

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD. . . . NEBRASKA

"I LOVE THE WOODS."

I love the woods.
Oh give me but that fragrant oak
On which to build my simple cot,
And I'll not ask for palaces,
Nor murmur at my lonely lot.
I do not need the silken garb,
The cushioned couch, or season'd food;
I do not need the tongue of men
To voice the word that "Life is good."
I do not need the amber scent,
The honeyed smile and tattered song,
Or crowd of glittering scepters
That in the halls of Croesus throng.
I love the woods.
When o'er the distant line of hills
The rosy morning peeps its head,
And stars that through the night have
watched,
Now quench their light and go to bed,
I rise from couch of perfumed pine
And seek the purring brook that flows
Between its fringe of velvet moss,
Where tiny turquoise blossoms blow.
I need no marble fountain rare
To purify and lave and clean,
And when I say my grateful prayer,
"Tis in His mighty dome of green.
I love the woods.
My silent friend, my faithful dog,
The horse that hastens to my call,
The birds that sing above my head—
They constitute my all in all.
I breathe the forest's filtered air,
The breeze that cools the mountain brow,
The snow-lad summit's atmosphere,
And praise the Lord I'm living now!
I love the woods.
—Richard Mansfield, in Harper's Weekly.

THE LILAC WITCH.

An Artist's Adoration for His Wonderful Masterpiece.

"It can't be as bad as that, Sophie. Must your father have twenty thousand francs by the first of January?"
"Yes, Henri, or else—her lip quivered a little—"or else the mortgage will be foreclosed and father will lose all his land, and we shall be homeless."
"Not if I am around!" said Henri, stoutly.
Sophie looked proudly at him and then around at the wall of the studio. What an artist Henri was!
She came to him and laying her hand gently on his shoulder, gazed sadly into his eyes and said:
"I know, Henri, I know. But then you are poor now."
"I will rise—get a picture into the Salon—make money."
"Yes, dear, but if papa loses all his property, and besides—" and her gray eyes grew moist and she looked wistfully away.
"And besides?" repeated Henri, with anxious inquiry.
"And, besides, papa has been hinting at the marriage proposals of Jean Bertrand, an old playmate of mine, who offers to pay off all the mortgage on the day of his betrothal to me."
"To you, Sophie! you don't mean that you—that your father—"
Sophie looked down sadly at a pair of neat little feet.
"Henri, you know I love you, and that I have promised faithfully to be your wife; but think of poor papa, and think of all I owe him—oughtn't I to be ready to make any sacrifice to save him from ruin?"
Then they both looked sadly away in silence. Suddenly Henri squeezed Sophie's hand so hard that she started violently.
"Wait, Sophie!" he exclaimed. "I've got a plan! We, you and I, can earn that twenty thousand."
"Yes, yes; how?"
"Why, you be my model, and I'll paint you."
"Oh, will you? But—but you couldn't sell a picture of me for twenty thousand francs."
In answer Henri drew her before a little square mirror, hung between the two windows, and made her look at her own reflection.
"See there, Sophie! just look at your eyes—are they not the deepest gray, with golden lights in them? and are not your lips as red as this carnation? and just see that little pointed chin! how I could paint that! and those pink cheeks—fresh as a baby's!"
Sophie began to blush at Henri's enthusiasm, and, turning from the glass, looked into his dark face, which was lit up with the glow of an almost poetic inspiration.
"And, you know," he went on, "something tells me that I shall paint you better than I ever painted anything before—that you will be my muse, my inspiration. You must wear a loosely-fitting lilac—very soft lilac—robe, and you will have your hair down, hanging over your left shoulder, which will peep through your curls like a white dove in a golden cage. And you must hold a spray of lilacs in your hand and be reclining under a lilac bush, and I'll call you the Lilac Witch. Didn't you ever hear of the legend of the Lilac Witch? Grandma used to love to tell me about her; she was a very beautiful fairy and men came around to catch a smile from her red lips, and the man she smiled on was made bold to do high deeds; but if his heart was drawn away to another woman, in a moment she spoiled all he had done, and made a beggarly wretch of him. Besides, you know, the lilac will go so well with your complexion and hair and eyes."
And so it was planned. The sittings were daily. Sophie was a very patient model, and Henri was full of inspiration and worked with a certainty of success. He made studies of her face in all possible moods and expressions, till by culling what was most entrancing in each, he began to create an ideal. He threw the whole vigor of his poetic soul into his work, striving to get that longing, inspiring look in the large gray eyes, which mingled with an expression, half of pity, half of triumph, in the rest of the face, was to make up the ideal of the Lilac Witch. He found

