

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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Autumn Poetry.

You know—or will learn, by and by—that we never need lose anything which has really made our life blessed, except by our own fault.

Have you ever thought about the shading-off of one season into another—how gradual and delicate it is, and what a charm it adds to the year?

Late in August, you come in your rambles upon some hidden pool of the woodlands, and find, to your surprise the water-lilies still awake here and there; and on the margin of the pond, the most magnificent blossom of mid summer, the cardinal-flower.

Beautiful poems have been written about the passing of summer into autumn. Mrs. Hemans sings her regret in one beginning—

"Thou art bearing hence thy roses, Glad summer, fare thee well! Thou art singing thy last melodies In every wood and dell."

"A Still Day in Autumn," by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, takes you into the dreamy atmosphere of the beautiful September days. Here are two or three stanzas of it:

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary In the soft light of an autumnal day, When summer gales up her robes of glory, And like a dream of beauty glides away."

"How through each loved, familiar path she lingers, Scarcely smiling through the golden mist, Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers Till the cool emerald turns to amethysts!"

"Warm lights are on the sleepy upland eaves, Beneath soft eaves along the horizon rolled, Till the faint sunbeams through their fringes raining Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold."

In one of Alice Carey's songs of the autumn days, she writes that, "Summer from her golden collar slips, And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud— Save when by fits the warmer air deceives, And, teasing hopeful to some sheltered bowyer, she lieson pillows of yellow leaves, And tries the old times over for an hour."

The poet Whittier paints in glowing words the flowers that blossom between summer and fall:

"Along the road-side, like the flowers of gold That tawny lines for their gardens wrought, Heavy with sun-bine, drop the golden rod, And the red pennons of the cardinal-flower Hang motionless upon their upright stems."

And Longfellow addresses autumn as coming:

"With banners, by great gales incessant fanned, Brighter than blight at silks of Samarcand! Thou standest, like imperial Charles again, Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land!"

Lowell's "Indian Summer Reverie" is full of splendid description:

"The birch, most shy and lady-like of trees, Her poverty, as best she may, retrieves, And hints at her foregone greatness with a With some saved relics of her wealth of leaves"

"The swamp-oak, with its royal purple robe, Glazes red as blood a row the setting sun. As one who proudly to a fallen fortune cleaves, He looks a sachen, in red blanket wrapt."

"The maple swam: glow like a sunset sea, Each leaf a ripple with its separate hue. The woodbine up the elm's straight stem aspires Colling it, harmless, with autumnal fires."

In modern English poets we get, now and then, a glimpse of glowing color. Tennyson writes of

"Autumn lying here and there A fiery flag on the tress; and tells us how one who watches may see

"The maple burn itself away,"

And Allingham has seen something like our autumn colors before writing this stanza:

"Bright yellow, red, and orange, The leaves come down in hosts; The trees are India's princely— But soon they'll turn to ghosts."

Gazing upon the splendors of the autumn woods; we do not wonder that a poet exclaims,

"Sorrow and the scarlet leaf Agree not well together!"

And of the very latest autumn Bryant writes:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year— Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

Even after this period of dimness, the atmosphere grows m and spicy and hazy, and there is a soft flush over the fields and woods, like the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset. If ever there is poetry in the air we breathe it is during the Indian summer. We all know those days

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still, And I twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the still."

Do we not love Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and "Fringed Gentian," as we do these last flowers of the year, and the beautiful season in which they bloom,—and as we do the poet himself, who was almost the first to open American eyes to the loveliness of our wild flowers, and the peculiar beauty of our autumn scenery?—Lucy Larcom; St. Nicholas for October.

Aged 116.

