THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

—AT—

RED CLOUD,

Webster County, Neb.

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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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[Original.]

OLD MEMORIES

When the spring days, fresh and balmy,
Deck the earth with verdure green,
And the woodlands all about me
Have donned their beauteous sheen;
Oft in solitude I wander,
With pensive steps, and slow,
To the path we roamed together
In the days of long ago.

Happy birds, in concert warbling,
Sing the same songs o'er my head
That they sang in other seasons—
Long years ere you were dead;
And the violets are blooming,
And in the breezes wave,
With all their old-time loveliness,
Above your lowly grave.

The sun shines just as warmly,
The birds sing just as sweet—
But I miss the gentle patter
Of your fairy little feet.
With my head bowed down in sadness,
I have sat beneath the brook,
Where so oftentimes, my darling,
We have played with line and hook.

The world has seemed a blank to me,
My dear one, since the day
I consigned you to the church-yard,
So careless, dark and gray;
From the old spots where we rambled
The glamour has all flown;
You are dwelling with bright angels—
I am plodding on alone!

But when mem'ries crowd upon me,
And tears steal to my eyes,
I think full soon, my darling,
That we'll meet beyond the skies;
There, in His glorious presence,
Where only joy is given,
We shall live and love again—
Pass an endless Spring in Heaven!

WILHELM.

THE HEROINE OF THE CURFEW.

It lacked but half an hour of curfew toll. The old bell-ringer came from under the wattled roof of his cottage stoop, and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet-scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his old arm was as muscular as ever; and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy, metallic throbs of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had tolled out his notes of mourning for Good Queen Bess; and with tears scarcely dry he had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles the First had been crowned, reigned, and expiated his weaknesses before all England in Jasper's time; and now he who under his army held all the Commonwealth in the hollow of his hand ruled as more than monarch, and still the old man with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin and curfew.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled sky, gathering but a faint sense of the lovely scene or of the incense-freighted air.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and recrossed by the annals of the years that had gone before, that there seemed little room for anything in the present. Little recked he that Cromwell's spearsmen were camped on the moor beyond the village—that Cromwell himself rode with his guardsmen but a league away; he only knew that the bell that had been hung in the tower when William the Conqueror made curfew a law, had been spared by Puritan and Roundhead, and that his arm for sixty years had never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with slow step toward the gate, when a woman came hurriedly in from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman, but with face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble with all of its roundness and dimples. Her great solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and the lips were forming words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass. I am deaf, and can not hear your clatter."

The voice raised, and the hands clasped and unclasped, and wrung themselves together, palm to palm.

"For Heaven's sake, good Jasper, do not ring curfew to-night."

"What, na ring curfew! Ye must be daft, lassie."

"Jasper, for sweet Heaven's sake, for my sake, for one night in all your long life forget to ring the bell! Fail this once and my lover shall live, who Cromwell says shall die at curfew toll. Do you hear?—my lover, brave Richard Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewels that the Lady Maud gave me; and the gold shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would ye bribe me, Lily De Vere? Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Plantagenets in ye're veins as your mother had. What! corrupt me, bell-ringer under Her Majesty, Good Queen Bess! Not for all the gold that Lady Maud could bring me! What is your lover to me? Babes have been born, and strong men have died before now to the ringing of my bell. Awa', awa'!"

And out on the village green, with the solemn shadows of the lindens lengthening over it, a strong man awaited the curfew to toll for his death. He stood handsome, and brave, and tall—taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who guarded him.

What had he done that he should die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword that the great Cromwell wielded was so prone to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the late Lord up at the castle; and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo, and woman must wait, had given her heart to him without the asking; while the gentle Lily De Vere, distant kinswoman, and poor companion to her, had, without seeking, found the treasures of his true love, and held them fast. Then he had joined the army, and made one of the pious soldiers whose evil passions were never stirred but by sign or symbol of Popery. But a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and conquered him. To-night he was to die!

