

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, . . . NEBRASKA.

TO AN OLD BALL SLIPPER.

O little shoe! so worn and frayed,
With heel furrows and bow decayed,
How changed since granny first displayed
Your pristine glory!
You poor, bedraggled No. 3,
You are alive at least to me;
Whilst lying there I seem to see
Your simple story.

Bedight in raiment white and pure
Your mistress tripped, of conquest sure;
For dainties she look most demure
Are not unseemly.
Praps grandpa came in garments smart—
Vast triumphs of sartorial art—
With valorous words, yet trembling heart,
To woo our granny.

Those were the days when wife and maid
Ingenious towers of hair displayed,
When single lozenges strove to aid
Defective vision;
When beaus wore kerchiefs girl with straps,
Ingenious coats with many flaps,
And waistcoats which would now, perhaps,
Excite derision.

Waists low, waists high, coats black or green—
Things now are as they've always been
Since first our own most gracious queen
The throne ascended.
Around these lies full many a token
That shows the spotted word was spoken,
And hearts irreparably broken
That quickly mended.

Partners, perchance, were much the same—
Some bright, some dull, some fast, some tame;
Some who to spurious wit laid claim,
Nor saw their error;
The men whose charms were scarcely mental,
The youth both shy and sentimental,
The "fascinating detrimental,"
Great grandma's terror.

And did the chaperons then as now
Erestitute happiness a vow
Whilst watching with an aching brow,
The fitting dance?
And did they, gripped in fashion's vice,
Receive a girl with looks of ice
If she sat out with some one else—
Convenient dancers?

But, thy friend, now most I fear—
A set of tennis waits for me—
For, rapt in pleasant reverie,
The moments fly by;
The hour has come to say adieu;
I make my courtesy to you;
Now, dear, pathetic little shoe,
Go back to "bye-bye."
—London Vanity Fair.

WAPPER-JAW JOHN.

How He Demonstrated His Friendliness for the Whites.

I remember "Wapper-Jaw John," the gray-haired Winnebago, who, when I was a boy, used occasionally to visit the neighborhood in which I lived. Despite his strikingly deformed and ugly face, people who knew him seemed always to be kindly disposed toward him. They bought his curiously-wrought willow and splint baskets, and often gave him food and a night's lodging.

His face was angular and deeply wrinkled; the under jaw was set with a curious twist on one side, and it twitched and grimaced grotesquely when he talked—and he could talk only brokenly. He was a harmless old fellow, with a good deal of shrewd sense. He was unlike the other members of his tribe, and kept apart from them. The other Winnebagos, so far as we knew them, were worthless, begging vagabonds, who, to the number of a hundred or more, visited us semi-annually.

John did really earn an honest living, and was never known to beg, although, like other wandering Indians, he carried his "papers," a lot of written testimonials certifying him to be "a good Indian." Two or three of these precious documents were of considerable length, and they narrated John's services and friendly exploits in behalf of white people in times of Indian outbreak. He carried the papers in a beaded buckskin wallet in a pocket that he had made for this purpose in the breast of his coarse shirt.

One of these accounts covered several footeap pages. It was written in a close, fine hand that was perfectly legible, though the paper was yellow with age and wear. I remember the evident pride and satisfaction which John displayed and the great care with which he handled the paper when, occasionally, he presented it to some member of our family to be read or inspected. He always got it out when he came where there were children or young folks, for they liked to hear the story repeated.

At this date I can not, of course, remember the exact sentences in which John's narrator had told of his brave and humane exploit, but the incidents are still fresh in my mind.

It was in June, 1838, several weeks after the outbreak of the Saco and Foxes, remembered as the Black Hawk war, that Wapper-Jaw John rendered heroic service to a venturesome little family of settlers in one of the narrow valleys among the bluffs opposite Sank Prairie. At this time, according to Smith's "History of Wisconsin," the Saco and Foxes "had scattered their war parties all over the North, from Chicago to Galena, and from the Illinois river into the Territory of Wisconsin. They occupied every grove, waylaid every road, hung around every settlement and attacked every party of white men that attempted to penetrate the country."