One of the most extraordinary cases of longevity recorded for years was presented in the death of Owen Faren at his daughter's residence, 33 Prospect street, Brooklyn, at the unusual age of 116 years and five months. The first 70 years of his life are not devoid of interest, as they were spent principally at sea. The deceased was born on the 6th of May, 1761, in the County Donegal, Ireland. When only 15 years of age he entered the British marine service, and the vessel on which he was stationed was ordered to an American port, as the colonists had just taken up arms. He served here during the entire period of the rebellion, after which he was discharged and returned to his home in Ireland. His restless spirit again led him to cross the Atlantic, and after spending a few years here, and accumulating considerable money, he again returned to Ireland, to wed Ann Cassery to whom he had been betrothed before his second voyage. He settled down on a farm he purchased after his marriage, but the old roving spirit assumed the mastery, and failing to induce his wife to accompany him to this country, he purchased a ship, which he commanded. The vessel was for a time put into the American trade, and for years carried merchandise back and forth between this country and England. He never told what business the ship was put into after being withdrawn from the American trade, and all rumors about the matter have only speculation for their foundation. Nearly fifty years ago he sold the vessel and settled down on his farm in Ireland.

The result of his marriage was 13 children, four of whom only are alive to-day. One son, in Ireland, is at present 73 years of age. Forty years ago a daughter came here and took up her abode in Brooklyn. Another daughter, Nancy, followed ten years later. The old man for the last time landed at the Castle Garden a quarter of a century ago, after having buried his wife. He resided in Brooklyn with his daughter Nancy until his death. A peculiar circumstance was that he was sick only in one in his life. He never indulged in strong drink to excess, even in his younger days, and up to the time of his death possessed a vigorous constitution.

He comes of a long-lived family, his mother surviving until she was 103 years old. His sister and three brothers were also well advanced in years at the time of their death. His remains will be interred in Flatbush (R. C.) Cemetery this afternoon.—New York Mercury.

Corporations Without a Heart.

It would not be a pleasant task to review the list of influences which led to the great strike. Some of them—more important than has been popularly imagined—have had little notice; and they lie so far back, or so deep down, that they are not likely to be talked about. That the railroad force of the country has been very badly demoralized, is evident enough; but if we should say that its demoralization had come mainly through its rulers and employers, we should be met with pretty universal incredulity, if not with indignant protest.

The example which directors and managers have set to those in their employ has not been a good one. The men who have done the hard work of the railroads have looked on and seen others get rich by illegitimate means. They have seen whole boards of directors drop off gorged from schemes that have left the stock interests without a drop of blood in their veins. They have seen stock watered, tampered with, robbed. They have seen railroads which had absorbed the livings of trustful widows and orphans managed solely for the private interests of their presidents and directors. They have seen roads built with bonds that were lies. They have seen roads in ruinous competition with each other, while they were compelled by this competition to do their work at small wages. They have been made to work upon the Sabbath, and have been practically shut away from all religious instruction by those who, with sanctimonious faces and conveniently obtuse consciences, have "taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the House of God in company." The railroad corporations are very few that have manifested the slightest interest in their employes, beyond getting out of them what it was possible to get for the consideration agreed upon.—Dr. J. G. Holland on the "Great Strike"; Scribner for October.

A Curious Calculation.

A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his quill through the space of a rod—sixteen feet and a half. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong; and in five hours and a third, a mile. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make four hundred and eighty-eight thousand eight hundred; in a day of only five hours, one hundred and forty-four thousand; and in a year of three hundred days, forty-three million two hundred thousand. The man who made a million strokes with the pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make four million. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark three hundred miles long, to be traced on paper by each writer in a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet, we must make from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average, three and one-half to four.

The recovery recently of \$850 by assaying the dust from the roof of the Philadelphia Mint, recalls a curious fact brought out by an assay made some time ago of portions of the bed of clay fifteen feet in thickness that underlies the pavement of that city. These experiments demonstrated that the clay contains seven-tenths of a grain, say three cents worth to the cubic foot, and of the 4,180,000,000 of cubic feet under the streets and houses there lies \$128,000,000.

The Value of Man's Opinion of Woman's Dress.

The truth seems to be, that the taste of men in the matter of women's dress is often better worth consulting than women will ever allow it to be. Sometimes when they are very much in love with a man, they will wear what they think will please him. Tennyson's angry lover

"saw with half unconscious eye She wore the colors he approved."

