

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

Morning-Glory.

Wondrously late! Creeping through the dew, With the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings; Generous in its bloom, and sheltering white it clings. Sturdy morning-glory; Creeping through the dew, Blasting the floor in dusty shining beams, Dancing on the floor in quick, fantastic gleams, Comes to the new day's light, and pours its tideless streams. Golden morning-glory. In the lowly basement, Rocking in the sun, the baby's cradle stands; Now the little one thrums out its rosy hands; Soon his eyes will open; then in all his lands; No such more morning-glory!

THE LAST LINK.

I was alone and friendless, with the exception of my brother Willis, and he was far away when Miss Lestrangle took me to her home—took me weeping from my dead mother's arms, and soothed me with gentle words. All my early life I had been a petted child, and I shrank from coldness as sensitive natures will ever do, but in my first wild sorrow for my mother's death, Mildred Lestrangle was so thoughtfully tender to me that my lonely heart turned to her, giving love for love.

In all my life I have never seen a woman as beautiful as Mildred. What though some sorrow lay in the depth of her eyes, were they less deeply, darkly blue, and were not her features perfect from the low brow, with its halo of golden hair, to the daintily rounded chin?

One evening Mildred and I were sitting together in the twilight, that strange, weird hour between daylight and darkness, she gazing with weary, wistful eyes over the shadowy green fields, and I, with my eyes fixed dreamily on her face, was thinking of my brother Willis—Willis who, a year before, had been Miss Lestrangle's guest, who had come down, his heart filled with love for his sister, and no woman, save the memory of our mother, holding a higher place in it, and had gone away loving Mildred Lestrangle—loving her, but knowing his love was vain.

I thought of the day he kissed me farewell, and for the sake of Mildred he was going abroad again.

"Oh, Willis!" I had cried, "why will she not be your wife? Does she not know it will break my heart for you to go forth a wanderer? Oh! Willis, you will not go?"

He smiled. "Little sister," he said, "better men have done that before, and for women less fair than she, but I, Clare, have gone abroad before, and what better could I do than go again, were amid other scenes, may hope to overcome my love for Mildred? Good-by, Clare," he said, folding me in his arms, "and love Mildred as you have always done."

"Clare, little one," Mildred said, turning from the window, "what are you dreaming of?"

"I—I was thinking of Willis," I answered; then, after a moment's silence; "Oh, Mildred, Mildred, why could you not love him?"

A shadow fell over the beautiful face, and her sweet blue eyes grew sadder.

"Clare," she said gravely, "I must tell you the story of my past life, then judge if my heart one to be given in return for the first loyal love of Willis Stanton."

"When a child of six I went to live with my Uncle Charles, my father's only brother. I was left lonely even then and I in my childhood, Clare, for I had not even a brother, and I got no share of my uncle's heart, for all the love he had was lavished on my cousin Ralph, my uncle's only child. Love was no name for the passionate love his father gave him—it was little short of adoration. To my uncle was always kind, but he had no love to spare—it was all to Ralph."

"Ralph and I grew up like brother and sister, but like very quarrelsome ones, for he was a haughty, imperious boy, and, having no one else to lord it over, he generally spent his temper on me, and I being seldom submissive, a day never passed that something disagreeable did not occur. Still we played together and liked each other in a certain way."

"About four miles from my lived Dr. Carlyle, my uncle's family physician, and his son Deane spent a great deal of his time with Ralph and me; in fact, being our constant companion, and even then I liked Deane much better than my cousin. He was the complete opposite of Ralph, being gentle and courteous in his manner to girls, but to me in particular. He was a handsome boy as well, though not so handsome as Ralph."

"When I was twelve years old my uncle sent me to a fashionable boarding school, and Ralph went to college at the same time, because Deane Carlyle was going, and they might as well enter it together."

"Six years passed and then I returned to my uncle's."

