THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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Editor and Proprietor.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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GENERAL NEWS CONDENSED.

Gov. Ingersoll of Connecticut has appointed Ex-Gov. English as United States Senator in place of O. S. Ferry, deceased.

The appointment of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in the place of Smith, has been tendered to Edward S. Tobey, of Boston.

The grand jury in Chicago has found an indictment against Henry Davis for the murder of Charles W. Weighland, on Thanksgiving day, and the State's Attorney has notified Davis that he must be ready for trial December 1st.

Col. Robert Desanges, an officer in the appraiser's department of the New York custom house, has been found guilty of complicity in smuggling goods, and sentenced to two years imprisonment and to pay a fine of $10,000.

The Attorney General of New York has ordered that suits be entered against the contractors and engineer in chief of the storage reservoir water commissioners of Brooklyn, to recover $662,000, said to have been stolen from the city.

A plucky woman is Mrs. McKeen, daughter of the late Capt. Burgess of Belfast, Me. Her husband, who commanded a Philadelphia vessel, dying on the voyage to Genoa, she assumed command, put in at Fayal and procured a metallic coffin, in which she placed his remains, continued in command to Genoa, and attended to disposing of the cargo.

A freight train ran into a passenger train on the night of November 26th on the Harrisburg & San Antonio railroad, Texas. The rear passenger car was telescoped. Henry Roberts, a passenger from St. Louis, was fatally injured, and died in half an hour. The accident was caused by a dense fog, and the rear lights of the train and signals could not be seen.

Capt. Gundersen, who has just returned to Norway from an Arctic voyage, has brought home a highly interesting relic from a small bay on the north coast of Nova Zembla. It is known that the Dutch Capt. Barent passed the winter of 1596-7 in this port, and here Capt. Gundersen has picked up, in excellent preservation, a journal of this navigator from the 1st of June to the 29th of August, 1580, being that of an earlier voyage.

Gen. Walker, Superintendent of the ninth census, has submitted his report to the Secretary of the Interior, in which he urges upon the Secretary the importance of liberal grants of money for the purpose of the representation of the census at the Centennial. After naming the few States in which the census have been taken the present year, Gen. Walker closes by saying that enough is already known of the result to indicate quite clearly that the progress of our population has received a temporary check.

THE FIRE FIEND.

The tug Samson was burned at Cleveland, November 29th. Loss, $15,000; insured.

A fire at Friar's Point, Miss., a few days ago, destroyed property to the value of $30,000.

A fire at Chicago, Ill., November 24, partially destroyed the flour and feed mill of A. Fisher. Damage to machinery and building about $20,000; fully insured.

The "Island Home," the hotel at Clear Lake, Iowa, was burned, November 24. It was a large two story frame building, well furnished, and cost from $6,000 to $7,000. It was fully insured.

The Boston shoe factory at Malden, Mass., and all the adjoining buildings were burned on the morning of November 29th. Loss, $300,000; insurance, $156,000. Eight hundred employes are thrown out of work.

Hans Ehlers and his wife in Clinton county, a few days ago went into the field gathering corn, leaving four small children locked in the house. The house caught fire, and the children would have perished but for a passing neighbor, who broke through a window and rescued them at the risk of his own life. The house and contents were consumed. Loss, $1,000.

The residence of Amos Fletcher in Mitchell county, Iowa, was burned, November 23d. The loss consists of between $400 and $500 in cash, with a stock of groceries for a year's consumption, $75 worth of choice canned fruits, considerable silver ware, and about $700 worth of furniture. The house was valued at $800. Not a cent of insurance.

On the 23d of November a destructive fire occurred on the farm of John Penn in Polk county, Iowa. The property consumed was a stable, corn crib and hay stacks. There were 160 bushels of flax seed, 300 bushels of oats, 100 tons of hay, and a lot of wheat and corn. The fire originated from a boy dropping a lighted match in the barnyard. No insurance.

How Mrs. Sniffles Tried to Sober Lycurgus.