But, as a rule, they make no such concessions. But then, I will admit that men are very irritating in their criticism, and most of them do not know when to stop. The tirades of the medieval preachers against the dress of the women of their time are amusing reading nowadays, and even the up-braidings of the old Hebrew prophets would be far less terrible to our ears than they are if they were not rolled out in such a rich vocabulary. (Isaiah iii, 18-24.) Certainly there is no profanity to-day in smiling over Latimer's rebuke to the women of his London for what looked to him like absurdity in their dress, and for the pleasure they took, and the time and money they wasted, in tiring themselves. But from Isaiah down to Savonarola, what real good did all these ratings do? No woman ever minded them for any length of time, or changed a fashion, or gave up an absurdity in dress until she was ready to do so of her own sweet will.

But for all their dislike of Betties' women may remember that all their stuffs are devised, and all the patterns of those stuffs designed, by men; that almost all the new fashions originate with men; and that the great Parisian arbiter of their fate is a man, and, for all they despise English taste, an Englishman born, and trained to his work in England. Why not compromise on the subject, and admit that men and women need not work together in this, as in many other things, and that each needs the other's help if a good result is to be obtained?

The help of artists, too, is often of great value, and, if accepted, may lead to important revolutions. I believe the colors that have been so fashionable for several years—the new shades of green, blue, red, and all the old intermediate combinations—are directly owing to the so-called pre-Raphaelite painters in England—to them and to their scholars and followers, who first had stuffed eyes in colors to suit themselves, then persuaded their wives and sisters to wear dresses made of these materials and devised by themselves, and finally came to control the manufacture of stuffs that would take the folds they liked. From the families of these artists, the taste that had cultivated spread to their friends, then overflooded into the artistic world, and becoming the fashion, was strong enough to make a decided mark upon trade and manufacturers, so that nowadays there is scarcely a beautiful material of the middle age or of the renaissance time that you cannot get in England made with all the old perfections and with all the old beauty.

Precoity by the Sea.

A correspondent writing from Long Branch says: I was much amused this morning at six o'clock breakfast. A little chap, about 8 years of age, climbed into a chair at the table where I was sipping my maternal coffee, and, with the freedom of childhood, said, as he rubbed his hands, "It's very chilly this morning." I assented, and mildly suggested, "Little folks ought to be in bed yet," when he nearly upset not only my gravity but my avoirdupois by saying in a tone that was the perfection of young America, "O! I was at the hop last night, and couldn't rest. A cup of coffee will make me all right." I bit my moustache to keep back the laugh, when he added, "One sees so much at a watering place that one gets tired out during the season." I asked him anxiously, "How often have you been here?" and with a yawn, politely hid with his hands, "Five years this season—I am tired of it." My conscience! the baby was absolutely blasé at eight years old. He got his coffee, and mamma sailed in resplendent in fashionable attire, the left hand fingers invisible above the first joint for diamonds, and said: "Mum, you had better eat something." "No, thank you, ma, the coffee is enough I will see the girls" (his sisters, I afterwards ascertained), and he marched out jauntily, as if this world had nothing worth seeing, and all enjoyment had, so far as he was concerned, been absorbed like the juice of an orange, and the peel was good for nothing.

Appearances Deceptive.

In a small town in Illinois, the office of the county clerk was recently invaded by a wedding party in search of a marriage license. The affable clerk proceeded to fill out the necessary document and inquired the ages of the candidates for matrimony. The groom's was given as thirty-four, while that of the bride was stated to be only fourteen. This statement caused a stay of proceedings, and the clerk informed the parties that it was against the law to issue a license to a woman under eighteen, without the consent of her parents. Thereupon the father of the bride, who was one of the party, stepped forward and said the bride had his full and free consent; that she had already been married once, and had buried her first husband. This instance is a remarkable one, and stands alone.

A Bangor (Me.) man attended a camp-meeting, and on his return was telling of the good time he enjoyed. A serious-faced man asked, "Were there any converts?" He stopped a moment and said, "Well, I swear, I forgot to ask. But the baked beans were bully, and the sailing and rowing were divine, and there were some of the handsomest girls there, that I ever saw."

