

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard her strength and grace
In the cottage, place, hovel,
O, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power may with beauty flow,
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,
From the soul's unresting grow.—
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Women, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod,
Keep, oh keep the young heart open
For the best Flour in town call at
City Bakery.

Headquarters for Holiday Goods at
S. L. Green's.

We understand that the Social Club
dance was postponed.

A full line of the very best cigars at
the B. & M. Pharmacy.

Christmas Goods, by the car load, to
arrive at C. H. Rogers.

Don't buy your Christmas Goods until
you see them at Rogers.

Don't fail to go and see that fine lot
of handsome vases at Green's.

The best fine cut chewing tobacco in
the city at B. & M. Pharmacy.

ranged in flat bandeaux over the temples
and ears and gathered at the back
of the head into a meagre coil, held in
place by a comb of imitation shell,
much too large and heavy for its office.

Over a quilted petticoat of some dark-
green woolen stuff she wore a flowered
cotton short-gown, belted at the waist
by a girdle of the same material, which
was sewed to the garment at the back
and fastened in front with hooks and
eyes.

A ribbon of parti-colored plaid encircled
her withered neck, furnishing excuse
for the display of a square gold
pin, in which glittered a yellow something,
fondly believed by its owner to be
a topaz.

The room accorded well with the appearance
of its mistress. It was exquisitely
clean, but everything in it bespoke
the economist and the utilitarian. The
spindle-legged table, of which but one
leg was raised, was covered with a
cloth of coarse brown linen; the cups
and plates were of various patterns,
evidently remnants of sets that had ceased
to exist as such. The walls were tinted
a smoky gray, and the floor painted in
severe squares of black and white, the
work of Mrs. Prewett's own hands.

The wooden chairs were luxurious with
cushions of dark chintz, tied firmly to
their backs and legs by bits of scarlet
braids.

One really luxurious chair there was
near the window, an invalid's chair,
though its occupant would hardly have
been classed as an invalid. This occupant
was Mr. Prewett, who, having
finished the substantial portion of his
meal, had retired from the table carrying
with him his second cup of coffee,
to be enjoyed over his book. Seated as
he was, a glance sufficed to show that
he was a lurcher and a dwarf. His
face had the peculiar conformation in-
separable from that sort of deformity—
the high, square cheek bones, wide
mouth, slightly protruding, and eyes
set a la Chinois. It was, nevertheless,
a face full of kindness and intelligence.
The thick, bushy hair stood stiffly out
above a broad, well-rounded forehead,
and the pale, gray eyes gleamed with
an intellectual light beneath the over-
hanging brow.

As he read, taking occasional sips
from his cup, he smacked his lips enjoy-
ingly.

The outer door looking eastward, and
giving upon a small garden, stood open
admitting a broad block of sunshine,
which was welcome to lie upon the
painted door—whose colors it could not
injure—since it tempered the air of the
room without cost, and the spring
mornings were still a trifle chill. It
admitted also the fragrance of honeysuckle
and the song of a caged mocking-
bird that hung in the window of an
adjoining house.

In full harmony with these intruders,
seeming almost as if it might be an
emanation from them, was the bright-
haired, angel-faced child, perched
beside the table upon an improvised high
seat, formed by laying two great quar-
ters upon one of the cushioned chairs.

Not even the ugly calico apron which
enveloped him, nor the stains of mol-
lasses about his rosy mouth, could hide
or mar his wonderful beauty, as,
stretching out his hands above his empty
plate, and springing up and down
on his dangerously elevated perch, he
clattered inarticulately for more food.

"Now, Georgie," said Mrs. Prewett,
in a high, thin voice, so thin that it
wavered like a worn blade, "you can
have just one more slice, with either
butter or molasses, but not both."

The child kicked his little feet against
the table, and beat impatiently with his
spoon upon his empty plate. "Da-da,
mo-da-da," he cried, utterances which
might mean anything, but which his
grandmother interpreted to mean mol-
lasses, and at once proceeded to supply,
while Georgie beat triumphantly upon
the table with spoon and feet.