"Ralph had been home the year before, but had gone abroad to travel, and Deane Carlyle was studying law in London, but when he heard I was at home he came to see me, and spent a month at his father's, resting himself, he said."

"One evening he came to me, grave and earnest, and asked me in imploring tones to be his wife."

"My darling," he said, with the old, tender smile I liked so well, "can you give me your love, and wait till I am able to claim you? It may be many years, dear, though I will work hard for your sake."

"He was the Deane of old, and my heart went out to him with a thrill of joy."

"He loved me—that was enough. It may have been his old love for the child deepened, or another may have sprung up in his heart for the slender girl of

eighteen; but he loved me and I was content."

"You love me, Mildred?" he said, and reading his answer in my face, he folded me in his arms. "You will wait for me, Mildred?" he added. Then, kissing my lips, he bade me farewell, and went back to his life of toil."

"Six months later Ralph came home, handsome, stately, more imperious than ever, and forgetful of our childhood's battles, he and I became the best of friends."

"Best of friends? Oh, Clare, I must have been blind not to see that he was learning to love me—me, whose every pulse thrilled for Deane Carlyle. God knows I never suspected the truth till one fair June evening, standing amid the flowers, he told me his love. Pained beyond measure, I tried to stop him, but he would not listen."

"Mildred, my darling, tell me you love me!" he cried: "tell me your heart is mine!"

"I cannot tell you that, Ralph," I answered, "for, save as a sister—"

"As a sister? Oh girl! do you love and why will you mock me with that expression? I ask for corn, you offer me the husk! Think you, Mildred, I will accept it?"

"His face was flushed, his eyes flashing, the blood of his Spanish mother leaping in his veins, and I shrank back, pale and trembling."

"He laughed mockingly. 'You are pale,' he said, 'and you shrink from me now; but I tell you Mildred, you will yet be my wife. Do you hear, Mildred—my wife?'"

"And then he held me in his arms, and kissing me passionately, murmured: 'Darling, darling!'"

"Mad with shame and horror, I struggled to release myself."

"Deane, Deane!" I cried in my terror. "I am here, Mildred," said the voice of my lover, as Ralph loosed his hold."

"With a glad cry I sprang to him, and the sight must have maddened Ralph. 'So this is your lover, Mildred,' he said; and then he raised his hand and struck Deane across the face."

"Deane was by far the stronger of the two men, and my heart stood still as he put me gently aside, his face colorless, his eyes blazing."

"'Forward!' he said, facing Ralph. 'Deane, Deane!' I cried wildly, 'do not strike him, if you love me. Ralph, for God's sake!'"

"I heard Ralph say, 'Scoundrel!' and the next moment they had closed in a deadly clasp."

"Oh, the anguish and fright of that moment, as, pale and trembling, I sank on my knees, a wild shriek ringing from my lips."

"I saw Ralph dashed to the ground and lie there motionless, saw Deane bend over him, and then I sank senseless on the ground as hurrying footsteps told me my shrieks had reached the house."

"When I came to my senses again Ralph was dead, and the man I loved a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Yes, Ralph was dead—dead in his pride and beauty—dead in his strong young manhood, a red stain oozing through his chestnut curls."

"When Deane had dashed him to the ground his head had struck the root of a tree, and when they raised him up he was almost unconscious."

"He only spoke once after they carried him into the house."

"'It was all my fault,' he said. 'I—I loved Mildred, and she—and she—', and then he had fallen back dead."

"I never looked on the face of Deane Carlyle again, for I could not wed the man who had taken the life of Ralph—even though it was his own fault—and so it was better we should not meet again."

"Without a word of farewell he went abroad and those who saw him before he left could scarcely tell the Deane Carlyle of old."

"Clare, little friend, is my heart—that has known what it is to love and suffer—one that you would wish your brother to win?"

"Miss Lestrangle, a gentleman down stairs," said a servant, opening the door. "Looks like you, Miss Clare," he added. "It is Willis, Mildred," I said; and then we went down together, and in a few moments I was folded in my brother's arms."