the look of longing and inspiration in Sophie's eyes, but the pity and triumph—that divine mixture of pride in victory and sorrow for the conquered—were wanting. By his own talent Henri created them, inspired by his love and the prize set before him.
One day in December he was working away with his brush while Sophie reclined on the model's platform. He could see how tired she was. His own face showed that, but for the indomitable fire in his black eyes, he would have given out long ago. But the day of foreclosing the mortgage drew on apace. Still to-day was a happy day—Henri had a surprise for Sophie, and as he occasionally searched his palette for colors, the corners of his mouth twitched with his suppressed secret.
Sophie was just saying how Jean Bertrand kept repeating his offer to her father, and how, as the days went by and the first of January approached, her father seemed more and more inclined to accept. Henri smiled sweetly.
"Very good for M. Bertrand," he said. "But I have something to tell you. Something splendid—superb," and he kissed his hand with a theatrical gesture.
"Oh! what is it?" exclaimed Sophie, jumping up and spoiling the folds of her carefully-arranged drapery.
Henri forgave her that for the sake of the news. Then he told her how the agent of an oil magnate, just over from America, was looking all over Paris for paintings of beautiful women; how he had seen the "Lilac Witch" now nearly finished, and how he had, with an American's extravagance, offered the fabulous sum of thirty thousand francs. That ended the sitting for that day, for Sophie insisted on taking Henri at once to her father, telling him the news, and making him break off all further negotiations with Jean Bertrand.
And it was so arranged. Henri was to pay off the mortgage as soon as the picture was transferred, keeping the surplus of ten thousand to start life with Sophie, while her father dismissed Jean Bertrand, with the precautionary hint that, in case the American should fail them he would immediately accept Bertrand's offer.
It was the evening before the great day when the picture was to be formally sold, the thirty thousand francs handed over, and Henri and Sophie married. Henri was in the studio, standing before the picture. In one hand he held a lighted cigarette, in the other an acutely pointed paint brush. He was scrutinizing the face of his beloved "Lilac Witch" with a look of intense exultation. Every now and then he would make an infinitesimal stroke with the brush, after which he would take a long pull at the cigarette, letting the smoke slowly exude from his mouth and nose in a manner that bespoke keen satisfaction. He was putting on what he called the last touches before he said good-night to the picture and went to call on Sophie. He looked at his watch. It was already past nine and he had promised to be there at eight. Still there were only a few more tiny touches needed and then he would go. He lit cigarette after cigarette, he walked up and down the room, changed the lamps and surveyed the painting from twenty different points of view. Finally he seemed satisfied, threw down the brush, drew a sofa up in front of the easel, and lay there, watching the witch's face with a lover's rapture. His chest heaved, his eyes grew bright, the muscles round his mouth softened into an expression of supreme delight.
Suddenly he started and looked at his watch. It was twelve o'clock and he had forgotten, and Sophie had probably gone to bed, wondering why he never came. He blamed himself for being so thoughtless.
This changed the current of his thoughts, reminding him that to-morrow he married Sophie and they would always live together; a bright smile lit up his face, but it was a commonplace smile compared to his look of a few seconds ago. Yes; to-morrow Sophie would be his, and they would come and pay him thirty thousand francs and take away the "Lilac Witch." "Lilac Witch!" Why, of course; he had only painted it for the sake of marrying Sophie.
Henri looked away from the picture, with a dull ache at his heart. Somehow, life with Sophie, when the "Lilac Witch" was gone, did not seem so sweet as it used to in the old days when they had the first sittings. Then the picture only meant to him the portrait of his dear Sophie. Now, when he was gazing into that fair, arch face on the canvas, so triumphant and yet so pitiful and tender, he never thought of its being Sophie's face at all. He seemed to see there something that was all his own and had come out of his own soul. How could he bear to part with it? But he was winning Sophie by giving it up. A horrible doubt came to him. What if after all he should love the picture better than the model? He shook his head resolutely, and went to bed. All that night in his dreams that awful doubt tormented him.
On the morrow Sophie appeared before the hour of the business transaction so as to tidy up the studio and make it look more festive. She found Henri there before the picture as usual. He had wheeled the easel up near the window and was devouring the painting with his eyes. He never so much as turned his head to greet her. He saw there, on a bank of moss, half sitting, half reclining, a beautiful woman, the image of his sweetheart, yet wearing an intangible something about the eyes and mouth, something that Henri, with feelings of misgiving, felt that Sophie had not. The wavy, light brown hair, hanging in ringlets over the bare shoulder, and the vermeil tint of the pure cheek, were simply a clever copy of Sophie's charms. But in the gray eyes was a look that seemed to tell of a great, unsatisfied longing, for love—or, perhaps, victory—while the delicate, slightly curving lips had a tender, pitying expression that was strangely contradicted by the pointed chin, which bodied forth a scornful joy of triumph—perhaps the very triumph which the