This condition of affairs lasted nearly a month, compelling settlers on all hands to gather themselves and their effects at fortified points, and into hastily-constructed block-houses. Yet in this perilous time one family, a young man and his wife and child, whose home was upon the extreme northern frontier, were living in complete ignorance that there was any Indian outbreak.

Early in the previous April James Streeter had moved up from Northern Illinois with his small family, and had settled upon a squatter claim in a pocket of the Black Earth valley. He had the property usually possessed by the "movers" upon the frontiers in those days, it consisting of a yoke of oxen and wagon, a cow or two, some chickens and a few simple household utensils.

After their arrival upon the claim the young settler and his wife were kept so busy in building a small cabin and in

clearing, breaking up and planting a small patch of ground that they found no time to cultivate acquaintances in a region where their nearest neighbors were nearly twenty miles distant.

As the coming of this family into the region was unknown to the other settlers, its members failed to receive warning from the couriers who spread the news of Black Hawk's uprising among the hills south of the Wisconsin river. Fortunately for the Streeter family, its whereabouts was also unknown to the hostile Indians, the cabin being a little beyond their usual range of attack.

The husband and wife worked on undisturbed until a cabin had been built, and three acres of ground thoroughly broken up and planted to corn, potatoes and garden seeds. The plants had come up, and had been hoed once, when the couple found that their small stock or provisions was nearly exhausted.

The nearest market for the Streeters was Dodgeville, more than twenty miles distant from their claim. It was necessary that one of the couple should stay at home to watch the cows and the growing crops, and Mr. Streeter set out alone for Dodgeville, with oxen and wagon, to get flour and other needed articles.

He started on his journey just after sunrise one morning. His wife finished her morning's work about the cabin, and went out with a hoe to work in the field, taking with her the child, a little girl four years of age.

Though living miles from any neighbors, the hardy women of those days often stayed alone while their husbands were gone for days, and sometimes for weeks, upon hunting or trapping excursions, or to distant marketing points.

Mrs. Streeter worked for some hours "hilling up" young potato vines, while Elsie, the little girl, played with a small kitten, their one domestic pet. With a sudden scream the child came running to her mother, and caught her by the dress. Mrs. Streeter looked about in alarm, fearing that a rattlesnake had bitten the child, and discovered the cause of her fright to be an Indian who had come out of the brush a few rods distant, and was approaching them.

Although she was not afraid of Indians, she was annoyed that one of them should come while her husband was away. She knew that often they were lawless and thieving when they discovered women alone.

As the Indian came toward her his face mowed and grinned so curiously that she felt an impulse to laugh until she saw that its expression came from a deformity.

"Hoop-oo!" he grunted, as he came up. "You go, you squaw, pook a shoe heap klick! You go longa me! Heap Injun comin!" and he pointed up the valley. "We go yonder!" pointing this time toward the Wisconsin.

The woman was frightened at his words and manner, notwithstanding that he tried to laugh and look as pleasant as his queer features would permit, and though he had no weapons in sight. "Men kill heap! Me no hurt. You go. We heap pook a shoe," and he reached down to pick up the child.

The little girl screamed with terror, and Mrs. Streeter caught her up and stepped back. "No, I will not go with you," said she. "You're a bad Injun, and you're lying to me." She had quickly concluded that the Indian merely wished to entice her away while his companions pillaged the premises.

Again the Winnebago—for it was John—tried to explain to her that he meant to be friendly and to aid her to escape from danger.

"Hoop Outaganic!" (Fox Indians) said he. "Men come, shoot, kill. Kill papoose, kill white squaw. Squaw go me, so," and again he motioned toward the river, and, by imitating the act of paddling and by sweeping his hand forward, signified that he would take her across it in his canoe.

"No, you go and leave me!" said the woman, sternly. "I won't go with you. Go!" she repeated, pointing toward the woods, and then she turned with the little girl in her arms and started toward the cabin.

