny it," continued she, laughing. "I see you don't remember me, but I am not at all offended, for, indeed, how should you? I was a slip of a girl then, and you were, if you will allow me to say so, a man of somewhere about thirty. I, no doubt, was an infinitely insignificant person to you then, as, on the other hand, you were a very important person to me. But you see, I am obliged to plead our old acquaintance, Colonel Punter, as it is my only excuse for the liberty I have taken in calling on you."

"Excuse of any kind is quite unnecessary," said the Colonel, with a slight bow and smile.

"It is very kind of you to say so," she replied; "and when you have heard my sad story I think you will give me the advice which I have come to ask of you."

"If it is a subject on which I am at all qualified to speak," said he, "I shall be most happy."

"I think it is decidedly your subject, Colonel Punter," she replied, "for it is about my son, who is in the army, that I wish to ask your advice."

"Your son—in the army?" exclaimed the Colonel, with an inflexion of voice that was decidedly complimentary to the youthfulness of her appearance. May I ask his regiment?"

"The Sixtieth Lancers," repeated the Colonel. "Why, Mrs. Verner, I know your son. His commanding officer is an old friend of mine, and I have a slight acquaintance with the whole regiment."

"This is very singular and very lucky," said she. "As you know my poor boy's regiment, I think you will be better able to understand and advise on the troubles and difficulties I am in regarding him. Will you let me tell you my sad story from the beginning, or shall I be boring you?"

"Oh, pray, don't think so for a moment, Mrs. Verner," said the Colonel; and he would have liked to add: "Nothing you could say would bore me," but felt it would be unuseful to the occasion.

"Well," she continued with a sigh, "my married life was a short and not a happy one. My husband's health was always bad, and for this reason we had to reside abroad. When we had been married two years my husband died and left me alone in the world with an infant boy. She pined and seemed lost for a moment in sad memories, while the Colonel glanced sympathetically at her, but thought well to say nothing.

"Well," she continued, "during the last twenty years I have lived almost entirely abroad, but I sent my boy to be educated at Eton, and about two years ago he obtained a commission in the Sixtieth Lancers. Words can not tell what a comfort and joy my son has been to me during my lonely widowhood—I have been so proud of all his school triumphs, I have always been his confidante when he got into trouble. You see, Colonel Punter, I am sadly constrained to use the past tense, for I am grieved to say that since

he entered the army his manner to me has gradually changed, until now, when I do see him, which is not often, he who used to be all frankness and love is all coldness and reserve—and if this goes on it will break my heart."

Here she fairly gave a way and covered her face with her hands. Colonel Punter's soft heart was always much perturbed at the sight of a woman's tears. So he kept murmuring in his most soothing accents:

"Pray, madam, pray, calm yourself. I am sure I will do all I can to help you."

In a few minutes she recovered herself and said:

"You must excuse my breaking down. I know it always vexes a man to see a woman's tears. But I will promise not to do so again, and I dare say you are wondering what you can do to help me in this matter. Well, the fact is, I want to know the worst. I have heard rumors about my son which make me shudder whenever I think of them. I hear that he has given himself out in the regiment as the son of rich people who live abroad, and that he is living in most extravagant style, whereas it is, in truth, with considerable difficulty that his moderate allowance is regularly paid."

"Young scoundrel!" ejaculated the Colonel. Then remembering that a son must never be abused by his mother, added: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Verner, but for the moment my indignation got the better of me. Besides, these reports are, perhaps, not true. I do not know the affairs of the junior members of the corps sufficiently well to be able to give an opinion on the subject."

"Oh, I quite understand that; but do tell me what course I had better take," she said, glancing appealingly at him. "How am I, a helpless woman, to find out whether these dreadful reports are true or not? And yet I feel that I must know the truth or go mad."

After a pause, during which the Colonel was evidently lost in thought, he replied: "Mrs. Verner, I promised to do the best I could for you, and I will. I am going down to Aldershot in a few days, and I shall there see Colonel Thompson; from him I will ascertain what reputation for wealth your son has in the regiment. I admit I don't much like the detective part of the business, but I feel that it is a sacred duty to protect a lady in your sad position."

"Oh, how kind of you, Colonel Punter!" she exclaimed. "This is more than I had any right to expect that you would do for me. But, O, let me beg of you not to expose my son if these rumors should be true, and if it is convenient to you, let us arrange to meet here at this time on this day week."

