

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.
RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

THE TEAR-KERCHIEF.

It is only a trifling thing to show
Just a kerchief, white as the driven snow,
Yet many a tender and loving thought
Is into its dainty stitches wrought:
For the weather wears it from that day
And smiles in the field with its blossom blue;
She spun the thread whereof it was made,
And watched it carefully where 'twas laid,
That day's war-kisses and night's soft dew
Might bleach the web to its whitest hue;
And then it was lovingly laid away
For the daughter's hand on her bridal day.

Oh! few are the tears by the maiden shed
On the day that her bridal vows are said,
They may fall as she smoothes her father's kiss,
Yet her heart is glad with her nuptial bliss.
She may fondly cling to her mother's arm,
Yet her lover claims her, his happy bride,
She fears not to give up her fair young life
To the sacred duties and name of wife;
And there is no grief in the tears that she flows
Over the soft round cheek with its blushing glow.

And she smiles as she wipes them all away
With the kerchief white on her bridal day.
Daintily folded with tender care,
The young wife taketh the kerchief fair,
With scented rose-leaves and lavender spray,
Scarce dried from her tears it is laid away,
There in its fragrant and perfumed nest,
For many long years may the kerchief rest,
They will bring it in their train both joy and woe
As time goes on in his ceaseless flow,
But love still maketh each burden light,
And the home where he dwells is ever bright,
And the wife still smiles as she smoothes the day
The maid her kerchief with smiles away.

But time will pass and the years go on,
And each day findeth some duty done,
And the kerchief lies in its scented fold,
But snow has sprinkled the hair of gold;
For the fair young bride is a matron now,
And wrinkles furrow the once smooth brow,
And her step is no longer free and light,
And the hair is a crown of silvery white,
But her children arise and call her best,
And her husband's heart in her doth rest;
And the kerchief lies as 'twas laid away
By the maiden's hands on the bridal day.

But there comes a day when, in peaceful rest,
Those hands lie crossed on a quiet breast,
When the tender eyes are forever shut,
And the loving lips are forever mute,
Then, ere the face that they loved is hid
From mortal sight 'neath the coffin lid,
The kerchief stained with the young bride's
Tears.

So carefully guarded for many years,
Is gently laid to rest on the bier pale;
At death's cold hand, a bridal veil!
And the kerchief, laid for so long away,
Hides the calm, still face on the burial day.
—Mary N. Robinson, in Good Housekeeping.

A SINISTER SCHEME.

The Cruel Joke Uncle Toby Played Upon His Nephew.

An elderly gentleman, whose chief idiosyncrasies are a rooted aversion to death and a fervent hatred for his heir and successor, is not exactly a novel character either in real life or on the stage. But there is a material difference in his behavior in the two situations, for whereas on the stage he is almost invariably turned to repentance by the beaux yeux of the young lady whom his heir has married, or by the maddening prattle of her tiresome chit, and dies in the odor of sanctity distributing indiscriminate blessings, in real life he more often than not carries his spite with him to the grave, and leaves his posterity good reason to execrate his memory in the share of an outrageously malicious will. Sir Toby Bunskin, of Bunskin Hall, Fallowland, and No. 250 Grosvenor Square, was not at all like the traditional old gentleman of the stage. His hatred for his heir, Captain Jack Bunskin, of the Fifth Lancers, was not exaggerated, and did not betray him into foolish excesses, but it was extremely sincere—all the more so, perhaps, because it was absolutely unreasonable—and if any mutual friend had ventured to prophesy that Sir Toby would end by welcoming Jack to the ancestral hall and the avuncular bosom, he would promptly have been set down as a lunatic of the most pronounced type. It was in truth a very hopeless case, and Jack Bunskin had long ago reconciled himself to a precarious existence on his pay, his wits, and the money he could raise by mortgaging his reversion to certain family estates which Sir Toby had not the power to will away from him. Now, although Sir Toby hated Jack so heartily, it must not be imagined that he was sufficiently lost to the decencies of society as to ignore his existence, to insult him in public, or even to be pointedly rude to him in private. Jack was always asked down to Bunskin Hall for the cover-shooting, he was expected to assist at the annual rent-dinner of Sir Toby's tenants, and at certain fixed seasons he was formally invited to Grosvenor square. But there Sir Toby's recognition of his relative began and ended. He would not allow Jack a sixpence, nor would he have lent him £20 to save him from the bankruptcy court, or even from suicide. The Baronet was not very old—he was barely sixty—and for bodily vigor many a man of five-and-forty might have envied him. He rode regularly to hounds, was an experienced and successful deer-stalker, and could cast a salmon-fly with the best fishermen in Scotland; and he was addicted to none of the excesses which sometimes shorten the lives of men who indulge in hard exercise, for he neither ate too much nor drank too freely. In fact, he took excellent care of himself, and was on a very good terms with his doctor. His friends said that he delighted in the idea of keeping Jack out of his inheritance as long as he possibly could.

