

# RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. G. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

## MEMORIAL DAY.

Far down midst Southern mountains  
Where lonely pine-trees stand,  
And where the silvery mist-like mists  
Have laid its soft gray hand,  
Where through the silent forest  
No voice or echoes, save  
The sweet wild song of birds that throng  
There lies a soldier's grave.

And no stony tells the story,  
And no words tell his name,  
And in the list of battles fought  
He bears no share of fame.  
His was the soldier's spirit  
To do and dare and die,  
But not for him in the forest dim  
The shout of victory.

"Died on the march," the saddest  
Words that comrades write,  
As brave a soldier, though, as he,  
Who in the front rank fights;  
For him no drums are muffled,  
Nor pomp, nor funeral signs,  
But comrades tried who marched beside  
Laid him beneath the pines.

When he, through all the country,  
Honor the soldier dead,  
And wreaths of choicest flowers are brought  
And words of praise are said—  
Far off amid the mountains  
Who marks the grave so lone?  
Will no one make for soldier's sake  
A wreath—a prayer—not one?

Ah, yes! for tender Nature  
Loves well to mark the spot,  
And over all that lonely mound  
She strews forget-me-not—  
She laces with what true courage  
His fresh young life he gave,  
And flowers whose eyes reflect the skies  
Each year sends to his grave.

What matter if that soldier  
Did wear the Blue or Gray,  
For brave and strong must be the heart  
That gives its life away?  
Not theirs alone the glory  
Who share the battle's din,  
A hero he who valiantly  
Meets death through others win.

While we with martial music  
Honor the soldier's name,  
Unfold the flag and deck the graves  
Of those who earned its fame,  
On many lonely hill-sides,  
By forest, vale and sea,  
There Nature brings her offerings  
That none unmarked may be.  
—Ada Stevens Shelton, in Springfield, (Mass.)  
Republican.

## REUNITED.

### Story of a Man's Repentance and a Woman's Forgiveness.

During the autumn of '86, the weather was remarkably pleasant all over the Western States till the middle of the month of November. Up to that time men worked out of doors in their shirt-sleeves, and women continued to wear sun-bonnets just as in midsummer. But the 16th dawned cold and gray, and the wind, which is always stiff in this section of the country, was sharp and keen. Still nobody expected a storm of very great severity, as a raw, cloudy day is not infrequent at this season of the year, and just as frequently it comes and goes unheeded, save to cause one to put on an extra garment for the day and lay it aside again on the morrow when the sun shines out brightly as ever. But then, one in this slushy West ever does expect a storm till it comes and finds them unprepared. Some way the idea that the writers are not going to be severe and don't open up till late is so fixed in the brain of the average settler that he wouldn't be ready for cold weather if he didn't begin till the following season, and when it comes and finds them napping—oh, what a rustling there is to "fix things up a little for the cold snap. 'Done, declare!' who'd 'a thought winter'd a set in right away so soon!"

The more shiftless never make any provision for their cattle during the severe weather unless it be a straw stack for them to stand against in case of a blizzard. At other times they are expected to rustle their living on the buffalo grass. This is a short, woolly growth which is popularly believed to contain an oily, nutritious substance for the animals. Many of the poor creatures die of starvation, and those which do manage to pull through are so poor by spring that it takes three of them standing together to cast a respectable shadow.

On this particular day, it did not clear off as was expected; on the contrary the clouds became denser as the day wore on, the wind rose to a perfect gale, and toward night a sleety rain set in.

"It's going to be a bad night, mother. What will we do with Cherry's calf?" "Won't do to let it stand out," said Julian Ashley, coming from the stable where he had been "doing the chores," just at nightfall on the memorable 16th.

"We'll have to put it in the back room in the hen-house till we can get a place fixed," replied the mother. "I'll come and help."

There are usually exceptions to a rule, and Mrs. Ashley was the exception to the general rule of shiftlessness in her neighborhood. Her neighbors claimed that this was due to her pocket-book being better filled than theirs; but when did laziness ever fail to invent an excuse behind which to screen itself? The fact of her purse being longer than theirs was due to her providing food and shelter for her stock—which is the greatest source of revenue on a claim—thus increasing the profit and doing away with the losses which impoverished her neighbors.

