THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

—AT—

RED CLOUD,

Webster County, Neb.

TERMS:

Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

$2.00 PER ANNUM. Devoted to the Interests of Southwest Nebraska. C. L. MATHER, Publisher.

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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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THE SPANISH SAILOR.

"It was that dreadful winter that the Spanish sailor was found. Ah, me! it is a pure white winter idyl."—*Bret Harte.*

The snow-fraught winds wailed drearily,
As might some hapless ghost,
That winter eve, long years ago,
On the lone New Jersey coast.

The night, with freezing, darkling glance,
Had frowned upon the day,
Till, palling with afright, the sun
In terror stole away.

The cattle shivered in their stalls,
Beneath each warm roof-tree;
The good folks whispered in their prayers,
"God help those out at sea!"

When, sudden piercing through the storm,
A sound there rose and fell,
A word in strangely foreign tone,
And sad as funeral bell

The cabin door was open flung,
That all in woful plight
Might see, as 'twere a beacon fire,
The cheery homestead light.

Naught but the darkness met their gaze;
Their ears, the muffled roar
Of breaking waves on ice-bound coast
Of that lone ocean shore.

Again upon the midnight air
That weird cry faintly rose,
And "Christus!" "Christus!" broke upon
The cottagers' repose.

The morning dawns, and eager hands
The snow-drifts cast away,
But wondrous pitiful the sight
That there before them lay.

A bronzed and bearded mariner
Had perished that dread night,
In sight and sound of Christian souls,
Of rest, and warmth, and light!

And as they looked a shrill voice broke
Upon their startled scene,
As though once more the cold lips spoke,
O "Christus," take me hence!

All fled, save she, the youngest there,
Who fearlessly knelt down,
And smoothed the glossy raven hair,
And bearded cheek so brown.

And opening with her baby hands,
In curious, childish quest,
His jacket rough, found nestling close
Upon the dead man's breast.

A little foreign bird, with voice
Of mimic tone and power,
Whose soft wings glistened in the sun,
Like some bright tropic flower!

* * * * * * *

And oft in after years, when it
The household pet became,
It echoed its lost master's cry
Upon the holy name!

WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

"Will you bear that, Edward?"

The young man to whom this was addressed, stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question, just given, in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was time for a response, Logan said sharply, and in a voice of stinging contempt—

"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you—"

Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added:

"You will resent the insult."

Why did he pause? His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that instantly betrayed itself in his eyes. The word "coward," in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for the moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson, calmly. "But, even if that were not so, I will not strike you."

"You're afraid."

"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Pah! Cant and hypocrisy?" said the other, contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry that, in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegation as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson, that he did not attempt to repress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to slap the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citedal in which he had entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward, than lay my hand in violence on him whom I had once called friend."

At this moment light girlish laughter and the ringing of merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relation of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came, while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why didn't you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was now very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently; and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party, whose voices had interrupted them, by a large rock, and covered his face with his hands, sat motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that little space of time we will not attempt to describe. The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party for a neighboring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream. There were three or four young men and half a dozen maidens; and, as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties, and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and a generous deportment toward others. Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly. An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and marched slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment for his unjustifiable insult. When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer; and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word, "Coward!" from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment, rather than to do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial, and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence, that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free [illegible] went for me.... him to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a permanent encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for sometime sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current with a fearfully increasing speed, toward the breast of a milldam some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands toward their companions on the shore, and making heart-rending cries for succor,

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered, while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat out on the milldam, and that nigh at hand, Logan and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party on the shore, when William dashed through them, and springing into the boat, cried out,

"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all is lost."

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the ladies were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore, and, with giant strength, born of the moment and for the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, toward the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprung forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall, and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage, was, for Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water." It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not more than two feet deep. As he did so he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point, where the foam-crested waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current. If he were to let the boat go he could easily save himself. But not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick, hoarse voice.

The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the dam, he sprang upon it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel, as it shot into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful plunge was made in safety. The boat struck the seething waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its living freight uninjured.

"Which was the coward?" The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered, with the rest of the company, around Wilson and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved. Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, and in a louder voice than she had intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward, and grasped the hand of him he had wronged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last, he said,

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live."

Afterward he remarked, when alone with Logan:

"It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the [illegible] of those who gathered over it, and stood perhaps be could [illegible] in the presence [illegible] expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam."