eyes were longing for, and whose victim the mouth pitied. The very compositeness of the face, full of contradictions, was the origin of its charm.
Henri looked long at the face, and then turned and glanced half timidly, half hopefully, at Sophie. She thought she caught his meaning and smiled back at him.
"Is it like?" she laughed.
Henri's face lost the look of hope. He turned eagerly back to the picture, looked at it a minute, then turned away with a sigh. Sophie came to him, and looking over his shoulder at the lovely reflection of herself, asked him why he sighed. He answered:
"Ah, Sophie, you cannot understand, you cannot know the feeling of adoration which an artist has for something into which he has poured his whole soul. This is my masterpiece. I shall never do anything as good, as rich, as expansive again—no, never! All the strength, all the purity, all the poetry, of my inmost soul are embodied in that one painting, and now—now, I must part with it—must say good-by forever to what has been meat and drink to me for months past. You cannot know what it has come to mean to me; how, like Pygmalion, I have worshiped it as I created it. It is more than a portrait. It is an ideal in which I have lived for months. Oh, where—where shall I find anything to take its place?"
And Henri, kneeling before the picture, spread out his hands in supplication. Sophie knelt beside him, and gently passing one arm over his shoulder whispered softly to him, as if they already knelt before the altar:
"Here, Henri, here I am! have you not me? Did you not paint that picture to marry me? and now it's done, are we not to be married, and you are to have me always?"
She paused. Henri slowly looked around and gazed long and steadily, with a blank, searching look, into her sweet, pale face. Then he turned toward the "Lilac Witch," shuddered and sorrowfully shook his head. He noticed that in a spot near the edge of the canvas the varnish had worn a little rough. He got up from his knees, and pushing aside a curtain, went into a side room to get a pot of varnish.
Sophie remained motionless, kneeling before the picture, her bosom heaving, her eyes flashing, her hands clutching convulsively at her dress. She repeated his last words: "Where shall I find anything to take its place?"
Jealousy, cruel as the grave, jealousy of her own idealized self, jealousy of the image of her own person reflected in the artist's imagination, was taking hold of her. Oh, how she hated the picture that had stolen her only possession! Had cheated her of Henri's love. She arose and looked savagely at the lovely "Lilac Witch." Then, glancing wildly around the room for a weapon, she spied on a little table Henri's mixing knife. It was of steel and quite sharp. She ran to it, seized it, and then coming up so close that her hot breath made the canvas moist, she hissed:
"There, you thief, you!"—and with a few strokes of the knife she cut and slashed the lovely face and tore out the gray eyes, and hacked the poor head and bosom into shreds. Then, throwing back her head, she stood upright, panting and trembling, before her disfigured rival.
At that second it seemed as if the scornful, pitying, triumphant look of the Lilac Witch had passed to her own face.
Just then came a rustle at the curtain and a rattle at the door. Henri slipped in quietly from the inner room, and Sophie's father came bursting in from the hall. The two men came forward and greeted one another cordially; then they turned toward Sophie and the picture.
With a sharp cry Henri bounded forward, and, pressing his forehead against the mutilated painting, cried like a child.
Sophie looked wildly about, and staggered toward her father. He roughly led her to a chair. Then, pulling his hat down over his ears, he said hoarsely, half aloud:
"I must go and find Jean Bertrand."
—Charles W. Shope, in Harvard Advocate.