"After kissing me tenderly he released me and turned to Mildred."

"Miss Lestrangle," he said, "I am the bearer of a message to you from a dying man. On my travels, almost a year ago, I became acquainted with a man who, somehow, attracted my sympathy, but why I could not tell. We became friends, but not confidants, for he was strangely reserved about himself, and, though we were together for many months, we knew little of each other—at least I knew little of him. One night he met with an accident, and was carried home fatally injured, and the next morning he was raging in brain fever, and—and, Mildred, he raved of you. I stayed with him and did all I could, but he was doomed to die. The night of his death the fever left him and the light of reason returned to his eyes."

"'Willis,' he said, 'when I am dead will you seek Mildred Lestrangle and tell her—tell her Deane Carlyle is dead, and ask her to give one tear to my memory, for I have loved her to the last? Tell her I have looked on her face when she never dreamed I was near. Mildred—Mildred!' he cried, holding out his hands as if you were near him, as if he saw you. They were his last words. He gave one weary sigh and sank back dead, your name lingering on his lips."

"White as death grew Mildred's face as memories of the past swept over her. She turned to me."

"Clare," she said, piteously, "I may bury my past; the last link is broken?"

"Without another word she left the room, and then Willis, turning to me said:

"Clare, Clare, think how she is suffering. Did you see how white her face was—and I could give my life for her happiness."

"Willis," I said, laying my hand on his arm, "did she not say that the last link to the past was broken?"

His face grew pale, and his eyes met mine with an eager, questioning look.

"Clare, do you mean there is no hope for me—do you mean she can ever love me?"

"Ever love you, Willis? She loves you now, but she is unconscious of it. She loved Deane Carlyle with a girl's passionate, romantic fervor, but her woman's heart is yours. Willis, you would not refuse one hour's sorrow to the memory of Deane Carlyle, and the memory of the love he gave her?"

"No," he said; "and in the future, if I can teach her to forget her early love and sorrow, I will be content."

Years have passed since then and Mildred is my sister, happy and beloved, as well as loving, and it is seldom a shadow crosses her beautiful face; but if ever it does I know that the voice of Willis, speaking tenderly to her, can banish it as quickly as it came, for I know that Mildred is very happy in the loyal love of her husband."

The Discovery of Quina.

The discovery of the medical properties of cincha bark is enveloped in great obscurity. All that we know about it for certain is this: Before the year 1628—that is to say, 150 years subsequent to the discovery of America—not even the Spaniards were acquainted with the febrifuge qualities of cinchona bark; but in this year, or thereabouts, the Countess del Chinchon, the wife of the Spanish Viceroy of Peru was cured of a violent intermittent fever by drinking an infusion of the bark, and this led to its introduction into Europe. Were the natives themselves acquainted with it? Humboldt answers this question very positively in the negative, and refers to the discovery of the Jesuit missionaries, who, being in the habit of tasting the bark of every tree they hewed down, at length discovered the precious febrifuge. Other authors of repute contend that the virtues of cinchona bark were known to the Indians long before the advent of the Spaniards; but the question again arises how they first became acquainted with its properties. To account for this the ridiculous tale has been invented that certain animals, while laboring under fever, happened to gnaw the bark of one of the cinchona trees, and were cured forthwith. Far more probable is it that some cinchona trees having been laid prostrate by the tempest in a pool of water, and the latter becoming charged with the medicinal principle, some person laboring under fever drank of this water, was cured, and published the result. But however this may be, it is certain the remedy first became popularized in Europe through the agency of Count del Chinchon, Viceroy of Peru, whose wife, as we have said, was cured of intermittent fever by its administration. The new remedy, however, was badly received in France and Italy. The faculty set their faces against it. Physicians who dared prescribe its use were persecuted, and it was only the patronage of Louis XIV which ultimately rendered it popular in France. This monarch, suffering from intermittent fever, was cured by an English empiric named Talbot, by means of a secret remedy. This was no other than cinchona bark. Louis XIV purchased the secret for 48,000 livres, and bestowed yearly a pension of 2,000 livres on the Englishman, besides giving him letters of nobility. Three years subsequently the remedy was published. It was a highly concentrated vinous tincture of cinchona bark. Cinchona trees grow in the desert forests of Peru. The task of discovering them, removing their bark, and conveying it to the place of export, is troublesome, difficult and dangerous. In these forests there are no roads. Frightful precipices intersect the path of the cascarillero, or bark gatherer, across which it is difficult to pass, even while a numbing haze of lead. So soon as the treasure of bark has been secured these difficulties and dangers proportionately increase, so that the comparatively low price at which cinchona may be procured is in itself a matter of surprise.—*Cassell's New Popular Educator.*