The farmers of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Kansas will receive nearly \$90,000,000 more for their wheat crop of this year than they did for that of 1876.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

Mythology and the Heavenly Bodies.

Students of mythology and folk-lore are beginning to suspect that the theory which traced nearly all such traditions to observations on the sun, moon, stars, winds and clouds, may have been pushed beyond the probable facts. A reaction from these extreme views has undoubtedly taken place, and the influence of native superstitions and wizards among uncivilized races, along with tendency to ascribe supernatural attributes to everything new, strange, or little understood, will hereafter be more fully valued in this line of research. Among misleading circumstances that make it difficult to trace the origin of folk-lore, The Academy mentions, on the authority of Mr. Ralston, that a ship-wrecked British sailor has been making a living by telling the nursery tales of his childhood to the Fijian Islanders.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Whitehead Fish Torpedo.

The Austrian Government is said to be dissatisfied with the Whitehead fish torpedo, and a similar complaint finds utterance in England, notwithstanding the extravagant praise that was accorded to the invention a few months ago. The chief objection seems to be that, after the torpedo is started under water, its direction cannot be depended upon. It is driven along as fast as was hoped by its screw propeller, but its line of motion is likely to deviate if it passes through water that has a motion of its own, due to currents. Hence, there is no certainty where the torpedo may turn up; it might be so deflected from its course as to strike a friend instead of an enemy. The Lay torpedo is open to no such objection, as its direction is constantly under control of an operator, who manages it by an electric communication along a wire that is paid out as it proceeds, like a string to a kite.

Safety from Fire in Cars.

A new device is reported from Lima, Ohio, for preventing fires from upset stoves in railway accidents. In this contrivance the stove is surrounded by a strong wrought iron cylinder, constructed in two halves. The upper half is usually elevated above the lower, so as to leave space for access to the stove, and for radiation of heat. When the upper half falls, it closes firmly by means of spring hooks upon the lower one, and at the same time shuts and fastens a heavy damper in the aperture of the stove pipe. The upper half of the cylinder, when up, rests upon a catch connected with a lever, so constructed that if the car is tilted the catch is released. The device looks as though it might be useful, especially if the lever machinery were more compact. Perhaps nothing less than the test of experiment would determine whether, if a car were upset very suddenly, the two parts of the cylinder would come together before the upper part had ceased to be above the lower.

Diversity of Vegetation.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, at San Francisco, Professors Hayden and Asa Gray, and Sir Joseph Hooker were present. Professor Davidson made an address of welcome, and the guests responded in brief speeches. Among other striking remarks of Sir Joseph Hooker was the statement "that you may travel from England to Spain, from Siam to China, without finding so diverse vegetations as by crossing the Mississippi and comparing the banks one hundred miles east on one side with those one hundred miles west on the other." In regard to the California coast, he declared there was no section of the earth where so many singular phenomena can be observed; hence he inferred the value of the work of science in that region. He advised the Academy that three elements were needed to the success of such bodies, keeping together the elderly members, hearty and efficient work by the Secretary and Publication Committee, a good management of the finances.

The Satellites of Mars.

The notion that the satellites of Mars can be seen without a telescope seems to have gained wide currency. A correspondent writes from Baltimore that he and all his family plainly saw the two satellites, by means of a looking-glass. "The moons were distinct, the one most distant from the planet being the brightest." It is urged that this method of seeing the new orbs ought to be generally recommended, as so few newspaper readers have telescopes. It is somewhat discouraging to this class of readers, but they may as well be told the truth about it. If the writer of the letter from Baltimore can see from his residence there, by means of his looking glass, an object of the size of a ten cent piece on the dome of the Capitol at Washington, then he may hope to see the satellites of Mars in the same way. To make the experiment a fairer comparative test, it should be conducted at night, and the ten cent piece might be illuminated by a bull's-eye lantern that would represent Mars. Before trying that experiment, however, it might be just as well to look for satellites to Venus by means of a mirror. If the planet is bright, two or three moons will thus be seen; like the rest obtained by this method, reflections that take place between the two surfaces of the glass. With a metallic mirror there is no such moonshine.