The beautiful world lay as a vivid picture before him. The dark green wood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his merry men had dwelt; the frowning castle with its drawbridge and square towers; the long stretch of moor with the purple shadows upon it; the green, straight walks of the village; the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet he saw. But, ah! more vividly than all, he saw the great red sun with its hazy veil lingering above the trees, as though it pitied him with more than human pity!

He was a God-fearing and God-serving man. He had long ago made his peace with Heaven. Nothing stood between him and death—nothing rose pleading between him and those who were to destroy him, but the sweet face of Lily De Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded for his life. She had wearied Heaven with her prayers, but all without avail.

Slowly now the great sun went down. Slowly the last red rim was hid behind the green wood. Thirty seconds more and the curfew would ring. Thirty seconds more and his soul would be with his God. The color did not forsake his cheeks. The dark rings of hair lay on a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs and brave men die. What was life that he should cling to it? What was death that he should shrink from it? He almost felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death knell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers with his clear, gray eye upon them, he waited. The crimson banners in the west were paling to pink. The kine had ceased their lowing, and had been gathered into the rick yards.

All nature had sounded her curfew; but old Jasper was silent.

The bell-ringer with his gray head yet bared had traversed half the distance that lay between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower, when a form went flitting past him, with pale, shadowy robes floating around it, and hair that the few western lights touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah Huldah, Huldah!" the old man muttered; "how swift she flies! I will come soon, dear. My work is almost done." Huldah was the good wife, who had gone from him in early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeing form was not Huldah's, it was Lily De Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose toward the old cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragoons come this way. Once more I will kneel at his feet and plead."

She entered the ruined arch. She wrenched from its fastenings the carved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps; her heart lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and shook the dust of centuries from the black carvings. As she went up, she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building, with its groined roof, its chevrons and clustered columns, its pictured saint and carved image of the Virgin, which the pillagers of all ages had spared to be dealt with by time, the most relentless Vandal of all.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow tints thrown by the stained glass across her death-white brow; up—still up—past open arcade and arch, with griffin and gargoyle staring at her from under bracket and cornice, with all the hideousness of mediæval carving; the stairs, flight by flight, growing frailer beneath her young feet; but a slender fretwork between her and the outer world; but still up.

Her breath was short and gasping. She saw, through an open space, old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far! the seconds were treasures which Cromwell, with all his blood-bought Commonwealth, could not purchase from her. Still up—ah—there, just above her, with its great brazen mouth and wicked tongue, the bell hung!

A worm-eaten block for a step, and one small, white hand clasped itself above the clapper—the other prepared, at the first tremble, to rise and clasp it's mate, and the feet to swing off; Jasper was old and slow—but he was sure, and it came at last. A faint quiver, and the tender young feet swing from their rest, and the tender hands clasped for more than their precious life, the writhing thing. There was groaning and creaking of the rude pulleys above, and then the strokes came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not lost its cunning, nor his arm its strength. The tender, soft form was swung and dashed to and fro. It was bruised by the brazen sides and tortured by the unshapely tongue. But she clung to and caressed the cold, cruel thing. Let one stroke come and a thousand might follow—for its fatal work would be done. She writhed her white arm about it, so that at every pull of the great ropes it crushed into the flesh. It tore her, and wounded and bruised—but there in the solemn twilight, the brave woman swung, and fought with the cruel curfew; and God gave her the victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself, "Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting too heavy for my old arm. My ears, too, have failed me at last. I dinna hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell, it is my ears that have gone false and not thou. Farewell, old friend."

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form again went flitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who walked in her sleep; and the hands hung wounded and powerless at her side.

Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled Maypole before the village green. He saw the man who was to die at sunset standing up in the dusky air, tall as a king and beautiful as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye, but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for a young girl came flying toward him. Pikemen and archer stepped aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover; with trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived—why the curfew had never sounded.

Lady Maud, looking out from her latticed window at the castle, saw the great Protector dismount, lift the fainting form in his arms and bear her to her lover. She saw the guards release the prisoner, and she heard the shouts of joy at his deliverance; then she welcomed the night, that shut the scene out from her envious eyes, and sepultured her in its gloom.

