THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

M. H. WARNER,

Editor and Proprietor.

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

VOLUME III. RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1875. NUMBER 11.

**Rates of Advertising.**

One column, one year ..... $75.00
Half " " " ..... 40.00
Quarter " " " ..... 25.00

Short advertisements, and advertisements for less time than one year, are subject to a special contract.

Local and Editorial Notices 10 cents a line for first insertion, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Legal advertising at statute prices.

Business cards $8 per year.

These are our lowest cash rates, and no other terms will be given.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Mrs. James Pendergast fell dead suddently at Louisville, Ky., October 15th. Apoplexy was the cause.

The Eagle D tillery at Evansville, Ind., was burned October 15th. Loss heavy and but partially insured.

On the 16th of October, Nelson Cool was sentenced at Jamestown, N. Y., to be hanged on the 26th of November, for the murder of Charles Whimple in March last.

W. E Creary, of Michigan, has been promoted from assistant to postmaster of the United States Senate, and C. C. Jones, of Minnesota has been appointed assistant postmaster.

Maj. Edwards, one of the editorial duelists, was arrested in St. Louis, October 16th, under the Missouri law, for sending a challenge. The arrest was made to head off the indictment in Winnebago county, Illinois.

John T. Huss, cashier of the First National Bank of Tiffin, Ohio, committed suicide on the evening of October 15th, by shooting himself through the heart. It is believed that irregularities have existed for some time in the bank, and its affairs are being investigated.

The Director General of the Centennial has suggested to the Secretary of the Interior the propriety of providing for a representation at the exhibition of those organizations formed during the late war, for the purpose of mitigating the sufferings of the sick and wounded on the battle field.

The sale of the Moundale herd of Short Horns at Thompson Station, Clark county, Ky., was well attended, and the prices good. The aggregate was $53.80. The herd consisted of 86 emales and 10 males, making an average of $606 for the females, and $915 for the males, the ten males bringing $9,150. In all there were one hundred and seventy head sold, aggregating $177,000.

At the sale of Short Horns at Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 17th, Mr. Barclay, of West Liberty, Iowa, bought seven head, paying therefor $2,295. Mr. W. P. Young, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, bought twelve head for $2,830. S. W. Jacobs bought five head for $2,575, paying for one cow $1,150. Rob't Miller, of West Liberty, bought four head for $1,610. J. S. McCaughan, of Winterset, Iowa, bought one for $525. Alex. Charles bought one for $2,000. And H. G Little of Grinnell, bought one for $240.

A correspondent referring to the sales of pure bloods in the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky, states that never before in the history of Short Horn cattle has there been so large a crowd and so interesting a sale as the grand one at Vinewood. The North, South, East, and West, were represented in full force, while Great Britain was not wanting in spirited bidders. Ladies, of the fairest and noblest that the Blue Grass affords, were present in profusion. The repast was sumptuous and abundant, and well accorded with Mrs. Groom's noted cuisine and hospitality. Forty-four native cows and heifers brought $58,210, averaging $132, and 20 imported ones, $51,225, averaging $2,561; total for cows, $109,435, and average $1,710. Four native bulls sold for $1,715, averaging $429, and five imported ones for $12,300, averaging $2,460; total for bulls, $14,615, and average $1,557; total for 73 animals, $123,450; grand average, $1,691. With the exception of the New York Mills' sale this is considered the greatest ever made on our continent in point of numbers, total and average, and places Mr. Groom in the topmost rank of Short Horn breeders, whether English or American.