Carrier Pigeons in Germany.

A German paper gives some details of the extraordinary development of the breeding and training of carrier pigeons in Germany since the late war. During the siege of Paris, as is well known, pigeons afforded the only means of communication between the outside world and the inhabitants of the beleaguered city. In order that similar messages might be available in the hour of need, pigeon houses were established, after the conclusion of the war, in most of the larger garrison towns of North and South Germany, and now pigeon flying is rapidly becoming a favorite pastime and sport throughout the country. The increased attention thus given to the subject has resulted in the observation of many peculiarities in these birds.

Carrier pigeons of good breed, it is noticed, although they may be started in company and bound for the same place, fly quite independently of one another. Each one selects its own course, some taking a higher, others a lower flight, and speeds on its way without taking any heed of its neighbors. The birds, in fact, seem to know they are racing, and each one exerts itself to the utmost to arrive first at the goal. In the neighborhood of every pigeon house there are always certain places, trees, etc., which are usually favorite resorts for a moment at any of these haunts, but flies straight to his own particular house, frequently arriving there in so exhausted a state as to be unable even to eat the food it is most fond of. Birds which are sitting, or have lately hatched young, are generally taken in preference to others for racing; but instances have been known in which carrier pigeons of good breed which have hatched

young there, have deserted their brood and flown to their original home at the first opportunity they had of escaping.

Hold the Homestead.

In the midst of these gloomy days and falling fortunes, when men of wealth are becoming bankrupt and families are reduced from affluence to poverty, there is one lesson that should be thoroughly learned. Every man, in the period of his prosperity, should settle a home upon his wife, in order that she and their children may be placed beyond the casualties of his business losses. Not only is it honorable to do this, but it is dishonorable not to do it. We know the high-toned philosophy and the argument that bears itself upon the top of the moralists used by the grasping creditor, and the skin-flinted usurer, when he urges the broken business man and his frightened wife to yield their last dollar to his exactions. Again and again have we heard the maxima of a false code laid down by the bloodless and exacting creditor, who demanded, in the name of commercial honor, that the last dollar should be given up rather than an honest debt should remain unpaid. This is false as it is cruel; as mean as it is unjust. Unless a business man owes a higher duty to his creditors than to his wife and children; unless it is a holier obligation to pay debts than it is to provide home and bread to his helpless and dependent family; unless his standard of personal pride is so selfish and false that his commercial credit is dearer to him than his wife and children; then by yielding his last dollar, and depriving them of comforts and himself of a chance to redeem his fortunes, he is doing a mean and cruel and wicked and cowardly act.