STRANGE APPLICATIONS.

Peculiar Wants of People Who Visit the Bureau of Information.
The Salvation Army has in London a bureau of information where ladies may obtain servants and those in need of employment find work. It has been extraordinarily successful. During the first year thirteen hundred employers found servants, and a thousand girls applied for work.
Strange applications come to the office. One lady recommended her departing servant as "clean, tidy, honest, sober, truthful and a good worker." Wondering why maid and mistress should part under these conditions, the bureau found that a terribly bad temper was the cause of separation.
"But, strangely enough," said the chief, "it happened that a lady had just applied to us for a servant with a bad temper, believing that such girls make the cleanest handmaids. So we are able to meet every requirement."
Some of the wants sent to the bureau are of a peculiar nature and oddly expressed.
"Kindly send me a girl who is a vegetarian," writes one lady, "or who is willing to become one."
"A red-hot Christian, but not too old."
"Not taller than five feet two. A girl who does not talk loud. She must not sing or laugh loud."
Neither are the servants who apply easy to please.
"Get me a place with two quiet, elderly people," says one. "I like to be alone."
"I am a good singer and a good speaker, and I want a good place," writes another.
"I have had a good education, and can play the piano."
"Please get my daughter a place, as she is unmanageable at home and has an awful temper," asks a fond and candid parent.—Youth's Companion.