"Hi, hi, there!" cried the grand-
father, looking at him over his spec-
tacles with a smile that contained but
little reproof. You make a great noise,
youngster."

A middle door, leading from another
room, was gently opened, and a pale,
slender woman, no longer young, and
yet with an indefinable youthfulness
still hovering about her, glided noise-
lessly into the room and seated herself
at the table. She rested her elbows
upon the board, and laying her trans-
parent hands palm to palm, leaning her
thin white cheek against them, an atti-
tude full of grace and tender remin-
iscent. Turning her large, luminous
eyes slowly from one object to another,
and letting them rest finally upon her
mother, she said, in a dreamy voice:
"How natural it all seems. You are
not changed in the least."

"No; why should I change?" re-
turned the mother.

"Most people do," replied the
daughter, still speaking as if in a dream,
"but you and my father seem to stand
still. I could have fancied myself to
whom you said just now: 'You can
have either butter or molasses, but not
both.' But it is my baby, and that
means a great change for me."

"Yes, you are greatly changed," re-
torted the mother, with an accent of
disapprobation. "If you had been
guided by advice you might have been
better off."

"I don't want to be better off," re-
turned the daughter with a gentle
smile, "I have loved and been loved to
my heart's content, and that is the sum
of life."

"Loved!" exclaimed Mrs. Prewett
with increased disapprobation. "A
poor stick like that! A ne'er-do-well
who has left you nothing but a baby."

"Ah! he loved me so!" sighed the
daughter, with a look that beat her
mother's.

Don't go late and miss the grand
march at the social, to-morrow evening.
The music by Messrs. Yager, Kenyon,
Ryan and Laycock will be fine. The
romenade at 8.

You ought to have been present at
that debating society and experience
meeting combined, held after our city
concert the mother, angrily. "It was that
bewitched you."

"I have brought it with me," said the
daughter, still in that calm, even tone,
as of one who receives scarcely any im-
pression from without. "He drew the
bow across the strings hardly an hour
before he died. Georgie must learn to
play it. He will never find such a mas-
ter as his father, though."

"He will never learn it with my con-
sent," said the grandmother, as she re-
moved the great apron which protected
the child's blue worsted frock, and
wiped his sticky hands and face. "Go,
now, and play in the garden!" she said,
setting him upon the floor. "Come,
Anastasia, eat your breakfast and let
me clear the table," she continued to
her daughter. "I suppose you learned
these dawdling ways in those foreign
places. I've been told they lie abed till
the middle of the forenoon over there.
That's the reason you never got on.
Old Ben. Franklin's rule is the one to
live by if you want to succeed in life."

"What is it to succeed?" asked the
daughter, stirring the half-cold coffee
her mother handed her, without offer-
ing to taste it.

"Why, to make money, to have a
home of your own, and something to
live on. What else could it be?"

"No, no; it isn't that," replied An-
astasia, with a radiant smile. "To suc-
ceed is to drink life in one great
draught of perfect happiness, and then
die."

"Tut! tut!" cried the father, speak-
ing for the first time. "That's nonsense."
"Supreme nonsense," echoed the
mother. "I never could understand
Anastasia's infatuation. At her age,
too. Why, she was nearly thirty! Old
enough to have gotten over all that ro-
mantic folly about love."

A sudden flash, followed by a sudden
pallor, overspread the delicate face of
the young woman.

"Ah! yes," she exclaimed, leaning
back and stretching her arms upward,
"old enough to have tried everything
else, and found love alone worth hav-
ing."

The outstretched arms fell heavily
back, her head drooped upon her
breast, there was a slight quiver of the
frame, a faint sigh—that was all.

The mother stood with her pile of
plates in her hand—the father sprang
to his feet, dropping book and spec-
tacles upon the floor.