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will usually be found that the morally brave man is quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

Paragraphs Worth Remembering.

BENZINE and common clay will clean marble.

CASTOR oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

LEMON juice and glycerine will remove tan and freckles.

A DOSE of castor oil will aid you in removing pimples.

SPIRITS of ammonia, diluted a little, will cleanse the hair very thoroughly.

POWDERED niter is good for removing freckles. Apply with a rag moistened with glycerine.

TO OBVIATE offensive perspiration, wash your feet with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia.

THE juice of ripe tomatoes will remove the stain of walnuts from the hands without injury to the skin.

TO REMOVE India ink marks: Rub well with a salve of pure acetic acid and lard, then with a solution of potash, and finally with hydrochloric acid. Sometimes these marks may be obliterated by blistering the skin and keeping the blister open for a little while. When the new skin grows, the marks will have disappeared.

HERE is an excellent recipe for making genuine erasive soap that will remove grease and stains from clothing: Two pounds of good Castile soap; half a pound of carbonate of potash, dissolved in half a pint of hot water. Cut the soap in thin slices, boil the soap with the potash until it is thick enough to mold in cakes; also add alcohol, half an ounce; camphor, half an ounce; hartshorn, half an ounce; color with half an ounce of pulverized charcoal.

TO IMPART to common pine the color and appearance of black walnut, the following composition may be used: One-quarter of a pound of asphaltum, one-half a pound of common beeswax, to one gallon of turpentine. If found too thin, add beeswax; if too light in color, add asphaltum, though that must be done with caution, as a very little will make a great difference in the shade, and black walnut is not what its name implies, but rather a rich dark brown. Varnishing is not essential, as the wax gives a good gloss.

REGULAR EATING.—Half the girls in the land become dyspeptic before they are out of their teens, in consequence of being about the house and nibbling at everything they lay their eyes on that is good to eat; whereas, were they to eat but three times a day at regular times, and not an atom between meals, they might enjoy perfect health. To digest a full meal and pass it out of the stomach requires not less time than five hours. If a person eats between meals, the process of digestion of the food already in the stomach is arrested, until the last which has been eaten is brought into the condition of the former meal; just as, it water is boiling and ice is put in, the whole ceases to boil until the ice has been melted and brought to the boiling point, and then the whole boils together. No wonder that dyspeptics are cross and peevish! How can they be otherwise, since a disordered stomach is the source of so many pangs? Yet they deserve punishment for neglecting to obey the laws which nature renders imperative if health is to be preserved.

All Sorts.

THE amount of coin in circulation in England is £400,000,000.

IT requires $1,600,000 to pay the annual interest on Tennessee's debt.

GEN. BANKS expects to die a man in this country worth $500,000,000 before he dies.

A PENNSYLVANIAN has killed, within 60 years, 2,985 deer and 438 bears. His name is Phin. Teeple.

THE produce of the sale of secularized convent property in Italy, since 1867, amounts to nearly £18,000,000.

THE aggregate coinage of the three mints, during the past fiscal year, was 32,523,679 pieces, of the value of $38,689,182.

THERE were eighteen duels fought last year among the newspaper men of Paris, in two of which fatal wounds were inflicted.

THE way one Cincinnati editor takes to call another a liar is this: "He is prone to impart an unhealthy swelling to truth."

A COMPANY of British capitalists have recently invested $1,000,000 in water-power at Augusta, Ga., for the purpose of manufacturing cotton.

ACCORDING to the new directory, the District of Columbia contains no less than 4 Thomas Jeffersons, 3 James Madisons, 4 John Adames, 3 John Quincy Adamses, and 27 George Washingtons.

TREASURER SPINNER still keeps as a relic the torn, blood-stained play-bill with which Laura Keene attempted to staunch the wound of President Lincoln, in his box at Ford's Theater, on the night of the assassination.

CALIFORNIA has about 8,000,000 head of sheep. The wool crop in two shearings, at an average of ten pounds per head, would amount to 80,000,000 pounds, or 15,000,000 more than the total product of the United States in 1871.

GEN. MCCUTCHINS, one of the candidates for Governor of New Hampshire, is unquestionably a Farmers' candidate. It is said that he digs his own potatoes, hoes his own corn, and milks his own cows, and has, by strict attention to business, secured a handsome property.