Darius Jones to his better half, as he got up from the supper table, and with great deliberation filled his briar-wood pipe from a tin box which looked as if it had seen hard service. "Deacon Sikes will take the hull out on soon's his payment comes due, and that's less'n a fortnight, so don't worry any more about it." With this, Farmer Jones settled himself in his big arm-chair to enjoy his evening pipe.
"Well, Darius," said Mrs. Jones, "the sooner that money turns into a good mortgage bearing six per cent, the better it'll be for my peace of mind. I hain't forgot the desperit doin's of them air tramps over to Jeff Bowman's less'n a year ago, when they most killed poor old Jeff a torturin' him to make him tell where his money was hid," and she shook out her snowy tablecloth with nervous little jerks, as if she saw the tramps then and there in her mind's eye.
Darius had sold the "west lot" for three thousand dollars in crisp bank notes. This he had that day brought home and carefully placed within the little wooded chest that had long served as a repository for sundry deeds and mortgages, the fruits of a life of stern toil and unceasing frugality. Gifted by nature with a strong constitution, Darius had, many years before, settled in a comparatively new region in western Pennsylvania, and after taking to himself a helpmeet, the pair had devoted themselves with unceasing energy to the task of redeeming their new land to a state of cultivation. Slowly, but surely, the black-skirted forest, the unsightly stumps and brush-heaps gave place to broad fields of waving grain, and at last the old log house, with all its sacred associations, was torn down and replaced by a modern dwelling quite pretentious in its architecture. Children they had, but all were married and had left the parental roof. And, now on the shady side of sixty, Farmer Jones and wife decided it would be better to sell a part of the farm and so relieve themselves of a portion of their burdens and responsibilities. Josiah Pendleton stood ready to take the west lot (fifty acres) at sixty dollars an acre, and when Darius called one day and announced that he was ready to draw "arritin'," the conveyance was quickly made and the money paid over. Three thousand dollars! Quite enough to tempt the cupid and excite the avarice of certain worthless characters of that neighborhood. So reasoned Mrs. Jones, and although Darius did his best to reassure that nervous little body, his efforts were far from successful.
"There ain't a soul as knows a thing about it, 'cept Josiah and his folks, an' I cautioned 'em, over and over ag'in, not to say a word about it."
"What can't be cured, must be endured," was Mrs. Jones' philosophic rejoinder. "I shan't enjoy a night's rest, though, till we're well rid o' it."
Farmer Jones was not in the least addicted to nervousness. On the contrary, he was the very soul of self-possession and reliance. The feminine timidity of Mrs. Jones was, however, not without a certain effect on her husband.
"I b'ieve I'll just put a charge down the old gun and set it where it'll be handy," he remarked, just before bedtime, and stepping into an adjoining closet he brought out a formidable looking musket, a big powder-horn, a bag of shot and some water-proof caps. Darius examined the gun critically, blowing into the muzzle with such force that his cheeks bulged out like those of the fat man in the dime museum.
"If any o' them tramps try to burgle me I'll make it mighty interesting for 'em," said our hero, as he finished his inspection of the arm and poured a heavy charge of powder into his broad palm.
"Do be keerful, Darius," expostulated Mrs. Jones. "I was in hopes I'd seen the last o' that gun last spring when you came in with your nose bleedin' and your lip all swelled up after shootin' that cat."
"I killed the cat, anyhow," said the old man, a little testily. "An' I killed a b'ar with it, one't too. The old gun will kick a little, but it'll shoot equal to any of their new-fangled ones." And drawing out the iron rod, he drove the paper wadding home with a vigor that was positively startling, and fitting the cap on the tube he stood the weapon against the bureau in the bedroom and where he could reach it from the bed.
"Thar, mother; forewarned is forearmed. Mebbe your stewin' hain't took the exact form of a warnin', but it'll answer the purpose jest as well, I reckon," and Darius gazed thoughtfully into the fire.
The conversation naturally turned on the change their business affairs had taken, and before they were aware of the lateness of the hour the big clock in an adjoining room had struck twelve with its slow and measured strokes. The old farmer gave vent to his surprise in a long-drawn whistle. "I declare, mother, I hadn't any idea it was so late," he remarked with a sleepy yawn. "Guess we'd better go to bed, or I'm 'fraid you won't get much sleep, to-night."
"I don't expect to," said Mrs. Jones, with an air of cock resignation. "Have you fastened the cellar door?"
"No, I hain't, but I'll see to it this

minute," and Farmer Jones went out to attend to the outside cellar door, while his nervous little wife gave her personal attention to other doors and windows, not stopping until she had visited every door and window in the house.
"I'll feel better about it if I see to it myself," she soliloquized. "Darius is that careless! he'd forget to lock the doors, I say nothin' 'bout seein' to the winders."
Her round of inspection was ended at last, and, with a sigh of relief, she sought her sleeping apartment. Darius had preceded her some little time, and his heavy, regular breathing gave ample evidence of his entire freedom from earthly cares and annoyances.
"Dear me," said the troubled woman, as she quietly reclined beside her unconscious husband, "if I could only sleep like that, it'd be worth while goin' to bed, but I don't b'ieve I can sleep a wink to-night."
Tick, tack, tick tack; the big clock in the kitchen sounded unusually loud, and it seemed to Mrs. Jones that she had never known the hours to drag quite so slowly. Three o'clock and still the situation remained unchanged. Darius snored peacefully on, but sleep came not to the weary eyelids of the troubled woman who had almost concluded to get up and begin her household duties, when she thought she heard a strange noise outside, and, listening intently, she soon heard it repeated, this time so loudly that there could be no mistake about it. With wildly-beating heart she sat bolt upright trying to locate the sound. It was at the back kitchen door.
"Darius, Darius," she tremulously whispered, but Darius was not easily wakened, and it was not until she had shaken him with might and main that he awoke to a realizing sense of his surroundings.
"There's somebody at the back kitchen door," she gasped. "I heard him walk on the plank."
It was now Darius' turn to listen, and presently his ears were greeted by a rasping sound at the rear of the house. Like, rake, rake, it sounded through the house with startling distinctness.
"He's sawin' or filin' the door lock," moaned the frightened woman. "We shall be murdered in cold blood," and she dropped back on her pillow in abject terror.
Darius was now thoroughly aroused and ready to give the desperate house breaker a warm reception. Stepping