The two children appointed to carry the trail of Lady Mayoress, at the recent wedding, failed to do their duty and it began to drag in the dirt as she was passing out to the carriage. She dropped her husband's arm and picked up her skirts. This was too much for an old lady, who indignantly observed: "She thinks more of her train than of her husband." A precious youth, standing by, turned round to the irate lady, and remarked: "Q! it's right, too. I dare say her husband will often neglect her to catch his train."

Wedding Garments.

Marriage Outfits that Were Worn in Olden Times—How Some of Them Appeared Before the Altar—The Marriage of James of Scotland and Louis VIII.

History and tradition have handed down to us wonderful accounts of the magnificent ceremonials and the gorgeous raiments which have signalized the weddings of bygone days, though some of the high-born dames of old have stood at the altar simply attired. When Louis XIII married Ann of Austria, her robe was white satin, and her hair was simply dressed, without crown or wreath. Isabella of Portugal, as the bride of Burgundy, wore a dress of splendid embroidery, a stomacher of ermine, tight sleeves, a cloak bordered with ermine, falling from her shoulders to the ground; but she had no ornaments, and her head-dress was white muslin. When Ann of France, finding the Archduke Maximilian tardy in his wooing, gave herself and dominions to Charles VIII, she appeared at the imposing ceremonial of her marriage in a robe of cloth of gold, with designs in raised embroidery upon it, and bordered with priceless sable. James I nearly ruined himself in order to celebrate the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth; and great and determined was the opposition shown by his subjects to the marriage tax he raised to defray the £33,294 it cost. The ceremony took place at Whitehall with so much pomp that it has formed the precedent for all other royal weddings in England which have followed. The train of the bride's dress, which was of silver cloth, cost £130. Her hair floated on her shoulders intermingled with pearls and diamonds, and a crown of gold was on her head.

Perhaps, however, the marriage of Henry I with Matilda of Scotland bears off the palm, so far as outward splendor is concerned. Bishop Anselm performed the ceremony, in presence of all the beauty and chivalry of the realm. The marriage of Edward I in Canterbury Cathedral was little less magnificent.

The Paris papers have recently been giving some curious and interesting details respecting the costly articles of dress or ornament possessed by the royal and noble ladies of Europe.

The young Countess de San Fernando possesses, it seems, a lace tunic, the like of which is owned by no other lady in the world, Queen Isabella alone excepted. Her Most Catholic Majesty has, it would appear, a perfect passion for lace, and possesses thereof a collection which is valued at over \$1,000,000. This collection is a perfect museum of lace of all kinds, epochs and nationalities. One dress alone, composed entirely of point d'Alencon, is valued at \$20,000, and there is a set of flounces in antique guipure which is even more costly. Of the Spanish mantilla veils her Majesty owns a large number, some of which are worth from \$5,000 to \$6,000 each. Queen Victoria's passion is for India shawls, and her collection equals in value the laces of Queen Isabella. It includes shawls, the art of making which has long been lost—besides all the finest and most delicate marvels of the India looms of the present day, including webs of golden thread and embroidered with diamonds and pearls. In respect to jewels, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria possesses the finest emeralds ever worn by woman. They are mounted in the guise of a diadem, necklace and girdle of flowers, whereof the leaves are formed of single emeralds, and the blossoms are composed of diamonds. The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimer owns the richest and most perfect collection of jewels in the world. The finest and largest turquoises and pearls that exist are among the crown jewels of Russia, and the finest sapphires in the world form a part of those of England. Bavaria possesses among her crown jewels a pair of pink diamonds that is perfectly unique.

THE MARRIAGE OF JAMES OF SCOTLAND.

