# RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA

THAT VICIOUS OLD BUCKET.

How fresh in my mind are the scenes of my As fond resollection presents them to view!

The cow-stall, the pig-pen, the ten cords of fire-And all the tough chores that I had to go

through The weeds in the garden, the stones stubble The errands to run and the white beans

And (when I'd already a surplus of trouble) The bucket that viciously dropped in the well.

The rotten-roped bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The confounded bucket that dropped in the

After trudging all day in the wake of a harrow The team I must water ere getting my grub; Cross, foot-sore and tired clear into the mar-

I'd seize on the windlass to fill up their tub. So downward the bucket demurely meandered; And then, with hard lugging, it "rose from the well:

But ere I could dump it the rope had disbanded, And, spang! to the bottom the 'tarnal thing

The flendish old bucket! the rotten-roped buck-The hundred-ton bucket that dropped in the

well! Then, with grapples and "creepers," and like botherations.

I bent o'er the well like a capital A: And mingling my tears with devout invocations. I sprinkled them down as I angled away. How it caught-and slipped off-and at last

caught securely

I pulled with a joy that my words can not tell: And I hugged, not from love, but to hold it more The mud-covered bucket that rose from the

The slippery old bucket, the rotten-roped buck-

The mud-covered bucket that rose from the

-N. Y. Mail and Express.

#### MIRIAM.

Courage and Faithfulness of Moonshiner's Daughter.

The girl closed the door of the crumbling spring-house. Her expression was alert and expectant-her movements sluggish, almost dilatory; and yet a chilling wind whistled down the holes of the rotten roof, through long gaps and chinks between the wormeaten logs; it tossed her brown hair, crimsoned her pretty cheek, all unheeded. Miriam Sagsby did not feel the northerly gale. Her gaze fastened itself upon the thickets of laurel, sassafras and creeping bramble, where a narrow path, only a few yards away, abruptly disappeared. The spring bubbled out from under a huge rock, behind which ran a deep ravine where sunlight never penetrated the great pines, even at midday. The spot could not have been more widely sombre, but there was a safety in that black abyss, serviceable more than great quid of tobacco oscillated in his cheek. nce within Miriam's memory. Her smile broadened into a pleased laugh as the lapping bushes were pushed aside and a man looked warily about him before quitting their shelter-a man in the rough homespun of a mountaineer, but with the handsome face, soft hands and indescribable aspect of one used to ease and luxury.

"It's you, Dr. Heathe!" she exclaimed in well-feigned surprise. "Who did you think it was, Miriam!" inquired Dr. Heathe, his keen, rapid glance darting with lightning rapidity into every dingy nook and remote shadow. There was something painfully apprehensive in the watchful scrutiny continually in those restless, suspicious eyes, as well as the firm, half-menacing hold upon the rifle always carried or at hand for instant use. "Have

you seen any strangers?" he questioned. "Strangers! How should I! Strangers don't come this a-way, onliest they're arfter

the moonshiners," she laughed. "Don't they!" he said, without echoing the laugh. "There are worse things than

"Last winter when I went down the ridge to Odds Corner to school, the Guy'ment men were arfter the moonshiners, en' they met me one evenin,' whenst I'se a crossin' Diffikil Branch, en' offered me a new dress to show the way to ole Tim Skinner's."

"Did you do it?" and again that sharp glance went off on its perpetual search for secret danger.

"Do it?" she retorted scornfully. "Do you think I'd tell of any body!" "Perhaps you didn't know!"