The calf having been induced with many a "hook bossie," "Buzzy there," and an occasional twist of its caudal appendage, to enter the dark hen-house and allow itself to be tied to the center-post, Mrs. Ashley took a final survey of the animals in the sheds and stables to see that all were as comfortable as they could be under the circumstances, then she and Julian each carried in a scuttle of coal, closed the door and pulled the rug before it to keep the cold from coming in at the bottom.

The house was a long, low structure, as sod houses usually are, and was half "dug-out." It like the out-buildings, was better than the generality. It contained three rooms, and not only had board floors, but they were carpeted and the walls were papered. It also had a single roof which, much as it may astonish those who live out my Eastern friends, is a luxury not enjoyed by the common herd of homesteaders. A board roof with sod laid over it to keep out the rain is considered fine, but people who go to the extent of sporting shingle roofs on their dwellings are considered "way up," in Western parlance.

The houses are usually covered in this wise. A ridge-log is laid from one end wall to the other, supported in the center by a log with a crotch on the upper end, standing perpendicularly. Small poles are then placed at a distance of two feet apart, one end of each resting upon a side wall, the other upon the ridge-log. This constitutes the frame work. Willows are then laid thickly across the poles, a layer of buffalo-

sod, added, and the entire roof covered with dirt a foot thick.

Board floors are another luxury not enjoyed by the majority, "dirt floors" being the rule. That is, the earth enclosed within the four walls is leveled down as smoothly as possible with a spade, and considered quite good enough. It is no uncommon occurrence to see a man who owns hundreds of heads of cattle and three or four sections of land living in sod houses—or even "dug-outs" sometimes with dirt roofs and dirt floors—buildings which Eastern farmers would not consider fit to winter stock in. This being the usual style of living among the pioneers of Nebraska, of course when Mrs. Ashley took a claim and fixed it up so much better than the surrounding ones, it was no wonder that she was at once set apart by her neighbors as being "too finished for any thing."

Perhaps it was owing to this, or it may have been because she never encouraged familiarity with her neighbors, that she had not a single intimate acquaintance among them, after living in the vicinity over five years. She had made proof on a pre-emption at the end of the first six months of her residence there and had immediately placed a homestead filing on a quarter section adjacent to her tree-claim. That she had considerable stock and was making money was all any of her neighbors knew of her. Even the people whom she hired to do her work knew nothing more, except that she was never backward or afraid of putting her own shoulder to the wheel when work was pressing.

She had a boy, twelve years of age at the time of which we write, and a girl three years younger. To any inquiries concerning her husband, she invariably replied: "I lost him many years ago."

"Heart disease," replied the lady, while a grim smile rested on her face, as she went outside and closed the door to end the conversation.

She was a handsome woman, not over thirty-one or two years of age, and several of the bachelors of the vicinity had made advances with a view to matrimony, all of which were politely, but firmly, repulsed. She always declared she was opposed to second marriages. The truth of the matter was that, owing to a sad experience, she did not have much faith in men, or in marriage of any kind, whether second or first.

She had passed her girlhood in a country village in the vicinity of Chillicothe, Ohio, and at seventeen had become engaged to Ashley Winthrop, a rising young lawyer of that city. Her acquaintances thought she had married extremely well—but she hadn't. She had become acquainted with young Winthrop while he was rusticated in the village. She, being the belle there, he engaged her in what he at first intended to be a flirtation; but before he knew it he was more interested in her than he had intended, and when it came time to leave, some way it was so easy to ask permission to come back for her some time. She seemed to look as long for some such proposal, too, and he could not but acknowledge to himself that she had a right to do so, after their intimacy. Yet he had never meant things to go so far, and knew that it was not for the best. She was too thoroughly a country girl to bear transplanting to the city. She was not the sort of woman he had always looked forward to marrying, yet so proud was he of what he termed his "honor," that galling as the bondage would be to him, he would not make a clean breast of it, and end matters between them. So they were married and went to Chillicothe to live. If her unassuming country ways annoyed him before, when there was no one but himself to note them, how much more so now that all his friends could witness them. She soon learned that her husband was ashamed of her, and this made matters even worse, for she tried to please him by affecting the fine lady, and made a miserable failure of it.

