

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

MY NEPHEW.

A darling little despot, he!
Just mark his mien majestic!
With autocratic sway, the sweet,
He rules the realm domestic.

He sits serene, a little king,
His tyranny 'tis kindly;
His little fist his sceptre is,
And we obey it blindly.

He says no word, but looks so sage,
The wisest are his debtors;
And O the eye he has for Art!
And such a taste for letters!

So broad and catholic his mind,
He makes no narrow strictures;
But takes kindly to all sorts
Of Bibles, books and pictures.

A sense of humor, too, he has;
'Tis fine to see the fun shine
From out those big blue eyes, O he's
A blessed old of sunshine!

Most captious critic tho' you be,
You can't suggest correction;
You must admit he is A 1
And absolute perfection.

A precious little paragon—
Was ever such another?
Not on this earth, if you believe
His father and his mother.

And O he beams right royally
On me when I caress him,
And says, as plain as looks can say,
He loves his auntie, blest!

BARBARA.

The Mischief She Unwittingly Did,
and How It Was Remedied.

I know you would much rather I should
take Barbara's sister Dot for my heroine, for
Dot was tall and slender and of course,
haughty as she was, and filled up quite a
large space in society, in very opposition to
her name, whereas Barbara was an elf
of nine years' standing on this grim old foot-
stool of ours, and was not one-quarter as big
as her name, with the face of a fairy and
bright brown eyes, that looked out from un-
der her yellow bang, ridiculously like Dot's
pomp peered from under his mane, and with
eyes almost as big and fully as limpid. But
then she is my heroine and you must needs
make the best of her.

Dot was engaged to be married to a
perfect Apollo, but I'm sorry to admit that
she treated said Apollo as if he were nothing
more than a poor, weak, erring mortal, and
took it upon herself, privileged self to
lecture the young man upon certain faults
she took, as a matter of course, must be in
his possession, being, as he was, the only
son of a very indulgent pair of old folks.

But she was shaken to the very foundation
of her royal being when one day she discovered
that the last sentence of her excellent
haughty had fallen upon this air, and she had
a confused sense of a pair of indignant,
sorrowful eyes leaving their light to haunt
her, as she sat amazed and hurt, after the
hall door slammed like a wooden door.

He was gone then—"O, Scott! oh, Scott!"
—which was no slang at all, but the irate
Apollo's christened name. Dot rose from her
chair of state and carried her heart,
beating and torn, up the front stairs, to
moan it with tears and cover it with the
magnificent new ball dress from Madame
Highprice's—admirable bandage!

"What the matter, Dot?" Miss Barbara's
eyes had caught the gleam of something
shining, liquid and head-like, upon the very
tip of Dot's feather fan. "Youth crying!"
I believe you would cry, too, Chickie;
wouldn't you, if the Prince came and prom-
ised you nice things and then rushed off
without saying anything about them?
Wouldn't you?"

"I don't know what you mean, Dot,"
"I don't know what you mean, Dot,"
"I don't know what you mean, Dot,"
"I don't know what you mean, Dot,"

"I don't know what you mean, Dot,"
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When the keel grated in the sand, Barbara,
with eyes like stars, ran excitedly down to
the shore's edge, and in a most undignified
fashion, caught the coat-tails of one of the
now landed gentlemen with the cry of "O,
Thcott—Thcott!"

"Barbara! Barbara! God bless you!
Where did you spring from?"
"From that rock!" which information
somewhat startled him as he looked at the
huge bowlder, at least twenty feet high.

"O, not from the Thcotts!" with
a burst of laughter, "Doth jutt gone up
to the hotel—oh, Thcott, let me whisper
something to you!" and Scott's ears were
made happy by just five little words that
rushed up into his brain like some strange,
intoxicating melody: "Doth dying for you,
Thcott!"

"How do you know, Chickie!" hugging
her close in his gladness.
"Can't I see? But you muthn't let her
know you're here—not all at length—Doth
very weak!"

"Is she, indeed? I'm very sorry! I'll ask
my wife to come with me when you have
told her—she'll like Dot," and he looked
down into two big brown eyes, whose
light was so pure and overflowing and run-
ning to waste all over the little linen frock;
and oh! such a look, far down under their
brimming surfaces—a look of outraged con-
fidence and indignation sorrow—a look that
made Scott gather her up into his strong
arms and kiss the tears away, with a meek
petition for forgiveness—that he was only
fibbing—and sunshine chased shadows from
our little heroine's eyes.