"But I did know," she triumphantly asserted. "I knew jes' where the 'still' was, en' I knew they were a goin' off that night with a load, but I'd die befo' I'd tell of 'em." "Are you so brave as that, Miriam!" The modulated tone became earnest and anxious; his gaze rested on her fine, glowing face a full minute before it traveled away upon its tireless hunt of something or some one never absent an instant from his mind. "Could you, at the peril of your life, save

men tracked like wild beasts? "If 'twur father, now, I'd like to see 'em catch him while I'm about, onliest father don't have no mo' to do with the free stills. When he did. I kep' him safe, en' give him the signal if ever a stranger prowled the ridge," returned Miram; "but you ain't no

"No, Miriam, not a moonshiner; but would you stand by me in that way, my girl, and are what became of a stranger-"You have been on the ridge six months

terrupted. "No; not a stranger as these people see it," was the half-ironical reply. "But, Miriam, would you care enough to marry me! I mean to stay here in the mountains all my life-spend my days in these pines where no one will ever see me. Does it matter to you

that I don't want any one to see or know of A more vigilant apprehension gathered ander the intensified suspense. She had hesitated and averted herface. The crystal surface of the water at her feet reflected the superb grace and manly beauty of this to him. "Do you think they are hunting for stranger, so unspeakably different from the rugged, sun-hardened habitants of ridge and hollow. The girl turned slowly toward him.

"I know you've got sommut to hide from," she said, quietly; "but for all that, Dr. Heathe, you're better than I am-you're quality bred, and I am only the old moon-

shiner's daughter-" "Hush, Miriam! What does it matter what I was!" he broke is, passionately. "You are too good for me Only say that you will marry me, and care for me, scoundrel that I am," added the man, bitterly.

A dauntless resolution depicted itself upon Miriam's countenance, as she lifted her lustrous eyes and held his shifting glances by the subtle force and fire in their depths. "Yes, I'll marry you, en' stand by you, will hear." too-stand by you en' help you-true en'

daughter. I'l say it en' cromise it, ef so b

The harrassed tension of Heathers coun-

"You have bound yourself to stand by me and love me-I'll hold you to it." "I want you to hold me to it, onliest I want you to do the same by me," she re-

Relinquishing his gun for a moment, he drew her into his arms and kissed her tenderly, then, with a guilty start and involuntary glance around him, released the girl and took up his weapon.

"I'm a scoundrel to ask it," he said, with a forced, angry luagh, ignoring the amending request.

"Mirry! Mirry!" called a shrill voice from

"O, me! That's grandmother! She'll be arfter me in a minute!" and Miriam hurried off up the path. Heathe followed, easily keeping apace with her rapid steps.

"Miriam, shall I inform Ab and your grandmother?" he asked. "You'll marry me when there's a preacher comes to-Oids Corner, don't you call it?"

"Yes; the preacher can come here. Father don't talk, en' grandmother don't go nowhere," Miriam replied, intuitively divining a reservation of doubt and caution under the phrasing of his question.

"Ab can hold his tongue, and there is no one here who cares to hear of me," he remarked reflectively. "Ab is shy of

The girl laughed.

"You need never fault father for talkin' to strangers. You, haven't promised, though, to do good en' faithful by me--But her lover had opened the door, and both

Heathe slung his gun upon two gnarled roots, nailed to a log not over an arm'slength from the seat in the chimney-corner which he invariably occupied. Not once in the six months since he had stopped at the cabin, one dark, rainy night, and asked for shelter, had Dr. Heathe forgotten to hang his firearms within reach, and never had

the restless vigilance of his eyes ceased or rested. His evident desire to shun observation, especially of the "Guy'ment men." commended him to the mountaineer who, in the past, for reasons of his own, had thought best to steer clear of any one who might be a revenue collector in disguise. Ab Sagsby had prefixed "doctor" to the stranger's deep, healthy hues. name. "Danno but he has the bok of a doctor," he had said, and perhaps some innate respect which forbade the familiarity of "John," or even of simple "Heathe," had induced him to adopt "doctor" as an easy way out of a perplexity. Heathe himself made no revelations, only staid on from week to month-abroad all day, but at night a welcome inmate of the cabin. There is no curiosity among the denizens of the mountain ridges in Southwest Virginia. Nobody asked who he was, or why a man like Heathe buried himself in the unknown remoteness of the mountains. The fact of his being under the roof of the wary old moonshiner,

around him, if indeed any thing ever did go "Mirry kin tie ter whomst she pleases," her father said when Heathe, taking advantage of Miriam's absence in the shed, told him of his hopes. "H'it's a good leetle gal es you'll git, en she's a smart gal, Mirry is -h'ain't afreed o' nothin'. She'll stick ter you, spite o' ole Nick hisself, less'n you go back on her: 'twouldn't be overly safe fur you then," and Ab chuckled, while the there are people who are true and can be