The time was quite convenient to Mrs. Verner, and, with many apologies for the liberty she had taken in calling to ask his advice, she departed.

On his journey down to Aldershot the next morning Colonel Punter thought of a good deal about his fair visitor of the day before and her troubles. He heaped, moreover, many hard words on the head of young Verner (for, of course, he supposed him, at any rate, partially guilty). "Selfish young rascals, all the lot of them," said he to himself; "they don't mind a straw how much trouble they bring on their relations, if only they can indulge themselves, and such a charming woman, too!" And then he went off into a reverie, in the midst of which he found himself speculating as to whether a man of his age was absolutely and irrevocably too old to marry without making himself look like a fool; and as the train arrived at Aldershot he had just come to the conclusion that there was a good deal to be said on both sides.

As he was evening he saw Colonel Thompson, and, in the course of conversation, managed to ask his questions about young Verner, and found out that, according to the Colonel Thompson, Verner was the son of a rich merchant in Singapore, and that his people had not been in England for many years.

"Yes, thank you," said Colonel Punter. "I thought I heard of his people in England, but I suppose I must be mistaken," and when he changed the subject. He happened, however, just before mess (he was a guest of the regiment that night), to meet Verner by himself, and he suddenly resolved, in spite of the widow's request, to say a few words to him. So stepping forward and addressing the young man in a somewhat constrained voice, he said: "Would you mind taking a turn with me, as there are a few things I should like to speak to you about?"

"I shall be most happy, Colonel Punter," said the young man, wondering what on earth the old boy had to say to him.

No sooner were they well out of earshot than the Colonel turned short on his companion, and said sternly: "I saw your mother in town yesterday," and then pointed to watch the crushing effect of his words. But no crushing effect was visible; on the contrary, Verner answered in accents of mild surprise:

"You must be thinking of some one else, sir; my mother is in Singapore."

"No, I am not thinking of anybody else," said the Colonel, still more sternly; and then added: "So you are going to brazen it out, are you?"

"Brazen what out?" said the young man, apparently thoughtfully puzzled.

"You know very well," said the Colonel; "and if you don't, you soon will." Then he turned on his heel and walked off.

Young Verner stood for a moment looking after him; then walked away, laughing heartily.

At mess that night he was heard to say to a brother officer: "You know old Punter, who's here to-night?"

"Yes," replied the other. "I know him pretty well. What about him?"

"He was in India a good deal, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Well!"

"Did he ever get a touch of the sun?"

"Dare say he did; most people do out there."

"Well, if he did, it has affected his brain—poor old boy!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that the gallant Colonel may have his lucid intervals, but when he met me just before mess, he was as mad as a hatter."

"How mad?"

"Well, he told me that he had met my mother yesterday in London."

"She's at Singapore, isn't she?"

"Yes, and has been for the last twenty years, and so I told him."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said he saw I was going to brazen it out. I said, 'Brazen out what?' and he retorted, with a scowl, that would have frightened an elephant, that I knew very well. Then he turned and walked off. I could not help laughing at the poor old fellow at the time, he was so desperately serious about it all. However, the sun may do the same for me some day, and I really pity him, for he's a very good chap when he's all right."

"O, a capital fellow," replied the other, "and can tell a very good story. It's really very sad. I suppose it must have been a

touch of the sun, though I never heard of his being odd before."

"He seems all right now, any way," said Verner, looking up the table where Colonel Punter was sitting.

"O, yes, he's all right now. I'll tell you what, Verner: I have an explanation. The old boy came down from town by a midday train, and I dare say missed his lunch, and what you took for madman was only a fellow very much in want of his dinner." And the two young men laughingly changed the subject.

A few days after this the Colonel was back in town, and found himself dreading considerably the coming interview with the widow. He would have to confirm her worst fears, he was afraid; also, that there would be a scene, and he did not like the idea of it at all. He felt, moreover, that he must appear in the light of a bearer of bad news—a melancholy character which he did not by any means wish to assume in Mrs. Verner's eyes. "However," thought he, "I shall at any rate have an opportunity afterward of playing the part of comforter and adviser." And this reflection seemed to cause him a good deal of satisfaction. It will be seen, therefore, that the Colonel had been somewhat taken to (to use the word which he employed in confessing it to himself), or smitten with Mrs. Verner on the one occasion on which he had seen her, and during the few days that intervened between his return to town and the day on which they had appointed to have their second meeting, he found himself constantly regarding that future date with the mixed feelings which have been described above.