At the next matin bell old Jasper died; at curfew toll he was laid beside the wife who had died in his youth, but the memory of whom had been with him always.

Historical Items.

LOCOMOTIVE steam carriages on railways were first introduced at Liverpool in October, 1829.

CITIES in England in the 12th century were inconsiderable. They were first incorporated in 1709.

MUSIC was first reduced to rules by Jubal, 1800 B. C. The flute was invented by Hyngnis, 1506.

THE office of Master of the Ceremonies for the reception of persons at court was introduced in England in 1603.

THE small island of Monte Cristo is situated in the Mediterranean. It contains the ruins of a fortress and contains also an abbey.

THE Greeks crossed narrow seas on rafts or beams tied together, till the use of shipping was made known to them by Danaus of Egypt.

THE first steamboat was that invented by Fulton, called "The North River," which made her first passage from New York to Albany in 1807.

AT the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne to Gen. Gates, in the war of the Revolution, 5,791 men laid down their arms. It occurred at Saratoga Oct. 17, 1777.

THE first Protestant Bishop in the United States was the Right Rev. Dr. Samuel Seabury, 1784. The first Catholic Bishop was Dr. Carroll, of Maryland, 1789.

THE first daily newspaper ever published in the English language was issued in London, March 11, 1702—one hundred and seventy-two years ago. It was called the *Courant*, and was about the size of half a sheet of foolscap, printed only on one side, and contained "no editorials, locals, court news, political matter, advertisements, or English intelligence of any kind."

Desperate Valor of the Ashantees.

A correspondent writes from the field: "The Ashantees fought like demons. They were present in enormous numbers, pouring on our gallant troupes by thousands, yelling and screaming hideously. Although our firing told on them immensely, they had to be driven from point to point, and even when pushed out of the successive villages, returned to the attack. In the thickest parts of the brush they climbed the trees in order to fire more effectually upon our troops. The order of advance from Insarful was as follows: The attack was made in the form of a square, through the middle of which ran the main road, and the line extended about 300 yards on either side. The 42d regiment, preceded by Lord Gifford and his scouts, formed the front line, with two of Ralt's guns in the center, Gordon's Houssas in a dense corner of jungle. It really seemed as if nothing but the failure of their ammunition would drive them out. Now at one point, now at another, along the hill crest they poured down crushing volleys. Life they counted at no price if only a white man could be killed. It was the same desperate obstinacy we had seen at Abrakrampa. They climbed trees to fire with more deadly effect, but the mass just lay down and shot till shot themselves or short of ammunition. Sir Archibald Alison, Brigadier of the white troops, declared he never came under a fiercer fire in India or the Crimea."

Light.

Light is a force, and science holds that it is made up of impulses. Nature has been shown to conform all kinds of dynamical effects to rhythmical pulsing, or wave-like action, and the impulses of light are held to be of the same kind. They are, at any rate, measurable effects which are unequal in the different colored lights, and the scale has been determined. In an inch of violet light it is shown that there are no less than 57,000 waves, a statement in which there is nothing extraordinary or impossible, as Nobert, the German optician, is in the habit of ruling his microscopical test glasses at rates all the way from 100,000 to 200,000 per inch. But, when we are told that the ray enters the eye at the rate of 185,000 miles per second, and, as each inch contains 57,000 waves, that when we are looking at a violet object there are 699,000,000,000,000 beats upon the retina each second, the statement baffles all imagination; we may accept, but cannot understand, it. In the attempt to penetrate the nature of light we are lost in the mysteries of the infinite. Yet the modes of its action have been determined, and they furnish the most splendid example we know of the inflexibleness and exactitude of what are called the laws of nature.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Home of the Communists.