A TIN tube, made like a siphon, driven into the vent of a barrel of wine or cider, and the other end inserted into a vial of water, will prevent the air from entering the barrel, while the gas escapes through the water. Make the barrel otherwise [illegible]

[illegible] the School House in Red Cloud, on [illegible] the 6th day of A. D. [illegible] working, air water in the bottle will cease bubbling. It requires no filling up, as there is no loss.

SOME students fixed up a ghost and placed it on the staircase of a Troy newspaper office, the other night, and then retired and awaited developments. One of the editors came along and didn't get frightened. He disrobed it, and now wears a $15 pair of pantaloons, a $10 vest, a $7 pair of boots, and an $8 hat, while one of the students goes about without a vest, and another roams through the least frequented streets wearing a very ancient pair of pantaloons.

A Clerical Shot at Gen. Jackson.

John Rankin contributes to the *Chicago Interior* the following reminiscence of Rev. John Henderson, an old-time preacher of Tennessee:

In those early times, the barbarous practice of fighting duels prevailed to some extent among a class of men who professed to be gentlemen. This horrible barbarity Mr. Henderson depicted in its darkest aspect as fraught with cowardice and murder. It is said that he delivered at Nashville, Tennessee, in the presence of General Jackson, who was a duelist, a discourse in which he stated that a sea captain who had become a preacher, was the means of converting the daughter of an infidel, who became very angry, and determined to kill the preacher. For this purpose he concealed himself by a road on which the preach was to pass; but Providence so directed that he did not go that way. The infidel then sent the preacher a challenge to fight a duel. This the preacher accepted, and hastened to the infidel's home, and found him in bed. Sir, said he to the sea-captain, on a certain day you lay concealed by the wayside to murder me. You knew that it was inconsistant with my calling to fight a duel. But I am determined to fight you immediately in this room and it is my right to choose the weapons of combat. The infidel was seized with consternation and trembling. The preacher drew out his Bible. This, said he, is the weapon with which I mean to fight you. "O," said Mr. Henderson, "Never was there a poor fellow so glad to see a Bible." The design of this narrative was to ridicule duel fighting. It is said that Jackson was so pleased with the boldness and faithfulness of the preacher that he gave him a fine suit of clothes.

Short Sermons.

She that is loved is safe.

He that makes himself an ass must not take it to ill if men ride him.

The song which is sung in heaven must be learned on earth.

He had but few enemies—saving his friends.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

The cause that never made a fanatic never produced a martyr.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it he is superior.

Keep innocency, 'tis the greatest felicity—and a good conscience, for 'tis a continual feast; this is the only music which makes a merry heart; this makes the prisoner sing when the jailer trembles.

A KANSAS gentleman has thoughtfully put his front gate in the parlor, so that his daughter and her young man can swing on it without taking cold during the cold weather. This is a humane suggestion to all fathers. A front gate in the parlor may save a good many dollars that would otherwise be paid out for soothing sirups and cough balsam.

The Siamese Twins—The Official Report of the Autopsy.

The following interesting particulars are condensed from a full report of the proceedings of the special meeting of the Philadelphia College of Physicians, at which the results of the autopsy on the bodies of the Siamese twins were given: The supposition that the band connecting the twins was simply of a fleshy nature has been decided in the negative. It was found that a peritoneal connection did exist; that is, a reflection or extension of the peculiar membrane lining of the abdomen extended into the band, though it was not continuous. Sacs or pouches were formed by this reflection, possessing no communication between the two. The intimate visceral connection between the twins was shown by the injecting fluid, which was passed into the mesenteric vein of one and appeared in the mesenteric vein of the other. The liver of Chang occupied its normal position on the right side of his body below the diaphragm. The liver of Eng was on his left side, next to Chang, his spleen being abnormally situated on the right side of his body. The two livers had evidently at one period of the existence—possibly fœtal—of the twins been virtually one gland, but had eventually become separated. This is shown by the passage of the injecting fluid from the mesenteric vein of one to that of the other. The fact of a common umbilical cord between the twins is also settled, the navel being situated in the middle of the band. During fœtal life, therefore, the circulation was conducted to the twins from the maternal system precisely as to a single individual. These facts show that a separation of the twins during life would have resulted fatally to one or both of them. The nervous intimacy through the band was extremely slight, and the individualty of the two men so strongly marked that it was deemed advisable to examine the brains, nothing further than a comparison of the weight of the two being expected from such an operation. The extension of the ensiform cartilage or breast-bone, which formed a constituent of the attachment, was a mere flexible fibro-cartilaginous substance, in which there was nothing like an appearance of an elbow-like joint, as has been reported.