A dispatch from Cheyenne of October 16th, says: Prof. Walter P. Jenney, chief of the Geologist expedition, to the Black Hills, and his assistants, returned here to-day, having spent five months in the Hills and made quite a thorough examination of the whole country and mapped it from Belle Fouche to the south fork of the Cheyenne river, reports gold fields extending 40 miles north from Harney's Peak, and 20 miles wide, that contains gold in quantities that will pay from three to five dollars per day to the man, and that there are bars on numbers of streams that will pay much more than that. The water supplies are ample for working purposes and the fall is sufficient to carry the water from the top of most of the bars and allow the tailings to be readily disposed of. The gold is coarse, scale gold, easily separated from the gravel and sand. The Prof. has with him an ounce of coarse gold that two men obtained on Spring Creek with ten hours labor. An assay of this gold shows it to be 9.40 fine, worth $19.43 in coin to the ounce. Prof. Jenney corroborates Gen. Custar's reports of the Hills, and says they will support thousands of miners when the Government opens them to settlement. The valleys are all adapted to agriculture, and the hills and canyons to stock raising. The rainfall is plentiful and timber abundant. His official report will be made from New York probably before Congress meets.

## Tennessee Pigmies.

**Graves of an Extinct Race of Lilliputians—Curious Discoveries in the Tennessee Mountains.**

Haywood, in his very interesting history of Tennessee, tells of a race of pigmies which existed hundreds of years ago in the vicinity of McNinville and Sparta, where their cemeteries are yet to be found, though many of them have been torn up by the plow of the industrious farmer of the present day.

At the request of Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, John R. Lillard left here last Sunday morning, to see whether he could not unearth a skeleton to be placed on exhibition at that institution. Monday, he went to Hickory Bottom, five miles out from Sparta, and examined, on the farms of Messrs. Spence and Wilson, about twenty graves, all of which had been previously opened and everything they contained taken out. Mr. Wilson, one of the oldest citizens in that locality, informed him that graves were first discovered in 1820. The early settlers found them to average 22½ by 14 inches wide and 12 inches in depth. The graves are formed of sandstone rock, which is found, not in the valleys where the graves are located, but on the top of the mountains. From all that could be learned, this race of people must have lived at least three or four centuries ago.

Thursday morning, accompanied by Dr. J. W. Sawyer, Mr. Lillard went to Dyle's farm, and beside the grave out of which Haywood obtained a skeleton during his researches, he obtained the bones of a pigmy. One of the graves had as a head stone a limestone rock, a thing unusual. By this particular mark it is presumed the remains must have been that of a noted person of the race. In the one in which he obtained the fragmentary portions of what was left of a pigmy, Mr. Lillard found remnants of pottery which show signs of having once been filled with charcoal. This grave had never before been opened From the manner in which the remains lay it is supposed the body must have been interred in a sitting position.

The measurement of this skeleton is twenty-six inches in height. The thigh, arm, ribs, and, in fact, all the bones are small, the full set of teeth showing at the same time that they must have belonged to an adult. The thigh bones are a little larger than a man's forefinger.

Mr. Lillard shipped the bones, on his arrival here last night, to the Smithsonian Institute.

He also brought with him a beautifully polished stone pestle, used by the Indians, perhaps, centuries ago, in pounding their corn into meal. It is the best specimen of such implements that we have ever seen.—*Nashville American.*

## Backward, Pin Backward.

Backward, pin backward my skirts in their flight, make me small again, just for to-night; I am so weary, and my skirts are so long, sweeping the pavements as I walk along, gathering dirt from out of the street, looked at by every one that I meet; mother, dear mother, I know I'm a fright, pin back my skirts, mother, pin 'em back tight.

Mother, dear mother, the days are so warm, and I'm tired of this dress I have on; it is so clumsy and don't fit me right, pin it back, mother, pin it back tight; now I'm ready, don't I look sweet? smiling on all I happen to meet: I'm in the fashion, so that is all right, pin back my skirts, mother, pin 'em back tight.

Mother, dear mother, I know it's a sin, to wear dresses that show off one's limbs, but what is a poor girl going to do, if the world wears 'em too, it is only those who are thin that are afraid to show off a form that is not well made; you may laugh, but you know that I'm right, pin back my skirts, mother, pin 'em back tight.