Instantly the Indian sprang forward, then snatched the child from her, and, catching her by the shoulders, forced her down to the ground upon her face, and quickly tied her arms. He had evidently come prepared to carry out his plan by force if necessary, and the poor woman felt that her husband had been true. Not daring to struggle, she submitted to be bound a captive.

Elsie, the little girl, had started to run into the woods, but John caught her and took her, screaming, into his arms. He walked quickly back with her to Mrs. Streeter, who had risen, after a struggle, to her feet.

"Come!" said he. "You go longa me now, heap klick! Me take papoose. We pook a shoe," and he started toward the river, beckoning her to follow. He had Elsie in his arms, and there was nothing for the now thoroughly-frightened and trembling woman to do but to go with him.

It was several miles to the river. The Winnebago hurried forward at a half trot, the child crying piteously at every step, while the distressed mother, nearly out of breath, kept close at his heels, trying to cheer her little girl with words of affection. John was probably too stolid to care greatly for the papoose's wailing or for its mother's distress of mind, but he was intent upon doing them a friendly service, and no doubt was carrying it out with as much kindness as he was capable of exercising.

At a little after noonday they came to the river at the mouth of a creek, and here John put down the child, which he had carried and led alternately, and going into the edge of a willow thicket upon the bank, dragged out a log canoe, which contained a gun and some blankets. The canoe he slid down into the water, and ordered Mrs. Streeter to get down the bank and step into it.

With her hands bound as they were she found it difficult to get into and sit down in the "tittish" narrow trough, but she finally managed, without tipping it over, to take her place in the bow of the slight craft.

The Indian then carefully placed Elsie

upon her knees in the center of the canoe. "No touch um," he commanded, tapping the sides of the canoe. "Keep a heap still." The little girl, tired and subdued, dared not so much as stir. Then John picked up a paddle which he had laid upon the bank, got carefully into the canoe at the stern, shoved out into the river, and paddled the frail craft swiftly down the stream.

The anguish of the poor woman was keen as she thought of the husband who had so recently been with her, and of the uncertain fate of her little child and herself. She could not believe the Indian's story that he was rescuing them from danger. His violence and his rapid retreat, and his journey upon the river, leading to the west and away from the white settlement, could to her mind mean only that he was carrying them away into that wretched captivity which she knew that more than one woman and child had suffered at the hands of savages.

Brave woman though she was, she gave herself up to despair. All that day the canoe sped rapidly down stream, keeping as close under the bank as possible, and it was not until after sundown that John landed and got his captives out upon the bank where they could rest their cramped limbs. He then undid a roll of blankets and got out some dried meat, which he offered to Mrs. Streeter, motioning that the papoose could feed her. The woman could not eat, but by coaxing induced the tired and hungry little girl to swallow a few scraps of the raw, tasteless venison.

After a time the Indian untied Mrs. Streeter's hands, being careful to keep between her and his gun. Then he motioned to the blankets.

"Squaw make um bed," said he, "heap sleep." Glad of so much freedom and a chance to rest and to comfort her child, Mrs. Streeter made a rough couch, took Elsie in her arms, and lay down upon it. The little girl was soon asleep, but the mother lay narrowly watching the Indian, waiting for a chance to escape if he should drop asleep or relax his guard in any way.

She got no opportunity, however; John sat near at hand, leaning against a tree, stiff and upright, with his gun across his legs. After about two hours of rest he ordered her to get up again and get into the boat, telling her to "take papoose."

She carried the sleeping child down the bank, and while the Indian steadied the canoe at the stern, got in at the bow. John threw in the blankets, got in, put his gun between his knees, and took up the paddles. All night they floated swiftly down the river, the long, steady sweep of the Indian's paddle doubling the rate at which the canoe was borne by the rapid current.

Mrs. Streeter endured her anxiety and fatigue as bravely as she could, not daring, on account of her child, to make any demonstrations; but she was all the time on the watch for a chance to escape from her captor.