It was too late to recall her. The
pure, sensitive soul had once more es-
caped from the cold restraints of home
to regain its native atmosphere of love.

FELIX GRAY.

Disraeli and Wines.

Temple Bar.

"How do you manage to keep so
healthy?" he was asked by a dyspeptic
foe. "By dining off a sardine," was
the answer, and there was some truth
in this. To the end of his life Disraeli
always ate very sparingly when alone,
and this enabled him to keep a good
appetite for public occasions, thereby
rebutting the presumption, which his
pale face suggested, that he was con-
sumptive. In this connection some re-
marks of his about wine may be men-
tioned. Hard drinking was in fashion
during his youth, and at public dinners
men who let the bottle pass were hardly
regarded as gentlemen. Disraeli, who
could never stand much wine, suffered
a good deal from this social usage, and
he set himself to study the demeanor of
men who could drink deep without
being any the worse for it. Lord Mel-

bourne was one of these, and he gave
Disraeli a wrinkle by saying, "You can
drink if you don't talk; if you talk
much you needn't drink, for people
will think you are drunk and let you
alone." It is obvious that
the excitement of conversa-
tion must co-operate powerfully
with the fumes of wine in making the
brain reel. Disraeli, having noted this
fact, went further into the subject by
observing that a man's convivial propen-
sities are always taken for granted
if he talks in praise of wine and appears
to be very critical about it. Some of
his remarks savoring of the most re-
fined epicureanism may therefore be
ascribed solely to his temperate desire
to find excuses for not drinking. He
was not a judge of wines, though he
pretended to be, and once allowed
himself to lay down the law about Bur-
gundy against the late Lord Sothon. A
droll trait in him was that he spoke en-
thusiastically about certain choice
wines, but he never desisted any sort of
liquor, even gin. A reason he once
gave for "saying something kind"
about brandy in the presence of a per-
son addicted to spirits would have had
a Mephistophelean ring if the subject of
the observation had not been, humanely
speaking, irrefragable: "I could
not speak ill of his only friend." "I
should call brandy his enemy," inter-
posed a lady. "Ah, well, a man hates
his enemy the worse for hearing him
well spoken of," was the mild report.

**How Titled Excommunicators of the
American Hog Treat Their
American Wives.**

Joseph F. Potter, the American con-
sul at Crefeld, Germany, has been
making investigations in regard to a
matter of great interest to our fair
countrywomen, and the result of his
labors is to be found in a report full of
information of the most vital interest.
He has been inquiring into the results
of marriages between American girls
and German nobles, and what he tells
us is most startling.

In thirty-two cases cited there has
not only not been a single happy union,
but either divorce or abandonment has
been the result.

Nothing gives a town more sub-
stantial aid than a solid farming com-
munity, and that is what we want
and need—MORE MEN TO TILL THE SOIL,
soil as productive as the best in Nebras-
ka, which will yield handsomely when
properly cultivated. There will beyond
a peradventure be a large influx of peo-
ple into this vicinity early in the spring,
and instead of trying to cover up the
land in the neighborhood or remaining
railroad magnate in a western state,
and the story she tells is a most pitiable
one.

Her hard-headed father took the pre-
caution at her marriage to settle his
daughter's fortune upon her, and tied it
up in such a way that she could not
relinquish its control, even if she de-
sired to do so. After many humiliating
tasks had been given this lady, the boot
cleaning was required. Then she re-
belle. She drew the line there, and
with her American blood at the boiling
point, she flatly refused. Her warrior
husband, who, beside his military rank,
has the title of a count, attempted to
enforce discipline in his family by
using his riding whip upon his recalcit-
rant bride, and after a serious time of
it she evaded the flogging and left the
bed and board of the knightly Ulian
for her native land. Her husband
could not prevent her departure, but
tried to compel the payment of a cer-
tain sum of money by way of salvage to
the wounds his sensibility received by
her abrupt departure. He did not suc-
ceed, for the lady had no property in
the province that could be held, so she
got away without further loss of time.