The appointed day and hour found Colonel Punter seated in his room trying to read the paper, but in reality waiting a little nervously for Mrs. Verner. She did not keep him long. On entering the room she looked keenly at the Colonel, and, advancing quickly, said in rapid, anxious accents:

"O, Colonel Punter, don't keep me in suspense; is it true?" Then seeing his blank look, she cried out: "It is, and he is dishonored." Then she sank into a chair and burst into tears. This the Colonel had prepared himself for; so in his most winning accents he implored her to compose herself. This in a few minutes she partially succeeded in doing, and immediately proceeded to cross-examine him as to what he had found out and done at Aldershot; how there was no doubt in the regiment as to young Verner's being the son of rich people at Singapore; how the Colonel himself had told him so, and how he (Colonel Punter) had in a fit of indignation spoken to the young man himself. For this she mildly upbraided him, and he did his best to appease her; and the Colonel depicted her wrath and pleaded sudden impulse. When the story was finished she rose, and, smiling sadly through her tears, said:

"I don't know how I can sufficiently thank you for your kindness to me, Colonel Punter. You have indeed been a true friend, and I should like above all things, if you will allow me, to ask your advice as to what I had better do in this sad matter; but, indeed, I feel quite incapable of doing so on this occasion. Hearing that these terrible reports are true, as you have seen, upset me very much, and I think I had better go home now; but if you will allow me to fix a future interview by note, when I feel less unequal to the effort, you will add one more to your many kindnesses."

The Colonel very readily consented, and in another moment she was gone, and with her, so it seemed to our gallant friend, all light and beauty departed from the room. From that moment, too, though he would hardly have confessed it to himself, he began looking forward to the day when he should see that note upon his table.

A fortnight had elapsed since the interview above detailed, but Colonel Punter had not yet received the expected note. He had not given up hope, but still he was undoubtedly depressed, and, whether it was an effort to throw off this dejection which had induced him to accompany his friend Captain Jones to the Variety Theater, or whether impelled by fate, or for whatever reason, we will not stop to inquire, but at any rate in that theater, and comfortably ensconced in two stalls, sat Colonel Punter and Captain Jones on this evening, some of the events of which are about to be related.

The curtain had just fallen on the first act, and the house, till at that moment wrapped in a gloomy silence, suddenly lit up. Then, as if by common consent, every man, woman, and child in that great audience, with a want of manners that would be permissible nowhere else, but which is quite conventional between the acts of a play, commenced, with or without opera glasses, to scrutinize his or her neighbor. For a few seconds the Colonel had a discussion with his friend as to whether there was time for a cigarette between the acts. This was promptly decided in the negative, and both officers, grasping their glasses, proceeded to join in the general applause.

With a calmness born of long habit, Colonel Punter was sweeping the house, when suddenly his arm dropped and his gaze became intently fixed on the occupants of a box on the right of the stage; these consisted of two gentlemen and a lady, and the lady was Mrs. Verner. On this point he had no doubt whatever, though he looked at her with ever-increasing surprise, for she was in very full evening dress, and was extensively bejeweled. She was, moreover, at this moment talking and laughing loudly, not to say to the greatest of her companions, both of whom the Colonel mentally and unhesitatingly pronounced to be cads. At this juncture Mrs. Verner, turning her head suddenly, caught sight of Colonel Punter staring at her from the stalls; the moment their eyes met he bowed, and she also bowed slightly and smiled; then, turning to her companions, she seemed, from their uproarious laughter, to be telling them a more than usually good story. Captain Jones had observed the mutual recognition pass between his friend and the lady in the box, and was greatly astonished. He said, "do you know her? You don't mean to say that you have had to go to the Hebrews, like younger men?"

"Yes, I know her. But what on earth do you mean by asking whether I've been going to the Hebrews?"

"Well, I think it was a very natural question, under the circumstances."

"I don't know what you are talking about. Who do you think that lady is, then?"

"I don't think it at all, Colonel. I know that she's Mrs. Hart Moss, the female representative of one of the biggest money-lending firms in London, and she's a very good hand at the business."

Colonel Punter made no reply, but became plunged in a deep and apparently distressing reverie, for he clenched his fist and almost ground his teeth, until he attracted the attention of Captain Jones, who had, in the meantime, been nodding recognitions to some people of his acquaintance.