To a man of domestic tastes only she would have proven a treasure. Her house was the best ordered, and her table the most daintily unsurpassed. But her husband overlooked her virtues entirely, in contemplating what he considered her deficiencies. He avoided taking her out with him whenever it was possible, and made both himself and his wife miserable.

When they were married five years, Mr. Winthrop was elected to the Legislature, and, of course, never offered to take his wife to Columbus with him when he went, which was a bad move for both. Having no one to look after, and no one to look after him, he had too much time for getting into mischief. At the same hotel at which he was stopping a Senator from a northern district was also boarding, accompanied by his daughter.

It is hardly likely that a man so tenacious of his honor that he would fulfill a distasteful contract of marriage for his sake, would willfully withhold the fact of his marriage and enter into a flirtation; so, perhaps, the opportunity for disclosing the fact never presented itself. However that may have been, certain it is that Ashley Winthrop soon began to seek the society of Senator Soak's daughter, Louise, and acknowledge to himself that, if he were free, he would be the woman he would choose for a wife.

And the girl? Why, she was flattered by the evident interest and admiration of the bright young member from Chillicothe; enjoyed his society at first, and later on—why will women be such fools!—proceeded to fall head and ears in love with him without so much as trying to find out any thing about his past life. Her father, also, rather encouraged the intimacy, taking it for granted that a young man whose fellow-citizens recognized his talents to elect him to the legislature must be all right. "I'll prove, by the way, that men are not always as acute as they ought to be, either."

No mutual agreement as to the state of their hearts was arrived at in so many words, but each knew the other's feelings intuitively. The only reference made to the subject was in parting. Then, as Ashley held her hand and noted her look of regret at the separation, he said earnestly: "Much as I have enjoyed your society, I trust we may never meet again."

"Why?" she asked, opening her eyes wide in pained surprise.

"Because—oh, Louise! Can't you understand why? I've been a fool—aye, worse than that!"

"I don't understand," she said huskily, as a feeling of foreboding crept over her heart. "I can't explain it. I could not face you and acknowledge my own villainy."

Just then others entered the room and they parted without further explanation. When he came home again he was more than ever dissatisfied with his wife, and seriously thought of committing suicide to end his misery—never dreaming that he was one of the most favored mortals on whom the sun shone if he had only been sensible enough to realize it. He considered that he owed Louise an explanation, besides he longed to write to her and perhaps receive a reply, anyway; so he wrote a long account of his former courtship, his unhappy marriage, present miserable state increased by his ardent affection for her, and ended by describing the obstacle to their union as a being utterly devoid of the finer sensibility,

ties, with a soul not aspiring beyond household. He was writing this epistle in his office, and just as he was about to close, who should step in but his wife. He thrust the letter hurriedly into a book and turned with a very embarrassed countenance to greet her. Her suspicions and curiosity were roused at once, and she invented an excuse for sending him out, possessed herself of the letter and read it in his absence, then wrote below his last line:

"No need to send this. The objectionable 'obscure' will be removed by first train to Malvern Crossing. LUCY MALVERN-WINTHROP."

Then placed the letter again where she had found it.

Some women would have fainted, some would have cried, it is safe to say that none out of ten would have made a scene, but Lucy was that tenth one who will suffer and make no sign. She chatted pleasantly for five minutes or more with her husband when he returned, quite as though nothing had happened, then picked up her purchases and started home. When she reached the street, however, her self control began to ebb. She worked off some of her excitement by walking home, as if her life depended on her speed, and when once there, she gathered up what things she had brought when she came there a bride, packed them and her own and her child's clothing, called a dray and had them removed to the depot, and was on her way to Malvern Crossing before her husband had succeeded in getting rid of two clients who had come in as Lucy went out, so as to finish his letter. When at last he was alone again he drew the massive forth, feeling guilty as a thief, as he remembered how near his wife had come to detecting him in his treachery. But when he read her comments at the bottom of the page he was stunned. But he must stop her going. Shame, contrition, fear of scandal all working upon him at once, lent rather a hang-dog appearance to him as he entered his own house. Every thing was topsy-turvy for the first time since he was married. He began to realize too late at least one of his wife's virtues. Finding her gone, he took the next train in pursuit and found her in her father's parlor, and there made his confession and promises to never do so again—without avail, however. After hearing him through and listening to his petition that she return to him, she said scornfully:

"Not for worlds!"