Ab Sagsby, was sufficient warranty for abso-

lute oblivion of what might be going on

trusted, though I have never had the good fortune to meet them," replied the stranger, a bitter smile flitting over his countenance. "Jes' so; they be skurce, en' pow'ful good ter come across w'en a shurfen' pack o' Guv'-

menters kem at yo' heels. The gal knows h'it-Mirry knows, she do." The escapes of memory perhaps amused

Ab, now that time had shorn them of danger. The allusion, however, seemed to have something terribly realistic in the picture it limned to the man sitting in the shadow of the chimney-corner, with his gun slung on the rests, in convenient reach. The alert eves involuntarily swent every corner and crevice of the apartment and the visible portion of the shed-room beyond. The intent look of one straining his hearing to catch faintest stir deepened into a pained anxiety.

"You hev' mo' larnin' than we'uns, doctor," resumed Ab, with an abrupt change of manner. "You mebbe wa'n't fotched up like we-uns, en' I'm a-gwine ter say es you mought think yo'sef better'n me en' Mirry

"Miriam is better than I am-that is what I think—and you have been my best friend," interrupted Heathe, speaking hurriedly, a hot impatience, almost desperation in his manner. Old Ab looked pleased.

"Then you won't be 'shamed o' Mirry ur me, whenst you' luck tu'ns, en' you h'an't bleeged ter hug ter the mountings!"

"You are my only friends. There is no turn of luck can help me, no chance whatever that I may wish to quit the mountains," was the deliberate assurance.

"H'it's all right, then. I h'ain't much tried in my mind long o' wher you be foolin' ur no. Mirry's ekil to that ar; h'it's her Abner relapsed into his moody enjoyment

of the huge crackling blaze. Grandmother Sagsby came in, and soon dozed over her knitting. Miriam sat on the hearth opposite Heathe. The firelight glowed over her beautiful face, and the strong, shapely figure. Utter repose and the delightful warmth conduced to that half-drowsy haziness and abandon of perfect rest. The one exception was the stranger. Apparently he never rested. The watchful, listening, wideawake look seemed never beguiled away by any charm whatsoever. Two or three dogs. that slept on the floor near Ab, became somewhat restless. An old hound opened his eyes, and pushed himself nearer the door. The movement was slight and noiseor better-you are not a stranger," she in- less, but Miriam sat up and noted the animal for an instant, then left her seat and stepped slowly past him to the shed-room. The dog followed her into the chilly starlight beyond. Then she stopped short and observed the hound. Lifting his nose high, he sniffed suspiciously and gave a low growl.

"What is it, Miriam?" The girl started. Heathe was beside her. an agony of apprehension in his countenance even as he grasped his gun and held it

ready to fire. "Sommutstrange is around. Leader never mistakes," she whispered, creeping closer

"Yes, I know it. They are on my track at last. They are hunting for me if they are hunting for anybody, but I'll never be taken,

Miriam-never!" "Taken! no. It's not many get taken in the mountings," was tue scornful reply. "Leader'll give tongue time enough; and reme-aber the big hollow tree back o' the clearing-the rope is always there to let you down in it," she directed, in quick, low tone.

"Miriam," he whispered, "don't believe their black story of me-don't believe it. I was there-I saw it-but I didn't do it. I never intended the worst. I can't prove my innocence; but I solemnly tell you. I am innocent of the worst-the very worst you

Miriam laid her hand gently on his arm-

or not. Gs-now: Leader miffs lowerqriet there, Leader-sommit's closer!'