Mrs. Sniffles has had more trouble with Lycurgus, and has been strengthened in the belief that he is totally unlike other men—in fact, teetotally unlike many of them. He had been on a long sober stretch up to a couple of weeks ago. About that time he learned that his only aunt, a rich old lady in St. Louis, had died and left him an immense fortune—to get, if he could. This was a sore disappointment to our friend, for he had expected to be made a rich man by the death of this (once respected) relative. Never was the news of an aunt's death read with more poignant grief by surviving kin. A postscript to the letter conveying the sad intelligence, stated that the good old soul had bequeathed her entire wealth to a benevolent institution. This was the rusty rod of iron that pierced his soul, and made murky the fountain of hope. He tore the letter to pieces, and bent his faltering steps to the nearest saloon. He drank—he fell.

* * * * * * *

[These stars represent drinks—forty drinks to the star.]

Mrs. S. was in despair. She had thought his reformation was complete, and now "the old man was drunk again," with no sign of ever letting up. Finally she bethought her of the system in vogue at certain inebriate asylums—that of mixing liquor with every article of food until the patient acquires a lasting distaste for alcohol. She determined to try that plan on Lycurgus.

She procured a gallon of the worst whisky to be had, and put some of it in the old man's coffee, to begin with. It has been his unvarying custom to drink but one cup at a meal. That night he passed his cup back to be refilled, saying as he smacked his lips:

"Better coffee 'nusual, ole gal."

Next morning she increased the dose. He drank three cups, and fell from his chair as he was reaching for a fourth. He slept until noon, and went out to dinner. There was beef soup and whisky, half and half. Sniffles ate it all, and said, as he wiped his mouth:

"You're git'n to be a better cook'n anybody, m'dear. But yer didn't make soup 'nuff."

At supper everything was saturated with whisky, and Sniffles ate until he became helpless, and his wife had to drag him to bed.

The gallon of whisky was soon gone, and the only change that Mrs. S. noticed in her husband was that while it lasted he came to his meals with greater regularity than usual.

She is not the woman to give up anything without a fair trial. She got another gallon, and came near starving herself to death while she fed it to Sniffles in everything that he ate and drank. His appetite increased at a fearful rate, and he complimented her every day on her newly acquired skill in cooking.

The second gallon soon went the way of the first, and after two or three meals had passed without the seasoning of which Sniffles had become so fond, he said, in tones that would have touched the heart of a tax collector:

"Mirander, dear, the victuals don't taste as good as they used ter. Seems to be somethin' or 'nuther missing."

Is it any wonder that the poor woman gave up in despair?—*Brunswick (Mo.) News.*

Industrial.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE,
DES MOINES, Nov. 29, 1875.

The West is represented in the list of U. S. Patents issued Nov. 9, by the following:

Anti-Sucking Bits For Calves, John H. Bailey, Toledo, Iowa.

Corn Planters. John G. Mole, Sarpy Centre, Neb.

The axle of the bearing-wheels is mounted on crank arms, and adjustable in hangers. The arms carrying the scrapers are attached to the axle, and play in loops depending from the rear cross-bar.

Whip Sockets. Geo. M. Rising, Cherokee, Iowa.

A whip-socket, provided with the angle C and slot *e e*, as described, in combination with the double spring S, located and held in place by the bar *b*, as and for the purpose set forth.

T. G. ORWIG,
Solicitor of Patents.

The "Great Man" of a Town.

This one fact remains good in Sevenoaks, and the world over. The man who holds the financial power and the social throne of a town, makes that town, in a good degree, what he is. If he is virtuous, noble, unselfish, good, the elements beneath him shape themselves, consciously or unconsciously, to his character. Vice shrinks into disgrace, or flies to more congenial haunts. The greed for gold which grasps and overreaches, becomes ashamed, or changes to neighborly helpfulness. The discontent that springs up in the shadow of an unprincipled and boastful worldly success dies; and men become happy in the toil that wins a comfortable shelter and daily bread, when he to whom all look up, looks down upon them with friendly and sympathetic eyes, and holds his wealth and power in service of their good.—*From Dr. Holland's "Story of Sevenoaks;" Scribner for Dec.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Silk worm culture is again being taken up in Georgia, and many are cocooning money out of it.