"Not if you could offer her a kingdom should she return to you, you rascal!" exclaimed her father. "Ain't you a pretty specimen of mankind, leaving your wife at home and galvating round the country making mashes on other women? I am able and willing to support my daughter, and the sooner you get out of my house the better. And, mind you, don't show your face here again. Vamoos!"

Here he emphasized with his cane in such a manner that his son-in-law thought best to retire.

He waited a week, expecting their anger to cool, then went back again. His father-in-law met him at the gate and threatened to have him arrested if he ever came on his farm again. So he troubled them no more.

Eight months later, Lucy gave birth to a girl, and, with the inconsistency of a woman, named it Louise. Two years later, she was notified of her husband's application for a divorce, and a little later she read of his marriage to "Louise, eldest daughter of Senator Soak." Her father was dead by this time, so she decided to move West. Not wishing ever to know or be known by any former acquaintances, she changed her own and children's name to Ashley, and under this cognomen we find them, several years later, located on a homestead in Western Nebraska, as mentioned in the beginning of our story.

The hired man and girl who worked for Mrs. Ashley, and were brother and sister, had been called away the morning of the day the sick-bed of her father was laid out. Not wishing ever to know or be known by any former acquaintances, she changed her own and children's name to Ashley, and under this cognomen we find them, several years later, located on a homestead in Western Nebraska, as mentioned in the beginning of our story.

The wind howled and the sleet came against the windows with such force it seemed it would break them. Suddenly, in the midst of the roaring, there came a sound just outside the window like the neighing of a horse. They listened, and in a minute it sounded again.

"It must be one of the ponies loose. Something must be wrong at the stables. Light the lantern and we'll go and see," said Mrs. Ashley, putting on her wraps.

When they opened the door and looked out, there stood a buggy with two horses attached, and in the buggy the figure of a man.

"Hello!" called Julian.

No response.

"It's somebody lost in the storm," said the man. "Perhaps he's frozen. It's a good thing I left the curtain up; the ponies must have seen the light and instinct led them to it. Here, let's see if we can lift him."

They got the man into the house, and the ponies stabled as quickly as possible. Then, finding that life was not extinct, they applied all the remedies they had at hand to restore him. By and by he began to show signs of animation, and after a long time opened his eyes. They wandered around in a puzzled manner until they lightened upon Mrs. Ashley's face. Then with a glad cry, the stranger leaned forward.

"Lucy!" he cried. "Is it only a horrible dream?"

"A horribly real dream," she replied, icily, recognizing in the man before her, for the first time, her husband.

"Don't be hard with me, Lucy; I remember now. I deserve every thing harsh, but if you knew all, you would pity and forgive. Believe me, Lucy, I learned too late, what a jewel you were in comparison with any other woman I ever saw."

"About Louise?" questioned Mrs. Ashley.

"Didn't you ever hear? She led me a miserable life, and we quarreled, and she used to fly at me like a mad creature. She finally ran away with a bank cashier. I was sorry that she went, either. I had been drinking and my credit was gone, and I was so down in the world that I didn't care for the disgrace. I've hunted for you ever since, but I had given up all hopes of finding you. I think Providence must have directed me here. I was over by Calbertson looking at a piece of land to lay, and I saw you, and back to McCook, but the blizzard overtook me, and the horses wouldn't face it, so we drifted here. My money, friends and reputation are gone, and I'm going to take a claim and settle down and try again. You must help me to redeem myself, Lucy. I've been a terrible scoundrel, but I've paid dearly for all my misdeeds."

To repeat all that was said by this man and woman, who had once been husband and wife, would fill a volume. The main subject dwelt upon by Ashley Winthrop was a plea for forgiveness and a remembrance. Had he returned in the full tide of prosperity, it is doubtful whether any arguments could have prevailed with Lucy; as it was, however, pity for his misfortune and fallen condition, the knowledge that he needed her to help him in his new start, belief in the sincerity of his repentance, and the thought of her children having a legal guardian in case of her death, whereas, before they would have been left to strangers, all worked in his favor.

The notice of final proof to be made on Mrs. Ashley's homestead entry appeared in

the next issue of the McCook Democrat, and the reunited couple began the new year together, at Akron, Colorado.—From a Y. Cal., in Yankee Blade.

## ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

Indestructible Evidence That Speech Is Not Limited to Man.