At a little after sunrise the Winnebago landed upon a bar at the north bank, and ordered her to get out of the canoe. After carrying Elsie asleep in her arms all night she found her own limbs to be so cramped and stiff that at first it was impossible to use them. Seeing her condition the Indian swung the stern round, dragged the canoe out upon the bar, and helped her out.

He now for the first time aroused in her a little hope by saying: "Heap white man, heap soje," pointing to the northwest. "Walk, sun so," showing her where the sun would be when their journey should end. He again offered his captives the dried meat, and the pangs of hunger compelled both woman and child to take a hearty meal.

After they had rested awhile and got the cramp out of their legs and arms, the Indian pointed out the direction in which they were to go, and ordered Mrs. Streeter to walk ahead and lead the little girl. He let them walk slowly, keeping a rod or two behind them with his gun and blankets. After three hours of tramping they came out of the woods upon a hill overlooking a broad valley—the Mississippi valley—and then the Indian came eagerly forward.

"See," he said, his face grinning and working with evident pleasure as he pointed to a distant cluster of buildings upon the bank of a wide river which lay in front of them. "See, *Pla doo shang!*"

It was the frontier fort and trading post of Prairie du Chien. Mrs. Streeter had heard of this place, but had known only vaguely where it was situated.

She now perceived that her captor had intended all his acts in friendliness. An hour later she and her child were safely housed at the fort, and her delight and thankfulness at the outcome to her adventure may be imagined.

Mrs. Streeter's alarm for her husband's safety was great until John, whose services were again secured, made a trip to Dodgeville and brought him across the country to her. Mr. Streeter had discovered their danger, from meeting a body of soldiers on the second morning after his departure from home. They had accompanied him hastily back to his cabin, only to find it burned down and the premises deserted. He had mourned his wife and child as dead until word was brought by the Winnebago of their rescue and safety.—Frank Welles Calkins, in Youth's Companion.

Test of Citizenship.
A discussion arose on board an Atlantic liner a short time ago as to the citizenship of a gentleman at the other end of the saloon.

"He's an Englishman," said one; "I know by his head."
"He's a Scotchman," said another; "I know by his complexion."
"He's a German," said another; "I know by his beard."

The young ladies thought he looked a little Spanish. Here the conversation rested, but one of these spoke: "I have it," she said. "He's an American; he's got his legs on the table."—Ocean.

To overcome an unpleasant smell in feather pillows, dry them thoroughly by a good fire. The feathers may not have been properly dried in the first place or may have become damp.

FASHIONS IN PARIS.

The Moderately Flat Skirt Seems to Have Succeeded the All Flat.

The rivalry between all flat and moderately flat skirts still continues, with no present signs of triumph for the party of flat skirts. Two or three short steels are put in the foundation skirts of all dresses, and in addition a small cushion to define the waist. This cushion is very small indeed, but is considered indispensable with most dresses.

The grand dress-makers are putting a steel into the lower edge of the skirts—across the back only—to give the bell-shaped effect which is characteristic of Valois styles. This is the exception as yet, but, so judge by present indications, is likely to become more general.

Wrappings are classified according to the time of day at which they are worn, jackets, capes and long cloaks of tartan plaid with capes being reserved for morning walks and errands, while for afternoon calls short mantelets of various forms are worn. These elaborate small wraps are never of plain woolen or silk; always of figured material, except in the case of velvet, plain velvet being used for all kinds of wraps. If a long wrap is preferred for the afternoon it is a tight-fitting redingote, or a Russian cloak of plain velvet, or plush, or of matisse silk. A beautiful long cloak is of black velvet with rich lace face. Within the velvet fronts are fronts of plaid lace somewhat longer, and a cape of plaid lace covers the velvet fronts to the elbow. Another velvet cloak has a short, tight-fitting back and medium long fronts, with fronts of plaid lace extending below. Deep plaid lace borders the entire lower edge, and the wide long sleeves are of plaid lace. The extravagantly long hanging sleeves which were introduced last year are still made to some extent, but have been vulgarized by over-use. On cloth cloaks they are heavy and ungainly. Military jackets still enjoy a large measure of popular favor, and are out in various regimental styles, of soldier blue with frogs and braiding in color, and enriched as plentifully as one pleases with gold braiding and embroidery, beads and other effective ornaments. Theater wraps are almost all of light colors, and most elaborately beautified with embroideries and galleons.