Now, all men have their small weaknesses, and one of the most pronounced of Sir Toby's was a passion for literature and for plays of a sensational and blood-curdling description. He revelled in penny-dreadfuls and in soul-mooring melodrama; he delighted in complicated plots of missing heirs, forged wills, mysterious murders and

buried treasure. There was reason to suppose that many of his strong boxes, which presumably contained title-deeds and ancient leases, were in reality stuffed with rejected manuscripts and stillborn dramas, declined with thanks by pultrine publishers and managers. Sir Toby was firmly impressed with the idea that had his station and his duties been otherwise, he would have made his fortune as a detective, and nothing pleased him so much as endeavoring to discover the identity of an undetected murderer or the motive for a mysterious disappearance. Whenever such an event occurred, which was pretty often, Sir Toby used to indite long epistles to the Times, setting forth his theories, which, after all, frequently turned out to be quite as near the truth as those of the professional detectives.

It was one day in early spring that a great idea occurred to Sir Toby Bunskin. He felt in a particular misanthropic humor, for Jack had been staying with him, and uncle and nephew had contrived to quarrel even more seriously than usual. Moreover, there had been published certain damaging facts in connection with one or two charitable institutions to which Sir Toby had intended to leave the greater part of his fortune, and he began to think that even Jack might not put his money to a much worse use than a pack of over-paid greedy officials. It was in this humor that he had taken up a newspaper and studied the strange disappearance of Mr. Jabez Brown, an eminent Mudford merchant and millionaire, who had vanished from mortal ken in the most unexpected manner and without the slightest apparent reason. The amateur detective was strong in Sir Toby, as usual, and he fell to musing over the fate of Mr. Brown, and to evolving all manner of theories which might account for his singular absence. He was rich, eminently respectable, and universally looked up to in the commercial world. An examination of his affairs had proved beyond doubt that no financial embarrassment existed. Then he was a moral man, and there was no suspicion that he had eloped with somebody else's wife—or, indeed, that a lady was in anyway connected with the case. He was perfectly sane and in good health, and no conceivable reason could be imagined for his committing suicide.

"He may have been murdered, of course," thought Sir Toby; but this solution seemed commonplace—"there may be a woman in the case. Begad, I believe he is alive, at any rate. He may have disappeared out of pure caprice—found his responsibilities too troublesome, or gone off in pursuance of one of those whims that every body has, or nearly every body. Brown disappears—delight of their—long search after Brown—body found in the Thames much decomposed—but easily identified as that of Brown by servants in pay of heir—takes possession of property—has a splendid time for a few weeks, when behold Brown redivivus—Brown alive and well!—promptly kicks out the heir, and declines all responsibility for his debts! What a splendid situation! Wonder how my dear nephew would like it? I'd give £5,000 to see him." And Sir Toby burst into harsh, unpleasant laughter, and positively rolled about in his chair with ghoulish merriment. The idea pleased him so much that he sat up a good two hours later than usual, and when at last he went to bed it was with a firm determination to carry out his extraordinary scheme, and to execute a vengeance upon Jacob Bunskin the ingenuity of which should only be exceeded by its completeness.