New Caledonia, the penal colony of France, from which Henri Rochefort and Pascal Grousset have escaped, is an island in the South Pacific ocean. Its surface is mountainous, and rises in the center to an elevation of 8,000 feet. The convicts, now numbering about 3,000, live in improvised huts of saplings and grass, and are guarded by a garrison of 200 men. The island is 220 miles in length and thirty miles wide. The smallness of the guard and the large extent of coast render an escape comparatively easy, especially if aided from without. Preparations are now being made for the reception of the Communist prisoners, 3,000 of whom, with their families, have been exiled to this island. Upon their arrival the prisoners are turned at large, first being cautioned as to the manner of their behavior. Rochefort and his companion escaped from New Caledonia in a small boat. They had been three days at sea when they were picked up by a British sailing vessel and brought into an Australian port.

An Independent Press.

The late typographical unpleasantness found the *Republican* prepared for any emergency. The gentlemen of the Union had put the office in the most scrupulously neat condition before they said "farewell, and if forever" to the *Republican*. So that when certain of our editorial staff determined to "keep the pot bilin'" they had nothing to do except to take off their coats and assume the composing stick. We felt a just pride in this. There were Americans prepared for any need. They could write editorial and stick it, or, like the late Mr. Greeley, could stick it out of their own heads without writing it at all. It was a single night, these gentlemen under the burning gas, picking among the lower case and small caps. It was early and informally agreed that each editor should get up his own matter. Our local led off in a stick and a half, in which he apologized for the brevity of his work by the effect of the lake air, said to make reporters drowsy. Our river reporter made a sensation by announcing that "the Crescent City, from New Orleans, blew *to atoms Montezuma island yesterday*, and six barges burned!" This explosion of an island, and of the preceding day, it was supposed, would be copied extensively. Still the work did not go on as rapidly as was desirable, and the suggestion was made that it would be better to put on a few more hands, if to be had. At this juncture there came a friend connected with the country press, who, knowing the importance to the Republican cause of the unintermitted publication of its central organ, came to announce that he had secured the services of a swift and sure compositor. Every amateur straightened himself as this old typo was announced, and wished he headed a squad of the same sort. The new comer was received with all the honors. Our distinguished chief of the staff, who had been bothered with the nicks, and who selected his type with the utmost deliberation, promptly laid down his composing stick to welcome this outlaw of the Union. We do not think we have seen more impressment of manner than when our chief grasped the hand of the new printer, and actually gave up to him his own composing stick. The new printer was introduced as a gentleman from Acadia. He was a dark and shadowy type of the Gallic race, and, having taken off his coat, advanced to one of several cases which were vacated with alacrity by the gentlemen editors, and offered him with demonstrations of uncommon politeness. Our chief, who regarded the Acadian gentleman as his special "sub," pointed out all the facilities of the office, and went so far as to present him with the editorial copy then in his hand, for composition. He even read over three times this editorial paragraph to the gentleman from Acadia. As ultimately corrected and published it read as follows:

"OUR MAGNANIMITY

"We shall magnanimously forbear to assail our pugnacious antagonist the *Pic.*, while it is down and unable for the moment to resist. When, however, like the great original, it shall have got its wind again, we will fight "an hour by Shrewsbury clock." Till then we repress our martial ardor, but heartily hope our fractious contemporary may soon be in fighting trim again."

As it came to the galley, after the manipulations of him of Acadia, it appeared thus:

"OUR MOGRAMULY.

"We shall magnanimously forbear to assail our pograine and a great the *Pic.*, while it is down and unable for the moment to noist. When honorable its great original it should have got its wind again, we will projest an hour by the shreaubery loole. Well then we repren our war bal and or, but heartily hope our practism colum for any may torn be in fighting trim alure."