## Where it Came From.

A Detroit girl picked up a new beau the other evening at church, and when they reached her father's gate he accepted her invitation to go in. He was perfumed to kill, and it wasn't long before his musk reached the back room in which the old folks sat. The old man was heard stubbing around, muttering and growling, and presently he opened the door and passed out and walked around the house. He came back after snuffing around for a few minutes, and pounding on the parlor door he inquired:

"Evangeline, where's that piece of candle?"

"I don't know, father; why?" she inquired in return.

"There's a skunk or something or other under the addition, and I've got to hunt him out or we can't live here over night."

The young man didn't stay long after that.

"Pa," said little Jimmie, "I came very near getting to the head of my class to-day." "How is that my son?" "Why, a big word came all the way down to me, and, if I only could have spelled it, I would have gone clear up."

## PERSONAL.

The Duke of Portland is one of the wealthiest of living peers; his daily income is estimated at £1,000.

Mr. Jackson, a Colorado banker, has a gentle side to his pecuniary soul. He will wed Mrs. Helen Hunt, the poetess.

The original maid of Athens is now living, aged 75. She has still the relics of her former beauty; but her name, alas! is Mrs. Black.

Harriet Hosmer will contribute a group representing emancipation to the women's department of the Centennial Exhibition,—the largest ideal work she has executed.

Miss Sarah H. Brayton, M. D., has received the appointment to the chair of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the New York Free Medical College for women.

Mr. Alex. H. Stephens says his chief object in coming North this winter is "to do good in bringing about a better state of feeling and a better understanding between the people of the different sections of our great and common country."

The Crown Princess of Germany is Colonel of a regiment of hussars. In a review recently she appeared at the head of her cavaliers. Is there a woman anywhere who would not consent to be a Crown Princess, since such are the rewards of the onerous position?

Josie Mansfield is cutting a great splurge at Frouville, France. She lives extravagantly, and receives many visits from noblemen. It is to be hoped that no French novelist will put her in a book as a type of American womanhood; yet such things have happened.

Massachusetts is putting in claims for both orator and poet at the Centennial Exhibition. The Springfield *Republican* has reason to believe that the choice for orator will fall upon Charles Francis Adams, and that for poet on Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Lowell.

A movement is on foot in Pittsburg to erect a monument in memory of Stephen C. Foster, the composer. of "Old Folks at Home," "Old Dog Tray," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and other popular airs.

Joaquin Miller's novel, "One Fair Woman,"—no allusion to Minnie Myrtle,—is announced in London.. Joaquin must be prepared to have all his female acquaintances, save the designated fair one, cut him after the appearance of the book.

Emperor William of Germany sleeps on a narrow bed with one mattress, and rises every morning at 6. His city residence is not at all grand or sumptuous, but in the country he has many magnificent palaces. He is a grim old soldier—that Emperor; but they say he has a tender heart.

This is the neat little title which goes before the name of the King of Burmah. "His Great, Glorious and Most Excellent Majesty, who reigns over the Kingdoms of Thanaparanta and Tampadipa and all the Umbrella bearing Chiefs of the Eastern Country, the King of the Rising Sun, Lord of the Celestial Elephants, Master of the many White Elephants, the Great Chief of Righteousness, King of Burmah."

## A Fountain of Death.

On Nebow ridge, in this county, about four miles from Jacktown and on the farm belonging to Henry Miller, there is what is called a gas spring. This is probably the greatest curiosity in Pennsylvania. The water is cold, but bubbles and foams as if boiling; but the greatest wonder is the inevitable destruction of life produced by inhaling the gas. No living thing is to be found within a circuit of 100 yards of the spring. The very birds, if they happen to fly over it, drop dead. We experimented with a snake of the copperhead variety on its destructive properties by holding it a few feet above the water. It stretched dead in two minutes. We stood over it about five minutes, when a dull, heavy, aching sensation crept over us, and our eyes began to swim. The gas which escapes here is of the rankest kind of carbonic acid. It will kill a human being in twenty minutes.—*Reading Eagle.*

The Ohio legislature is reported to stand as follows: Senate—Republicans 21, Democrats 16; House—Republicans 65, Democrats 46. The majority for Hayes in the State is 5,007, if the vote claimed as fraudulent in Perrysburg be rejected; but if it be counted, his majority is 4,753. Cary for Lieutenant Governor is beaten by about 12,000 majority.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Bar Association was held in Des Moines, October 14th, at which a committee was appointed to make arrangements for the next meeting of the Association, and to secure an orator for the occasion. The committee was instructed to arrange so that the next meeting should last at least two days.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The French election has been fixed for December 20th.