The intellectual superiority of civilized man over his savage brethren is due to the multiplicity of his objects of thought, and precisely so it is with the intellectual superiority of the savage man over his Simian ancestors. The actions of all have the same aim—viz., the supplying of the wants of physical nature and the gratifying of the desires aroused in the mind. The old theory that speech was altogether limited to the human race has now to be given up once and for all, for such a statement can not stand against the scientific evidence brought forward to oppose it from all quarters.

Language is but a product of reflection and experience, and originated, in all probability, in interjection or the instinctive expression of the subjective impressions, derived from external nature; and just as the reflective powers of the race were developed and shown more brilliantly as each stage in the evolutionary march of intellect was passed, so did language pass from the simple monosyllabic cries of the lower animals and savage men to the complex dialects of modern civilization; and it is worthy of note that at the present day, or at least very recently, there were races of savage men inhabiting the earth who possessed no proper language at all, and could not, on account of their manner of living, be placed on a higher intellectual level than the higher apes; while we have the authority of the leading philologists of the day in support of the fact that the monosyllabic cries of some of the lower human tribes are well within the grasp of the ape's voice.

Travelers whose veracity and ability can not be impugned have described long conferences held by monkeys where one individual addressed the assembly at great length, fixing the attention of all upon himself and quelling every disturbance by a loud and harsh cry, which was at once recognized and obeyed by the multitude; and we need no traveler to point out to us the many notes of call and recognition possessed by birds of all kinds, who thoroughly well understand each other's expressions, and, moreover, are able to produce quite a string of different notes consecutively, and without any hesitation. In fact, the organ of voice in some of the lower animals far exceeds in power that of some tribes of the human family.

The Euphonia musica of the East Indies can perform the seven notes in the scale; the chaffinch not only sings real songs, but invents them, one of his songs containing as many as five long strophes, while the songs of many savage races of men never run to half that length, and when Cook visited the Fiji archipelago the native women could only sing from la to mi. Asia appears to have been the birthplace of stringed instruments, no Southern tribes ever having been discovered using such musical appliances. We see, therefore, a gradual improvement taking place in vocal apparatus as we rise in the animal scale, which results in speech and song, and, indirectly, in instrumental music of various degrees; and we find fresh proof that there is as wide a difference between the development of civilized European and the savage man as between that of the savage man and his brute ancestry.—Gentleman's Magazine.

## VORACIOUS REPTILES.

Naturalist Buckland Describes How a Python Takes His Dinner.

It is not every one who has seen a python take a meal. It is usually averse to dead food; but it is partial to a live rabbit, or a chicken, or a guinea-pig, or by preference a rat. The python seems to know that the rat will try to escape and he gives it no time or quarter. With a rapidity that can hardly be conceived he seizes the rat with his mouth and the fatal coil passes around the creature, squeezing all the life out of it and reducing the body to the form of an elongated sausage, which the snake lubricates with its own slime and swallows entire. If a fowl is put into a python's cage the snake sometimes seems to take no notice, and the frightened bird, finding that no harm comes to it, begins to ruffle its feathers and to peck about, occasionally trying its beak on the snake's skin. But after awhile the end of the python's tail may be seen to quiver with a strange emotion, whilst the small, black, beady eye is fixed upon the fowl. Suddenly there is a convulsion. The snake has moved and the fowl has disappeared, and can only be discovered by the end of a feather or two protruding from the coils in the python's neck which have crushed the bird's life out. In its natural state the python will catch a deer or a wild pig and crush it in the powerful coils of its neck. There is a well-authenticated story of a large python having caught two wild sucking pigs simultaneously, crushing both with the same coil of its neck. In the case of the python mentioned above, which was killed by the horns of the buck that it had swallowed, the snake must have been able to break all the bones of the body, but the stag's horns were probably too sharp and pointed to be easily crushed, and the snake rashly took the chance of digesting them in its stomach. No stories of a python killing a man ever came to my knowledge, but one of the keepers at the Calcutta Zoological Gardens had his arm much injured one morning by a python coiling itself on it and squeezing it severely before the man could be rescued.—Longman's Magazine.

## HUNTING HIPPOPOTAMI.

How the Young Are Caught by the Agents of Monopole Proprietors.