"Why, Colonel," said he, "what's the matter? The sight of that Mrs. Moss seems to have disagreed with you awfully. Who did you mistake her for?"

"It has disagreed with me," said the Colonel, grimly, "but I see it all now. What you say, Jones, is quite true; she is a very good hand at her business." Then suddenly his countenance brightened somewhat, and he added:

"Come and have something at the club after the play, and if you will swear secrecy, I will tell you the whole story."

And he did tell Captain Jones every detail, finishing the narrative with these words: "So you see she made a regular catspaw of me, in order to find out if Verner was worth powder and shot. I suppose, as his people live abroad, she found difficulties in the ordinary methods of procedure."

"I expect that you're about right, Colonel. By Jove! she's had the audacity, though, to wonder she had the audacity, though," said our gallant friend, his anger boiling up again for a moment. "Why, I might make the whole matter public."

"She knew you wouldn't, though."

"And she's quite right," said the Colonel, "for I won't."—*Corahill Magazine*.

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SIDE-TRACKED IN LIFE.

Why Young People Should Study Their Own Aptitudes.

A Boston paper lately published a number of interviews with men who had become "side-tracked" in life.

By this is meant men, though willing to work, yet were unable to find anything congenial to do.

They were men who had somehow got out of the current of the great forces in which the world is moving, and were stranded, as it were, like helpless hulks along the sands of time. There are more such men and women in every community than most people imagine.

Perhaps the most numerous class of men who get side-tracked are those who start in life in an occupation for which they have no natural aptitude. There are thousands of farmer boys who never should remain on the farm—the loud protestations of the agricultural press to the contrary notwithstanding. There are, doubtless, men who make a life business of stirring the soil when they ought to be stirring the Senate; and on the contrary, perhaps, there are men who are trying to stir the Senate who ought to be stirring the soil. Good business men are frequently spoiled to make poor preachers; and there are many large and heavy lawyers who would make ideal blacksmiths; and there are some slender and unsuccessful blacksmiths with the keen logical brain and the shrewd masterful mind of the lawyer. Such men are side-tracked for life, unless there is some great event crosses their track, such as crossed the track of Grant the teamster, or Cromwell the country squire. But no doubt there are many Grants who always team, and many Cromwells who never leave the farm. There are many men who start out in life, like hunters, on the wrong trail. They never bring down their game because their game has gone in another direction. They are like fishermen, who bob for cod in a trout brook, or start a-whaling on an inland pond.

There are some men who are side-tracked for life at their very birth. They are born into a mesh of circumstances from which there is no extrication. Of course it is easy enough to say that a man, like water, will always find his level; but it is hard for water to rise plumb with its fountain-head when confined in an underground pipe. It would have been difficult for Shakespeare to assert his claim to immortality if he had been born in Patagonia, and we would never have heard of Plato if he had first seen the light in Scythia. To say nothing of the hereditary influences that mold the unborn man, the environment of the young human's infancy usually shapes and directs his destiny, so irrevocably that only men of the strongest will and the toughest mental and physical fiber can ever counteract the impetus that is given them in childhood. To be sure there are a few who

Burst their birth's invidious bar,
And grasp the skirts of happy chance,
And break the blows of circumstance,
But grapple with their evil star.

but men of such heroic breed are always so few that they are perpetually a source of special wonder.

The lesson that young people should gain from all this is the importance of studying their own aptitudes. In choosing a profession do not consult your egotism, but your personal fitness; and if the surroundings of your birth are unfavorable to your fullest development, overcome them as much as possible by the indomitable stubbornness of your own will. To do this, learn to think for yourself as early an age as possible, and you will soon learn that a man well entrenched within himself is able to rise above the repressions and contracting force of circumstances. Above all things do not get side-tracked at the start.—*Yankee Blade*.

Farming as a Business.

There are some among our readers who, we fear, think farming an exceedingly profitable business, and that any one can make money at it. This is a great mistake, as many have found to their sorrow. We do not wish to mislead any one by giving results of crops obtained under peculiarly favorable circumstances. Farming, like every other calling, has its advantages and its disadvantages. When properly conducted, it will yield a good living, and possibly something more. No one should expect to get rich suddenly in this business. It is a healthful, and in many respects independent and pleasant employment, and one worthy the attention of men of brains. It is not now true, if it ever was, that every dunce can get a better living by farming than by any other occupation. We do not wish to discourage those who are thinking of farming for a life-work, nor, on the other hand, are we willing to glorify it so as to mislead. It is our desire to impress upon all our farmer friends the importance of so conducting their business as to secure the very best results.—*Congregationalist*.