There is a continued flow of currency to the Northwest to supply the pork-packing demand, and to the South for cotton.

Besides the growing foreign demand for American cotton goods, there is also a very flattering call for American tanned leather.

The Wisconsin Legislature stands, 51 Republicans, 42 Democrats, 6 Independents and 1 tie. In the Senate, the Republicans have nine majority.

The total receipts of the British National Treasury during the six months ending September 30, were over $173,000,000, and the expenditures in the same period over $189,000,000.

Of the 1,834,000,000 acres of land which constitute the area of the States and Territories of this country, 1,154,000,000 acres are yet to be explored and surveyed. This work is progressing at the rate of 26,000,000 acres annually.

American Girl, recently dead, came into the possession of William Lowell in 1867, when five years old. She won for her owner in 1868, $4,000; in 1869, $18,500; in 1870, $10,350; in 1871, $15,400; in 1872, $13,450; in 1873, $14,000; 1874, $19,650; in 1875, $7,400. Total in eight years, $102,800, or an average of $12,850 per year.

There are enrolled in the public schools of the United States, 8,000,000 children. In the fiscal year the average daily attendance was 4,500,000. Thirty-seven States and eleven Territories report an increase in public school income of $1,232,000. The total sum raised during the year by taxation was $82,000,000, and the cost of public education was about $74,000,000.

The falling off in immigration is indicated by the official report of arrivals at New York for the year ending September last, as compared with those for the year preceding. The total number of immigrants landed at that port during the past year was but 9,349, while for the year ending September, 1874, they numbered 16,380—the falling off for 1875 being 7,031. The decrease was mainly in the immigration from Great Britain and Germany—there having arrived in the past year but 2,266 English and 1,716 Irish immigrants, as against 4,564 English and 3,011 Irish in 1874, and but 2,598 Germans, while in 1874 there were 3,959.

A Scene in Cairo.

As we sit in our hotel windows awaiting the moment of departure, we enjoy a last tableau of Cairo. A long train of camels files by, each one attached to the tail of the one preceding. They march on erect beneath the large building stones with which they are laden. They look innocent, even sad; yet they are said to bristle with rage if provoked beyond measure. These have hardly passed when there follows a wedding procession. At the head pipes a piper upon a reed, which squeaks mightily; then two drummers supply with great volume what the reed lacks in sweetness. Now follow long lines of Arabs arm in arm across the highway; then the bridegroom, bestraddling a donkey. Throngs kiss his hands, and prophesy happiness. Now follow women; thickly veiled walks the bride between two bridemaids, who support her, and seem to address her with much gesticulation, as if to tease her; but perhaps they are giving her lessons in matrimonial matters. Four gayly decked boys bear a canopy over her head, and she moves with an air of a stage queen. Behind these, with much talking and shouting, come the rabble; and the vile little donkey boys, congregating in numbers before the hotel, when not besieging some easy going excursionist, take part in the merry procession by pushing the bright little donkey among them. The beasts take the brunt of the beating with gentleness, but appear not to relish the fun.—*C. S. Welles; Scribner for December.*

The Oldest Inhabitant.

A woman named Mrs Jane Sutherland—familliarly known as "Big Jean"—is now living in Upper Barney's River in this county, who is now 130 years—a fact of which the old lady herself makes us sure. She was born in the Parish of Clyne, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, and since her emigration to this county has resided in her present place of abode, where she reared a large family, the youngest of which is now an old man. Mrs. Sutherland can still readily converse in the good old Gaelic tongue, and her hearing is but slightly impaired. She still plies her labors on the old Scotch spinning-wheel, and is as good as many a woman a century younger. Longevity seems a prominent trait in her family, for her brother, John Sutherland, Keltie, who died about seventeen years ago, and his wife, who died shortly afterward, was but a little younger. The united ages of this couple were 230 years.—*Pictou (N. S.) Colonial Standard.*

"The Father of Railways."