Then the child began plotting to get them
together—for Barbara felt, young as she
was, that Dot would never voluntarily see
Scott again.

That afternoon, when all "the world" at
the hotel was taking its siesta, Dot and
Barbara lay talking; the latter rattling
ahead and keeping wonderfully away from
the subject at heart, the former replying at
intervals and not hearing the twaddle at all.
Suddenly Barbara sprang up from Dot's side,
seized her pen and paper, and scratch,
scratch, scratch filled the room for fully
ten minutes.

"O, Dot, get up, please; I can't copy this
at all! won't you jutt write the name of
the thing for me?"

Poor Dot wrote neatly and prettily in her
fine Italian hand, these words in the center
of a cream-tinted sheet of note paper:
"Come to me, darling, or I die!"
"What a sentimental song!" said Dot, the
obedient.

"Yeth it it!" and Barbara grabbed the
paper and lay down by Dot until she was
sure her sister was lost in slumber; then
the small opossum was up and off like a
flash to Scott.

And he! He took the written words as a
condemned man might take a message
from Heaven—he kissed Barbara
and the letter by turns, and the tears of joy
he could not restrain fell upon the note-
paper and the yellow bangs indiscriminately.

"Doth taking her 'the-ethar,' ath papa
caith it. Now you wait till jutt before
thupper, and I'll thee that Dot it all ready
to retrieve you—and you prometh never to
go off again or thiam the door!"

That evening the sunset was glorious—
like jewels from the Orient heaped in a
golden jewel on the little cloudlets blushed
and flamed, yellow and crimson and ruby-
red.

Dot, dressed like the wraith of some fabu-
lous Undine, came out upon the balcony
to enjoy it all—that is, to enjoy it as well
as she could without her lost Hildebrandt. She
looked until her eyes could no longer bear
the splendor, then turned her glance back-
ward.

Suddenly she descried a figure that seemed
strangely, sweetly familiar, despite the blur
the sun had made before her eyes. The fig-
ure came nearer, the mist cleared from be-
fore her longing eyes, and Dot could not
tell for one intoxicating instant whether or
not she was in heaven when she saw Scott,
radiant-faced, smiling up into her very eyes!

He stood at last beneath her balcony.
Groups of people were standing by, and for
this reason alone he did not follow the ir-
resistible impulse that made him wish to shout
his great love for her, and his excessive
joy at seeing her again. When she could so
longer gaze like a veritable Juliet, silently
gazing at the very eyes, and read the un-
utterable tenderness that filled their glorious
depths, when her Romeo vanished from her
sight and disappeared within the door be-
hind her balcony, she dragged herself
heavily back into her room and fell into a
white heap upon the floor.

But when consciousness came glimmering
back she lay limp and passive in Scott's
strong arms, heard Barbara's triumphant
cry: "Oh, Dot! oh, Thcott, art you happy
now?" and saw papa standing over him with
his handkerchief suspiciously near his eyes,
although he kept blowing his nose with
great zeal.

"And my note never reached you, my
poor broken lily!"
"No, Scott, never."
And for the first time in her life Barbara had
an inkling of the mischief she had un-
wittingly done; but she was very quiet
about it, and only "confethed" after many
months.

And the roses rushed back pell-mell, the
sea grew greener and lovelier, and the sand
was shining gold, and the clouds were ruly-poly
cupids chasing each other across the wide
fields of azure, and Scott was her own for-
evermore.—*Eva Bell, in Detroit Free Press.*

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fields of azure, and Scott was her own for-
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ABOUT THE BABY.

How to Feed Infants During the Hot Days
of Summer.

Feed the baby pure milk and water
with the addition of sugar. If possible
the milk should be obtained from a new
milch cow and unmixed with other
milk. It is better to have it fresh
twice a day but where this is impossi-
ble the morning's milk will answer, if
placed at once on ice.

Many mothers find that cows, milk
does not agree with the baby, but this
is in most cases because the milk is not
sufficiently reduced with water. Prob-
ably the doctor and the nurse will say,
"one-half milk and one-half water," or
"two parts water and one of milk," but
for most children this is too strong. Three
parts water, and one of milk, is
amply sufficient for the average child; and
if very delicate, four parts water
and one of milk will be sufficient for
the first three months.

