

NEARER HOME.

"One sweetly solemn thought,"
Sang the maiden soft and low;
While the tender strains were fraught
With soulful ebb and flow.

"I am nearer home to-day,"
And the sunlight glims her brow,
While the thought her heart doth sway,
Never nearer home than now.

Years come on with steady tread,
With their change of weal and woe—
"I've nearly left the cross," she said,
And the notes were low and slow.

"Father, perfect my trust—"
Add the eyes of lustrous blue,
Soon to slumber 'neath the dust,
Lighted with a heaven form hue.

"O take me beneath thy care!"
Now the voice grows fainter yet,
And her face more saintly fair
For life's golden sun had set.

She had laid her burdens down
On the world's storm drifted sea,
She had gained the great white crown
Just across the crystal sea.
—[Chicago News.]

A CIRCUS IN COURT.

Four Chinese Actors Display Their Ability Before Judge Hoffman.
San Francisco Call.

Among the Chinese habeas corpus cases that came up for hearing before Judge Hoffman yesterday were those of four Chinese actors, Ah Sie, Long Kwong, Wa and Lee Tong. The four claimed that they had been employed previous to 1881, when they returned to China, at the Chinese theater on Jackson street, near Dupont. During the course of their examination some doubts were expressed as to their respective abilities as exponents of the Chinese drama, and at the request of Carroll Cook each of the four exerted himself to display his dramatic worth. Long Kwong was a "jumper," and rising and placing his chair to one side he stood on one leg, holding the other out straight and holding both arms heavenward, with the fingers of his hands outstretched, he hopped around to the infinite amusement of all in the court room. He displayed such agility that no one disputed his claim and he was discharged. Wa was a sweet singer from the "chop stick" district, and he commenced a Chinese rendering of the "Babies on our Block," beginning in a low, frog-like key, and rising suddenly to a shriek that caused the building to shake and his honor to order him discharged at once and removed from the neighborhood, for fear he might be tempted to tackle another bar of the song. Ah Sie was a female impersonator, and went through the performance of a forlorn maiden with an imaginary villain still pursuing her. According to Sie's rendering the forlorn maiden of the flowery kingdom, when she sees a villain approaching, holds her arms out straight and whirls around like a top, at the same time uttering shrill shrieks of terror, supposed to pierce the villain's heart like arrows. Judge Hoffman ordered the versatile Sie discharged and sent to find the sweet singer. The remaining actor, when called upon to show his abilities, astonished everyone. First of all he kicked off his shoes, and then proceeded to clear the chairs from the center of the court room. The interpreter winked at Mr. Cook and explained that the last man was a clown. Judge Hoffman was beginning to look aghast at the delirium with which the so-called clown was preparing for his exhibition. A space of twenty feet having been cleared the clown stood in the center of the space and glared around with such a demonic grin and roll of his eyes, that several of the attorneys moved uneasily in their seats. It was only for a moment. Immediately after the Chinaman gave a bound in the air and almost touched the large chandelier; then he rolled over and over, this way and that, and all that was visible was a black ball with legs and arms flying around it. He was up in the air, then at this end of the room, then at the other. The "Bergar's Dance" which Pan-ku-keevins danced at Hiawatha's festival, was nothing to compare with this display of agility. Fearful that the zeal of the actor would lead him too far, and that he would expire from exhaustion, Judge Hoffman declared himself satisfied that the clown was really a peer in his profession, and other evidence of the clown's former residence here being adduced, Judge Hoffman ordered him discharged and bail exonerated.

Six Grizzlies in a Hoop.

C. F. Blackburn in Salt Lake Tribune.
Not long since I was riding toward Cloud Peak and had gone only three miles when I discovered three enormous grizzlies down in a horseshoe canyon. I left my pony, went to the canyon wall and opened fire on the enemies. The bears were five hundred yards away. My first shot wounded one of the monsters, and the wounded one immediately attacked the other bear. They fought desperately for fifteen minutes. It was a terrible encounter; the beasts would strike, bite and roll around, giving frightful growls, enough to scare a fellow even at the top of the canyon. The wounded bear was beaten by its antagonist, after which I shot the victor. They were both ferocious looking animals, and the two would weigh over 3,000 pounds. Their tusks measured three inches, claws four inches, feet fourteen inches, and the bears were twelve feet long.