The Chin.

Fortune-tellers are generally skillful physiognomists, and all the features of the human face do their share in enlightening the understanding of the seers. The chin at the present day is [illegible] difficult to read, on account of the increasing custom [illegible] wearing the beard. A good chin should neither project nor retreat much. A very retreating chin denotes weakness, and a very projecting one harsh strength, united with firmness amounting to obstinacy. A pointed chin denotes acuteness. A soft, fat, double chin generally denotes a love of good living, and an angular chin judgment and firmness. Flatness of chin implies coldness; a round dimpled chin, goodness; a small chin, fear; sharp indentings in the middle of the chin point to a cool understanding. The color and texture of the skin and of the hair and beard have also direct harmony with the features. These should be studied more than they have been. A facility in drawing faces is of great use to the student of physiognomy, as it enables him to note peculiarities of feature which no written description would be capable of preserving.

Effect of Frost on Sap of Trees.

A remarkable paper has recently been contributed to a German magazine by Professor Mohr, showing not only that the sap does not freeze in trees and plants which live through hard winters, but also the reason why it does not freeze. He says that though it is true water, as we generally see and understand it, freezes at thirty-two degrees, it does not do so when its particles are finely divided. Tropical plants have large cells, and these are the ones in which the sap freezes, but in plants with very small cells in which the liquid particles are finely divided, there is no freezing of the liquids until after the structure has received injury of some sort. This is true, he says, of insects and insect paupæ. They never freeze; but cut one apart, soon after the humors solidify, and on thawing life flies.

Borax for Colds.

A writer in the *Medical Report* cites a number of cases in which borax has proved a most effective remedy in certain forms of colds. He states that in sudden hoarseness or loss of voice in public speakers or singers, from colds, relief for an hour or so, as by magic, may be often obtained by slowly dissolving, and partially swallowing, a lump of borax the size of a garden pea, or about three or four grains, held in the mouth for ten minutes before speaking or singing. This produces a profuse secretion of saliva, or "watering" of the mouth and throat—probably restoring the voice or tone to the dried vocal cords, just as "wetting" brings back the missing notes to a flute, when it is too dry.

A MOTHER'S WORTH.—Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she had not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe," when he is away to his business because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother! you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

A HORSE left uncovered, when not in exercise, will soon grow a heavy coat of coarse hair. This becomes a hindrance to rapid motion, and should be prevented by judicious blanketing.

The Burned Pantechnicon, at London.

The Royal Pantechnicon Company was organized in 1853, and was similar to our Security and Trust Companies. The building itself was an imposing block, eight stories high, fronting Hyde Park, and in the immediate neighborhood of the platial residences of Baron Rothchild, the Duke of Willington, Sir Robert Peel, and others. The front walls were of granite, elegantly sculptured. The building cost £1,000,000. The basement, which was lined with iron, was carefully guarded by watchmen; while each safe had an iron grating before it. Here were locked up the valuable silver ware of the old families of England, who rarely used it except on state occasions. These priceless collections were carefully numbered, the company, giving bonds for their safe keeping, and charging according to the value of the property.

The first floor was a magnificent art-gallery, in which were deposited the rarest pictures of the Turner, Reynolds, and other galleries. Persons going out of town also left their private collections of pictures here for safe-keeping. Besides these there were glass cases filled with costly jewelry and valuable collections of coin. Admittance to the Pantechnicon could be obtained only from a depositor or a Director. In the rear of the first floor were collections of equipages, mostly of foreign make, which were considered so costly that the owners feared to trust them on their own premises. On the floors above, besides several art galleries and marbles, were endless collections of costly furniture, requiring constant care and attention to keep in order. The Pantechnicon was also used for the safe-keeping of landed titles, mortgages, and other valuable papers, the company sometimes advancing money on the collaterals deposited.—*New York Sun.*

The Claims of Ohio.