The girl's startled, suppressed voice became suddenly shrill in its terror. Heathe sprang forward with an agile, chamois-like bound and vanished in the pines. The dogs inside the cabin as well as out, set up a simultaneous howl. There was no doubt of an alien presence near at hand. Miriam rushed into the house and fastened the door behind her. "We know he's in there!" shouted a rough

"He's there! Give him up! We're a-goin'

to have him ?" chorused rougher voices. "H'it's better ter let 'em come, Mirry. He's done swrung hisse'f in 'gainst now."

Ab unbarred the door, and, opening it, stepped on the threshold in cool contemplation of the sceno. In tantly a revolver was on each side of his gray head. "What be you after, shurf!" he asked. thrusting him aside. The men outside

rushed rudely past him. "You might as well give him up, Ab," answered the sheriff; "they've tracked him out here, en' it's 'gainst the law ter shulter a crim'nal. I don't want'er 'rest a neighbor

The fellow goes by the name of Heathe." "We've got to search the premises, sheriff," bristled a ferret-faced man, more than usually energetic in his efforts.

The sheriff smiled significantly. "Ef you kin search these 'ere prem'ses why jes' go ahead, Mr. Paxton—course, sir." he dryly responded. "I've followed this Heathe for a year, and

I won't be beat now. There's a reward out for him-dead or alive-so you may as well tell where he is." The man Paxton turned sharply upon

Miriam as he spoke. "Heathe is not his name, neither, miss and I'll make it worth your while to tell o

Miriam heard him in silence, a set, res lute expression upon her face. "You shall have part of the reward-"I don't touch blood money!" she inter cupted, fiercely.

"It don't matter. I'll catch him yet. He's cold-blooded villain—wanted for murder.' "Murder!"

The girl shivered. Her face paled into a

whiteness Ab had never seen blanch its "Murdered an old man for his money They're sure to lynch him if they get their hands on him. Murder and robbery. I'm

certain to nab him sooner or later," added the detective, with the professional gusto of a man who had bagged human game. Miriam listened wearily while they told the terrible tale to Ab. She watched her father narrowly. The quasi moonshines

might condone offenses against the revenue but murder!-she knew that he and a super stitious horror of a man with blood on his "He h'aint fitten ter git off, Mirry," he whispered, while the search went on in the angry thoroughness of threatened discomfiture. "He'll fotch us turrible luck, ef he's

done h'it, en', Mirry, he sha'n't hev you, noways. We'll git inter trouble long o' him ef we don't tell." "Father, I've helped en' stood by you hev'n't I!" asked the girl, a passionate

pleading in every lineament and accent. "True 'nuff, Mirry; you've holped me pow'ful; but 'twur never murder." he rejoined, uneasily. "H'it's no good a-holpin' murder."

says he is innocent, father." 'Innercent! Mayhap he is, en' likely he h'ain't; likely he's jes' a-foolin' wid you, kase he's sartin you'll holp him out'n his

"No, no! I wouldn't do it, either; but he

trouble," shrewdly interposed Ab. "Father, he say he didn't murder-he says so," she repeated; "en' don't you tu'n against us."

"Us! He sha'n't hev you." The girl clung to him in desperate, terrorstricken violence.

"No, I won't never go with him till you give the say so, father," she promised, recklessly. "But he didn't do it-he is innocent, en' I'll hold to him till it comes all

Ab turned away-his wrinkled countenance had grown hard and stern in aspect. He wished he had heard it all before they told Miriam, or before they had come into the house and the girl had reminded him of the time when her vigilance and devotion had stood him in such good stead while "Guv'menters" hunted for the free distil-

Angry and disappointed of the gains for which they served justice, the detectives found the two or three brush-thatched outhouses an infinitesimal shred of the "premises," compared with the black ravine, the dense thickets, the great pine forest stretchaway into untold labyrinths.

"See here," old man, threatened the ferretfaced detective, "you'd do well to tell the truth. We're sure the fellow is here, and we're a-goin' to stay till we catch him, so you might as well own up at once."