"My baby 'throws up' her milk so
often and then wants more," says
one mother, "but I suppose it is a sign
of a healthy baby to 'throw up.'" In
one sense it is; in another it is quite
absurd. Of course, if you have over-
loaded your stomach with indigestible
food, you will be relieved much sooner
if you can 'throw up' than if the food
remains in your system. But you do
not regard your spell of vomiting as a
sign of special health. You wish you
had not eaten the indigestible food, but
much better to have taken it. In nine cases
out of ten the food was too strong for
her; add more pure water and she will
be able to retain and digest it.

As I have said, three parts water
and one part milk for the first three
months; from that to six months, two
parts water, one of milk. Gradually
increase the proportion of milk until at
the age of one year the entire strength
of the milk may be given.

If inclined to constipation sweeten
the milk with brown sugar, otherwise
with granulated.

Perfect cleanliness of the nursing
bottle is of great importance. What-
ever may be said in favor of the long
tube bottles I believe the nipples which
are drawn on over the bottles, are best.
These you can remove, turn inside out,
and are absolutely sure, are clean. Lime-
water is excellent for cleaning both
bottles and rubbers.

Prepare the quantity of milk to be
used during the day, and set it on the
ice. You then know just how much
baby drinks and are much more likely
to have the proportions correct than if
prepared in a hurry when baby is cry-
ing for it.

The best way to heat the milk is by
pouring it into one of the bottles, (two
should always be kept on hand) and
placing it in a quart measure of hot
water. Of course the water should not
be warm enough to crack the bottle.
The bottle in this way retains the heat
and keeps the milk at an equal tem-
perature while baby is taking it. Too
often the warm milk is poured into an
ice cold bottle and long before baby has
finished her meal might as well not
have been warmed.

"Since the warm
weather came on my baby seems hun-
gry all the time," says a young mother.
"My dear, baby is thirsty, not hun-
gry." While you are taking a drink
every half-hour, poor baby, panting in
flannels, is not allowed a drop of water.
She must not drink unless she asks.

The rest of us may have no appetite,
but we are allowed to drink, not so
with baby. She must wait her regula-
tion two or three hours, and then eat
at the same time if she would drink.
Poor little thing cutting teeth and
"druling" so she "wets her bibs in no
time!"

"She will not take water; I've tried
her!" Yes, with a teaspoonful and ice
cold water. When her little mouth has
always been used to warm food from a
bottle, no wonder she chokes and spits.
Sweeten a little water slightly and
put it in her bottle, with the chill off,
(off of the water not the bottle) and
give her a few swallows at a time. But
baby will soon learn to drink from a
spoon, if the water given is not too
cold.

Do, dear mothers, remember that
when we are not well the strong food
to which we are accustomed is not
suitable for us; we must have some-
thing weaker. So with the baby; when
she is not as well as usual, reduce the
strength of her food.—*Ladies Home
Journal.*

A Few Fashion Notes.

There has been an endeavor in Eng-
land to introduce pale-colored wed-
ding gowns for brides.

Foliage is extremely fashionable this
season for hats, bonnets and dress
trimmings.

Tinsel trimmings are both effective
and popular.

Smocking is especially adapted to
children's soft silk dresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are 2,000 Chinamen in Chi-
cago, of whom only two are women.
About 100 of them are merchants, who
have made fortunes of \$100,000 to \$200,000.

It is related that Currier, the cele-
brated naturalist, had a parrot in his
vestibule who, upon seeing a stranger,
would cry out, "What do you want
with my master?" And when a reply
was given he would respond: "Don't
talk too much."

In the trial of a case at West Ches-
ter, Pa., the other day, one of the
jurors used the soles of his shoes on
which to jot down certain figures and
memoranda. On one shoe was the
debit account and on the other the
credit. In the jury-room these figures
settled the question involved in the
case, having first been verified from
the stenographer's notes.