We lay it down as a first and permanent duty for every honest man who respects himself, and honors his wife, and loves his children, as soon as he is able, to place a roof over his family that shall not be subjected to the vicissitudes of his business fortunes. It is then the duty of the wife, as she loves her husband, and feels the responsibility to her children, to resist the entreaty of creditors, and the commands of her husband, and keep the home forever inviolate from incumbrance. The man who asks his wife to mortgage her homestead to pay his debts or to get him out of a tight place, is guilty of a moral wrong. He has less right to do it than he has to go to any business man and ask him to mortgage his property to do him a favor for which he does not intend to compensate him. It is better for creditors that the debtor should have his home left. It nerves him to renewed efforts, and encourages him to exertions which, if he were homeless, he would never have the resolution to make. A thousand times we have seen men under the depressing influence of failure so stunned as to lose their business sense. Then the creditor comes in upon the despondent, downhearted, sensitive and honorable man, and from him and his frightened and shocked wife gets a deed of the house. It is felony, grasping avarice and heartlessness, that commits burglary by breaking into the afflicted dwelling-house, and it ought by statute to be declared an offence punishable by imprisonment at hard labor, with shaven head and striped clothes. We have sympathy for the wife, pity for the husband, and contempt for the creditor, when we see the conveyance of a homestead to secure the husband's debts.—*Exchange.*

A Registered Letter.

What distinguishes a registered letter from any other is a question very often asked.

The difference is that a registered letter does not go into the mail proper. It passes from hand to hand outside the mail pouches, every person through whose hands it passes being required to sign a receipt for it on receiving it, and secure a receipt for it on passing it over to the next in transit. The person holding the last receipt is thus always able to show who is accountable for the loss. The responsibility rests on the man who has signed a receipt for the registered package and who is not able to produce the package or a receipt from somebody else for it. The safest way to send money is by money-order. Where it does not go to a money-order office it should always be sent in a registered package. Money ought not to be sent in an ordinary letter under any circumstances. There is no possible way of "tracking" such a letter.

A Wonderful Cave in Missouri.

A cave has lately been discovered one and one-half miles east of Galena, immediately under the middle of Joplin road on the farm of Squire Moore. This cave is being opened, and its various rooms cleared of debris by its discoverer, E. D. Jamson and John Strothers, who design making it accessible to the public.

On my visit to this subterranean wonder, I found the accommodating proprietor at the window, who lowered me about thirty feet, where I entered the cave proper. Although the ceiling was very low I groped my way for several hundred feet in various directions.

At various points I saw small openings leading into larger chambers, but the openings were too small for entrance. The floor and rocks in many places were covered with beautiful crystallized formations of various colors.

Stalagmites of the most fantastic forms were scattered in wild profusion over the rocks, which appear to have fallen from the roof in some primal age. In fact the whole cave appears to wear an air of antiquity which has never been ruffled by human hand. There is no indication of lead, as yet, although when the cave is thoroughly explored it may bring something more to light.—*From the Joplin News.*

Does this corn belong to you father? asked a stranger driving by a roadside, of a youngster standing by the roadside. "Yes, sir, that's pop-corn," was the prompt reply.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A New Anesthetic.

There is a new anesthetic. Prof. McKendrick and Dr. Ramsay have been experimenting in England with substitution products obtained with pyridine and choline. The latter of these bases is extracted from quinine by means of caustic potash, but may also be procured by some of the coal tar series of substitutions. Three grains of the chloride of choline introduced into the circulation of a rabbit rendered the animal unconscious in eight minutes, but the pulsation of the heart continued and the breathing was vigorous. The rabbit recovered after two or three hours, and the experiment is deemed highly successful. Some of the other derivatives from these bases proved to be very powerful poisons, having specific action upon the vital centers, and likely to be of use in the materia-medica.

A Valuable Discovery to Steel Workers.

D. H. Tierney, of Forestville, has hit upon certain mixtures of chemicals which seem likely to prove a regular bonanza for him. One of his preparations is for hardening steel. He exhibited to us the other day a file into whose flat surfaces various figures had been chipped with a cold chisel hardened by his process, the work having been done as if the file had been made of soft iron. Another preparation is for shrinking steel. Dies which have expanded in the process of hardening, or which have become worn too large, can, as he claims, be shrunk back as much as desired, and this can be done repeatedly. Dies shrunk in this way work as well as new ones. These preparations are not patented, but the one for hardening is sold by the inventor, and the recipe for the other. Mr. Tierney will not disclose his secret for hardening, not even to secure a patent.—*Bristol (Conn.) Journal.*

Electric Waves.