Margaret Tudor, who married to James of Scotland, stood proudly at the altar, as her noble lineage warranted, a crown on her head, her hair hanging beneath it, covered only by a cap of gold, and with pearls about her neck. The ill-fated union of Philip and Mary was solemnized at Winchester Cathedral, as benefited the sovereigns of two great countries. Charles I was married by proxy at Notre Dame. George III signalized his marriage with Queen Charlotte, which took place at St. James Chapel Royal, by abolishing many of the practices which then held good, but which were opposed to modern taste and feeling. St. James Chapel Royal has been the scene of more royal marriages in modern days than perhaps any other edifice, though it is small and inconvenient. Queen Anne, and William IV, were wedded here; and here George IV was married, at 10 o'clock at night. Queen Victoria was married at the same place on the 10th of February, 1840.

The value of the wedding gifts of Mlle. d'Albe, niece of the ex-Empress Eugenie, is said to be \$1,600,000. One of these was a cameo ring which belonged to Charles V. Eleven necklaces of brilliants adorned the collection. The Duke d'Osuna, whom she married, is said to be one of the wealthiest persons in the Peninsula.

Among the Earl of Dudley's presents to Miss Moncrieff before she became his bride were a diamond diadem which had been the admiration and envy of all Paris, said to be worth \$30,000; a bracelet of fifty precious stones of singular purity, which Prince Albert had tried to bargain for in vain; another bracelet, with a diamond "of fabulous price" in the center, and a collection of varied assortment additionally. On the wedding morning he presented her with a necklace of five rows of pearls of enormous value, and she wore a dress which contained 200 yards of point d'Alencon lace, and employed 600 hands in the making, and was so costly that the Empress Eugenie, for whom it was intended, was obliged to decline it. The noble acquaintances of Miss Moncrieff, of course, loaded her with presents, and the inhabitants of Dudley beg-

ged her acceptance of a bracelet worth 500 guineas. The marriage of the Prince of Chimay, the heir to one of the greatest houses in France, to Mlle. Lejune, a lovely blonde, with a fortune of \$5,000,000, left to her by her grandfather, the young Michel, once a famous banker, not long since elicited much comment. The Paris papers are full of details of her trousseau. Her lingerie alone is valued at 10,000 francs, including 24 pairs of sheets, embroidered by hand with the Caraman arms, each costing from 4,000 to 5,000 francs; a fan in Venice point, enriched with diamonds and bearing in the center the arms of Caraman and Chimay; and among her jewelry is a necklace consisting of one circle of forty-two brilliants with their inner circles, each consisting of thirty-seven brilliants, with a magnificent emerald as a medallion and three superb brilliants as pendants.—Philadelphia Herald.

Wood Fires.

We grant, as has recently been said, that an open fire is "inconvenient to heat our houses," but we believe it can be made such an important factor in the culture of children, that we have no hesitation in urging others to try it. In houses that are wholly warmed by furnace, the family circle is likely to become impaired. The children take their friends to their own rooms, and the mother rarely becomes intimately acquainted with their associates. Around a wood fire, all naturally come together; what interests one, comes in a short time to interest all, and the children are more open and free. The fire warms the heart the same as the body. A wood fire early in the evening when the children come home from school is very necessary. When the boys get used to coming in from the cold and snow to a good wood fire blazing on the hearth, with the room not too nicely furnished for them to use, they are not apt to leave it for any outside attractions. The moment the familiar whistle is heard in the evening, let some kindling wood be thrust under the logs. The pleasant sensation produced by a good fire, if repeated every day, winter after winter, amounts to a great deal of happiness in a boy's life time, and is never forgotten. It is difficult to overestimate the value of this gathering place for the family. Wood fires are not dusty, and when used not for heat, but for cheer, and in the evening, do not cost much. The moderate heat of a furnace or stove is sufficient by day, and but little wood in the fire place is necessary to make it comfortable at night. Indeed, the register often has to be turned off and the doors have to be closed to keep the heat of the house from rushing into the parlor. The wood fire ventilates, and thus, not only are the feet kept warm, but the head remains cool. Half a cord of hickory wood lasts us about a month, and we use it on Sundays after church, and on other days if we have friends to dinner, or the children are to be at home in spring and fall an open fire place is most useful. Every one knows how the furnace is disliked in moderate weather, but by using at such times the wood alone, the desired heat is obtained and far more than the cost saved in the coal that would be burned to waste. If the fire place is painted black, it makes a good background for the red flame, and keeps the brick work from looking shabby by the smoke. Let it be a good hearty blazing fire or none. Better to save in fine furniture, or in rich dresses, than put on wood sparingly. Brass andirons are the best, for they never wear out, and the labor in keeping them bright is much exaggerated. The wood must be long enough to reach over both andirons. Corn cobs make a hot, quick blaze, just before the children go up to bed, and make them sleep the sweeter.—Scribner for October.