Leaving these two bears I walked over a ridge not more than a mile away and came on to four more, two black and two silver-tipped bears. They did not see me, and my position was a good one on the ice and near a nice smooth crack of granite. Slipping on a pair of moccasins, I was soon on the top of the granite knob 150 feet above ground. I opened fire immediately, only 200 yards, and killed two the first shot, and soon had them all rolling down the mountain together. It was an exciting time; the four bears made a terrible noise. Bawling and deep growls, mingled with keen reports from my rifle, echoed and re-echoed, making a sound rivaling the very hall of pandemonium itself.

In a few minutes all was quiet save the passing breezes through pine boughs and a few squawking ravens. I listened closely for more bears, and could occasionally hear their peculiar whistle across on the opposite mountain. But none were in sight. After seeing a large eagle swoop down among the pines,

catching a large grouse, I descended from my rocky knob and ventured up to the bears. There they all lay in a heap, all dead in the gulch together. Those six bears would weigh over 7,000 pounds.

A TRIPLE BOND.

Finger Nails, Character and Handwriting Closely Linked.
Harpers's Bazaar.

Since the new science of reading character by the hands was introduced in the long ago, it has become a popular science. It is now a well established fact that the lines of the hand and the lines of the face are so closely linked together that the one may be read by the other. A plan for lessening the violence of an earthquake has been submitted to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Minard, who proposes to use a great number of rotating rods elevated on telegraph poles and connected with the iron rods of railways.

Recently there were, in San Francisco, Cal., two sticks of timber, one 150 feet long and 16 inches square, almost without knots; the other 144 feet long and 18 inches square, practically clear stuff. They came from Washington territory.

Twenty-four parts of oleic acid, eighteen of ammonia soap, twenty-four of water, six of raw stearic acid and three of tanning extract, incorporated together, will render leather waterproof. By adding two parts of copal and six of water it takes on a black color.

In sick rooms where there is diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, etc., the walls should be impregnated with the vapor of equal parts of turpentine and boric acid. Half a teaspoonful in a pint of boiling water from time to time will be sufficient. It will be found to relieve the sufferer and prevent the spread of the malady.

A granulated cork is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and is on this account a very desirable material in the construction of refrigerator cars. It is also used in the floors of passenger cars as a "deadener" of the noise of the running gear. It is made by running the scraps in a cork factory through a mill which reduces them to a coarse powder.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Statistics published since the late earthquake in England show that a total of 255 shocks have been recorded in the British Isles, the severest having occurred on November 14, 1818.

Plates of cast glass have been substituted for copper in the sheathing of an Italian vessel, the joints being made tight with a silicate mastic. The advantages claimed are exemption from oxidation and incrustation.

A good cement for putting tickets on work and tin is thus made: Take meal, a little solution of glue and water, and make a paste, but not too thick; mix it with as much Venetian white as necessary. It will stand water.

There are more unmarried blondes than brunettes. It is not believed that it is the fault of the blondes, though.

A woman in Canada has been fined for persistently wheeling a baby carriage in front of a neighbor's door.

There is a girl in Turner, Me., who smokes, chews, shaves, swears and wears a man's hat. What more could she do to entitle her to the right of voting?

The champion widow lives in Iowa. She sees that the graves of eleven husbands are kept green. She takes no note of men but by their loss.

A woman in Fultonville, N. Y., is said recently to have forgotten her child while she was busy rescuing a crazy quilt from a burning building. Probably she had one crazy quilt and a house full of children.

A St. Louis man 25 years old is the victim of a queer mania. He firmly believes that he is 70 years old. There are some equally queer cases in Philadelphia, the victims being women who are 70 years old, yet firmly believe they are 25.

Feeding fleas in an animal show in Paris is the occupation of Mlle. Emma. She bares her shapely arms and sets a lot of fleas free on them. They feed their fill on her warm blood and then they are put at work again drawing carriages and cannons weighing ever so many hundred times more than their little selves.

An Afghan woman asked the ameer for a divorce because her husband was growing bald-headed. The verdict was that the head should be anointed with sour milk; that the woman should lick it off until the scalp shone again; that then she should ride through the bazaar on a donkey with her face averted, and that the husband and wife should dwell in harmony.

THE DEAR CREATURES.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's last bonnet cost \$1,000.