On the 16th of October the Prince of Wales embarked on his visit to India.

A special to the London *Standard* says that the Turks now hold the district of Zubee, the last refuge of the insurgents.

The *Times* of India, says there are 20,000 people rendered homeless by the floods in the neighborhood of Ahmedabad, in the province of Guzerat.

A force of 2,000 insurgents have been defeated by the Turks, [illegible] killed. The rest took refuge in Montenegro. The 17 villages hitherto strongly insurgent have submitted to Turkish authority.

It is asserted that in consequence of the Pope's intercession the Emperor of Germany has remitted one year of Cardinal Ledochowski's term of imprisonment for resisting the Prussian Ecclesiastical laws, and that full pardon will probably follow.

The London Morning *Echo* publishes a special from Paris saying that the popularity of M. Thiers is causing some uneasiness to the MacMahonites. Politicians have been reminded that the presidential competition has been adjourned until 1880.

At Toronto, Canada, October 16th, the trial of Arthur Davis and wife, for the murder of Miss Gilman by malpractice, was brought to a close by a verdict of guilty against both. They were sentenced to be hanged on the 8th of December.

The Indians recently surprised and attacked Cancho Galvez, on the Chuguragne, in Darien, and killed over fifty and dispersed the entire camp of 800 men. This death blow to rubber gathering in Darien cuts off the Isthmus' supply, and the market of Panama will suffer very heavily.

## Cements.

A good rubber cement may be prepared by dissolving one part india rubber in two parts linseed oil, and adding to the solution a sufficient quantity of hole, say about three parts.

For amber and tortoiseshell, a cement is made by mixing together equal parts of mastic and linseed oil, and warming gently. This cement should be used warm.

To unite wood to wood, a thick solution of shellac in alcohol may be used. It is well to put a piece of fine gauze or crape between the broken surfaces of wood, and then press them tightly together until the cement becomes perfectly firm. Another good, durable cement for woodwork is made by fusing together shellac, mastic and common turpentine, and adding some broken isinglass.

For attaching small objects to anything turned, a mixture of colophonium, turpentine and yellow wax, with the addition of a little pulverized sealing wax, answers nicely. The ce[illegible] and holds well.

To fasten knives [illegible] in sive[illegible] handles, we may use [illegible] parts of melted black pitch [illegible] of fine brick dust. It must be [illegible] warm.

A varnish or cement to protect wood from the action of mineral acids, alkalies and corrosive gases like chlorine, is made from 6 parts of colophonium and 3 parts of wood tar by heating together in an iron kettle on a furnace in the open air, and then stirring in four parts of fine brick dust. The varnish is applied with a brush while warm.

An excellent cement for glass is made by dissolving 1 part india rubber in 60 parts of chloroform, then adding 34 of mastic, and letting it digest for a week at a gentle heat. This cement is also applied with a brush, and is especially distinguished by its transparency.

Another cement for glass and porcelain is made by digesting small pieces of isinglass in 16 times their weight of water for 24 hours. The solution is evaporated to one half, strained, and, while still hot, 8 parts of alcohol is added, and at the same time a solution of 1 part mastic in 6 parts warm alcohol. One half part of finely powdered gum ammoniac is triturated in the warm solution until the whole mass is homogeneous. When used, both the cement and the object to be mended are warmed. This cement is highly recommended for its adhesive qualities.