"Dunno but I might," acknowledged Ab. "Heathe was here to-day, wasn't he?" questioned the man, in boiling exasperation. "Jes' so, capting; he wur here ter-day." "Thought so. Gim'me the truth, now.

He's here now, ain't he!" Ab tore off a long leaf of tobacco from a home-grown twist, and held it in tempting proximity to his mouth. "Nat'ral 'nuff, capting, of he h'ain't guy

you the slip, he be heah yit." "Confound the fellow, we might a-known by their takin' it so cool that he had vamoosed; curse the whole business!" anazily dropped into a chair before the fire.

His talk was over for the time. The lukewarm sheriff and enraged detectiveriad taken themselves off, down the ridge, some time before Ab said, with a

satisfied chuckle: "Twa'n't no lie es I tole 'em, Mirry. I knowed them pow'ful sharp fellers wouldn't believe h'it; but mind you, gal, you h'ain't got my say so ter tek' no man es commits murder, en' you'll never git h'it, kase he don't mean you right, en' h'it's onlucky." The girl knew her father too well to remonstrate. She knew, too, that Heathe

was only safe while she adhered to her promise not to marry him without Ab's permission. The cold winter tightened its grip, and still an uneasy sense of surveillance and danger hung over them. The old moonshiner's family had once been full of expedient for deluding doubtful visitors. They seemed to come back to Miriam, along with thousands of ingenious devices for the comfort and safety of her lover. All the winter long he was neither seen or heard of at Ab's cabin, but all the winter long neither rain, nor snow, nor raging tempest-the tempest of the mountains-prevented the girl's daily pilgrimage to the hut in the black ravine. Ab would watch her go out in the whirling snow-wreaths, with the basket on her arm, but he never questioned the errand. So the winter dragged its icecold lengths away. The fine frosty flakes of snow betokened a flerce storm coming over the ridge-already it had sifted like white powder into crack and crevice, shutting out the frigid wind roaring savagely among the pines outside, but passing aimost contemptuously the warm, substantial cabin crouching beneath them. The snow deadened faithful, if I am onliest a moonshiner's her face grew tender-her voice soft and all sounds without, the dogs gave no howl thrown open, and with a sweeping gust and the convenient ash barrel. -Judge.

snow two men came in. They were the heriff and a stranger.

"Don't make no stir, Ab!" shouted the sheriff, "It's all right-t'other feller's confessed. Heathe didn't do it. This here's his brother-t'other feller owned up when he'sa-dyin." Ab smiled grimly.

"I wouldn't hev tuk nobody's wu'd for h'it

but your'n, shurf." "Yes; we've kem a-puppose ter git him. the' it's cold es blazes," added the satisfied sheriff. "You see Heathe kem in on em, en' folks knowed thar's bad blood 'twixt 'em, so they pitched on him, en' wouldn't believe nothin' else. 'Twur a clear case against him; but be's innocent, and me'n his brother have kem for him. He's all right now.' "Fotch him, Mirry-h'it's my say so." "You had a close call, young man; they'd

the sheriff said, an hour later, when explanations had been made, and Heathe stood among them, beside his brother, free and in-"I must have had an inevitable and final call this terrible winter but for this true and loving woman," answered Heathe as he looked down into Miriam's lustrous eyes

ev hanged you sure, if they'd caught you,'

nothing to hinder-we will be married tomorrow." And they were. - Leslie's Newspa-

The Ubiquitous Prominent Man and Lead ing Citizen.

THEY ARE EVERYWHERE.

The professional prominent men and leading citizens are, like the poor, always with us. They are ever on benefits upon the human race. No opportunity is suffered to pass for shedding the beams of their influential patronage upon worthy people and worthy projects. They form themselves into citizens' associations, reform clubs, citizens' leagues, taxpayers' unions, and the like, and can be depended upon to respond to ealls upon their time and purses whenever a move is on foot to regulate something. They constitute the reform element in every community, and serve society usefully in this particular, As a latent coniervative force, liable to be summoned into action any moment should occasion arise, they are a genuine factor, more potent, perhaps, when quiescent than when stirred up.