Geo. Stephenson, who is now justly called the "father of railways," was the child of poor parents in England. Unable to send him to school, they employed him at home as a nurse for the younger children until he was eight years old. His chief duty as a nurse was to keep his little brothers and sisters from under the hoofs of the horses which drew the coal cars on the "tramway"—a wooden railroad leading from a coal mine, which ran near his father's door. At this early age, while watching the coal trains passing, he conceived the idea that iron would make better rails than wood, and that if he could put upon wheels the stationary engine which his father tended as fireman at the coal pit, it could be made to draw as heavy a train of coal cars as could be moved by a great team of fifty horses.

The idea did not pass away from the brain of George Stephenson when he was removed from his home at nine years of age, and hired out, at four cents a day, to tend the cows of a neighboring farmer. He had enough of leisure while watching the herd in the field to think over the subject. He even built an engine of clay with hemlock branches for steam pipes. I suspect that, like Little Boy Blue, he sometimes let the cows stray into forbidden meadows while he sat thinking about engines on wheels and roads of iron. He could not study about them in books for two very good reasons. In the first place, no books about railroads and locomotives had been printed, since neither had been built. The other reason was that George Stephenson couldn't read at all. He did not know his alphabet until he was nineteen years old.

Little George, or "Geordy," as the common people nicknamed him, was next employed to drive the horse which turned the winding machine, or "gin," as the colliers called it, at the coal pit where his father worked. He then began to think of a plan for making the steam do the work of the horse, and one day astonished the colliers by building on a bench, in front of his father's cottage, a model in clay of an engine which turned the "gin" and lifted the coal. He was at this time so young and small that his father made him hide when the owner of the coal mine went "the rounds" to pay his hands, for fear he should think him too small to receive sixteen cents a day wages!

It was not until he was nineteen years old, and was set to watch an engine, that he found time to attend school and learn to read and write. He worked steadily at his old idea for twenty-five years. He made the first locomotive with smooth driving wheels. It had been thought necessary by some engineers to construct locomotives with cogged driving wheels, and a corresponding rack on the rail, to prevent the wheels from slipping. But Stephenson successfully set aside all these contrivances. He was nearly fifty years old before he found men willing to risk their money in constructing an iron railroad to test his locomotive. When, at length, the first railroad was completed, between Stockton and Darlington (two English towns only twelve miles apart), the procession with which the day was celebrated was headed by a man on horseback, to keep the road clear for Stephenson's locomotive and car, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in carriages kept pace with the train by riding by the side of the track. But after the procession had proceeded a short distance, Stephenson, who was running his own engine, impatiently called to the horseman to get out of the way, and, putting steam on, he ran his locomotive the rest of the distance at the terrible pace of twelve miles an hour!—*St. Nicholas for December.*

Gibralter.

An American writer, dating his letter from Gibralter, says: "The more I see of Gibraltar, the less I wonder at the tenacity with which it is held by England, and the dislike the Spaniards have for the English tenure of the place. The strength of the position is something wonderful. Nature and military art seem to have worded together in making "Gib" as invulnerable as it is possible to be. Nor does the Engineer Department allow modern progress in either guns or batteries to pass unnoticed. Of the former there are some fifty or sixty about to be changed for others of a much larger caliber. Even as it is, the army of men has never yet lived, nor has one of the fleet of ships yet been built, that could for two hours withstand the withering fire of the guns now in position on various parts of the Rock."

The hour of Mr. Jefferson's great triumph in England is clouded with a great grief. His youngest child, a boy just 4 years old, died in London two weeks ago, after an illness of four days. This child—Harry, the pet of the household—was born in Chicago on the night of the Great Fire. His death brings sorrow to one of the happiest homes on earth. By peremptory command of physicians, Mr. Jefferson continued to act.