"I have counted as many as twenty hippopotamus heads in one pool," said Mr. Lohse, "and the river is full of them. Of course, it would be impossible to catch the old ones, but they have to be got out of the way, and the only way to do is to shoot them. I have shot six in one pool in an afternoon. As soon as all the old ones are killed, the hunters—and they are very brave ones who go after hippopotami—harpoon the young through the neck. The neck is very thick and fat, and if the harpoon is skillfully thrown there is no danger of killing the young hippopotamus. A float is fastened to the harpoon by a rope, and when the animal becomes completely exhausted in its efforts to free itself it is drawn gently to the shore by this rope, and secured. It is put into a pen and kept there and fed upon goat's milk until its wound is healed, when it is driven to the serais."

"As I said, the hippopotamus hunters are very courageous and can swim and dive like seals. I lost one of my best men the last trip I made on a hippopotamus hunt. Early one morning we saw a young hippopotamus in the water near the opposite bank of the river. Before I could stop him, Elbib, the chief of my hunters, was in the river and swimming rapidly across to harpoon the animal. He got close to it and had raised his arm to throw the harpoon when he suddenly gave a yell and sank out of sight. A ripple near where he had been told us that he had been dragged under by a crocodile. We had given him up as lost, when he reappeared and made his way to the bank, where he lay down exhausted. His left arm was torn off at the shoulder. I did what I could for the poor fellow but he bled to death that night. He never made a cry, but asked me quietly just before he died to see that his two wives did not suffer from poverty."

Mr. Lohse has also had exciting times hunting the rhinoceros. As with the elephants the young are run down by horsemen until they are exhausted. The baby rhinoceros is then lassoed to a tree until its spirit is broken sufficiently to permit of its being driven to the camp. As in hunting the other animals there is a particular class of trained men who go after the rhinoceros. They must be expert riders, and fully acquainted with the habits of the huge, dangerous beasts they attack.

"An infuriated rhinoceros," said Mr. Lohse, "is literally blind with rage. He puts his head down, and runs in a bee line, knocking down every thing in his way. If there was a stone wall in front of him he would smash right up against it. Some of my Honralu hunters wounded a female rhinoceros one day, when the brute ran off. The men were securing her young when she suddenly stopped and rushed toward them. It was such an unheard-of thing for one of the animals to do, that the hunters were taken completely by surprise. One of them was caught by her horn and thrown high in the air. He dropped to the ground a corpse, for the rhinoceros had disemboweled him.—N. Y. Evening Sun.

## HARD ON THE EYES.

Why Pittsburgh Iron Heaters Are Almost All Near Sighted.

It is a fact that a large percentage of the men employed as heaters in the iron mills of Pittsburgh are more or less troubled with defective vision, the nature of their work compelling them to gaze for protracted periods upon the intensely dazzling light of metal at white heat, which they must be able to distinguish from the flames of burning gas which surround it. Secretary William Martin, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers in Pittsburgh, says that among men who have worked for a few years in the iron mills near-sightedness or weakness of the eyes is almost universal, and advised the reporter to interview a few of the employees of any mill in the city to test this statement.

This was done, resulting in confirmation from half a dozen heaters in one of the largest rolling-mills in the city. The men seen had worked in the iron mills from periods ranging from three to twenty years, and with very slight differences their powers of vision had all been affected in the same manner. They are unable to distinguish small objects at any considerable distance. One was entirely unable to read the print in an ordinary newspaper; another pointed out a clock with a dial a foot in diameter and said he could not see the hands ten feet away. With one the trouble was permanent and unvarying, while another's eyes were restored to their normal condition if he stopped a month. None of them experienced pain, and it does not seem to have occurred to any one that a physician's services were needed. They regard the change that takes place in their eyes as a sort of process of "getting used" to necessary requirements of their trade.

The reporter on looking into one of their blazing heaters could distinguish only a blinding glare, scarcely inferior to the dazzling light of the sun itself. Yet these men must be able to see clearly the white-hot masses of metal through the flames of the gas that is burning all around them. The difficulty of doing this may be compared to that which would be experienced in trying to perceive one bright light through another. Yet the experienced heater does it with as much ease as if the hot iron were so much wood floating in water. They say that no degree of proficiency can be acquired in less than three months' time, and that since the employment of natural gas in the furnaces the difficulty has become much greater and the effect upon the eye more pronounced.—Pittsburgh Letter.

