

THE CHIEF

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B. & M. R. R. Time Table. Taking effect Dec. 3. Train carrying passengers leave Red Cloud as follows: EAST VIA HASTINGS. No. 142 Passenger to Hastings, 2:30 p. m. ARRIVE. No. 141 Passenger from Hastings - 11:25 a. m.

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SCENERY COMPARED.

THE MAIN DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

The One Is Everywhere Affected by Man and Art—The Other Is Primeval and Virgin—Luxury May Suit English Scenery, but Not So With Us.

Having lately visited England after a long absence, my mind since my return has been busy with the subject of the relations between our scenery and that of the old world. I visited a dull part of Hampshire. On leaving the house where I was staying it was necessary to get up to an early breakfast to catch a train.

The difference between European and American trees and woodlands is significant of this. Early in September an acquaintance took me to look at a remarkable oak on his place in Essex, which he said had been thought by some persons to be a relic of the ancient British forest.

It so happened that only a few months before, in June perhaps, I had seen in Tennessee a good deal of a forest which was almost virgin. The trees went straight upward to a great height, the boles being clean of branches a long distance from the ground, and the leafage scant, except at the top, where it received the sun.

Another contrast there may be in the scenery of the two lands. There is suitable to the luxury and comfort of English country life. It is appropriate to the English fleshpots. There are plenty of country houses throughout England in which material comforts are of the best, and which at certain seasons contain much agreeable company of both sexes.

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If there is an agreement between luxury and English scenery, my sentiment is that, on the contrary, luxury does not suit our scenery. An iron foundry, strange to say, does no harm. A forge, a factory by the side of a pond filled with water lilies—I have now in mind the New England landscape—these are not unsuitable. But a fine house in some way is, and my sense of incongruity extends as well to those mansions which a friend describes as Queen Anne in the front and Mary Ann in the rear.

A medical man has found out that dismal weather has a bad effect upon the reasoning powers as well as upon the spirits. He says his deductions made on cloudy days often prove to be faulty.

DID THE HORSE PLAY THIS TRICK?

How Two Spanish Gentlemen Happened to Forget to Pay Their Check.

There is a small all night restaurant in a Twenty-eighth street basement where gentlemen of more or less bohemian instincts sometimes go for a quiet bottle and a taste of reasonable delicacies.

The beaming "night hawk" had raised his glass, of a liberal three fingers of whiskey, and was just remarking, "Ere's looking at ye, gentlemen," when he glanced out the open door and realized that the "boss that plays tricks sometimes" was leisurely ambling off toward Broadway.

The worldly wise bartender stopped gazing a glass, dipped a towel disdainfully over his shoulder and said with a pessimistic grin: "There's more ways than one to beat the house. I never saw that trick done before, but I've heard tell of it."—New York Herald.

A Famous Beadle of Paris. Discours, the beadle of the Church of St. Roch, in Paris, died on Saturday. He was almost famous for his tall stature, imposing air and portly figure, and was at once the tallest of the Paris beadles and the senior of them all.

The use of oil in preventing boiler scale now so prevalent is met with the objection that in using other than standard oil of 150 to 200 degrees fire test there is danger of the formation of what is called oil scale. This, according to chemical authority, is owing to the fact that when the higher fire test oils are introduced they rise and float upon the top of the water, and the latter, impregnated with sediment and mud, boils and bubbles up through the oil scum on top, and on the water becoming vaporized it liberates the particles of mud and scale contained, which fall back upon this layer of oil upon the top of the water.

To Her Art. Mme. d'Alberin, one of the lesser painters of France, was as conceited about her artistic ability as she was notorious for her excessive use of cosmetics of all kinds. Her face was a study in enamel, rouge and pencilling, and the older she grew the more pronounced it became.

Wonderous Evolution. "In the slow evolution of the race," mused the elephant, looking with languid interest at the throng of curious gazers that stood on the outside of the ropes and fed him with cakes, peanuts and candy, "how many millions of years it must require to evolve from the shapeless and rudimentary projection on the face of the creature called man the full and perfect proboscis!"—Chicago Tribune.

NOTHING FOR THE BIBLE.

An Aged Man's Vain Errand in a New York Pawnshop.

In a Bowery pawnshop a man shuffled up to one of the clerks with a big bundle which he wanted to pawn. The man was old and decrepit. His hair and beard were long, white and unkempt. His clothes were ragged as the wrappings of his bundle. He laid the bundle down on the counter, pulled off the wrappings and displayed a Bible of what is known as the "family" sort. It had large, heavy covers stamped in gilt and looked as if it might be illustrated with full page steel engravings.

"Nothing," replied the clerk, with the most discouraging accent imaginable and apparently without even a glance at the Bible. "Oh, yes, you will," said the old man. "Please give me something." "No," answered the clerk, "not a cent."

"But I've got to have it," pleaded the old man. "I haven't had anything to eat today. Give me 50 cents." "Nothing to drink, you mean," said the clerk, with another glance at the trembling old man. "I won't give you anything. We don't take Bibles anyway."

"Not here," answered the clerk. "I tell you we don't take Bibles. Go on, now."

The superstition of the Turks is nowhere so apparent as in their fear of the "evil eye." Jugs placed around the edge of the roof or an old shoe filled with garlic and blue beads (blue glass balls or rings) are a sure guard against the illusion. Whenever a pretty child is playing upon the street the passersby will say, "Oh, what an ugly child!" for fear of inciting the evil spirit against its beauty. The peasant classes in Turkey are of course the most superstitious because they are the most ignorant. They have no education whatever and can neither read nor write.

"What?" asked the clerk. "That you don't take Bibles." "No," with a laugh. "That was just a bluff. We take anything. But that Bible was worn out and wasn't worth a cent."—New York Sun.

The Biblical Locust. "You have read about John the Baptist living on locusts and wild honey," said Mr. Wiley of Lewiston, who is recently home from Central America. "Well, here's a locust," and he produced from his pocket a—well, a locust. It didn't hop or jump and had no semblance of life because indeed it was nothing but a great pod, looking like a huge cranberry bean pod, fully 5 inches long and almost as big around as a banana. It had a deep mahogany colored skin of hard consistency. "I have eaten bushels of them," said Mr. Wiley. "They grow on trees as big as elms and fall to the ground when ripe. Split them open, and they contain a yellow substance looking like mustard. Mixed with water, it makes a very delicious and nourishing drink that will sustain life for a long time. One of these pods will make a quart of the drink, and everybody uses them. They may not be the locusts of John the Baptist, but I understand that the tree grows in that land of the Bible."—Lewiston Journal.

Roots With Air Chambers. In the Sunderlands, a tract of swampy forest in the southern part of the Ganges delta, large numbers of the trees are provided with curious root suckers, consisting of woody processes growing upward at irregular points along the course of the roots, and projecting one to three feet above ground. The object of these suckers is to protect the tree from the uprooting effect of winds. They also contain air chambers for the aeration of the roots, but never produce buds, and cease to grow when the apex has reached the level of the highest spring tides.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Source of Iridescent Happiness. "Belinda," said the young man tenderly, "be mine, and our life shall be as an iridescent dream." "First, Charles," said Belinda severely, "will you kindly inform me what will be the quantity of the metallic medium which is to supply the iridescence?"—Chicago Record.

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