Fur and feathers are both abundantly used for trimming wraps and costumes, and with excellent reason, for no more becoming frame to the face can be imagined. That this and not its warmth is the main reason of its popularity is evidenced by the fact that not only outdoor garments but dinner and ball dresses as well are trimmed with fur. Only the choicest furs—sable, blue fox (which is really brown), and added to these chinchilla—are used on evening dresses, edging the top of a décolleté bodice, or bordering the foot of a light, satin skirt. Handsome cloth costumes are trimmed with Canada sable, natural beaver, with black Kamshatka otter or the brown Canada otter, with silver-fox, and with chinchilla, which last is particularly charming on dark velvet. Furriers have gone a step beyond straight bands, and are making adjustable trimmings of various shapes, which can be worn on all wraps, whether of wool, silk or velvet.

A shawl collar is thus made, crossing at the waist, with cuffs to match, or a pointed collar and revers with cuffs. A plastron or vest of handsome fur is worn inside a velvet redingote with revers. Sometimes, too, the vest is of the cloak material, with an invisible lining of some unpretending fur, for warmth merely.—Harper's Bazar.

Home Hints and Helps.
Brewis.—Break up one pint of dry brown bread into small pieces, and mix with it one-fourth cup of butter. Put it in a double boiler and cover with milk. Cook without stirring until the bread has absorbed all the milk. Eat with milk.—New England Farmer.

Baked Squash.—Break the squash in halves and bake thoroughly, then scrape out the inside, rub it smooth or strain through a vegetable strainer and season with butter, pepper, salt and milk or cream. This can be prepared the day previous and carefully warmed when needed for use.

The temperature of sleeping rooms during the night ought not to be as high as that of sitting rooms during the day; seventy-five degrees for the sitting-room and fifty-five degrees for the sleeping-room is about right. The thermometer should hang in the middle of the room at about the height of the mantle.

A fact of importance to housekeepers is given by Prof. Richardson, of the Agricultural Department. He finds on examination that the average amount of water contained in the flour products of eight Eastern States is 12.49 per cent., while Minnesota and Dakota flours contained only 8.96 per cent. His conclusion is that "other things being equal, a barrel of Western flour would make more bread than a barrel of Eastern flour."

For an agreeable change cook a beef steak in Spanish style. Lay a slice two inches thick of the upper round, with a rim of suet attached, on a pie dish. Add a little water and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven, basting two or three times. Take it out and cover with a layer of sliced onions; bake for fifteen minutes; cover again with a layer of sliced tomatoes and bake fifteen minutes more, sprinkle over with two teaspoonfuls of grated cheese and set in the oven long enough for the cheese to melt. It will have a fine flavor and a thick, rich gravy, tasting agreeably of onions and tomatoes.

TEN HEALTHY HINTS.
What to Do and What Not to Do if You Would Be Healthy.
Don't contradict your wife.
Don't tell a man he is a stranger to the truth because he happens to be smaller than yourself. Errors of this kind have been known to be disastrous.
Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Leave them beside the kitchen fire, where they will be handy to put on in the morning.
It is bad to lean your back against anything cold, particularly when it is an icy pavement upon which your vertebral arrangement has caromed with a jolt that shakes the buttons of your coat.
Always eat your breakfast before beginning a journey. If you haven't any breakfast don't journey.
After violent exercise—like putting up the stove or nailing down carpets—never ride around town in an open carriage. It is better to walk. It is altogether cheaper.
When hoarse, speak as little as possible. If you are not hoarse it won't do you any harm to keep your mouth shut, too.
Don't light the fire with kerosene. Let the hired girl do it. She hasn't any wife and children. You have.
Don't roam around the house in your bare feet at the dead of night trying to pick up stray socks. Men have been known to dislocate their jaw through this bad practice.
When you see a man put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth don't ask him if it is hot enough. Serious injury has often resulted from this habit.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