The Huguenots in America.

On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, at least 500,000 Huguenots took refuge in foreign countries. From this time, for many years, their cause was completely broken in France. In 1705 there was not a single organized congregation of Huguenots left in all France.—So early as 1555, Coligni attempted, but without success, to establish a Huguenot colony in Brazil. In 1562 he sent out two ships, under the command of Jean Ribault, on a voyage of exploration to Florida, but the attempt to establish a colony was unsuccessful. Many departed for North America even before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Some settled in and around New Amsterdam, now New York, where their family names are frequent. Others found homes in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Virginia. But South Carolina was their favorite resting-place, and a large number of the foremost families in that State are of Huguenot origin. This class of immigrants has contributed, in proportion to its numbers, a vast share to the culture and prosperity of the United States. Wherever they settled they were noted for severe morality, great charity, and politeness and elegance of manners. Of seven presidents who directed the deliberation of the Congress of Philadelphia during the Revolution, three, Henry Laurens, John Jay, and Elias Boudinot, were of Huguenot parentage.—*Appletons' American Cyclopædia, revised edition, article "Huguenots."*

Anecdote of Andersen.

A friend of mine, who was quite an old boy when this happened, once came very near losing his eyesight. He was brought to the hospital, where nobody knew him, and the room was darkened, so that he could see nothing, not even his own hand when he held it up before his eyes. He had lain in this way for a whole week, and almost wished he were dead, when one evening there came a gentle tap on the door, and a man entered and sat down on the bedside. My friend did not know the man; and even if he had known him, it would have been too dark to see his face.

"I am Hans Christian Andersen," said the man. "I heard that you were sick, and I have been sick myself, and know what it is. Would you allow me to sit down and talk to you, and tell you some stories?

My friend, naturally enough, was very grateful, and did not object to being entertained. And almost every night for two weeks Andersen returned. When the thick curtains could be drawn aside from the windows, he read aloud, mostly his own writings, for he liked better to read his own stories and poems than those of others. This is only one of a hundred incidents of the same kind which the people in Copenhagen tell of him; and no one will wonder that, with all his peculiarities and odd habits, they could not help loving him. He was a dear and beloved friend in every household; from the King down to the poorest artisan, every one knew and honored him. Every door and every heart was open to him. They no longer lectured and criticised him; every page that he wrote was eagerly grasped by young and old, and read with pleasure and gratitude.—*St. Nicholas for Dec.*

The Origin of Robinson Crusoe.

Robinson Crusoe was published in 1719, with the following title: "The Life and strange surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, who lived eight-and twenty years all alone on an uninhabited island on the coast of America, near the mouth of the great river Orinoco." The publisher, who purchased the manuscript after all others had refused it, is said to have cleared £1,000 by it. Defoe was accused by his enemies, who were numerous and bitter, of having stolen the idea and even the materials of "Robinson Crusoe" from the narrative of Alexander Selkirk; but the charge was wholly without foundation. Selkirk was not wrecked at all, but voluntarily went ashore on Juan Fernandez, which at that time was as well known and more frequented by ships than now. Crusoe's Island, as the title of his narrative states, was in the northern hemisphere, in the Caribbean Sea, near the mouth of the Orinoco; and the most probable prototype of Defoe's hero was Peter Serrano, who in the sixteenth century was shipwrecked, and lived alone for several years on an island in the Caribbean Sea, near the mouth of the Orinoco. His story is told at full length in Garcilasso's "History of Peru," a translation of which was published in London twenty years before "Robinson Crusoe" was written, and could hardly have escaped Defoe's notice, as the book attracted great attention, and Serrano's story is in the first chapter.—*Appletons' American Cyclopædia, revised edition, article "Defoe, Daniel."*

Wm. Stratton has been found guilty of the murder of Wm. Cohen, colored, at Memphis, Tenn., and sentenced to 20 years in the penitentiary.