The professional prominent citizen has one vanity, however, which detracts somewhat from his influence and power, and that is the craving to "see condition. his name in the paper" in association prominent citizens. It therefore transpires that when nothing appears in need of being regulated for the moment, a craving for something to do prompts strain a point. It is then that they put their heads together and pass resolusubject of national finances, the tariff, fisheries, internal revenue, internal improvements, or any thing that happens to be uppermost in public thought. They give banquets to distinguished visitors or their fellow-townsmen who made. - N. Y. Sun. may have honors thrust upon them. and read with complacency and selfsatisfaction that passeth understanding accounts of the events in the newspapers the following morning. The warm blood gushes through their weins with pleasurable tingling on such occasions, and they hug themselves as they reflect how much better the world is for

them. The world is better by reason of the interest they take in what is going on about them. On the whole, the professional prominent citizen is a useful person, and he should be cultivated and encouraged within bounds. His vanity came in from their futile search. They had is harmless, and so long as he does not degenerate into a state of perennial boredom he might as well be left free to follow his own sweet will .- Chicago Mail.

## HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.

The Very Latest Imported Style of Artistic Dish-Washing.

The latest summer style of washing dishes is considered, by best mistresses of the art, to be the most successful yet introduced. The point to be attained is, of course, the largest number | carries him at a sweeping trot. usually broken by accident during the

After a private view of one of the last hints to housekeepers:

Collect from the dinner-table glass, sily ware and china of all kinds in grily retorted Paxton; but Ab had and a promiscuous heap on the waiter. the tobacco-leaf safely into his mouth and Stand your dish-pan in the kitchen sink, and from a distance of five feet hurl the articles, several at a time, into it. Much can be accomplished during this stage. Fill the pan to the top, dropping spoons, knives and forks violently into the spaces between china

and glass. Next turn on the hot water, letting it dash suddenly on top of the pile. If this is done properly it will certainly crack a glass or two.

When the pan overflows stir the contents around for five minutes. Your fist, a stick, or a piece of soap on a fork will answer for the purpose.

Then draw the dishes, always two or three together (for the purpose of fine nicking), from the water and wipe hard-very hard, all on the same towel. (This is imperative.)

The thinnest tumblers, cups, etc., can be leaned on and twisted most, as this will generally make it unnecessary to wipe them again. The silver can be clutched in one

hand and rolled in the towel after everything else is disposed of. Very little can be done with silver. There is no joy in this part of the work. When you have finished your disb

washing, according to the finest im ported style, you will find that the la EXAMINING RECRUITS.

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

Obstacles in the Way of Getting Into Uncle

It is not so easy for a man to get into the United States army. He must go through as rigid an examination as a life insurance company would insist on. and even if he passes that he is not certain to be admitted, as defective evesight or imperfect hearing, that would not hurt a man's prospects or longevity, keep him out of the army. The recruiting officers need to know as much as a surgeon. Besides that, they acquire a knowledge of human nature which helps them pick out the best men. Hardly half the applicants for enlistment are received, and as a result of this careful culling, and the reenlistment of the best of the old men, the physical and the moral standard of the army is constantly rising. The most careful examination is