PRETTY FANCY WORK.
How to Make a Dabbie Tidy and a Case for Odds and Ends.
A very handsome tidy can be made as follows: Get 1 1/2 yards of two-inch wide ruby-colored satin ribbon and 2 1/2 yards of olive-green or any pretty contrasting color; old-gold and blue, or orange and peacock blue, would be good for contrasts. Cut the ribbon into twelve-inch lengths. There will be five of the one shade and four of the other. Sew each piece together to form a circle; turn in quarter of an inch and gather twice, drawing the centers almost together, not leaving an opening larger than an ordinary pencil. Sew a pretty silk cord over these two gatherings. Join the rosettes on the back, alternating the colors, and to fill the spaces between them weave the cord from the opposite points and fasten the threads in the middle. Quite wide oriental lace is slightly frilled on the edge and set well back under the curved edges of the rosettes. If properly made this is very showy, and requires but little time to put the whole together.

We have something here which will be found extremely useful to those working with crewels. The case is made of gray linen. For the foundation you will require a piece measuring eleven by twenty-two inches, and for the pockets a piece eleven by seventeen inches. This is curved at the ends and bound with brown braid stitched with yellow silk. A piece six and a half inches by seven is hemmed across the ends and stitched on one end of it to form the pockets for the crewels. It is divided into seven compartments, with a row of stitching between them. For the strap cut a strip eight inches long and one and a half wide around the corners, and bind it all around with the braid. Cut an opening in the end of the foundation piece for it to slip through, bind it, and cut the corners slanting on this end. Baste the piece for the pockets on and bind it around. Fold the strap and stitch it on. A piece of wire bent in the shape of a hairpin is used to draw the crewels in place. This case is to be ornamented with daisies, which should be embroidered on before the case is made up. They are done in crewels; the daisies are worked in bright yellow and the grass in shades of green or olive. Filice or cottons may be used. Any pretty pattern may be used to decorate the case, or simply trace in outline the word "Creweles"—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

Stone jars for lime and greasy pie plates can be cleaned by boiling them for two hours in a tuble with ashes or sal soda. Let them cool in the water.

CLOTHES FOR HORSES.

Humane Society Agent Says They Are as Useful as Garments for Men.

"It might sound very odd to most people when a suggestion is made that horses and stock generally should wear clothes," said M. P. Key, the agent of the Humane Society, "but that is one of the innovations that is sure to be reached in time. In Norway they now have their cattle graze while covered with blankets, yet we in the United States ignore such methods of producing good results in the treatment of stock. A cow that has been giving a liberal supply of milk during the summer will continue giving the same quantity if, when the chill air of January comes along, she is kept warm, but if that is not done, the supply will fall off. There is a livery stable keeper in this town who declared to me some time ago that he believed that horses should wear night-shirts, and that they would be just as beneficial to them as they are to men."

"What are the styles of clothing that you would consider desirable?"
"They should be made warm enough to keep them comfortable from the time cold weather sets in until it has passed, and should be made to fit the animals for which they are intended. There are few people who really understand the full meaning of the ideas embraced in the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but the public is gradually coming to its realization."

"When I took charge of the work here six years ago," he continued, "there was a general idea that it was inspired merely by a refined and sensitive sentiment, but their opposition was changed when they saw the business end of the question and then they fell into line. They are finally realizing that poor horses mean poor men, poor wives and poor children; and, in fact, I consider that a nation's strength can be judged by the condition of its economic motive power. It is a question of prosperity or adversity."