Upon Sir Toby's preparation it is unnecessary to dwell. He contrived to possess himself without suspicion of several thousand pounds in ready money, for he had no intention of being left penniless during an absence that might be prolonged. He had to make up his mind as to what country he should select for the scene of his adventures, and, after much deliberation, he fixed upon America, with a view of enjoying some wild sport in the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere; he also had to invent a sufficiently trustworthy disguise for himself, and to lay in a stock of more or less outlandish garments in order to accentuate the change in his appearance.

Now, Sir Toby was a smart, dapper man who dyed his hair black and shaved clean his face, so he argued that if he bought a red wig and beard they would effectually disguise him until his own beard and mustache had had time to grow. When this happened he would exhibit his undyed hair to the public, and with a white head, a grizzly beard and a mustache, and a pair of spectacles instead of his eye-glass, he felt sure that he could defy recognition. The mere question of getting away was simple, the main difficulty, of course, being how to furnish Jack with proofs of his death strong enough to enable him to take possession of his inheritance. But Sir Toby knew that queer things could be done in America, and once there he thought he could easily arrange by bribery that the body of some unknown traveler should be identified as that of Sir Toby Bunskin, Bart. Mindful of this necessity he armed himself with a pocket-book containing papers calculated to place the identity of the person carrying them beyond reasonable doubt. He also carefully destroyed every will that he had ever made, for he wished his nephew to inherit as much as possible. "The greater the rise," he chuckled, "the greater the fall. Up like a rocket, Jack, my boy, and down like a stick!"

When all these preparations were made, Sir Toby quietly left his home in Fallowland one day and did not re-

turn to it. His ostensible destination was the house in Grosvenor Square, but he passed the night at a hotel and started the next morning for Liverpool. In his red wig and queerly cut clothes his own valet would not have recognized him. At Liverpool he took a steerage passage for New York, for he was a man who rather liked "roughing it" than otherwise, and, once on the voyage, he began to feel that half his plan was accomplished. But the question as to how he was to prove his own death bothered him considerably. The ship had not, however, been a day at sea before a most remarkable and fortunate circumstance occurred. Sir Toby was a light sleeper, and was not very much at home in his uncomfortable quarters; so the first night after leaving Queenstown he paced the deck for several hours. In the course of his nocturnal rambles he kept meeting a man whom he could not help noticing from the very fact that he seemed desperately anxious to avoid him, Sir Toby's observation. "Some thief or forger bolting," thought Sir Toby, and he kept his eye on the man from idle curiosity, and gradually fell to dodging about the deck and watching him closely. Presently the man, when he thought himself unobserved, did a very strange thing; he took off his coat and laid it carefully on the deck. Then he glanced hurriedly round, mounted the bulwarks and leaped into the sea. One of the ship's officers just caught sight of him as he disappeared; an alarm was quickly raised, and the engines were reversed. No one had time to notice or think of the coat; but Sir Toby always prided himself on his presence of mind. Instantly he seized it, tore off his own coat, which contained the pocket-book and the papers, laid it down on the deck and put on the coat left behind by the suicide. It was a master-stroke, a veritable inspiration, and Sir Toby retired to his berth knowing that the odds were at least a hundred to one against a rescue. At his leisure he examined the pockets of the stranger's garment; the only thing of importance it contained was a letter, apparently addressed to the dead man's wife. "As I thought," said Sir Toby to himself, when he read it at leisure, "ordinary case of forgery, can not live any longer—the usual bosh! I don't think that Mrs. Bowston will ever get this letter." And he burned it carefully, and a night or two later took an opportunity of throwing the coat itself overboard. "Now I am really all right," he reflected.