Constraint.

Down through the orchard wandered we,
Where, bending low, each burdened tree
Hung full of fruitage yellow.
'Twas morning, and the autumn sun
Shone on the leaves of gold and dun
With radiance soft and mellow.

There came a blush upon her cheek,
I thought my time had come to speak,
She seemed so sad and tender;
I touched her snowy dimpled hand,
But found no words at my command,
My burning love to render.

At last we passed beneath a tree,
The branch that sheltered her and me
Reached low its luscious fruit.
"Be seated, pray," I gently plead;
"I cannot—cannot," soft she said.
"I'm in my walking suit."

—*Scribner for December.*

Alice Cary.

Some time ago an article appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, relating to an early love affair of Alice Cary. The writer characterizes the story as a fiction, and says it is but idle gossip. Another writer in the Cincinnati *Times* thinks the story may be strictly true.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, who was an intimate friend of Alice Cary during the last years of the poet's life, was one of the few persons who knew the story, and in her book relating to the Cary sisters she refers to it in this wise:

"Whatever her mental and spiritual gifts, no mere ambition could ever have borne such a woman out into the world to seek and to make her fortune alone. Had Alice Cary married the man whom she then loved, she would never have come to New York at all, to coin the rare gifts of her brain and soul into money for shelter and bread. Business interests had brought into her Western neighborhood a man at that time much her superior in years, culture and fortune. Naturally, he sought the society of a young, lovely woman, so superior to her surroundings and associations. To Alice he was the man of men. It is doubtful if the most richly endowed man of the world whom she met afterward in her larger sphere ever wore to her the splendor of manhood which invested the king of her youth. Alice Cary loved this man, and, in the profoundest sense, she never loved another. A proud and prosperous family brought all their pride and power to bear on a son to prevent his marrying a girl, to them, uneducated, rustic and poor. 'I waited for one who never came back,' she said, 'yet I believed he would come till I read in a paper his marriage to another.' Can you think what life would be—loving one, waiting for one who would never come! He did come at last. His wife had died. Alice was dying. The gray haired man sat down beside the gray haired woman; life had dealt prosperously with him, as is its wont with men. Suffering and death had taken all from her save the lustre of her wondrous eyes. From her wan and wasted face they shone upon him full of tenderness and youth. Thus they met with life behind them—they who parted plighted lovers when life was young. He was the man whom she forgave for her blighted and weary life, with a smile of parting as divine as ever lit the face of woman. * * * She had many and flattering offers of marriage, but she never entered into a second engagement. With all her capacity for affection, hers was an eclectic and solitary soul. He who by the very patent of his nature was more to her than any other being could be, passed out from her life, but no other ever took his place. It was in this desolation of her youth that Alice Cary resolved to go to New York and make a home and life work for herself."

Death of William B. Astor.

The telegraph announces the death of one of the wealthiest men and the greatest landlord in the United States, William B. Astor. He was the oldest son of John Jacob Astor, who died in 1848, and who left the bulk of his immense fortune to him. The father accumulated his fortune in the fur business, and the son has increased the portion left to him by rentals from improved real estate in New York City. There is little of interest connected with the life of William B. Astor except as connected with his money bags, and public interest now will center about the disposition of it. It is a briefly told story. He is reputed to have owned 3,000 houses in New York City alone, and his rentals would indicate a fortune of about $50,000,000, or double the amount of his father's. He was not a schemer like Jay Gould, nor a coupon clipper like Vanderbilt; he was simply a landlord, and his whole life was devoted to collecting his rents and watching his agents. His father was a liberal, generous man, and left bequests which will always cause him to be gratefully remembered, both in this country and in Europe. The Astor Library in New York, which he founded, will always preserve his memory, and the son has greatly increased its usefulness, having donated a valuable piece of ground for its enlargement in 1856, and $50,000 for the purchase of books in 1866. We believe that he leaves two sons, John Jacob and William B. Astor, Jr., who are in active business in New York.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUMOROUS.