"Is the Humane Society considering further steps in carrying out its principles?" asked the reporter.
"Just as soon as we are able we mean to establish a hospital near this city for horses, to be provided with hot and cold baths, and all the facilities for treating sick horses. There many horses worn out because of bad treatment can be sent, and many poor men will be benefited by having their animals brought back into good condition, whereas they might otherwise lose them."—Washington Post.

Humorous.
—That orange monopoly talked of had better be left alone. The first failure on record was caused by a reckless trust in fruit.—Baltimore American.

—Visitor—"The portrait is very fine, but you seem to have devoted more time to the hands than the face." Artist—"That's so. You see the hands pay over the money."—Texas Siftings.

—Footpad—"Hold up your hands! Pedestrian (calmly)—"I have been out shopping all day with my wife." Footpad (sympathetically)—"By Jenks! How, take this quarter."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Attorney—"And now, Mr. McCarty, we will hear your opinion, as an expert, of the building." Contractor McCarty—"It was bad, very bad, sor. It couldn't have been a worse job, your Honor, if it had been paid for in advance."—Terre Haute Express.

—"Our son William," said a fond mother, "is an awfully lucky boy. He bought a lottery ticket a few weeks ago, for the first time, and it drew a prize!" "How much did he pay for the ticket?" "Five dollars." "What is the amount of his prize?" "Two dollars."—N. Y. Ledger.

—First Little Boy—"My pop's a Methodist; what's yours?" Second Little Boy—"Mine is a theosophist." "Theosophist? What's that?" "I don't know." "Why don't you ask your pop?" "I did, but from the way he looked I guess he doesn't know, either."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Woman—"Here, take this coat." Tramp—"I know it's going to be a hard winter, but style or nothing is my motto. Fashion decrees that single-breasted ulsters shall be worn, and you will notice, madam, that this coat has two rows of buttons. I can not take it."—Boston Herald.

—Lady (after giving him a supper)—"Will you saw some wood for me now?" Tramp—"I am very sorry, but I have another engagement." Lady—"And what pray, may that be?" Tramp (with great dignity)—"Madam, I am surprised that you should so far forget yourself as to inquire into a gentleman's private affairs."—Grip.

—"O Lawd!" cried old Elder Peters, at a recent negro camp-meeting. "Hab marcy on dat po' sista! undah undah dat big cilium tree—de one wid de green dress an' red shawl an' blue bonnet an' wicked eye an' fat nose! Her wid de big brass bazum pin on an' all fo' front teeth out an' otherwise humbly ez she his will be—good Lawd hab marcy on her?"—Time.

—First Traveler—"I do hate these sleeping-cars. It's such awful trouble dressing and undressing in those berths." Second Traveler—"On the contrary, I always feel in good trim and practice for my work after I have put on my clothes in a sleeping-car berth." First Traveler—"Hum! I'd like to know what kind of work yours is." Second Traveler—"I'm a cartoonist in a circus."—American.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—John Tenniel is seventy years old, and has been making pictures for Punch for forty years. He lives with his sister and is a tall, military-looking man.

—The late Miss Amy Levy probably worked herself to death. She began publishing at sixteen years of age, and at twenty-seven had become a voluminous author.

—A French and Turkish dictionary, by a French Jesuit Father (Joseph Reali), has been published at Constantinople. It cost the author ten years' labor.

—The late John Crerar, of Chicago, who left \$2,500,000 to found a public library there, stipulated that French novels and works of an immoral character should be excluded.

—The five girls of Boston to whom Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton dedicated her volume of short stories are Miss Augusta C. Winthrop, Miss Guiney, Miss Rose Hollingsworth and Miss Lang.

—Florence Marryat, the novelist, is stoutish, thoughtful looking and impetuous mannered. She has written in all some forty-seven novels, and she believes in ghosts. She once owned a newspaper and she still owns a lap-dog, which she carries about with her.

—Marrietta Holley, who wrote the famous "Josiah Allen's Wife" papers, has passed nearly all her life in the village of Adams, in Central New York. Until within the last few years she has mixed very little with the world, living in absolute retirement with her invalid mother.