There was a great hue and cry in London when it was reported that Sir Toby Bunskin had actually disappeared. Half the detectives were employed to look for him, advertisements were inserted by the score, even placards were posted on the boardings; no exertion, in fact, and no expense were spared to discover his whereabouts. But not the slightest result followed until the news arrived from America that Sir Toby had jumped from an Atlantic steamer and had, of course, been drowned, leaving behind him, no doubt for purposes of identification, a coat, in the pocket of which was a pocket-book containing cards and private papers obviously belonging to the unfortunate Baronet. It was a nine-days' wonder, but as no one cared a straw about Sir Toby when alive, people soon got tired of speculating as to the cause which had prompted the "rash act." And as soon as certain necessary legal formalities had been complied with, Jack Bunskin, found himself Sir John Tobias Bunskin, Baronet, of Bunskin Hall and Grosvenor Square, and the possessor of a substantial rent-roll and a goodly sum of ready money. Now, it was not very likely that Jack should feel any profound grief for his uncle. The manner of the old man's death certainly shocked him considerably, but the pleasures and duties of his new position speedily banished the unpleasant subject from his mind.

He had, too, plenty of things to look after. His creditors, of course, came down upon him in a hungry horde, and the amount of post-obits which he had to pay off was quite alarming. Moreover, he had no intention of leading the sober and quiet life that had suited his uncle. He bought a yacht, started a small racing-stud, and began to dabble in city companies—all of which things demand a considerable amount of time and attention, not to mention money. So a couple of years passed. Jack, in common parlance, went the pace to the best of his ability; got himself elected M. P. for one of the divisions of Fallowland, and finally became engaged to Miss Hilda Grains, only daughter and heiress of the late Sir John Grains, M. P., the well-known brewer and millionaire. There was, of course, a very grand wedding, and, in due time, the happy pair returned to London from a prolonged honeymoon on the Continent. When Jack had finished examining a pile of letters and other documents, he inquired of the family butler whether he had any special news to communicate, for that individual looked like a man burdened with a guilty secret.

"It's my duty to tell you, sir," said Mr. Flaggon, mysteriously, "as an old gent 'as been calling here every day for the last week and says he must see you."

"Is that all?" queried Jack.
"No, sir—fact is, sir, that he says he's your uncle."
My uncle! What miserable nonsense! Why, the fellow must be a lunatic or an impostor!
"Just so, sir; but we can't get rid of him, and I didn't like to give the poor old idiot in charge."
"Quite right, Flaggon; next time he comes I'll see him."
Oddly enough, half an hour afterwards, the old gentleman returned,

and Mr. Flaggon promptly ushered him into Sir John's study.
"Well, my man," said the new baronet, "and what can I do for you?"
"Jack," said the stranger, "do you mean to say that you don't know me? I'm your Uncle Toby—I am, indeed, and not a blessed soul recognizes me!"
"This is driveling nonsense!" he said; "but if you are my uncle, how the deuce do you account for the fact that you were drowned in the Atlantic?"

"I wasn't drowned; it was another passenger," and Sir Toby confessed the story of the change of coats, which had induced every one to believe he was dead.

"But what on earth have you been doing for more than two years?"
"I went hunting bears and things in the Rocky Mountains," said Uncle Toby, in a sepulchral voice. "We lost our way, wandered about for days, and were eventually captured by the Objibboo Indians. Couldn't get away, or even write."

"O, indeed! Is that why you have tattooed your face so elegantly?" asked Jack.
"I didn't tattoo myself—they did it for me," wailed Sir Toby. "My face is nothing to the rest of me. I've got a pine forest, a lake and a range of mountains on my back; three rattlesnakes on each arm; my chest is covered with tomahawks, arrows and pipes; and there are opossums, terapins and all sorts of beastly animals on my legs!"