The countenance of our chief as he slowly perused this astonishing perversion attracted the attention of all. He commenced whistling in a low tone a fragment of one of Dr. Watts' best hymns, intended for the prevention of profanity. Turning to his first assistant foreman, he remarked: "This fellow has been snaked in by the Union;" and turning, remarked to his expectant sub: "Cut." That was all he said, but the gentleman from Acadia either suspected his rates would be cut still lower, or had been so much in the habit of being turned out of printing offices, that without a word of explanation, or a demand that his work should be measured from the hook, he put on his long and flowing robes and departed. Our chief resumed his inspection of type without another word, and there was no more hilarity in that office. Each man felt that his hour had come, and bent himself silently to the task. Ere the cock had crowed thrice the *Daily Republican* was in the hands of the pressman, and in a short time thereafter the fancy compositors were awakened to breakfast. We proudly cite the two numbers as a specimen of independent journalism, which was much relieved by the adjustment of all difficulties between proprietors and printers.—*New Orleans Republican.*

A Big Farm.

It is said that a firm named Miller & Lux, in the southern part of California, own forty miles of land on the west side of the San Joaquin, Miller having in addition half a million acres. He is building fence around his land at the rate of 100 miles per year, and hopes, it is said, at some future day, to have his own land extend from Los Angeles to the Sacramento. He may, possibly, determine to buy out the whole State, mines and all. This man is evidently a much larger farmer than Jacob Strawn, of Illinois, who died a few years ago, and who had a 40,000-acre farm.—*Wisconsin.*

A Comparison.

An exchange says: "Compare the publisher of a new-paper, who has to go all around the country to collect his pay, to a farmer who sells his wheat on credit, and not more than a bushel to any person. If any farmer will try the experiment of distributing the proceeds of his labor over two or three counties, with the addition of a large percentage scattered over his own and other States, for one year, we will guarantee that he will never, after that year's experience, ask a publisher to supply him with a paper a year or two without the pay for it."

Horrors of English Prison Life.

Mr. James Greenwood has published a frightful account of the silent system which is in operation at the Holloway Model Prison in London. It is an offense for a prisoner to speak one word, and he is never addressed except in whispers, so that he may be in prison two years without hearing the natural sound of the human voice. The effects of all this is so terrible on the mind that prisoners will speak out in desperation, at the risk of any punishment, rather than endure that horrible silence. The prisoners never see one another, but remain in perpetual solitude. One poor wretch, driven to desperation by nine months' solitude and silence, recklessly broke out in Mr. Greenwood's presence: "For God's sake, Governor, put me in another cell. Put me somewhere else. I've counted the bricks in the cell I am in till my eyes ache." The request of the tortured wretch was refused. There is a fine hole in each cell, and as the wardens wear shoes of India-rubber soles, the prisoner can never be sure of being alone. Those condemned to the treadmill have to ascend 1,200 steps every alternate twenty minutes for six hours. And this in a place so hot and close that prisoners often lose in perspiration three stones in as many months. Every day the prisoners are taken to a chapel, so arranged that they can see no one save the chaplain, and him only through an iron grating. And thus is the order of devotion observed. Wardens are constantly on the watch, lest for a single instant they, through the whole of the service, depart from the rigid rule of "eyes right." They must look steadfastly at the preacher; must raise and lower their prayer-book with the elbows squared, and all at once, like soldiers at drill. They may not scrape their feet without having afterward to explain the movement. They scarcely wink an eye or sigh without danger of rebuke or punishment. God help them, poor wretches.

Useful Hints for the Home Circle

PAROXYSMS of coughing may be prevented or cured by swallowing a little dry salt.

CHROMOS can be mounted on cardboard, glass or canvas. Where they do not exceed a foot square, it is usual to mount them on cardboard or glass. If over that size, on canvas.

As a substitute for cream beat two eggs, one ounce of sugar, and a small piece of butter, with a pint of warm milk; then put it into hot water and stir it one way, until it acquires the consistence of cream.

WORMS in flower-pots may be destroyed by using common lime water, made by slaking lime in water. The solution must be weak; an ordinary-sized lump of lime will be sufficient for six gallons of water.

To prevent pitting from small-pox procure a camel's-hair brush, dip it in some glycerine, and paint the face with it; the time for application is about the seventh day, when the lotion, preventing the formation of matter, saves the skin from being marked.