—Fried Parsnips: Wash and scrape the parsnips and boil them until very tender, cut them lengthwise, sprinkle a little pepper, salt and sugar over them, dredge with flour on both sides and fry a light brown.

CHARITY IN CHINA.

How Food is Dispensed to the Poor and Needy of Peking.

On the first day of the tenth moon (15th of November) the winter charities are opened in Peking for the dispensing of food. When the cold season is further advanced the distribution of clothing is made and the almshouses become filled. Two of our reporters recently made a tour of inspection among the charities in the south city of Peking. All the institutions visited were supported by imperial bounty. The first one reached was a porridge kitchen, a little east of the great central city gate Ch'ien Men. The "granary rice" was already cooked and waiting hot in the great wooden tubs usually found in such places; but although it was nine o'clock none of the poor people had arrived. The explanation of this unusual lateness is that at a place half a mile away they were drawing the rations of good millet porridge first. The granary rice is of bad quality, and the people much prefer the millet. The second place visited was one where sound millet porridge was served, and there men, women and children to the number of 1,200 were waiting in great rooms or barracks on the distribution of the food. It soon began. Two files marched out simultaneously, men on one side, women and children on the other, each person carrying a vessel of some kind into which with great expedition a dipper of hot millet porridge was ladled. Most of the recipients returned to their homes to eat, but many homeless ones found quiet places in wood-yards and sunny corners of the streets to finish up the millet while hot, and then go to the place where the rice already mentioned was waiting for them. At the third place visited the dispensing was already over, only five hundred applicants having presented themselves to-day, most of them, as usual, being women and children.

This was one of the departments of branches of a large and extensive charity under the title "Hundred Goodnesses." The functionary in charge informed us that several thousand sometimes were fed. A few steps further on were the free schools of this same charity, and still further to the west at a short distance the winter's lodgings known as "The Warm Quarters." This is appropriated for women and children, fifty or sixty of whom had already arrived. They receive porridge of millet and granary rice twice a day, on which they subsist during the winter. The "warm quarters" number eight in the south city, and were opened about ten years ago in addition to the regular official almshouses. The administration of the charity leaves little to be desired, many thousands of poor people being housed, fed and clothed during the winter in a perfectly efficient manner.—*Chinese Times*.

CHEAP FUEL GAS.

A Valuable Invention Perfected by a Pittsburgh Syndicate.

For eighteen months and over Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., after associating with himself the most skilled gas and engineering experts, has been endeavoring to solve the problem of manufacturing fuel gas. Associated with him, among others, were S. T. Wellman and T. Goetz. These gentlemen now announce the entire success of their labors, and recently gave a public exhibition of the fuel gas they are making at the Fuel Gas and Electric Engineering Company's works. The problem these gentlemen had to unravel was by no means an easy one. It was, briefly summed up, to discover how to manufacture a maximum amount of fuel gas having a high heating power, from a single ton of any class of coal, with a minimum loss during process of manufacture, of the total heat limits originally contained in coal.

The obstacles which had rendered all former inventions for this purpose useless were many. They each required a special character of coal; too great a proportion of the coal was consumed in gasification, and too little converted into gas; the manufactured gas was odorless, and consequently dangerous, the amount of incombustible gas contained was so great as to render pipeline transportation expensive.

The process of manufacture employed by the new company is quite simple. The coal or illuminating gas is first driven out of the gas, the coke, which is an essential part of the process, being then used either alone or with raw coal to produce generator gas, but of a much higher efficiency than other gases. Ordinary water gas is made from the coke not used. These gaseous products are then mixed and form the ultimate product of the process in its entirety.

The mechanical appliances employed, although new and elaborate in design, are so simple in operation that a plant capable of manufacturing 1,000,000 cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours can be operated by three men and a boy, with alternate shifts of twelve hours each. The low cost at which this gas can be manufactured renders it a substantial rival to natural gas, and will prove of immense advantage to Pittsburgh. Should the natural supply run out, fuel gas could be manufactured at prices to enable local manufacturers to maintain their supremacy.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

—Lady Clare Vere De Vere," said Queen Victoria to one of the ladies of the royal household the other day, "hand me the morning paper. It contains my speech in Parliament yesterday, and I have not yet read it. I have a woman's curiosity to know what I said on that occasion."—*Norristown Herald*.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Why are women extravagant in clothes? Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

—The man who wants the earth, my son, is the very man the earth doesn't want.—*Burdett*.