—General Lew Wallace, one of the best representatives of American versatility, has stepped aside from the path of literature, for a moment, in order to perfect a little invention of which he is very hopeful. It is a steel railroad cross-tie, which the illustrious inventor believes will revolutionize railroad construction.

—The late Mrs. George Bancroft, a keen observer, once told me, says Colonel Higginson, in Harper's Bazar, "that she never knew an Englishman, however eminent in art or science, who, if he had dined with a Duke, could help mentioning the fact to all his acquaintances."

—Walt Whitman is described as the most picturesque figure in American literature. His gray suit of homespun, always exquisitely clean with all its homeliness, his turn-down collar, exposing his throat, and his large sombrero hat make his tall figure, massive shoulders, and face surrounded with its white hair of hair and beard, more striking than ever. He no longer walks, but he can not drive out without attracting the attention of all.

—The largest collection of books in the world is doubtless the National Library in Paris. According to a recent report of the general management, it now numbers no fewer than 2,078,000 volumes. The British Museum contains about one million volumes; the Munich library, 800,000; the Berlin, 700,000; the Dresden, 500,000, and the Vienna, 300,000. The famous Vatican library contains only about 30,000 printed volumes; but it has about 25,000 manuscripts, and in this regard leads all the rest surpassing even the British Museum.

Humorous.
—That orange monopoly talked of had better be left alone. The first failure on record was caused by a reckless trust in fruit.—Baltimore American.

—Visitor—"The portrait is very fine, but you seem to have devoted more time to the hands than the face." Artist—"That's so. You see the hands pay over the money."—Texas Siftings.

—Footpad—"Hold up your hands! Pedestrian (calmly)—"I have been out shopping all day with my wife." Footpad (sympathetically)—"By Jenks! How, take this quarter."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Attorney—"And now, Mr. McCarty, we will hear your opinion, as an expert, of the building." Contractor McCarty—"It was bad, very bad, sor. It couldn't have been a worse job, your Honor, if it had been paid for in advance."—Terre Haute Express.

—"Our son William," said a fond mother, "is an awfully lucky boy. He bought a lottery ticket a few weeks ago, for the first time, and it drew a prize!" "How much did he pay for the ticket?" "Five dollars." "What is the amount of his prize?" "Two dollars."—N. Y. Ledger.

—First Little Boy—"My pop's a Methodist; what's yours?" Second Little Boy—"Mine is a theosophist." "Theosophist? What's that?" "I don't know." "Why don't you ask your pop?" "I did, but from the way he looked I guess he doesn't know, either."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Woman—"Here, take this coat." Tramp—"I know it's going to be a hard winter, but style or nothing is my motto. Fashion decrees that single-breasted ulsters shall be worn, and you will notice, madam, that this coat has two rows of buttons. I can not take it."—Boston Herald.

—Lady (after giving him a supper)—"Will you saw some wood for me now?" Tramp—"I am very sorry, but I have another engagement." Lady—"And what pray, may that be?" Tramp (with great dignity)—"Madam, I am surprised that you should so far forget yourself as to inquire into a gentleman's private affairs."—Grip.

—"O Lawd!" cried old Elder Peters, at a recent negro camp-meeting. "Hab marcy on dat po' sista! undah undah dat big cilium tree—de one wid de green dress an' red shawl an' blue bonnet an' wicked eye an' fat nose! Her wid de big brass bazum pin on an' all fo' front teeth out an' otherwise humbly ez she his will be—good Lawd hab marcy on her?"—Time.

—First Traveler—"I do hate these sleeping-cars. It's such awful trouble dressing and undressing in those berths." Second Traveler—"On the contrary, I always feel in good trim and practice for my work after I have put on my clothes in a sleeping-car berth." First Traveler—"Hum! I'd like to know what kind of work yours is." Second Traveler—"I'm a cartoonist in a circus."—American.