Men, Women and Furniture.

We maintain, too, that in reality, man has no need of furniture, and that everything he does worth doing could be done without these adjuncts. In the highest stage of civilization, men will not need either a bed, a table, a stool, or a candlestick—things which, just now, he considers to be of absolute necessity, but which one people, the most refined, the most intelligent, and the most highly civilized, that has lived on this planet in historic times—the Japanese, to wit, have shown can be perfectly well dispensed with. Indeed, in every age, the more refined the race, the less has it thought furniture necessary, and it might even be asserted, without much fear of contradiction, that a people that need a great deal of furniture to be comfortable and happy is in a state, so long as that need is felt, that can only be termed barbarous. Man proper, man in his highest condition of spiritual and physical development, is absolutely independent of furniture—sits on his heels, sleeps on the floor, eats with his fingers from dishes made of gourds and leaves (or, if he prefers it, of wood exquisitely lacquered) placed on the ground; avoids the necessity of candlesticks by using lanterns, or by going to bed early and sleeping late; and writes on his wrists. All the noblest art, the most exquisite decorative design, all the immortal books, have come from people or from individuals to whom "things" have been unnecessary or unknown. And, therefore, to insist that man is distinguished from the lower animals by having furniture, is not to say a handsome thing about him, but to derogate from his dignity. When we come to clothes, however, we find the case a different one. Clothes seem to go hand in hand with man's development as a social being, and every high tide in civilization has been marked by great inventiveness, splendor, and even luxury, in dress.—Scribner for October.

Life in Paris.

Half the inhabitants of Paris avoid domestic life altogether, sleeping in lodgings and eating in restaurants, of which there are a great variety. The most common establishments in Paris are the eating houses, from the soup house up to the "cote" restaurant. The former is nominally a lunch house, where beef broth is the chief dish, and very capital broth it is too; but all of these broth houses furnish in addition a certain variety of fish, meats and vegetables, with wine in addition, at a lower proportionate rate than at a regular restaurant. The grade of these houses naturally depends upon the quarter of the city in which they are placed. The coterie is ostensibly cheap milk shops, where one may, in the morning get coffee, tea or chocolate, with a steak or an omelette. The customer, on entering, calls for three cents' worth of coffee, for example, and an omelet with two or three eggs, as he may prefer. The first-class cafe offers its customers only coffee and rolls, but adds the perusal of the daily papers. The restaurant differs, in turn, from all these, because offering full meals at all hours, and, in addition, regular breakfast and dinner at 11 A. M. and at 6 P. M., respectively. The price of the regular meals is invariably posted in gilt letters on the street window panes, and a stranger with limited funds can walk down a street, and find a restaurant suited to his means, merely by studying the prices on the windows. Whatever the quality of the food, however, the cooking is always admirable—savory and served hot. The custom of seeing the waiters is an intolerable nuisance; but as it is by the fees that hotel and restaurant waiters are paid, he who disregards this Medo-Persian law of custom will soon be made to find out his mistake; he is a marked man, and will wait long, on returning to a restaurant whose customs he has disregarded, before he receives attention, and is then served with cold victuals and treated with studied disrespect. We hope that this custom will never be followed in our own country.

HUMOROUS.

The question of the hour—What time is it? A head waiter—The last man in a crowded barber shop.

New Yorkers are troubled to get rid of their garbage. They must remember that where there swill there's a way.

"Ladies weighed in here," is the sign on a New York store, but whether they do "wade in" there or not we are not informed. Nobody likes to be nobly; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself everybody, he generally thinks everybody else is nobody.