cautiously to the bureau, he seized his trusty musket, and, clad simply in his robe de nuit, he glided stealthily out into the kitchen, looking for all the world like the apparition of the veritable spectral huntsman. The noise ceased for a moment and Darius listened intently. Perhaps the fellow had detected his cautious movements and fled, but no, the filing was soon resumed and our hero could even hear the heavy breathing of the burglar as he worked industriously at the lock. He could wait no longer. Raising the old gun to his shoulder, he pulled the trigger and with a terrific roar it belched forth its contents.
"Thar, take that, dum yer sneakin' hide," shouted the intrepid Darius, as soon as he could regain his equilibrium. "I'll teach ye to come sneakin' round my shebang."
"Have you shot him?" came in horrified tones from the bedroom.
"I've stirred him up a little, I reckon," grimly responded Darius, as he caught the sound of retreating footsteps, and groping his way through the smoke he drew aside the curtain and looked out. At a distance of perhaps a dozen yards stood old Brindle, Darius' best cow. Her nose was elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees and her head was swaying to and fro in bovine distress.
"Thunderation!" ejaculated the astonished farmer, as the truth suddenly dawned upon him. "Mother, it's old Brindle, and I've filled her chock full o' shot," he continued, as he unlocked the terribly shattered door and stepped out into the cool air. It was only too true. It was old Brindle. She had broken out of the pasture lot and during her wanderings had chanced to approach the back kitchen door. The rasping sound had been made by her tongue while licking the door.
"Come, boss, come, boss," said the crestfallen farmer, as he attempted to approach the strangely-acting animal; but old Brindle's confidence in the Jones family had been rudely shattered, and catching sight of his white-robed figure she plunged madly off into the darkness.
"A dum pretty mess I've made on't," ejaculated Farmer Jones, as he ruefully watched her retreating figure until it disappeared in the gloom. "I've spoilt that door, an' like ez not killed the best cow I've got, too, an' thar hain't been a burglar in forty miles o' here. Say, mother, if ye hear any more sawin' or filin' I wish you'd keep it to yourself."
"Well, ye needn't be so cross about it. If you hadn't thought it was a burglar you wouldn't have shot through the door."
And Darius felt that he was again vanquished.—R. J. Hollister, in Yankee Blade.
—Don't live an aimless life.—Ram's Horn.