made of the chest and heart. A table and beautiful face, softened and aglow with has been prepared giving the mean joyous tenderness. "And now, Ab, there is chest measurement and mobility for each inch of height. A recruit five feet four should weigh 128 pounds, have a mean chest measurement of thirtyfour inches, and a mobility of two inches. At five feet height his weight should be 141 pounds, his mean chest 341 inches, and his mobility two and one-half inches. Each inch in height over five feet four should mean an inthe lookout for ways to distinguish crease in weight of two pounds, with themselves and coincidentally confer five pounds extra for each inch over five feet seven. After five feet seven there should be an increase of half an inch in the mean chest measurement for each inch in height. The table gives the weight, height and chest mobility up to 6 feet 3, where the weight should be 190 pounds, the mean chest 38 inches, and the mobility 21 inches. It would be ground for rejection if the man should be under weight, or if his mean chest or chest mobility were too small. The measurements of the chest are made by having the recruit raise his arms above his head. The tape is circled around the chest under the arm pits. As the arms are lowered and the air expelled, the measure is taken. Then a full inspiration, and the measure is taken again at the same point. The difference is the mobility. A mobility of over three inches shows that the chest is in good expansive

The recruit hops around the room with the names of other professional first on one leg and then on the other. Upon his return the recruiting officer feels his pulse, to see how much it has quickened through the exercise, The glands, muscles and bones are exthe professional prominent citizens to amined, and occasionally measurements are taken of the arms, legs and stomach. The recruit then goes tions of advice to Congress upon the through the positions required in drill- was visiting the parishioner, "that it is ing, and he flops his arms, legs, hands, easier to coax children than to drive feet and fingers around to show the them. Gentle words are more effectofficer that they work freely. The ex- ive than harsh ones." "I think so, amination extends to every part of the too," said the lady, tenderly. Then body, and is as thorough as it can be she raised her window and suddenly

## AMERICAN BONAPARTES.

Members of the Historical Corsican Fam ily Residing in Washington. familiar to people along the fashion- tons, was recently caught in a fishing able part of Rhode Island avenue and seine on the Mexican coast near Tamout Fourteenth street. They are al- pico. When dead and spread out on ways on horseback, sweeping along at the beach it presented every appearance

ance, in high military boots and with fins, and its mouth was five feet the strong face of a soldier. His heavy across. shoulders bend forward in an un-American fashion for riding, but his strong recently ran off with \$25 belonging to limbs and the bold carriage of his head a London firm. In court he made this attest that he would be an erect figure statement: "Some time ago I went to dismounted, and when his horse comes see Buffalo Bill's 'Wild West' and made to a stand he sits his saddle as erect as up my mind to go to America, and as a statue. His large, round head is set soon as I got the check cashed I firmly, and his heavy black mustache, started off, but, not having enough brushed straight out on either side and money to take me to America, I folwaxed at the ends in the military style lowed the show. I still intend to go to of France, and a black goatee, drawn America, and, even if I shall get ten down and waxed in the same style, give years for this offence, I shall go afterhim a fierce expression, and bring to ward." mind a historic portrait. His mount | -There is at Lone Pine. Invo is a blood bay of large build, which County, Cal., a rock that might be easi-

The companion who gallops on a smaller animal at his side is a little old lady, with an abundance of iron gray importations we offer the following hair, and features that always attract head and body are all as well formed attention. She is a daring rider as in the photograph as if the camera had well as a good one, and she often been turned to a living animal. The presses her horse to a more reckless wrinkles and folds in the skin of an pace than is his wont. Sometimes elephant and the color are all repeated they are accompanied by a young girl, in the rock. The symmetry and proapparently their daughter. Nearly portions of the living animal are reevery day in the winter, when less en- produced in this remarkable freak of thusiastic horsemen restricted their nature. equestrian exercises to the quadrangle of the riding academy, these two as? Why, man, Texas can't hold a would face the cutting wind with a candle to Vermont. From men down dash that showed them seasoned to the to flapjacks we're 'way ahead of you."

The man's striking resemblance to I reckon you don't know whatcher talk-Napoleon III. marks him at once for in' about, stranger. Didjever see a one of that stock. They are Colonel Texas flapjack—one of those fellers that Jerome Bonaparte and Mme. Bona- weighs fifteen pounds, and is ninetyparte. It is Mme. Bonaparte's love of eight yards in ci'cumf'rence?" Verthis exercise that swings her husband mont man (aghast)—"O, come, now, so often into the saddle. This active John! You never saw a flaplack as big out-door life gives her a youthful color as that. How do you get your syrup that disputes the accusation of her on it." Texas man .- "With a hose, of gray hair. The Colonel's hair is course. Howjer 'spose?"-Harper's tinged with gray. Any one at all familiar with the portrait of the last Emperor of France is struck with the resemblance between the two faces. Colonel Bonaparte rides a better horse, but he is not as graceful a rider as his wife. - Washington Letter.