"Dear me! By the way, what's become of your left ear?"
"Well, you see, Red Blanket, the chief, you know, took a great fancy to me; but sometimes he used to get drunk and throw things about. He cut nearly the whole of my ear off with a tomahawk one day."

"You must have had a rollicking time!"
"Don't laugh, you vagabond!" cried Sir Toby, waxing wrathful. "Look at my head! That was done by Blue Braces, another chief; he tried to scalp me, and it was all that Red Blanket could do to stop him. He got about half of it off as it was. And now Jack, when you've done grinning, perhaps you'll talk business. I meant to play a joke on you, but it seems to me that I've got the worst of it. However, we'll let bygones be bygones; I'll make you a good allowance, though I hear that you've married a wife with a big fortune. But, of course, you know you must clear out."

"Clear out of what?"
"Why, out of my property and my money, of course," snapped Sir Toby.
"You're welcome to the baronetcy, Uncle Toby," said Jack, thoughtfully; "but I'm afraid that I can't oblige you any further."
"What the deuce do you mean, sir?"
"Simply that there's nothing left to clear out of! I've spent it—every bob."

Sir Toby turned livid under his tattoo-marks.
"You infernal young scoundrel!" he shrieked; "are you mad?"
"Not a bit of it, uncle; don't get excited. You see, nearly all the money I left went to pay post-obits; a puri, then I took to racing, and gambled a bit. Had most shocking luck! £30 every sixpence; sold the house Grosvenor Square; sold Bunskin Hall; under the Settled Estate act, you know is sold every thing. If I hadn't married the Hilda I should have been absolute stone-broke. She bought back Bunskin Hall, by special leave of the trustee; but all her money is strictly tied up, and I haven't a sixpence of my own in the world."

"Is this really true?" said Sir Toby faintly.
"Gospel truth, I assure you. A plover, Taper and Deeds, they know all about it. Never mind, Uncle, you've having your fun with the Objibboo Indians, you know, and I've had mine. Won't you have a brandy and soda or something? You look quite green. Tell me what you let me keep the title. I'll get Hilda to make you head gardener at Bunskin—£250 a year, good house and precious little to do. Think it over, Uncle.—London Truth.

An Imitative Canary.

A week or two since "Billy's" cage stood upon its stand at the open window, and a robin alighting upon a tree near the house, belched forth one of those mournful "yaps" which are always distressing to hear. It was the first time that the canary had heard, to our knowledge, the call of any bird since he came last fall into the house. At once he took up the mournful tone, making sad work of it at first. His mistress could not divine what the little fellow was attempting to imitate; as he improved he at once took the idea and told her it was the call of the robin, and now in spite of all that can be done to arrest his imitations, he is constantly interpolating that call into his own beautiful song. A sad illustration that evil communications corrupt good manners. While the bird was still experimenting upon that diabolical call we turned his attention from it by repeating the name of his mistress, in which exercise for the time being he joined heartily. All attempts to frighten him were vain, as he would, after the scare was over, sit upon his perch and sing and whistle as if he were enjoying the contest with his master. We do not say that he was, but canaries are no fools, as one will become convinced if he handles them.—Brunswick Telegraph.

—Pads made of white cheese-cloth, with a layer of cotton batting between the sides, and tufted with worsted, are useful for slipping between the baby and the holder's lap, also to put beneath the child when it is laid on bed or lounge.—Medical Classics.

FRENCH SLEEPING-CARS.

They Are Not Up to the Standard of Our Pullman or Wagner Coaches.