The fact that Ohio men occupy such prominent positions in Washington suggests to Gen. James M. Comly, the witty editor of *The Ohio State Journal*, a little anecdote. In a recent letter from the national capital to his paper he wrote:

"Now, since I think of it, how is this? Charley Baldwin, of Mount Vernon, was here last week, and he wanted to see Sothern. At the ticket office the treasurer said, very politely: 'Sorry to disappoint you, sir; but the house is crammed, and there is not even standing room.' 'But my dear sir,' said Charley, *I'm from Ohio!*' The treasurer looked at him a moment in blank astonishment, and then called out, 'Harry, take this gentleman to the [illegible] manager's box and give him a front seat—he's from Ohio!' The idea that anybody from Ohio shouldn't be able to get a place anywhere was too thin."

Gen. Comly adds that the object of W. D. Bickham's late visit to Washington was to have Worcestershire sauce placed on the free list. Why not, since W. D. B. mixes the sauce with sparkling Catawba and then pronounces the mixture the "best wine I ever drank, sir."

Two Men Lose Their Lives Through Fear.

It is well-known now that small-pox existed for some weeks in a store on Center street, and committed great ravages in the family circle of the storekeeper. Among the customers who dealt at his store were two men, one a well-to-do storekeeper at Auburn, and the other from Cressona. One day the Auburn man came to this store, bought a stock of goods, and in going out noticed that the doors and windows were closed. He asked the reason of this funeral appearance of things. "Why," said some one, "don't you know that they have small pox there?" At this intelligence the heart of the Auburn man sank within him, he was at once seized with pains, went home and died of small-pox in three days. The fate of the Cressona man was almost exactly similar. He entered the same store, was informed of the existence of small-pox there, was dreadfully frightened, and went home to die of small-pox.—*Pottsville (Pa.) Journal.*

What is Meant by a Horse Power?

The power of prime movers is measured by horse power. Watt found that the strongest London draft horses were capable of doing work equivalent to raising 33,000 pounds one foot high per minute, and he took this as the unit of power for the steam engine. The horse is not usually capable of doing so great a quantity of work. Rankine gave 26,000 foot pounds as the figure for a mean of several experiments, and it is probable that 25,000 foot pounds is a fair minute's average work for a good animal. It would require five or six men to do the work of a strong horse. Watt's estimate has become, by general consent among engineers, the standard of power measurement for all purposes.—*Scientific American.*

SAD CASE OF MATRIMONIAL INFELICITY.—A young married man living near Columbus, Wis., returned home a few nights ago unexpectedly, and found another young man sharing his wife's bed. He returned the next morning and took away his three-year-old boy, leaving the miserable woman to the fate into which she had fallen. A day or two afterward the mother was discovered in an insane condition about one of the outbuildings of a neighbor, with the shoes of her child in her hand, searching for him under the frantic delusion that he was buried somewhere in the snow. She is still a lunatic.—*Exchange.*

SURGICAL EXAMINATION.—At an examination of the College of Surgeons a candidate was asked by Abernethy: "What would you do if a man were blown up with powder?"

"Wait until he came down," he coolly replied.

"True," replied Abernethy." "And suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my arm; for I should knock you down immediately."

The candidate received his diploma.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

A lady lived in Dumbarton,
Whose heart was full of kindness,
And when my tale is told, you'll see
Her eyes were full of blindness.

Her servant came to her one morn,
And asked to "have the day, marm,"
To visit to her home,
Which was "five miles away, marm."

The lady took a moment's thought
Then cheerfully consented,
Because she always loved to have
Her servant live contented.

And so the servant homeward went,
The mistress to the kitchen,
And planned a little joke which she
Thought "perfectly bewitchin'."

She bustled around with footsteps light
To get her husband's dinner,
And never dreamed how soon she'd find
That husband wasn't sinner.

She heard his step upon the walk,
And hid behind the table,
From whence she sprang upon her spouse
As still as she was able.

She thought that he surprised would be
To get such fond caresses
From one encrobed in apron strings
And pastry-covered dresses.

Alas! imagine her dismay—
Imagine her great distress—
To have him kiss her lips and ask
"Sweet Mary, where's your mistress?"

Humor.

BROKEN spirits—A brandy smash.

WHAT flower would finish a drawing-room best? Rose would.

HONEST ducks dip their heads under water to liquidate their little bills.