## POINTS FOR LADIES.

Hints and Suggestions Concerning the Latest Dress Novelties.

French percale remains a popular material for serviceable wear in women's undergarments.

French nainsook is the material from which imported French gowns are made.

Imperial lawn, a goods finished like a linen cambrie, is used for matinee sacques and gowns.

The materials used for trimming in hand-made French underwear are real Valenciennes lace and French laces in same patterns.

Small black mantles of Bengaline, silk or embroidered cashmere, trimmed with metallic cord passementeries, are worn with dresses of all kinds.

Corset covers are cut high at the back, with Pompadour front or pointed front, the pointed styles being a feature of the season in all undergarments.

Gloves having wide bands of stitching, in self or contrasting colors, are still in vogue, nevertheless the plain styles are quite as desirable as ever.

For little girls, from three to ten years of age, white muslin frocks are made up of open embroidery in all-over designs to be worn with guimpes.

Short skirts and walking skirts are shown in lawn and nainsook, with trimmings of fine quarter-inch tucks and insertion and borders of embroidery and lace.

Babies just in short clothes wear tiny shoes of embroidered cashmere, white, blue or pink, with bows and two rows of ribbon up the front and tassels on the sides.

Matinees are of surah, nainsooks and various other materials.

Scotch gingham for frocks for even the tiniest girls are chosen in large plaids and wide irregular stripes. Plain colors are also made up for their use.

The new French shapes in gowns are in most instances considerable higher in the neck than last season. The features of the Directoire styles are reproduced in many of the new shapes.

Many polonaise costumes are noted among the spring importations. The polonaise is usually of fine wool, and the skirt of Bengaline or other repped silk.

The first choice in embroideries are those from the French manufacturers, which copy faithfully the patterns and style of needlework.

A novelty in footwear is a house shoe of Russian leather, which may be obtained in both the crimson and tan colors. Some neat examples had small studs of cut steel or bronze on the instep.—N. Y. World.

## AMERICAN WOMEN.

Some of Those Who Cut Quite a Figure in European Politics.

The two most powerful republican statesmen in France are married to American women. Waddington was married to an American woman in England, and Clemenceau was married to a Yankee girl on her native heath. Waddington is the son of English parents, but a native of France and a thorough Frenchman in tastes and instincts. Clemenceau, when he was exiled from his country in the time of the Little Napoleon, settled for awhile in the United States and taught school in Connecticut.

There was a bery of marriageable young girls in his set, and all were engaged to wed but one. He persuaded the one to accept him, and the last engaged was the first to be married. Clemenceau hastened home at the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, fought for his country, and when peace came, he took an active part in politics. He is called an extreme radical in France, but in this country he would pass for a conservative. He is a thorough republican, and is ambitious to plant the main stems of the United States Constitution in France. Mrs. Clemenceau is the head of the house, and has the pleasure of knowing that her husband is one of the most domestic and best regulated men morally in French public life.

Some eminent British politicians, too, are wedded to Americans. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Gladstone's first lieutenant in command of the Liberal party, is married to the daughter of John Lathrop Motley, at one time Minister to England. Harcourt bears the reputation of being gracious to his wife only. He has the ugliest disposition of any man in English public life. He can seldom say a kind word of anybody but his wife when a gruff word will answer as well. In this country he would stand no chance in politics, but in England members of Parliament and public men generally seldom come in contact with the great body of the people. Harcourt can mount a platform and harrow the Tories for hours at a time, and that satisfies his Liberal constituents.

The wife of Thomas Power O'Connor, Mr. Parnell's ablest lieutenant, is also an American, the daughter of the late Judge Paschall, of Texas.—St. Louis Republican.

## How to Manage Manure.

Mr. Waldo F. Brown, a noted Ohio farmer, says it is a common practice to throw the manure from the stable out of a window and allow it to accumulate in a heap against the barn, where it rots the building and often contaminates the air of the stable. Fresh manure should never be left in a conical heap. Probably the best way to manage it is to spread it evenly in an adjoining shed in which stock is kept loose to tramp it. If, however, it is put out of doors it should always be wheeled away from the building and mixed with the cow manure and waste from the straw-stacks.—N. Y. Witness.