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His Bavarian Majesty.

Multifarious are the anecdotes—fables, some of them, I really believe—told of the king. He is a misogynist, a hater of court ceremonials, yet without a man who stands upon his dignity; a passionate lover of music and mountain scenery and a great stickler for the autonomy of Bavaria. He will not have it Prussianized at any price. His favorite seat is a hunting lodge up in the mountains. It is said that he sleeps in a large, lofty room with the ceiling painted to represent the firmament, and a practicable moon shedding a mellow light from one quarter of the artificial heavens. The perspective is managed so as to give the illusion of spaciousness, and through the distant trees cut out in the canvas, as he reclines, may be heard the plash of falling waters. Their lullaby hushes him to sleep. Maecenas had a friendliness for the same soporific. Sometimes his majesty rises in the night, has a black steed saddled, and dashes off at a whirlwind speed up and down the hill roads—which are well kept for that reason—like a phantom horseman pursued by some relentless decree of the supernatural powers. The finest stud in Bavaria is to be found in his stables, but cattle are cast soon and often; they are thoroughly worn out and broken down after a few years in the royal service. He plays practical jokes on his retinue sometimes. It is related of him that a minister arrived in hot haste once to crave an audience on important business of state. The king was out hunting the chamois, but by some chance the minister succeeded in catching up to the party. Ludwig preceded him to a gamekeeper's hut, where he sometimes used to lunch and went in, telling him to attend him. The minister waited one hour, two hours,

and at last, losing patience, and fearing that his royal master might have been attacked by some sudden illness, forced in the door. No king was there. He had made his exit by a window at the back and was away on the high hills in pursuit of game. In the capital his majesty often commands an opera—generally one by Wagner, for whom he has a strange predilection as a predecessor on the throne had for Lola Montez—and this opera is produced in the middle of the day. The theater is darkened, and no one is admitted to the auditorium but himself. If he is pleased he sends the prima donna, not a bracelet or a ring, but a bouquet of flowers plucked by his own hand. He once had "Lohegrin" enacted on the Starbinger See, the borders of the lake having been illuminated a glorio at his expense. When the war with France broke out he was displeased, but dare not attempt to stem the tide of universal German feeling. However, he declined to go to the front, and withdrew himself to his beloved solitudes while the stirring events which led to the building of the German empire were thrilling the world with excitement. At the close of the duel of Titans, the crown prince of Germany came to Munich to pass the victorious Bavarians in gala review. The king fled again to the mountains. He knew the popular commander would receive an enthusiastic greeting, and he did not choose to play second fiddle in his own capital to any domestic foreigner. He takes a deep interest in the "Passion Play," and when Josef Meyer was drafted into a fighting contingent he gave strict orders that he should be detained at Munich and employed as a clerk in the war office. The village of the Mystery lost its own share in that conflict which brought mourning to so many humble firesides in the fatherland, and of the actual performers two or three who had speaking parts in 1870 were killed in the field or succumbed to their wounds.

By the Dial.

They had been sitting on the promenade deck for more than an hour, when she suggested that they go down stairs and look at the machinery. He agreed, and an old lady who sat near by and heard the conversation rose up and said:

"Young man, have you any objection to my going along? I've allus been crazy on the subject of machinery."

He replied that he would be delighted, and she followed the couple to the main deck.

"This, I suppose you know," began the young man, "is called the main shaft."

"Yes—yes—came from the state of Maine," twittered the young lady.

The old lady stuck up her nose but made no remarks.

"That up there is the walking-beam."

"Oh, is it? How nice! You wouldn't think it would walk, but of course it does."

The old woman put on her spectacles to get a better look at the girl.

"That rod you see there," continued the young man, "is called an eccentric."

"How funny! But why shouldn't it be? There are eccentric people, and why shouldn't there be eccentric rods? I presume it gets cranky sometimes. Go on, George."

"I don't believe it!" muttered the old woman.

"And this is called a steam chest, my dear."

"Oh, is it? I've always wanted to see one. They put their steam in there to keep it cool and nice. It's the same principle as a refrigerator. Yes, George."

The old woman removed her specs and began to look as mad as a cow on a sand-bar.

"That thing up there is called a steam dial," said George.