HENS should live to great age, for they grow tougher as they grow old.

WHY is a beefsteak like a locomotive? It's not of much account without its tender.

YOUNG ladies who are both handsome and rich attract by their faces and figures.

"SOD corn catawba, vintage of 1873," comprises the entire "wine" list of a Lafayette hotel.

"I AM SORY the days are getting longer," said a young man. "Why?" asked his mother. "Because the time for visiting my sweetheart doesn't come so soon."

POETICAL advice from the Fremont (Ohio) *Messenger:*

"Young ladies under twenty summers
Should never flirt with Cleveland drummers,
Because full often they will find
Those drummers leave young wives behind."

AN exchange says: "Keep an eye out for the early resumption of payment." To which a Southern paper responds: "Both our eyes are already out looking for it, and so are our elbows."

"How fast they build houses now!" said H.; "they began that building last week, and now they are putting in the lights." "Yes," answered his friend, "and next week they will put in the liver."

"YOU cannot taste in the dark," said a lecturer. "Nature has intended us to see our food." "Then," inquired a forward pupil, "how about a blind man at dinner?" "Nature, sir," answered the professor, "has provided him with eye-teeth."

A LADY made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is none of my business," said the King. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," said he, "is none of your business."

A MINISTER at a colored wedding, who wished to be humorous, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which ungallant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."

WHO hurt you, bub?" asked a pedestrian of a small boy who sat howling on the curb-stone. "Johnny Kydd," sobbed the victim. "I'll see about him if he does it again," remarked the man, condoningly, but the boy suddenly stopped howling, and exclaimed: "Just leave him alone. When I grow up I'll get on the police force, and then I can belt him all I want to!"

DAUGHTER of the house (to a privileged old friend of the family)—"Dear Mr. Lupus, you don't seem to be enjoying yourself. I should so like to have you waltz this one with me." Privileged old friend—"My dear child, I don't dance; but if it suits you I wouldn't mind sitting here with my arm around your waist while the others are making themselves dizzy."—*Punch.*

English Premiers.

In view of the change of Ministry in England, the following list of Premiers, from 1714, will be of interest:

	Date of Appointment.
Robert Walpole	Oct. 10, 1714
James Stanhope	April 10, 1717
Earl of Sunderland	March 16, 1718
Sir Robert Walpole	April 26, 1720
Earl of Wilmington	Feb. 11, 1742
Henry Pelham	July 26, 1743
Duke of Newcastle	April 21, 1754
Earl of Bute	May 29, 1762
George Grenville	April 16, 1763
Marquis of Rockingham	July 13, 1765
Duke of Grafton	Aug. 2, 1766
Lord North	Jan. 28, 1770
Marquis of Rockingham	March 20, 1782
Earl of Shelburn	July 4, 1782
Duke of Portland	April 5, 1783
William Pitt	Dec. 27, 1783
Henry Addington	March 7, 1801
William Pitt	May 12, 1804
Lord Grenville	Jan. 8, 1806
Duke of Portland	March 13, 1807
Spencer Perceval	June 25, 1809
Earl of Liverpool	June 8, 1812
George Canning	April 11, 1827
Viscount Goderich	Aug. 16, 1827
Duke of Wellington	Jan. 11, 1828
Earl Grey	Nov. 22, 1830
Viscount Melbourne	July 16, 1834
Sir Robert Peel	Dec. 10, 1834
Viscount Melbourne	April 18, 1835
Sir Robert Peel	Sept. 1, 1841
Lord John Russell	July 3, 1846
Earl of Derby	Feb. 27, 1852
Earl of Aberdeen	Dec. 28, 1852
Viscount Palmerston	Feb. 8, 1855
Earl of Derby	Feb. 26, 1858
Viscount Palmerston	June 18, 1859
Earl Russell	Oct. 16, 1865
Earl of Derby	July 6, 1866
Benjamin Disraeli	Feb. 20, 1868
William Ewart Gladstone	Dec. 9, 1868

THE following is said to be an excellent cure for rheumatism: Half a teaspoonful of Rochelle salts, to be taken every morning, half an hour before breakfast. Hot drinks, spirits, wine, beer, cider, pepper and spices are to be avoided, and all grease, except good, sweet butter. Fresh meat or poultry may be eaten once a day, but salt meat and fish must be abstained from.