FOR weak eyes, put a piece of alum about the size of a hazel-nut, and a piece of lump sugar, the same size, into a quart of cold spring water, and stand near the fire to dissolve; then saturate a little lint with the mixture; bathe the eyes several times a day; destroy the lint immediately after using, as it must not be put into the lotion a second time.

LINEN that is placed, immediately after being ironed, near the stove or in the hot sun, is stiffer when dry than if it is permitted to dry slowly. It is a good plan to lay collars and small articles on a waiter and set them on a kettle or other support on the stove, till they are quite dry. A bowl of clear water and a clean old linen cloth is useful to remove any specks the linen may acquire before or while being ironed.

Sumner's Marriage.

His marriage was the most incomprehensible thing he ever did throughout his long and useful life. Mrs. Hooper was a very beautiful, brilliant and greatly admired woman, who moved in the choicest Boston circles. Her position could not have been augmented by becoming Mrs. Sumner, although her ambition might have been gratified, and she certainly forfeited her fortune. She was used to homage from men; her husband was accustomed to reverence from every one. She found him an absorbed man, only going into society for the etiquette of the thing. She was devoted to gay life, and drew around her a crowd of worshipers. When the Senator, weary from his duties at the Capitol, would at an early hour be ready to order the carriage, the madame was in the zenith of her enjoyments, and I have been told of several remarks she was wont to make to him before people, stinging to his self-love and mortifying to his pride. She is accredited with a high temper, over which she exercised not the slightest control. We cannot penetrate the causes which led to the estrangement, for Mr. Sumner never mentioned the matter after the separation, but who can tell what he may not have suffered? His death, so immediately following his wife's application for permission to marry again, is, by some, thought to be the effect of learning the above news, his physicians prophesying that any sudden excitement would prove fatal. Be that as it may, I pity her the remorseful feelings she is probably mistress of to-day.—*Washington Letter.*

What Manufacturing Does.

There is many a city and town that will appreciate the following: One manufactory employing a hundred men will support an additional five hundred people. These hundred families will disburse annually, on the average, $750, or $75,000 in the aggregate. This money will be drawn into the town from the outside, where the manufactured goods are consumed, and the interest of his $75,000 at 10 per cent. would be $7,500. These hundred families, too, would require a hundred houses, thousands of pounds of agricultual produce, and thousands of yards of cotton and woolen goods, thus giving health and impetus to every branch of industry.

The Temperance Movement.

The temperance crusade is no longer the sensation of the day in the newspapers, but it continues to appear a matter of absorbing importance to the women engaged in it, and of practical interest to the men whose business it so materially affects. There is no evidence that the women are weary in their well doing. The number of saloons closed has increased from day to day until it now exceeds a thousand, and we look in vain for an instance in which the women after fairly beginning battle have fled the field. Their faith is of the kind that is said to remove mountains. It hesitates not to attack the enemy whether he be strongly intrenched in 3,508 grog shops as in Cincinnati, or supported by an angry rabble as in Cleveland. An array of superior numbers in opposition serves only to call for more thorough organization and greater perseverance on the part of the crusaders. Persecution arouses the spirit of martyrdom and elicits sympathy for the persecuted from unexpected quarters. A single victory encourages a praying band to weeks of more earnest and devoted prayer and labor. But a speedy victory does not seem necessary to keep the fire of faith aglow. Weeks may pass without a surrender, yet the women keep on with a patience which enlists the sympathy of the most careless spectator and assures the harassed liquor-dealer that, though the day of his capitulation may be distant, it must inevitably come.—*New York Tribune.*

Healing by Faith.