The fellow had seen every thing,
had got a chip off every thing, and had
some memento of every thing. He
dropped into a little knot of artists,
who were discussing Bohemian life in
many places. As the traveler came in
one of them was saying: "Ah, that is
the place where they made the welkin
ring." "What place are you talking
about?" asked the traveler. "We were
talking of Bohemia." "O, yes; Bohemia,
I know. I've been there. I've got
one of them." "One of what?" "One of
those welkin rings—an 'it's a beauty.'"
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A turtle has been discovered in
New Haven that has two distinct heads
and perfectly formed necks. At will
the reptile can elongate one neck and
retain the other between its shells. If
a fly is placed in the mouth of one head
the other immediately tries to seize the
fly. At times it walks about with ease,
but generally struggles, making little
progress. This is probably owing to
the fact that one head is possessed
with an idea to go forward, while the
other has a desire to travel in the oppo-
site direction.

The Orlando (Fla.) Reporter tells
of a vegetable garden on a floating
island in Lake Apopka, in which there
are tomato vines with sixteen feet of
spread, one of which yielded three
pecks of splendid tomatoes at one pick-
ing. Cucumbers a foot and a half long
and onions as big as saucers are among
the productions of this wonderful island,
which is about three acres in extent. It
is managed as a raft, and it is said
that when the Apopka steamer is late
and likely to give the island the go-by,
the owner poles his garden up to it.

The Metropolitan Police districts
of London comprise 687 square miles,
within which there are about 4,900,000
people. It contains more Roman Catho-
lics than Rome itself, more Scotchmen
than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than
Cardiff. It has a birth every four
minutes, a death every six minutes and
an average of eight accidents a day. It
builds 28 miles of new streets and 9,000
new houses every year. It has over
200,000 habitual criminals and its beer
shops and gin houses, if placed contin-
uously side by side, would extend over
75 miles.

"Business Man—"What's the mat-
ter? You look blue." Partner—"I
expected to have some money left over
this year to invest in real estate, but
it's the same old story. I'll close the
year without a cent." "What does
that extravagant little wife of yours
want this time?" "I don't know
whether it's a new palace, a barrel of
diamonds or a castle in Europe, but it's
something mighty expensive. She
hasn't said yet." "Eh? Then how do
you know she wants any thing?"
"When I went home last night she was
darning my stockings."—*Omaha World.*

A certain minister was invited to
dine with a member of his flock who,
though well enough off in the goods of
this world, lived sparingly in his greed
for the dollars and cents. When dinner
was served the host said: "I can't give
you nothin' but bacon and greens,
parson; it's all I can afford these hard
times. Will you ask a blessin'?" The
minister responded: "Lord, make us
truly thankful for what we are about
to receive. We expected nothing but
greens—and behold! here is bacon also.
Make us truly thankful!"—*Smithville
(Ga.) News.*

JACKSON'S SOBRIQUET.

How Old Hickory Got the Name Which
Made Him Popular.

The sobriquet, "Old Hickory," is
said to have been conferred upon
General Jackson by the soldiers under
his command in 1813. It was, Mr. Par-
ton tells us, not an inspiration, but a
growth. "First of all, the remark was
made by some soldier who was struck
by his commander's pedestrian powers,
that the General was tough." Next it
was observed that he was tough as
hickory. Then he was called 'hickory.'
Lastly the affectionate adjective 'old'
was prefixed, and the General thence-
forth rejoiced in the complete nick-
name, usually the first won honor of a
great commander." The General, how-
ever, is said to have told the following
story of the origin of the epithet to one
of his messmates: During the Creek
war, when he was suffering from a bad
cold, his officers improvised a tent for
him covered with flakes of hickory
bark, under which he slept comfortably.
Next morning a drunken hanger-on of
the camp came across the tent, and
not knowing who was in it, gave it a
kick that tumbled the structure over.
As the angry old hero struggled out of
the ruins, the topcried out: "Hello!
Old Hickory! Come out of your bark
and join us in a drink." The General
could not himself help joining in the
laughter at the incident. As he rose
and shook the bark from him he looked
so tough and stern that the spectator
gave him a hearty "Hurrah for Old
Hickory!" and the name clung to him
ever after.—*Notes and Queries.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A new perfume is named "Opoponax,"
and is highly esteemed in Paris.
It has a modified odor of carrots, and
is chiefly made from that vegetable.

What may be of great value in
ship-building and watchmaking is the
discovery that steel, mixed with twenty-
four per cent. of manganese becomes
non-magnetic.