Silence Is Golden.

They were sitting in an easy chai: out on the porch. He-Darling.

She-Darling. She-Sweet

He-Precious-precious. Any remnants can be thrown inte ness—the wide silence of the night

with conversation.-N. Y. Sun.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

-A French writer classes all women by the size of their thumbs. Those with large thumbs are said to be more likely to possess native intelligence while the

small thumbs indicate feeling. -Mr. R. (furnisher and decorator) -"Now, sir, your house has the magnificence of an oriental potentate, except, of course, the er-seraglio." Mrs. Michael Van Flanigan (proudly to her husband)-"Mike, dear, spare no expense, let us have one."-Life.

-What irregularities there must have been to cause this! In the room of a railway depot in Iowa is the following placard over the clock: "This is a clock; it is running; it is Chicago time; it is right; it is set every day at ten o'clock. Now keep your mouth shut."

-Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, is buried on the outskirts of Lincoln City, Ind. A plain slab of marble about four feet high, almost covered with grass and dogweed. marks her grave. On the stone is the inscription: "Erected by a friend of her martyred son, 1879."

-A Maltese cat and a large rattlesnake had a fight in a yard at Albany, Ga. Every time the snake would attempt to strike with its wicked looking fangs, the cat would give it a vigorous slap on the side of the head and it would be withdrawn. This lasted for fully an hour, when at last the cat

pounced upon the snake and killed it. -Friend-"Was your uncle's will satisfactory to you, Brown?" Brown-"Perfectly so; I'm a lucky dog! He left his entire fortune to an insane asylum." Friend-"You mean that you are the unlucky dog." Brown-'No, I don't; the other relations are going to contest the will and I'm to be

the attorney."-Life. -The health of New York compares very unfavorably with that of London. The annual mortality in the British metropolis is about 20 in 1,000, while in New York it is 26 in 1,000. The population of New York is also much more crowded, there being an average of 16 persons to a dwelling, while in London

the average is only 7. -Servant maid-"Have you heard the news, ma'am? Last night thieves broke into a hen-pen in Long street, and cleared out all the poultry." Mistress-"Serves them right, the stupid people! Why don't they take proper precautions; but where did this happen?" Maid-"At No: 12." Mistress -"Why, that is our house?" Maid-"Certainly; I did not like telling you

at once for fear you might be startled!" -"I think," said the minister, who shouted to her boy: "Johnnie, if you don't come in out of that mud-puddle I'll break your back!"-Columbus Dis-

-It is reported that a "devil fish" or Two striking figures have become ocean vampire, weighing fully two a brisk trot or canter, and whisking of an enormous bat or vampire. It was around corners with a reckless grace. fifteen feet long and seventeen feet The one is a man of striking appear- wide from the edges of the pectoral

-An office boy, fourteen years old,

ly passed off for a petrified elephant. A photograph of the rock shows as like as possible to the photograph of an elephant. The trunk, the eyes, the

-Vermont man (scornfully)-"Tex-Texas man-"Flapjacks? Flapjacks? Bazar.

-While a party of gentlemen were standing near a livery stable at Athens the other day, talking, something struck the wooden awning under which they were standing and then bounced off into the street. This excited the curiosity of one of the party, as it was too far from anyone s house to throw anything on the awning and there was nobody on the street. On examination the missile was found to be a beef bone that was somewhat decomposed. The only theory as to where this bone could bor of carrying the dishes back to the dining-room closet is much lightened. She—Precious—ah, but, George, dear, buzzard had got onto a piece of boardtough, had incontinently dropped it.