A small tenement house in Oil City, Pa., was burned on the 19th of October. It was occupied by a family named Gentry, and the mother was away at the time, having left three children in charge, who endeavored to kindle a fire with kerosene. The fire ignited the oil, and the can exploded, burning the little boy so badly that there was no hope of his recovery. One of the little girls, 13 years of age, escaped without injury, but the other little girl, 4 years old, who ran to a closet and shut the door, was burned to death.

## A SNAKE STORY.

D. BELLE BARNARD.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Myra Randall, starting back from the currant bush, where she had been picking the scarlet fruit, upsetting the pan and nearly tumbling into the asparagus bed, "I saw a snake." She had seen one sure enough, and might continue to see him if she liked—for there he lay sluggishly curled over the top of the currant bush, basking in the June sun, a little, little creature, eight or ten inches long, graceful as a ribbon and green as an emerald; a handsome object if one only thought so. Myra recovered her equilibrium and her composure in a moment and smiled at her fright. The snake was perfectly harmless, she knew, and as her life had been spent on these prairies, stretching away as far as the sight could reach, snakes were no novelty. "I am as foolish as the boy, who, after being brought up in the woods, was scared at an owl, but I am so nervous and wrought up about Tom," she said half to herself as she picked up the pan and moved off to a distant bush, "that it seems as if I should fly to pieces." A few bunches of fruit were gathered to replace the spilled ones, but her heart was not interested in currant jelly, and, after working listlessly a few moments, she sat down on the grass, her hands folded over the pan in her lap, and her eyes on the ground, lost in troubled thought. She made a pretty picture; the June sunshine sifting its gold through the thick foliage of an apple tree down upon her; the pensive droop of the head; the pretty, girlish face and figure, with yet a touch of matronly dignity about them, for Tom, the great, good natured fellow, who never could say "no" to any one, and who was his own worst enemy, had been her husband a year. Tom, who had stumbled home at an early hour this morning from the town—a new railway station a half mile away—and, waiting only to rid himself of his boots, had tumbled into bed where he lay, now, sleeping off his tipsiness, while in all the glory of June weather the hours crept toward noon.

He had drank too much, her friends had warned her when Myra first knew him, but she was willing to try the very uncertain experiment of reforming him, and for a while after their marriage it seemed as if she would be successful, but the new railroad with its evil associations drew him from her influence and for months he had been going from bad to worse, until Myra was well nigh discouraged. A drifting leaf from the apple tree fell on her hands, rousing her from the study into which she had fallen, and, startling up, she turned to go into the house, when the little green snake she had seen before slipped across the path into the house. A sudden thought struck her, an inspiration, as a woman's best thoughts always are; she hesitated a moment and then threw the pan, currants and all, at the snake, stunning it slightly, and then, with a little qualm of aversion, gathered it in her apron and ran into the house. A moment later she was shaking Tom, and calling him to get up. "Come, come, [illegible] noon and you have had no [illegible] I should think you would be [illegible] this time. Come, I have [illegible] currant pie. You know how [illegible] like that." Tom roused himself and sat up on the side of the bed, stretching and yawning and rubbing his blood shotten eyes. He was not abashed to meet Myra's reproachful glances. After the first of these sprees he had been, but he was getting hardened now. "Put on your boots and come out of this close room. See what a beautiful day it is." And she flung open the door and the low cottage windows that opened on the ground. After a few more stretches Tom sleepily picked up one of his boots and inserted his foot into it, when he encountered something strange, and drawing it off quickly, turned it upside down, when a snake slipped out and disappeared under the bed. "My goodness, Myra, did you see that?" he asked, fully awake now. "See what?" said Myra, looking vacantly at him. "Why, that snake!"