—The girl who thinks she ought to marry no one lower than a Baron, generally compromises upon a Count R. Hopper.

—He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named the baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

—A comely figure in a woman has its charms. But it is the incomely figure that influences the average wife-hunter.—*Philadelphia Call*.

—Goliath of Gath was a big man, but that didn't kill him; it was his big consent that brot him face to face with death.—*Toronto Trip*.

—Women know about as much about politics as men do about making a chain stitch tidy. The difference is that men keep still about the tidy.

—I live for those who love me," says a Philadelphia poet. If he is like most amateur poets, then, he hasn't much to live for.—*Somerville Journal*.

—It is all both about women being afraid to tell their age. The trouble is that people are afraid to ask 'em, and perhaps it is safer not to.—*Danville Breeze*.

—Look here, Jones, I understand you called me a blooming jacks last night." That is incorrect, Smithers, I didn't use the word 'blooming.' "Ah, that's all right, then. Shake, old fellow."—*Philadelphia Times*.

—"I'll teach you to play pitch-and-toss," shouted an enraged father. "I'll flog you for an hour, I will." "Father," instantly replied the incorrigible, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing!"—*Boston Globe*.

—Oma's dame—"Didn't you know before your marriage that the man you loved had contracted the liquor habit?" Neglected wife—"Yes, I knew he had contracted the habit, and if it had only staid contracted I should not have complained, but after marriage the habit expanded."—*Oma's World*.

—A Western school-ma'am has become famous by getting all her pupils out of the school-house while a blizzard was in progress. Some day she may succeed in keeping them all in school while a circus procession is passing, and then her name will go down in history.

—It is stated that over five thousand pianos are ruined every year in this country by sudden changes of temperature. When this fact becomes generally known, the American people will be cheerfully reconciled to sudden changes of temperature—and some will regret that the sudden changes are not more sudden and frequent.—*Norristown Herald*.

—An old man was on the witness-stand and was being cross-examined by a lawyer. "You say you are a doctor, sir." "Yes, sir; yes, sir." "What kind of a doctor?" "I makes 'intment, sir. I makes 'intment, sir." "What's your ointment good for?" "It's good to rub on the head to strengthen the mind." "What effect would it have if you were to rub some of it on my head?" "None at all, sir, none at all. We have to have something to start with."—*Coscord (N. H.) Monitor*.

A JAPANESE GENESIS.

The Oriental Story of the Creation of the Mundane Sphere.

In the beginning all things were in chaos. Heaven and earth were not separated. The world floated in the cosmic mass like a fish in the water, or the yolk in an egg. The ethereal matter sublimed and formed the heavens, while the residuum formed the present earth, from the mold of which a germ sprouted and became a self-animating being, from which sprang all the gods.

On the floating bridge of heaven appeared a man and woman of celestial origin. The male plunged his jeweled spear into the unstable waters beneath them, and withdrawing it, the trickling drops formed an island upon which they descended.

The creative pair, divine man and woman, designing to make this island the pillar for a continent, separated, the male to the left, the female to the right, to make a journey around the island. When they met the woman spoke first, saying: "How joyful to meet a lovely man!"

The man, offended that the first use of the tongue had been by a woman, demanded that the journey be repeated, after which he cried out exultingly: "How joyful to meet a lovely woman."

Thus ensued the proper subjection; and this, according to the ancient idea of Japan, was the origin of the human race and the art of love.—*Oceana Monthly*.

Virginia's Old Powder Horn.

The old "Powder Horn," an historical building at Williamsburg, Va., is in danger of falling in from neglect and decay. It was built by Sir Alexander Spotswood, Governor of the colony, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, to store supplies in. But its greatest interest arises from the fact that it was the building in which the colonial ammunition was stored in 1775. Lord Dunmore seized the ammunition and moved it on board a man-of-war, the result being "the first gathering of an armed force in the colony in opposition to royal authority." In later years the building was used as a market, church and stable. It was bought of the city authorities in 1866, and its present owner should not allow so interesting a relic of the times that tried men's souls to be destroyed.—*Springfield Republican*.