An old school philosopher remarks that if bread is the staff of life, pound cake must be a gold-headed cane. Doubtless it is true, and two ice creams and a girl are a regular two-wheeled velocipede.

"That's our family tree," said an Arkansas youth, as he pointed to a vigorous hembok, and ad libit, "A good many of our folks have been hung on that tree for borrowin' horses after dark."

"You can't drink so much brandy with impunity," said a New York physician to a gouty patient. "Perhaps not with impunity, doctor, but with a little peppermint I fancy I can go it," was the serene reply.

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" asked a gentleman of old Mrs. Fizzleton. "Well, I reckon he ought to be," drawled out the old lady, "for he's the meanest man in our town."

A French paper says a woman committed suicide in a police cell by swallowing her ring. It is evidently well—this thing of a woman committing suicide by swallowing her ring.

The fellow who wanted to increase wages by law will draw a bill prescribing that all land shall hereafter yield thirty bushels of wheat to the acre.

"H'm! the place for boys," said a stern parent to his son, who was fond of going out at night. "That's just what I think when you drive me off to school every morning," said the son.

She saw the placid in front of the bookstore, "You can get 'That Husband of Mine' for half a dollar, and as she passed on, she muttered, "I have one I will sell for half that much."

"I try to preach the milk of the world," said a city clergyman to a parishioner who remonstrated that his sermons were too long. "Yes," remarked the other, "but around here what we want is condensed milk."

An itinerant preacher of Virginia being invited to hold forth in one of the back settlements, taking for his text the words: "Though after my death skimmings destroy this body, yet in the flesh shall I see God," divided his text into three parts, thus—First, the skimmings; secondly, what they do; and thirdly, what the man saw when he was eat up.

Scene in a seaside restaurant. Two gentlemen had dined and were looking at the bill. There was a mistake in it. In lieu of two bottles of champagne which had been consumed, the waiter had only charged for one.

"Shall we point out the thing?" says one, probably the more scrupulous. "Well, replied the other after a moment of doubt, "we had better not; the waiter would be sure to be scolded, poor fellow."

She was ironing when her sister came in, with the news that an uncle was dead. "Dead!" she gasped, nearly dropping the iron from her hand. Her face was very pale, as was that of her sister, as they both stood there with that awestruck expression which a death leaves upon the faces of the living. "Dead!" she repeated in a faltering voice. "It doesn't seem possible. It is so sudden, so unexpected, so dreadful that I can scarcely realize it. What are you going to wear?"

Life in Paris.

Half the inhabitants of Paris avoid domestic life altogether, sleeping in lodgings and eating in restaurants, of which there are a great variety. The most common establishments in Paris are the eating houses, from the soup house up to the "cote" restaurant. The former is nominally a lunch house, where beef broth is the chief dish, and very capital broth it is too; but all of these broth houses furnish in addition a certain variety of fish, meats and vegetables, with wine in addition, at a lower proportionate rate than at a regular restaurant. The grade of these houses naturally depends upon the quarter of the city in which they are placed. The coterie is ostensibly cheap milk shops, where one may, in the morning get coffee, tea or chocolate, with a steak or an omelette. The customer, on entering, calls for three cents' worth of coffee, for example, and an omelet with two or three eggs, as he may prefer. The first-class cafe offers its customers only coffee and rolls, but adds the perusal of the daily papers. The restaurant differs, in turn, from all these, because offering full meals at all hours, and, in addition, regular breakfast and dinner at 11 A. M. and at 6 P. M., respectively. The price of the regular meals is invariably posted in gilt letters on the street window panes, and a stranger with limited funds can walk down a street, and find a restaurant suited to his means, merely by studying the prices on the windows. Whatever the quality of the food, however, the cooking is always admirable—savory and served hot. The custom of seeing the waiters is an intolerable nuisance; but as it is by the fees that hotel and restaurant waiters are paid, he who disregards this Medo-Persian law of custom will soon be made to find out his mistake; he is a marked man, and will wait long, on returning to a restaurant whose customs he has disregarded, before