"A snake," she replied, looking at him in astonishment, "what snake!" "Why, that snake that came out of my boot, a little green snake." "Oh! Tom," she said, in consternation, "you don't really think you saw a snake, do you? You are just trying to frighten me." "Nonsense, Myra, don't be a fool," he said irritably, "think I saw one, I know I did, it dropped right out of my boot, and sneaked away under the bed where it is now, I'll be bound," and he made preparations to look. "O! don't Tom," he cried, "don't you know its your imagination? Don't excite yourself, please, that will only make it worse. Oh! dear what shall I do for him? Lie down right where you are, and let me bring you a cup of coffee, that will settle your nerves. Oh! it is all that horrible stuff you drink," she said, sobbing, shedding real tears of nervousness and apprehension that wet her ruffled apron, and made her little nose as red and shining as a cherry.

"Why, what on earth is the matter? Is the woman crazy?" exclaimed the bewildered Tom.

"I knew it would come to this," she cried, "but I didn't think it would be quite so soon. The doctor said you would go on until—until you saw snakes and all sorts of terrible things and went crazy, and raved round; but I was hoping it would never happen, but it has, it has, and oh, dear, what shall I do?" Having gotten a good start, the tear came without any effort, and she threw herself on Tom's broad breast in an abandonment of grief.

"Hush, Myra," he said, touched by her tears, as he smoothed her shining hair, "it's you that are crazy with borrowing trouble, child; I did not imagine anything; I saw a snake as plain as I see you, and I felt him, besides, with my foot, the mushy little wretch. He must have crept in the house some way and got into my boot."

"She shook her head, her face still hidden, and said, as though she wished to believe him, but reason would not let her, 'How could he get in, Tom, when I closed all the doors and windows so the flies wouldn't trouble you? No," deliberately, and with a long drawn sigh, "it was an optical delusion, the result of an overwrought brain, that's what the doctor said."

Tom paled a little at the suggestion of her words. She was so sure, and he had such faith in her; besides, his mind hadn't seemed as clear as usual lately, his eyes were blurred, and things that used to be plain were somehow muddled to his understanding now. But a man doesn't readily doubt the testimony of his own eyes, and he laid Myra down and began a thorough search of the room. "You won't find it dear, "she said, in a pitying voice, looking at him with compassionate eyes. "I wouldn't think anything more about it I were you. Come out and get something to eat. Your nerves are all unstrung; after that we will forget all about the snake." And he did not find it, though he extended his search to the door-yard and flower-beds. During the parley it had made good it's escape, and neither he nor Myra ever saw it again.

But it set him to thinking. He began to realize that he had been going to destruction at a very fast pace. "Although this was a little grass-snake," he cogitated, "and I knew it was a real live snake," he kept assuring himself in a way that proved he was by no means certain, "the next I see may be a fiery one. And the doctor has been expecting all these things to happen," mused the honest fellow; "he said son ething about it to me once, but I wouldn't listen, but it has worried Myra nearly to death, I suppose. I did not think I had gone so far, but one slips into bad ways before they know it; but there is one thing I do know I have not gone so far yet but that I can go back." And he then and there made a resolution to break off from his carousing associates and go to work on his neglected farm. This was a turning point in his life, and with a determined heart he took the first steps in the right direction.

Years later the railway water-tank and signal station had become a great, flourishing town. Like seed dropped on the rich prairie soil, they had produced a growth almost beyond belief, the farm had long since been cut up into building lots, and Mr. Thomas Randall was "one of our wealthiest and most influential citizens." He often said as a word of warning to young men given to dissipation, and an encouragement for them to reform, that *he* had once gone so far as to see snakes in his boots, and had yet been able to break off and give up drink forever. Myra never smiled when she heard this. She remembered too well the troubles of her early married life, and besides she had heard him tell the story so often she had almost come to believe it herself.

## A Monkey Stops A Railroad Train.

We learn from our genial friend, conductor S. K. Lawson, of the Savannah & Charleston railroad, says the Savannah *News*, that a day or two since a train coming to this city was stopped by a monkey whilst it rapid motion. It seems that the train was bowling along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, when suddenly "down brakes" was sounded, the engine bell ringing vigorously at the same time, and the locomotive came to a stop as the brakemen sprang to their posts. The conductor was rather mystified and proceeded at once to investigate the matter. It was discovered that a monkey, which was confined in the baggage car, had broken loose and was amusing himself swinging on the bell-rope, and the engineer was thus signaled to stop. The explanation of he sudden stoppage occasioned much diversion among the passengers, and the monkey became quite a hero.