"Oh, how nice! I've read of it somewhere in Shakespeare's work. I see the pointer is at 80. My! but who'd believe we were carrying eighty tons of steam. George, if we blow up you must save me—indeed, you must. What's that glass thing?"

"It's a water indicator."

"Oh, I see. It indicates that we are on the water. How grateful we ought to be to the geniuses of America for these inventions."

Here the old lady started to leave with a "humph!" of disgust, but the young man called:

"Madame, you are not interested?"

"Look-a-here, young man!" she exclaimed as she wheeled around; "mebbe you can make a fool of that inner-cent young gal, and mebbe she delights in it, but when it comes to stuffing old hens with chopped straw it won't go down! Pass on! I'm a walk-in-beam myself, and I'm going to walk."

And away she sailed, carrying forty pounds of steam by the dial.

LIFE IS BUT A DAY.

A blithesome maid, at early morn,
Comes tripping lightly o'er the lea;
Of all God's creatures ever born
The brightest, gladdest heart has she;
And owning by her speech the sway
Of rapt emotion, she doth say:
"How glad a thing is life!"

O'ercome at last by midday heat,
And well nigh unremitting toil,
A man of care lay down to sleep,
And snatch repose from life's turmoil.
He rose and with a sigh he said,
As care reigned in Oblivion's stead:
"How sad a thing is life!"

An aged pair, at eve draw near,
With faltering steps, a lone churchyard;
Death long to them has lost its fear,
Although, in youth, they seemed hard,
All hope in time has passed away,
Yet from the heart each one doth say:
"How grand a thing is life!"
—[The Argosy.]

MAD ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

Do the Horrors of the Polar Night Weaken the Human Brain?
St. James Gazette.

Some time ago, "the present Mr. Pepps," writing in this journal, remarked upon the little known fact that the darkness, the loneliness, the starvation of cold which Arctic explorers undergo, breed madness in an extraordinary number of cases. We now learn that the minds of Lieut. Greely's companions were found to be "all weak," and that one became insane before he died. Our Mr. Pepps told a dreadful story in illustration of his remark—a story that may be worth repeating:

Capt. C— served as a junior officer in a certain north pole expedition. Away they went and soon were lost in solitude; and then a time with naught to do but watch a long procession of ghostly days. But in the commander's ship his lieutenant went mad, and presently food began to fail, and then the commander, calling his officers together, told them they had come to the time of half rations. But it was also time, at a certain place that might be reached overland, a relief ship should arrive with stores; and now the question was, who would volunteer to go off to the ship. Capt. C— offered to lead the party, and he did so, taking with him a fair share of provisions, and the mad lieutenant, who, poor wretch, was bound down in the boat he was drawn in. So they journeyed day after day; the mad lieutenant presently regaining his reason, the well-warded provender still diminishing, till these poor seamen turned in one night to rest with their last biscuit in their bellies.

A sad night; but in the morning on again cheerily as might be, and there was the ship visible almost as soon as they had started. Now there was a surgeon on board that ship; and after the surgeon had dutifully examined C—'s men, he took him aside and told him nearly all of them might expect to go mad some day. As for the lieutenant, he relapsed; and there was an end of him. As for C—, he only grew fretful. Like many other seamen, he thought himself neglected and his sufferings and services shamefully forgot. For years he grumbled, ever talking of his wrongs; as how many more do! and how pitiful it is to hear them. Now a certain great nobleman, the Duke of —, had lately returned and reapportioned his ancient castle in the north; and when all was done he invited a great bevy of his friends to an entertainment there, and amongst them Capt. C—, for whom he had a kindness. The first evening there was a grand ceremonious banquet, and thereat sat C—, and as soon as soup was served grew warm about his wrongs and the notorious accursed favoritism of admiralty officials. Nor would he cease, though the duke threw him many a meaning glance; would have much pleasure in taking wine with Capt. C—, and so forth. Now, at the table was a lord of admiralty himself; and by that, and by the duke's friendship, we may understand how it came about that just as dinner was over a great letter, with a grand official seal, was handed by a footman to my captain. It had just arrived; it was of immediate importance; it was a commission of appointment to the command of a noble ship ordered on instant service. A word of leave-taking, and that very night the happy seaman was hurrying on the southward road.