Dr. Brown Squeard, the eminent surgeon, in a lecture delivered in New York the other day said: "The cure of any illness which does not consist in a disorganization of the tissues can often be accomplished when the person thinks that it can be done. If we physicians, who treat patients every day, had the power to make them believe that they are to be cured, we certainly would obtain less fees than we do, and I must say that the best of us would rejoice at it. There is no doubt at all that if we could give to patients the idea that they are to be cured they would often be cured, especially if we could name a time for it, which is a great element in success. I have succeeded sometimes, and I may say that I succeed more now than formerly, because I have myself the faith that I can in giving faith obtain a cure. I wish, indeed, that physicians who are younger men than myself, and who will have more time to study this question than I have, would take it up, especially in those cases in which there is a functional nervous affection only to deal with, as it is particularly, though not only, in those cases that a cure can be obtained. Indeed a cure may thus be obtained in certain organic affections; even in dropsy it may lead to a cure. You know that it wil l stop pain; that going to a dentist is often quite enough to make a toothache disappear. I have seen patients come to me with a terrible neuralgia, who dreaded the operation I was about to perform, and, just at the time I was to undertake it, ceased to suffer."

A Balky Horse.

There are two ways of managing a balky horse. My companion knew one of them, and I the other. His method is to sit quietly in the wagon, and at short intervals throw a small pebble at the horse. The theory is that these repeated sudden annoyances will operate on a horse's mind, and he will try to escape them by going on. The spectators supplied my friend with stones, and he pelted the horse with measured gentleness. Probably the horse understood this method, for he did not notice the attack at all. My plan was to speak gently to the horse, requesting him to go, and then to follow the refusal by one sudden, sharp cut of the lash; to wait a moment, and then repeat the operation. The dread of the coming lash after the gentle word will startle any horse. I tried this, and with a certain success. The horse backed us into a ditch, and would probably have backed himself into the wagon if I had continued. When the animal was at length ready to go, Davie took him by the bridle, ran by his side, coaxed him into a gallop, and then, leaping in behind, lashed him into a run which had little respite for ten miles, up hill and down. Remonstrance on behalf of the horse was in vain, and it was only on the return home that this specimen Cape Breton driver began to reflect how he could erase the welts from the horse's back before his father saw them.—*C. D. Warner in April Atlantic.*

Badly Sold.

A clerk in a book store in Louisville, where lottery tickets were sold, laid aside one for himself numbered 3,307. A short time ago the proprietor of the store received a letter from one Perkins, living in an interior town, stating that he had dreamed that 3,307 would draw the capital prize, and requesting said proprietor to purchase that ticket for him if it was to be had. The clerk stated that this was the identical ticket he had selected for himself, and thereupon pulled out his money and paid for it. He then wrote to Perkins that he could have the ticket for $600. Strange to say, the return mail brought an acceptance of the offer and a request that the ticket be at once forwarded to Perkins. This so excited the clerk that he backed square out, and declared he would not sell it for less than $1,000. He was soon astounded at the receipt of another letter agreeing to the terms and demanding the ticket. This so worked upon the nervous clerk that he refused point blank to sell it at any price, and for fear that the priceless ticket might get lost, he locked it up in a bank vault. The young man has just discovered that the whole thing was a hoax, played upon him by acquaintances, and, what is worse, has found out that 3,307 drew nothing but a blank in the "grand scheme."

THERE is a Mr. Frank Preston, aged 100 years, less one month, living near San Francisco. He not only saw Washington, but held his horse while Preston *pere* shod the illustrious animal.

COLD WATER.

A cup of water from the spring,
O, 'tis the most delightful thing;
Among all drinks this stands the first,
'Twill surely quench one's raging thirst.

Now, my young lads, just only think,
For three score years it's been my drink;
I've always passed by the saloon,
Every morning, each night and noon.

Thus, while journeying on my way,
On a hot, sultry summer day,
How tempting 'tis to pause a spell
Beside the farmer's mossy well,

To let the bucket gently down—
That old bucket so dark and brown
Then draw it up, you may observe,
I tilt the same on top the curb.

'Tis thus I drink, this drink is mine,
If far excels your rum and wine!
'Twill rival alcoholic potions too,
So nicely half from corn and rye.

Thus, while I'm free to use my voice,
Cold water'll be my only choice;
The water cold, my constant drink,
While I am free to act and think.

Now, shall I ask the real set,
In winter's cold or when 'tis hot,
If water does not meet his mind,
More than all other drinks combined.