Matches.

Chicago Herald.

"That match you are lighting your
cigar with is a very small thing, isn't
it?" said a passenger who had shared
my seat for a few miles. "A small
thing, but you wouldn't believe the
American people paid out \$27,000,000
for matches last year, would you? It
looks big, but it is a fact. Now, take a
pencil and figure it out. Fifty millions
of people in this country; they use on
an average five matches each per day;
that is 250,000,000 matches daily, or
2,500,000 boxes of 100 matches in a box,
every day. Last year these boxes re-
tailed at an average of three cents
each, making \$75,000 a day for matches,
or \$27,375,000 a year. And then to
think that three-fourths of all these
matches were supplied by one com-
pany! If they didn't make \$8,000,000
clear profit out of it they didn't make a
cent.

The harvest day of the match monop-
oly is now at an end, as they no longer
have a government revenue tax levied
for their benefit. But they still control
the trade, on account of their superior
manufacturing facilities, large capital,
etc. They own thousands of acres of
timber land in Michigan, and their lum-
ber is cut by their own men and shipped
on their own boats. And then they
have contracted for nearly all the
world's supply of phosphorus years
ahead, and the new manufacturers
starting into the business find them-
selves over-matched in many ways by
the old monopoly, which can still con-
trol the trade and make a fair profit on
its investments. They control twenty-
two factories, and one of them has a
capacity of 72,000,000 of matches daily.

Persons extremely reserved are like
old enameled watches, which had paint-
ed covers that hindered you seeing
what o'clock it was.

A TERRIBLE PROPHECY.

The Red Sunsets, Cyclones and Earth-
quakes Foretelling Coming Disas-
ter—How to Meet It.

The recent mysterious appearances
following sunset and preceding sunrise
have attracted wide attention from stu-
dents of the skies and the people gener-
ally. During the days of recent weeks
the sun seems to have been obscured by
a thin veil of a dull leaden hue which,
as the sun receded toward the horizon,
became more luminous, then yellow,
then orange, then red; and, as night
settled down upon the earth, a dull pur-
ple. At first it was thought these ap-
pearances were ordinary sunset reflec-
tions of light, but it is now pretty cer-
tain that they are either the misty sub-
stance of the tail of some unseen comet,
in which the earth is enveloped, or a
surrounding stratum of world dust or
very small meteors. Professor Brooks,
of the Red House Observatory, Phelps,
N. Y., has turned his telescope upon
these objects and discovered what he
thinks are myriads of telescopic me-
teors. If it is unorganized world dust,
or decomposed vapors, as the Democrat
and Chronicle of Rochester, N. Y., re-
marks: "How is this matter to be dis-
posed of? Will it settle and form a de-
posit upon the earth, or remain a partial
opaque shell about the earth to cut
off a portion of the sun's light upon it?"

Whatever the mystery is, there is no
denying that some very strange forces
are at work in the upper airs. The ter-
rible tornadoes and cyclones which
have swept our own country, and the
fearful volcanoes and earthquakes which
have destroyed so many cities and
thousands of people—the tidal waves
which mysteriously rise and fall on
coasts hitherto unvisited by them—the
tremendous activity which is evident in
the sun by the constant revelation of
enormous spots upon its surface—all in-
dicate unusual energy in the heavenly
bodies.

These circumstances recall Professor
Grimmer's prophecies that from 1881
to 1887, the passage of the five great
planets—Mars, Neptune, Jupiter,
Uranus and Saturn—around the sun
would produce strange and wonderful
phenomena. He says: "The waters of
the earth will become more or less poi-
sonous. The air will be foul with noi-
somes odors. Ancient races will disap-
pear from the earth." He attempts to
prove his prophecy by the fact that in
1720, when Mars and Saturn made their
passage around the sun coincidentally,
great destruction and mortality visited
all parts of the globe. He also found
the same results in previous perihelion
passages of the planets, and argues
that these circumstances always pro-
duce epidemics and destructive diseases
which will baffle the skill of the most
eminent physicians; that the poor will
die by thousands, the weak and intem-
perate falling first, those whose blood
has been impoverished by excess of
work or dissipation next and only those
who are in comparative vigor shall es-
cape to enjoy the era of renewed activ-
ity and prosperity which will follow the
period of destruction.