In due time he came to the port where his ship lay; and there she was in Sunday trim to receive him, and his lieutenant in full rig to welcome him aboard. Gladly and proudly he stepped aboard; and forthwith went raving mad on his quarter deck.

How a Monarch Died.

Of the many strange stories told of the oldest actors—in those days when scenery was but an adjunct to the stage, and a wretched one at that—perhaps none is more grotesquely funny than the old one of Macready in "Hamlet," says the Hoosier. In the last act of "Hamlet," when, as all lovers of Shakespeare know, a general slaughter takes place, "Hamlet" soliloquizes for a few brief moments, uttering his sentences slowly before he himself feels the death pang from "Laertes" poisoned blade. On the occasion in question the person who enacted the part of "Claudius" (the king) had an enmity against "Hamlet;" and when the latter came near the end of his soliloquy, he noticed that should he drop where he stood, the curtain would not hide him from view when it fell. He therefore gave a kick to the prostrate king, and muttered to him angrily in a sotto voce the appalling direction: "Die further back."

Of this his enemy took no notice, and the unhappy "Hamlet" was compelled again to interrupt his ante-mortem statement (if so it may be called) by again admonishing his uncle to die a little further from the footlights: To this appeal the king paid no attention, and at last, goaded to desperation by the knowledge of the fact that his lines would permit of no further delay, "Hamlet" administered his admonition: "Die further back," accompanied by a kick of great strength and vigor. To the astonishment of the doleful Dane, but to the delight of the audience (more especially to that portion commonly known as the gods,) the defunct king rose to a sitting posture, and with a sientorian voice said:

"I'm king here, and I'll die where I please!"

Tableau!

SUNDRY SUGGESTIONS.

There is no public gambling in London. The "club room" system is extensive, however.

By a powerful current of electricity Mr. Edison kept his dying wife alive for two hours.

There are not more than two or three women whose wealth is greater than Queen Victoria's.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—Smiles.

A woman in Canada has been fined for persistently wheeling a baby carriage in front of a neighbor's door.

Seventy-nine fires have been caused in New York city during twelve years by rats and mice nibbling matches.

STOCK DIRECTORY

 <p>DENNIS M'KILLIP. Ranch on Red Willow, Thornburg, Hayes County, Neb. Cattle branded "J. M." on left side. Young cattle branded same as above, also "J." on left jaw. Under-slope right ear. Horses branded "E" on left shoulder.</p>	 <p>W. J. WILSON. Stock brand—circle on left shoulder; also dewlap and a crop and under half crop on left ear, and a crop and under bit in the right. Ranch on the Republican. Post-office, Max, Dundy county, Nebraska.</p>
 <p>HENRY T. CHURCH. Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county, cattle branded "H. T. C." on right side. Also, an over crop on right ear and under crop on left. Horses branded "8" on right shoulder.</p>	 <p>SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO. Indianola, Neb. Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county. Vice President and Superintendent. J. D. WELBORN.</p>
 <p>THE TURNIP BRAND. Ranch 2 miles north of McCook. Stock branded on left hip, and a few double crosses on left side. C. D. ERKANBRACK.</p>	 <p>STOKES & TROTH. P. O. Address, Carrico, Hayes county, Nebraska. Range: Red Willow, above Carrico. Stock branded as above. Also run the lazy "c" brand.</p>
 <p>GEORGE J. FREDERICK. Ranch 4 miles southwest of McCook, on the Driifwood. Stock branded "A. J." on the left hip. P. O. address, McCook, Neb.</p>	 <p>JOHN HATFIELD & SON. McCook, Neb., Ranch 4 miles southeast, on Republican river. Stock branded with a bar—and lazy "c" on left hip.</p>
 <p>J. B. MESERVE. Ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded as above; also "77" on left side; "77" on right hip and "L." on right shoulder; "L." on left shoulder and "X." on left jaw. Half under-crop left ear, and square-crop right ear.</p>	 <p>JOSEPH ALLEN. Ranch on Red Willow Creek, half mile above Osborn postoffice. Cattle branded on right side and hip above. 3-4</p> <p>FOE SALE—Improved Dooded Farm and Hay Land. Timber and water. Two farm houses, with other improvements. Convenient to No. 1 school privileges. Situated on Republican river, near mouth of Red Willow creek. Call on J. F. Black, on premises, or address him at Indianola, Nebraska.</p>