An Irish doctor lately sent his bill to a lady as follows: "To curing your husband till he died."

"The prisoner at the bar seems to have a very smooth face," said a spectator to a jailer. "Yes," replied the jailer, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

A little two-year-old Clyde girl, witnessing a snowstorm ran to her mother, saying: "Mamma, look out of the window, and see the popcorns falling."

"Mother, does the Lord take the daily papers?" "No, my child; why do you ask so strange a question?" "Well, I thought he didn't—it takes our minister so long to tell Him what's going on."

A Philadelphia girl's lover got jilted because he made fun of the Centennial. There are several married men in Philadelphia to whom making fun of the Centennial would bring no relief.

The girls don't like that sweet little Sunday school song, "Put your armor on, my boys," because it sounds so much like "Put your arm around me, boys," that it makes 'em feel lonesome.

"Oh, why, why am I not married to some one else?" said she, as he walked into the room in sections, and absent-mindedly sat down in the slop pail. "Madam," said he, "thus (hic) only time in two years we've 'deavored to solve same problem."

A Vassar girl wrote home:—"Dee Paw-paw, we study Latin fo' owahs a day, Fwench seven up and science evah so loung. The good matrons nevah let us go owet. Won't you send me my leggins and skates for a poo' little girl who lives in the village? Don't forget the heel-straps."

Some of the Disillusions of Age.

Age, doubtless, brings many states of body and of mind which are unexpectedly unpleasant. Among the unfortunate experiences of old age, a popular writer has mentioned the conviction that your middle aged children are an irreclaimably stupid set of people. This is probably worse than a similar conviction with relation to your progenitors for the sense of responsibility is greater in the former case. We think that there must be disappointments which are nearly as harassing as this, but of which it is almost impossible to complain, owing to their apparently trivial character, and owing, too, to the fatality of their having a ridiculous suggestion for others. We all know that the troubles of this life are not always of the heroic order. There was a man who was haunted by a suspicion that he had an unbeautiful profile. We positively know that he went through a large part of his earthly existence trying to hide his side face from his fellow mortals. Now, imagine a person who has always cherished an aversion to a certain kind of baldness, for instance, and then imagine this person gradually awakening to the fact that this very fate is in slow but unrelenting pursuit of him.

We have no inclination to dwell upon the misfortunes which accumulating years bring upon mankind; but rather upon the other side of the picture. Something goes with youth that "never comes again," but something comes with age that youth could not bring us.

We speak of the disillusions of advancing years, as if such experiences were always unfortunate. But certainly there are disillusions which are most fortunate and comforting. To childhood of a reverential sort there is a glamour, an air of superiority about every grown-up person, good or bad. Of course, drunken men, thieves, murderers, and the like are understood to be "bad." Although there is still an indefinable reverence on the part of the child for even these—yet, on the whole, they do not greatly trouble him. It is from another source that a thousand vague perplexities and alarms invade the young and sensitive soul; it is his natural and inculcated reverence for grown-up persons who are intensely disagreeable to him that gives him such warring emotions,—such terrible mental distress. You cannot easily tell a little child that his instincts are correct,—that your neighbor, his godfather perhaps, to all outward appearance a pious and praiseworthy member of the community, has, in fact, a warped and bitter, a sordid and selfish, a vulgar and deceptive moral nature. Perhaps, you yourself, have only lately come into this knowledge-wise and wily and full of years though you are, yet still with that lurking fetichism of childhood. Perhaps only now, after many bitter and remorseful and melancholy experiences, "that tyranny is past" for you.

So, in this sense, it is true that among the satisfactions of age are certain of its disillusions. It may be said that it is a poor outcome of the law of compensation, namely, the discovery of more evil in the world than we had imagined. But, if evil exists, and if it must be discovered in unexpected places, how much better that we should find it where we have all along vaguely felt its presence!—*The Old Cabinet; Scribner for December.*