The charge for a bed in the sleeping-cars from Basle to Calais, is about 19 francs, and from Basle to Paris, for some occult reason, 7 francs more. By one of those extraordinary arrangements that can exist only in countries where nobody trusts anybody, and every body is suspected by every body else, even the unfortunate traveler who has hired a bed at 9:15 is not allowed to turn into it until 11:30, the reason assigned being that at the French frontier the "small baggage" must be examined, and if people were allowed to "turn in" before the examination took place there is no saying what amount of tobacco and laces and the rest of it might not be secreted in or under the bed by the tourist or by the servants of the sleeping-car company. When, however, the conventional ceremonial of affirming that you have "nothing to declare" has been gone through and your dressing-bag has been defaced by hieroglyphics in white chalk, then the operation of bed-making in the wagon-lits commences. Any one who has watched it will be disposed to exclaim, with Macbeth: "Sleep no more." In a small and sometimes filthy den narrow cushions and hard pillows of hoar antiquity are profusely covered with a shabby rug and a sheet, and under a covering of a similar character the traveler who has paid more than £1 for this extraordinary indulgence is invited to betake himself to slumber. If he happens to have a traveling companion they can procure the luxury, such as it is, of privacy, though one of them, on the Dogberry principle, must needs sleep on the upper shelf, which is an experience several degrees more painful than lying on the lower one. If the number of passengers be not equal to the number of beds they will be able, by bribing the person in charge, to get a four-bed compartment, and thus both will avoid the torture of being suspended from the ceiling.

As a rule these vacant compartments are to be had by tipping the dirty official in charge of them and thus, perhaps, for 25 shillings apiece two people can secure the mitigation of misery we have described. One of the main inducements to many people to have recourse to a wagon-lit is the belief that at any rate in the morning they will be able to have "a good wash" and will thus emerge from the train the simulation of a civilized being instead of an unwashed, unkempt, unshaven savage. Morning throws a fuller light on this pleasing anticipation. As some of our correspondents point out, the "lavatory" arrangements in the sleeping cars between Basle and Calais and between Basle and Paris are abominable beyond description, and can not be turned to the slightest account by any one of the most ordinary fastidiousness.—London Standard.

ELECTRIC MOTORS.

They Will Soon Take the Place of Steam Locomotives.

There are men patrons of your paper who did as much for Uncle Sam as you did and never asked for a penny. Now, Mr. Postmaster, don't tell public what comes to your office.

FROM KANSAS.

Guda Springs, Kan., Aug. 31.

Editor CHIEF: As I promised to write again and give some of our friends a little glance of what our country is like. To begin with it is a good farming country for corn and small grain but winter is the best paying crop here. We sow their wheat in September on greater degree of development.

As a matter of fact electricity when it shall become thoroughly subjugated to man's will, will render possible the accomplishment of things that are now but mere fanciful dreams. When Jules Verne, that inimitable creator of fantastic things, wrote his "Forty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and described a vessel that traveled beneath the waves by the aid of electrical machinery and was illuminated by electric lights, he little imagined that the time would so soon come when his purely fanciful romance, concocted merely to please the lovers of fiction, would become a possibility. The invention of the storage battery and the perfecting of the electric light seem to indicate that the submerged ship of "Verne" is now no more an impossibility.

Modern invention has opened up the possibility of electric motors to do the work of the "cannon ball" trains that are now the wonder of the time. That the competition of electricity in running railway trains is looked for in the near future is proven by the actual existence of companies controlling patents that are expected to put electricity in service on railroads. Steam seems now to have almost reached the limit of its power in increasing the speed of trains and engines have grown in consequence of proportions that in reason permit but little further increase; but electricity, setting at naught as it does all questions of bulk and weight, promises to do in an unknown degree what steam seems incapable of doing. The powerful agent that annihilates space and carries our thoughts to the ends of the earth in an instant may well be capable of transporting freight and even passengers long distances in an incredibly short time.—N. O. Picayun

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The stamp window of any post-office is a sort of Lick observatory.—Rochester Post Express.

—A Marietta (O.) horse died of lockjaw the other day, the result of having had a corn burned off two weeks ago.

—"What are your charges, doctor?"
—"Three dollars a visit."
—"Well, we don't want you to come on a visit, but just stay ten or fifteen minutes."
—"Puck."