Inasmuch as the entire world seems
subject to the sway of the heavenly
bodies no part of the earth, he thinks,
can escape scourging. He even pre-
dicts that America will lose over ten
millions of people; that farmers will
be stricken with fear and cease to till
the soil; that famine will make human
misery more wretched. That hundreds
will flee to overcrowded cities for aid
in vain. That sudden changes in ocean
currents, temperature and surround-
ings will entirely transform the face
of nature and climate of countries; that
the air will be so foul with malaria
and other noxious gases; that those
who survive will be troubled with disor-
ders of the digestive organs. That many
who escape other ills will die of cholera
and typhoid fever, while others will
grow thin and drag out a miserable ex-
istence in indescribable agony for
weeks. Neuralgic pains in different
parts of the body will torment them.
They will easily tire and become des-
pondent. A faint, hot feeling will be
succeeded by chilly sensations while
hallucinations and dread of impending
ill will paralyze all effort. "The birds
in the air, the beasts of the field, and
even the fishes of the sea will become
diseased, poisoning the air and poisoning
the waters of the globe." We are told
on the other hand that those who shall
pass through this period of trial will
have larger enjoyment of life and
health. The earth will yield more
abundantly than ever before. The animal
kingdom will be more prolific and
life prolonged very materially. This
prolongation of life will be owing to
the healthy electric and magnetic in-
fluences that will pervade the atmos-
phere. It would perhaps seem that the
present redness of the sun, and the
presence of a belt or veil of cosmic
matter, justified, in a measure, the pre-
diction of Professor Grimmer, but dis-
turbance as his predictions may be we
are told for our comfort that the strong
and pure blooded need have little to fear
in these calamities, that those who are
delicate or indisposed should adopt
means to keep the system well support-
ed and the blood pure and that the
most philosophical and effective meth-
od of accomplishing this is to keep the
kidneys and liver in good condition.
From the testimony of such men as Dr.
Dio Lewis and Professor R. A. Gunn,
M. D., dean of the United States medi-
cal college, New York, and thousands
of influential non-professional people, it
seems almost certain that for this pur-
pose there is no preparation known to
science equal to Warner's Safe Cure,
better known as Warner's Safe Kidney
and Liver Cure. This medicine has ac-
quired the finest reputation of any
preparation that was ever put upon the

market. It is a radical blood purifier,
which soothes and heals all inflamed
organs, strengthens the nervous sys-
tem, washes out all evidences of decay,
regulates digestion, prevents malassim-
ilation of food in a philosophical and
rational manner, fortifies the system
against climatic changes and malarial
influences, and the destructive agencies
which seem to be so abundant in these
"evil days."

It is not our purpose to dispute the
correctness of Professor Grimmer's
prophecies. As we have said, the
marked disturbances of the past few
years would seem to give a semblance
of verification of his theory. It is cer-
tain, as above stated, that we are pass-
ing through what may be regarded as a
crucial period, and it is the part of
wise men not to ignore, but to learn to
fortify themselves against the possibility
of being overcome by three evils. It is
a duty which each man owes to himself,
and his fellows, to mitigate as much as
possible the suffering of humanity, and
in no way better can he accomplish this
purpose than to see to it that he, himself,
is fortified by the best known prepara-
tion in the strongest possible manner,
and that he exert the influence of his
own example upon his fellows to the
end that they, too, may share with him
immunity from the destructive influ-
ences which seek his ruin.

THE VIGILANTES.

Ten Horse and Cattle Thieves Receive
Their Attention.