MISCELLANEOUS.
—Treeing—"Did Jobbers leave any last request?" Hamplate—"Yes; he wanted the funeral procession to drive around by the way of the ball grounds."
—Wife—"John, do look at that poor waiter; what makes him so one-sided?" Husband—"I guess it is because he has been so frequently tipped."
—Inter Ocean.—A Sunday-school Surprise.—"Now, you're a nicely dressed little girl. Is your father independent?" "No, thir, he ith in jail."—Brooklyn Eagle.
—A little miss had prepared to recite in Sabbath-school the line "Search the Scriptures." When the teacher asked for her verse, however, she hesitated, then bravely uttered the words "Hunt for the prescription."
—When Harry and Lucinda go out roving they love to work the same oar. It is so sociable, you know, and then it reminds them of the words of the poet. "Two souls with but a single thwart."
—Boston Transcript.
—The Sword Swallower—"I have had notice that they don't want me any longer in the museum." Fat Woman—"Well, who will take your place?" Sword Swallower—"Why, a girl from Boston is going to swallow her words."
—Inter Ocean.
—An original method of inducing the residents of Alsace-Lorraine to become Germans has been discovered by the Volk, the organ of Here Stoecker. This journal proposes that the state shall give a dowry to every native of Alsace-Lorraine who marries a German.
—It was on Friday that Columbus set sail from Palos. Friday he first saw the new world, Friday he reached Palos on his return, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery falls on Friday and on Friday this country was christened after Americanus Vespucius, the Florentine discoverer.
—An enormous school of barracuda was sporting in Monterey bay, California, the other day, when, with the sudden turn, they headed straight for the beach without diminution in their speed, and were soon landed high and dry upon the shore. The belief is that the barracuda were driven ashore by a school of whales.
—C. L. Walker, chief clerk of the Central railroad at Macon, Ga., has an old bill in his possession. It is a \$10 note of the state of North Carolina, printed in 1778. On one side is the inscription, "Persecution the Ruin of Empires." On the other side appear the words, "Death to Counterfeiters."
—The idea of manufacturing power on a moving car to run a dynamo to operate a motor to propel a car seems to be a roundabout way of getting at the result of electric traction, and yet that is what a western man is said to be doing. He used gasoline to produce steam for power; but why not use the steam power direct?
—The famous story of the word "sir-loin," or, more properly, "sarlin," is of recent creation. A king of England—the "merry monarch" most likely—coming in hungry one day from the chase, had served up to him a savory loin of beef. So delighted was the famished king at the sight of his favorite dish that he knighted it on the spot, and it is now known as "sir loin" even to this day.
—President Harrison's most formidable rival for the hand of Miss Caroline Scott, who afterward became his wife, was a rollicking Irish boy who fell in love with her, as did her husband, while they were both attending her father's school. He is Thad L. Conant, and he is living now in Evansville, Ind., where he is river editor of the Standard.
—One of the model co-operative associations of the country is the Fruit Growers' union, which was organized in 1867 and incorporated in 1888. Its membership is 574, and it had issued 4,196 shares up to January last. Its object is the protection of the grower by obtaining the highest prices for his fruits. Shipments and sales are attended to, and necessary articles are supplied at the lowest rates possible. The total amount of last year's business was \$114,861. The net assets of the society are \$38,590.
—Petroleum, when stored in bulk, either in tank steamships or in tanks on shore, must be provided with means for expansion when the temperature rises. A drawback in appliances has been the admitting of air on the contraction of the oil. The manager of large works in West Hartlepool, England, has devised an apparatus that will prevent the access of air. In cylindrical domes on the top of the tanks he fits pistons, the rods projecting through the tops and moving freely. The pistons rest on the surface of the oil and rise and fall when it expands and contracts.
—The independence of Burmese women is remarkable. They manage their own affairs, lord stalls in the bazaar, with which no one interferes, marry when they choose, and divorce their husbands as soon as they please. No jealous veils cover their faces; no melancholy purdah seclusion prevents them from mixing with the male sex. They first dance and laugh with as many admirers as they choose, and last of all they smoke—not dainty cigarettes on the sly, taking a whiff while they read the latest French novel, as their European sisters do; no, but cigars! Cigars longer than men use in Europe; cigars a foot long and two inches in circumference, the price about two cents, and they smoke them all day.
—Why We Need Two Ears.
Sound travels by waves, radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is thrown into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the disturbance to the ear. This being the case, the impact is greater in the ear nearest the sound. Now, a person who has totally lost the hearing of one ear cannot locate the direction of a noise to save his life, even when the center of disturbance is quite near. Blind persons learn to estimate distance in a surprising brief period after losing their sight, but experts on diseases of the ear say that persons wholly deaf in one ear can never learn the direction from which a sound comes.—Philadelphia Press.