The fabric known as Chinese grass
cloth is made from the fiber of nettles.
The cloth is peculiarly glossy and
transparent, and as being for ma-
chinery has double the strength of
leather.

Electric rifles are the latest. In-
stead of the ordinary percussion firing
device, a dry chloride of silver battery
and a primary coil will, so it was lately
stated before the American Institute,
fire the rifle 35,000 times without re-
charging.

Experiments are being made on
Prussian railroads with axle-boxes
fitted with bearings of vegetable parch-
ment in place of brass. The claim is
made that these compressed paper
bearings make a tough material that is
superior to metal.

According to the *Electrical Review*,
medicine may be introduced into the
human system by electricity. The
electrodes of a battery are saturated
with the medicine and applied locally
to the skin. Experiments show that
there is an actual absorption of the
medicine into the system.

Russian observations have shown
that teeth decay in a quite regular
order, the lower third molar being the
first attacked, then the upper, then the
lower fourth molar, and so on, the
lower, incisors and canine teeth being
the last affected. Upper teeth, as a
rule, are more durable than lower,
right than left, those of dark persons
than those of blondes, those of short
persons than those of the tall.

Investigations made by Sohneke
have led to the conclusion that the elec-
tricity which is discharged during a
thunder storm is produced by the fric-
tion of water and ice—that is, the ice
is electrified by friction with water;
just before a thunder storm, water
clouds (cumuli) and ice clouds (cirri,
cirrostrati) appear simultaneously in
the sky, and the friction of these parti-
cles of ice and water is, according to
this theory, a sufficient cause of the
electricity which is generated.

Artificial sponge-rearing is being
practiced in Styria. From a report to
the Austrian Board of Trade it appears
that the "sponge-farmer," by taking
small pieces of living sponge and
"planting" them in favorable spots,
has obtained large specimens in the
course of three years. It is stated that
4,000 sponges cost no more for cultiva-
tion and interest on capital than 225
francs (forty-five dollars), and the
Austro-Hungarian Government has
authorized the protection of this new
industry on the coast of Dalmatia.

It has been estimated that the walls
of a building in which fifty thousand
bricks are used require nearly five
thousand gallons of water in the con-
struction; this being stored in the pores
and spaces of the bricks and mortar
until dispelled in the form of vapor. It
can not be too well known that until
this large quantity of water is so dis-
pelled, the house is not habitable.
The town of Basle, in Switzerland, has
recently adopted a wise regulation
which forbids the occupation of newly-
built houses until four months after
their completion.

A Most Emphatic Refusal.

A fast young man decided to make
to a young lady a formal offer of his
hand and heart—all he was worth—
hoping for a cordial reception. He
cautiously prefaced his declarations
with a few questions, for he had no in-
tention of "throwing himself away."
Did she love him well enough to live in
a cottage with him? Was she a good
cook? Did she think it a wife's duty
to make home happy? Would she
consult his tastes and wishes concern-
ing her associates and pursuits in life?
Was she economical? Could she make
her own clothes, etc? The young lady
said that before she answered his ques-
tions she would assure him of some
negative virtues she possessed. She
never drank, smoked or chewed; never
stayed out all night playing bill-
iards; never lounged on the street
corners and ogled giddy girls; never
"stood in" with the boys for cigars and
wine suppers. "Now," said she, rising
indignantly, "I am assured, by those
who know, that you do all these things,
and it is rather absurd for you to ex-
pect all the virtues in me, while you
do not possess any yourself. I can
never be your wife;" and she bowed
him out and left him on the cold door-
step, a madder if not a wiser man.—
Health Journal.

How Paper Bottles Are Made.

One of the most interesting of the
many uses to which paper has been put
is the manufacture of paper bottles.
We have long ago had paper boxes,
barrels and car wheels, and more re-
cently paper pails, wash-basins and
other vessels; but now comes a further
evolution of paper in the shape of
paper bottles, which are already quite
extensively used for containing such
substances as ink, bluing, shoe-dress-
ing, glue, etc., and they would seem to
be equally well adapted for containing
a large variety of articles. They are
made by rolling glued sheets of paper
into long cylinders, which are then cut
into suitable lengths, tops and bottoms
are fitted in, the inside coated with a
water-proof compound, and all this
done by machinery almost as quickly
as one can count.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*