Information was received at Yankton
on the 12th from the Niobrara valley to the
effect that the vigilance committee had made
way with five horse and cattle thieves within
the past ten days. Wade, Murphy and
Weatherwax were hung, while Hoyt and
old man Weatherwax were shot. Culbert-
son, Stewart, Morris and Cline are under
indictment. If the court fails to punish
them, the vigilantes will give them their
considerate attention. McFarland, who
was captured and indicted, escaped. The
cause of this summary work is the long
continued depredations by this Niobrara
band of cattle thieves. For years past
they have operated with the boldest
impunity among the herds on the rich
pasture lands. The same band of
thieves were formerly the famous highway-
men with "Doc" Middleton as their leader,
and when he was killed it was supposed the
gang would break up and scatter, but, in-
stead, it gained in strength and became more
formidable than in the days of its notorious
chief. The band finally reached such pro-
portions that the law was absolutely set at
defiance, and they ruled the valley with im-
punity. Last winter a meeting of stockmen
and farmers was held for the purpose of or-
ganizing a vigilance committee to rid the
valley of the terrible scourge. This com-
mittee gave the desperadoes final warning a
few months ago to leave the country. They
disregarded the warning and the result is
that ten of them are now under the sod.

Officers off the Senate.

Republican senators held a caucus
and proceeded to the nomination of officers
for the senate. A candidate for secretary
was first in order. Jones, of Nevada, nom-
inated Geo. C. Gorham, of California;
Miller, of New York, nominated General
Anson G. McCook, of New York; Harris-
son nominated Major D. M. Ramsdell, of
Indiana. Eulogistic speeches were made in
support of each candidate and a running
debate followed in which a majority of the
senators present took part. Upon the in-
formal ballot the vote stood McCook, 16;
Gorham, 15; Ramsdell, 3. A formal
ballot followed immediately and resulted,
McCook 19, Gorham 13, Ramsdell 3. Gen-
eral McCook was declared the nominee.
Charles M. Johnson, of Minnesota, was
nominated for chief clerk, and James R.
Young, of Pennsylvania, to be executive
clerk of the senate. Rev. E. E. Huntley,
of the Metropolitan M. E. church, Wash-
ington, formerly of Wisconsin, was nomi-
nated for chaplain, and Colonel W. P.
Canaday, of North Carolina, for sergeant-
at-arms. A resolution was adopted unani-
mously to retain wounded soldiers now on
the rolls of the senate in their positions.

Mayne Reid's Books.

Pail Mail Gazette.

The following details, which we be-
lieve to be correct, concerning the sale
of Captain Mayne Reid's novels may
be interesting. In 1860 nine books of
the novelist came into the hands of
Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, namely:
"The Desert Home," of which 8,748
were printed; "The Boy Hunters,"
8,455; "The Young Voyageurs," 6,954;
"The Forest Exiles," 8,315; "The
Bush Boy," 6,710; "The Young
Yagers," 5,796; "The Boy Tar,"
6,878; "The Plant Hunters," 5,000;
and "Ran Away to Sea," 6,000. In
November, 1860, Captain Mayne Reid
wrote for the same firm two original
books, called "Bruin; or, The Great
Bear Hunt," and "Odd People;" of
the former 9,000 were printed, of the
latter 8,000. In July, 1879, "Gasper,
the Guacho," was published, of which
3,000 copies were printed. In Febru-
ary, 1880, two of his novels, "The War
Trail" and "The Squadron," came into
their possession, of the former 14,500
and of the latter 11,400 copies being
printed. In January, 1878, twenty
more copies of his novels came into
their hands. Of "The Headless Horse-
man" 4,000 copies were printed, of
"The Rifle Rangers" and "The White
Chief" 3,000 copies, and of the remain-
ing seventeen 2,000 copies each.

Saraa Wilso, a negro, 77 years old,
is teaching school in New Haven. Her
father was born a slave in the same
town.