A new method for measuring the speed of waves, and at the same time their exact contours, has lately been invented by Mr. Robert Sabine, and tried with excellent results upon lengths of the Red Sea cable at present in course of manufacture at Enderby's wharf, Greenwich, England. Mr. Sabine's method consists in sending currents into one end of the cable (the other end being the earth), and at regular intervals testing the potential or some given point in the conductor. This is done by means of a mica condenser, which is kept in connection with the point in question until the right interval has elapsed, when it is discharged through a galvanometer. A rotating time apparatus is arranged to close the circuit of the battery at the end, and after a given interval to separate the conductor and discharge it. The interval may be varied from 0.001 to 2 seconds. A similar reading is taken for each interval from 0.001 second upward until the maximum of the potential due to the position of the point tested is attained. This gives a curve of the exact contour of the wave. The speed is measured by sending two waves of opposite size into the cable, and noticing the intervals at which their neutral point passes through given points in the cable. The difference of the intervals and the distance between the points give the speed.

Schastin—A New and Safer Dynamite.

An improved nitro-glycerine compound has been invented by Mr. Gustaf Fahnehjelm, of Stockholm, the chief modification being that the second main ingredient is charcoal produced from a special wood, and selected and prepared in such a manner as to be able to absorb and solidify the greatest possible quantity of nitro-glycerine. In order to render the combustion more complete, and to augment the rapidity of the explosion, a small quantity of nitrate of potash, or other suitable salt, is added to the mixture of the two ingredients above named.

The composition of the new schastin depends upon the objects for which it is to be used, and the effects intended to be produced. The strong-st compound, and even in this there is stated to be no risk of the separation of the nitro-glycerine, is composed of 78 parts, by weight, of nitro-glycerine, 14 of the wood charcoal, and 8 of nitrate of potash; and when less power is required, the proportions are varied, the second quality consisting of 68 per cent, by weight, of nitro-glycerine, 20 of the charcoal, and 12 of the nitrate of potash.—*London Mining Journal.*

Egyptian Slavery—How the Dealers Evade the Laws Against the Trade—Prices of the Male and Female Slaves.

Mr. J. H. McCon, in his book "Egypt As It Is," furnishes some curious information respecting the methods employed by the slave dealers to evade the law and smuggle their wares into the cities where they bring the best prices, and adds:

"Once in the capital the dealers distribute their stock among their agents in various quarters of the city, and in there, although the police are supposed to be on the watch to prevent it, buying and selling go on under the thinnest veil of concealment. An intending purchaser goes to one of the private but perfectly well-known entrepôts to which the dealers and their slaves are lodged, and after examining the latter, selects what suits him, haggles for a time about the price, and finally closes the bargain then and there, or subsequently through a broker, who receives a small commission for the job. The dealers object to show their wares to Europeans, unless they are introduced by a native who is not merely a dragoon; but with that voucher, and the thin disguise of a fez and a Stambulee coat, a sight of whatever is on hand may be easily enough had. Eranks are, of course, now forbidden by their own laws to buy or hold slaves, but the prohibition is not always regarded by residents in the native quarters of the city, where, indeed, a single man can not hire a house nor obtain lodgings, unless he have a female slave. Prices range from £10 to £12 for a black boy or girl

without injuring the plant. When the chops of such tea reach the treaty ports they are again the object of active competition, this time to foreign buyers. Each foreign house has its friends among the dealers, and exerts all its influence to secure those so-called fancy chops. The finest congous and souhongs go to Russia and to England. The finest congous and greens go to England and the United States.

The Sand in Egypt.