If he's honest, no doubt he'll say,
Just take my rum and gin away;
I henceforth desire, without fail,
To be supplied with Adam's ale.

I ask that youth, each boy and fop,
Who oft frequent the drinking shop,
To change his course, to pause awhile,
No longer drink that stuff so vile!

Sit down that glass! drink water cold!
That you may live till you are old;
Then at the close of life may you
Die with heaven in your view.

Humor.

UNWELCOME serenaders—Mosquitoes.

TYPOGRAPHICAL errors — Printers' strikes.

A MAINE girl has killed herself—by gum! [This is not an oath.]

AN exchange tells of an "undertaking wisely abandoned before it was begun."

AN impecunious citizen said the only change he was allowed was that of the weather.

ADAM had one consolation when he fell; Fifteen or twenty acquaintances didn't stand on the opposite corner and laugh at his mishap.

A STARVING woman in Paterson, N. J., driven to an excess of desperation that savors of mad despair, was actually forced to spend her last six dollars for a wig. Pity the sorrows of the poor.

"WHERE did you learn wisdom?" inquired Diogenes of a man esteemed wise. "From the blind," was the reply, "who always try their path with a stick before they venture to tread on it!"

ONE of our neighbors had just put on his pants, the other morning, when he immediately took them off again, under the impression that they were haunted. The kitten was pulled out by the tail and drowned.

"THE evidence shows that he sot up with her night after night, and they squoze hands and talked soft, and I think she ought to have about $23 damages," was the charge of a Kansas Judge to a jury in a breach-of-promise case.

AT a party, while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander bachelor exclaimed, "I'd give the whole world for those fingers!" "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's observant mamma.

"WHAT," exclaimed the fashionable Fitzwiggle to the exquisite Miss La Sparrowgrass—"what would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I," responded the fairy-like creature, "should be—stationery!"

THE following sweet dispatch passed over wires to a Maine girl: "To——: Your life is a rich bouquet of happiness, yourself the sweetest flower. If northern winds whisper southern wishes, how happy you must be. Good night. Happy dreams, sweet love. Frank."

"RESPECTABLE people" are a singular set in Portland. Within a week one respectable citizen was caught stealing jewelry, another with kid gloves stole a ham, a third was arrested for stealing spoons, and a fourth, a "prominent citizen," was picked up at midnight in a state of almost hopeless intoxication.

A SUBURBAN minister applied to a ticket agent, on one of the railroads, for a "clergyman's ticket," and on the official expressing a doubt as to his clerical character, exclaimed: "If you don't believe I'm a clergyman, I'll read you one of my sermons!" The agent passed over the ticket, but did not insist upon the proof.

NOVEL WAY OF RUNNING A BOARDING-HOUSE.—"What do you do with so much?" said a gentleman at the South End, the other evening, to a beggar-boy, who had a basketful of provisions, and was soliciting more. "Mother got three new boarders last night, and two other fellers left without paying her anything."

Cremation.

Sir Henry Thompson, the great English doctor, has another long argument in the *Contemporary Review* in favor of the incremation of the dead. After demonstrating the sanitary necessity of such a measure in all great cities, Sir Henry gives the following as a programme for the funeral ceremonies: "When death occurs and the necessary certificate has been given, the body is placed in a light wood shell, then in a suitable outside receptacle, preparatory to removal for religious rites or otherwise. After a proper time has elapsed it is conveyed to the spot where cremation is to be performed. There nothing need be seen by the last attendant or attendants than the placing of the shell within a small compartment and the closing of the door upon it. It slides down into the heated chamber, and is left there an hour, till the necessary changes have taken place. The ashes are then placed at the disposal of the attendants." The communal councils of Vienna and Gratz have adopted a proposal to establish in their cemeteries the necessary apparatus for cremation, "the use of which will be optional and open to all."

IF you desire to know how to make your own toilet articles, write and inclose 50 cents to Conrad & Co., Box 925, Chicago, Ill.