John Kountz, a German near Avoca, was arrested a few days ago, charged with shooting horses. It appears that they had trespassed upon his corn field, and he concluded that the best way to stop it was to shoot them. In this way he disposed of eleven—killing four or five and wounding the balance.

## HUMOROUS.

"Are these soaps all one cent?" inquired a lady of a juvenile salesman. "No, ma'am, they're all ten cents," replied the innocent youngster.

Little Harry, five years old, was called to see the new baby. After a moment's contemplation, he turned to his expectant papa with: "We didn't need that!"

"There, John," said an irate mother, "that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard!" "La, mother!" explained young dutiful, "it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

"Bless you," said John Henry, with tears in his eyes, "she takes her own hair off so easy that perhaps she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."

A strong-minded woman says that men are allowed to do what they please and go where they please, when any one can see that the women are universally "tied back."

A Brooklyn girl lately sang "Darling, I Am Growing Old," with an expression so pertinent and forcible that her procrastinating lover was brought to time on the spot.

"The fashion of putting welts on the side of pants is revived," says a fashionable exchange; and little Charley says he hopes the fashion of putting welts on the seats of boys' pants will soon go out.

Customer (to a map-seller of Paris)—"Ah there is Russia—but—I do not see Moscow." Shopkeeper (running his finger over the map)—"Moscow! Moscow! It does not seem to be here. [With sudden animation.] Ah! Monsieur forgets that Moscow was burned!"

The season has arrived when the careful housewife begins to hustle her flower garden into the house, preparatory to having it freeze under shelter, and then renew her annual vow, that "she'll never try to keep another plant over winter, no, never!"

She sent her husband down town after some red dye-stuff, and he got cochineal, which wasn't what she wanted. She told him so and he got mad, and when she insisted upon his going again he got madder—which was what she wanted in the first place.

Said a wife to her husband: "How is it that you can't come home nights in some sort of season?" The gentle retort was: "You got me in the way of it. Before we were married you used to throw your arms about my neck at 3 o'clock, and say, 'Don't go darling, it's early yet,' but now if I happen to stay out till 2 it is a terrible affair."

It is related of a Parisian portrait painter that, having recently painted a portrait of a lady, a critic, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed: "It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?" "It is my mother," calmly replied the artist. "Oh! pardon, a thousand times," from critic, in great confusion. "You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely."

A shopkeeper purchased of an Irish woman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Sure, it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer; "it's your own fault, sir; for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap I bought here myself that I weighed them?" The shopkeeper had nothing more to say on that subject.

A nice little boy of nine years was taken very sick while visiting a schoolmate in upper town a few days since. His friend's mother found that he required an emetic, and prepared one for him. The lad was suffering terribly, but refused to take the dose, saying that "His mamma would not like it if he did, as she was a homeopathist, and did not allow him to take allopathic medicine." The lady persisted, and told him that he might not get well if he did not take it. Finally the obstinate young man exclaimed: "Well, I'll take the stuff, but I tell you one thing—I won't vomit!"

A farmer living just out of Vicksburg was reading in an agricultural paper the other day an article headed, "Be Kind to Your Cow." He went out to milk with a heart full of kindness, and as he sat down he whispered: "So, boss, stand around, good creature, hist a little, there, you intelligent and kind-hearted old bossy." About two minutes after that, his wife heard him yelling and whooping, and as she ran to the door he called out: "Bring me the ax, Maria, and the spade, and that big club there, and the butcher knife, and that shot gun; for I will be darned if this old hellion shall ever live to kick me in the jaws again!"

The beautiful residence of N. K. Fairbank, on Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, was burned to the ground, October 16th. The furniture was destroyed. Loss from $50,000 to $60,000. Fully insured.