The sand has played a preservative part in Egypt, and has saved for future investigators much that would have otherwise disappeared. Miss Martineau says, in her "Eastern Life":

"If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such occasions. It would be for a great wifemaking fan such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid open to them! One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried a hundred and thirty feet below the mound surface. Who knows but what the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lies almost unharmed under the sand? Who can say what army of sphinxes, what sentinels of colossal might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hillsides of the interior, when the clouds of sand have been wafted away?"

All will be discovered in good time; we are not yet ready for it; it is desirable we should be further advanced in the power of interpretation before the sand be wholly blown away. But in truth it will need a high wind to do it, begin when it may.

A Dead Snout.

William Spencer, alias Oregon Bill, is in many respects a remarkable man. His birth place is Port Natal, South Africa, and he has hardly yet reached 40. He was at sea for years, and during the time distinguished himself for his bravery in two engagements with pirates on the coast of Africa. He participated with credit to himself in the last war with Russia, and was present at the fall of Balaclava. From 1850 to 1855, he was an Indian fighter on the frontiers of Kansas and Texas, and in an engagement with the red man on an occasion in which the whites were victorious, after a bloody hand to hand fight, he is said to have killed seven warriors with his pistol and bowie knife. In Portland, Oregon, he had a friend, John O'Madigan, now of this city. While O'Madigan was walking along the street smoking his pipe, and at a distance of ten feet, and at about a right angle, Bill suddenly drew his pistol and fired, the ball taking the pipe from the mouth of his friend, but doing him no harm. Again, last fall, Bill was in Lake City with deer for sale, and seeing his old friend, O'Madigan, passing up the same street on the opposite side, he called to him to stop. When he had drawn his revolver, John did so, facing him at the time. Bill fired and the ball passed through the top of the hat of his friend, O'Madigan, in the best of humor, called out: "Bill, don't shoot any more, it is too close."—*Denver Tribune.*

A General's Treatment.

A man who hadn't any good clothes worth mentioning, and whose red nose was more prominent than his old hat, entered a Congress street saloon yesterday, gave the barkeeper a military salute, and said:

"Let me introduce myself as General Barton, just from the plains."

"How do you do, General—gently now—ah, there you go!" replied the barkeeper as he took him by the neck and pushed him out on the walk.

The dead beat stood at the curb-stone and looked back in a dazed sort of way and when he finally crossed the street he growled:

"It's a dark, dark mystery to me that I can never go into a saloon to ask how far it is to Chicago, that the proprietor does not stand ready to raise a carbuncle on my neck. Perhaps it would have been better had I called myself a Senator from Nevada."

In Petersburg, England, the custom is kept up of raffling for Bibles by six boys and six girls, in order to carry out the provisions of the will of queer old Dr. Wildrie, a Puritan minister who died early in the eighteenth century. A saucer containing the dice is placed on the communion table, and six of the twelve young persons who get the largest number are to have a Bible apiece. The six Bibles are to be purchased at a cost of not over seven shillings each. In order to make this remarkable proceeding as religious as possible, the minister kneels at the communion table, and prays for divine direction on the throwing of the dice. A part of the service on the day annually appointed for this is the preaching of a sermon by the minister on the excellency, perfectness, and divine authority of the Scriptures. The will provides for the payment to the minister for this service of ten shillings, and to the clerk twelve pence.

HUMOROUS.

"Do those bells sound an alarm of fire?" said a stranger the other Sunday, as the church bells were calling together the worshippers. "Yes," was the reply, but the fire is in the next world."

It is related of Dr. Garth, in his last illness, who he saw his fellow doctors consulting together at his bedside, that he raised his head from his pillow and said, with a smile: "Dear gentlemen, let me die a natural death."

Bobby says she does not see anything so very heroic in scaling a rampart. She has scaled many a sheep's head and that's about the same thing.

Recently, while the President was at the Washington Schurz contest, a factotum, wishing to do the handsomest thing, said: "Mr. President, I was glad you came. We yeast was keeping some water on ice for you, eh?"