—A natural curiosity is to be seen on a street in Columbus, Ga. A small oak tree is growing from the limb of a chinaberry tree, and the strange freak attracts the attention of all passers-by.

—The constant increase in the number of steam yachts indicates that pleasure-sailing is going where our mercantile marine business has already gone largely—into steam.

—A New York policeman preferred charges against a woman who attempted to stab him with a hair-pin. But for his stentorian efforts to escape, she would probably have bruised him with her bangs.—Atlantic Constitution.

—A stone has been discovered in Japan which has remarkable qualities as a cement material, and can be worked up for a much less price than the imported article costs. The cement will bear a weight of 400 to 500 pounds per square inch.

—The family of W. F. Strouse, of Shamokin, Penn., have odd luck in birthdays. His wife was born on Christmas, his second daughter on St. Valentine's day, his third on the Fourth of July, and his only son on Thanksgiving day.

—A negro was convicted of robbery at Walker, Ga., the other day on very circumstantial evidence. He stuck his hand through a window, and a woman lit a match and looked at it. She examined a negro's hand in court and declared that it was the same that had been thrust into her room.

—A Summerville, Fla., paper says: "We have a man in our country who is thirty-five years old who was never more than forty miles away from home, never rode on a train or steamboat, never wrote or received a letter, never subscribed for a newspaper and never voted."

—It had been noticed of late that many of the suckers and catfish in the creek near Marshall's paper mill in Kennett Township, Chester County, Pa., was found dead or stupid, and upon examination it was found that the fresh water leeches get into the gills of the fish in large numbers and sap their blood.

—The province of Ontario, Canada, is possessed of the most extensive deposit of rock-salt which has yet been found on the American continent. The salt was first discovered at Goderich, about twenty years ago, at a depth of one thousand and ten feet, by a boring which was made for petroleum. The salt-measures extend over an area of twelve hundred square miles.

—A farmer of Northeast, Pa., drove a stake by each of two hills of corn in his garden recently, and then stretched up the longest leaf to mark its height. The next morning, at the same hour that he had measured it the day before, he repeated the operation and found that one had grown over four and the other five inches.

—"A wild woman of the mountains," who lives on Blue Mountain, Maryland, was arrested the other day, after giving the daughter of Senator Butler, of South Carolina, a severe fright. The old woman is a well-known character in those parts. She is described as being but three feet tall, and her face the acme of ugliness. She has led her strange life in the mountains for years, and her name is a terror to all the children in that region.

—A weasel came down the hill and went into a house in Easton a short time ago. No men being handy seven women of the neighborhood armed themselves with pokers, canes, etc., and entered the room. There was a faint squeak in one corner, and seven women jumped on chairs and screamed. Their screams so terrified the weasel that it ran out of doors and was killed by a sick dog that was lying out in the sun.

—Dennysville, way down on the eastern Maine coast, is one of those "old towns with a history." The town has no debt; the village has not had a dwelling house, barn, store, church or school-house destroyed by fire for more than eighty years, and at the late town meeting Peter E. Vose, Esq., was re-elected selectman and treasurer, after a service of twenty-seven years in the former and twenty-three years in the latter position. During all these years no person but Mr. Vose had ever written a word or made a figure in any town book (excepting the town clerk's book) or drawn an order.

—At Castle Garden there are many theories of the great decline in European immigration to this country during the first half of the current year. It is said to be owing to the reduction of the surplus population of several countries of Europe by the immigration of past years, to the difficulties encountered by many immigrants in finding employment here, to the new inducements offered to settlers by several South American governments, to the action of our consuls abroad in preventing undesirable persons from leaving for New York, and to the strict enforcement here of the contract labor law. The falling off in the arrivals at Castle Garden during the first half of the year as compared with those in the corresponding period of last year was nearly thirty-seven per cent., or from 239,325 to 173,678; and this falling off was from all the European countries from which immigrants come to the United States.