

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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Suppose.

Suppose that a girl with her heart in her clothes, And her bosom showed down on the bridge of her nose, Should go for your person and pocket for life, To be a useless, expensive, and cumbersome wife—

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

BY WILL S. GRIBBLE. She came slowly from the shadow of the grand old cedars—came out into the opal sunshine of the September day. And Vivian St. Roy, from his seat upon the veranda of the Catakill Arcade, where he had passed the summer months, watched her, and saw the graceful movements of her lithe, girlish form—

He saw her body rise to the silvery surface, trembling like an aspen, and then disappear. It was time for action and he must act. He threw his coat to the ground and then plunged into the lake. Again her form floated like a vision before his eyes. He dashed forward with his arms outstretched, but she sank again, and he clutched only the empty air.

It was life or death now. Scarcely daring to breathe, St. Roy waited, and at last the form rose again. In an instant he was beside it, and with a grip as fierce as grim death itself, he grasped her throat just as she eddied round before the fatal death descent.

He bore her to the shore, laid her gently upon a bed of early autumn leaves, and then, with all his might, he once again began to battle back that enemy, death. For an hour he worked steadily, and then the drooping eyelids quivered and moved, and the mild, dark orbs looked straight into his.

"Why did you save me?" she gasped brokenly, sobbingly. "Why, oh, why, did you not leave me to my fate?" "Did you want to die?" "Want to die? Did I want to die? Yes, oh, yes! Why did you rescue me?" She wept out the last words with a bitter sob, and buried her face in her hands.

"Why did you want to die?" Vivian asked, bending over her quivering form. "Are you friendless?" "I am friendless—I am homeless!" she sobbed wildly. "My parents died long years ago. I am alone—utterly alone!" "What is your name?" "Nisma—Nisma Balfour. I am nothing but a child—only fifteen."

waiting for the hour that heralded Vivian St. Roy's coming. She heard a pair of crutches fall heavily upon the velvet carpet. Without, a second later, the noise ceased and a quick knock broke the momentary silence.

She swung wide the door, and Vivian St. Roy came slowly in—Vivian St. Roy, not the strong, handsome man of ten years ago—but Vivian St. Roy, hopelessly lame, and miserably poor.

Five years ago, a train was carried over an embankment. Few, very, very few, escaped with their lives; less escaped a life of helplessness. And then another misfortune fell heavily upon him; his father failed and died a bankrupt and he was a beggar.

When the worst was known, he decided to turn his artistic abilities into a remunerative channel, and with that intention he painted a tiny picture—"A mountain scene," they called it. It was the picture of a silvery lake, a towering mountain, a man and a girl—that was all. And when Valena Charlewood saw it she wept, and the world wondered why.

Then she said to herself she would like to paint like that—to draw upon a piece of canvas the living beauties of the earth, and of the sky, and of the sea. And that was why Vivian St. Roy had seen her so often during the last year, and why he saw her to-day. She was his pupil.

"You look tired," she said, softly. "You are overworking yourself, I fear." "The voice was as sweet as a linnets' song, and it thrilled Vivian St. Roy through and through.

"The poor must work, Miss Charlewood," he answered, "and I am miserably poor, even to beggary. Ah, if I were but rich!" She watched him narrowly. If he were rich—what then? Would it matter what to her?

"You do not crave riches," she said. "But for one thing." "And that?" "Could she not see he was suffering—suffering the intensest agony a man can suffer—the agony of a bleeding heart and secret love.

"And that?" she repeated once more. "Would you make my equal, Valena?" She laughed scornfully. "My equal Vivian St. Roy, you are that now—say, even more, for I am far beneath you—I have been in the dust!" She closed her glittering eyes in an odd, graceful way that made him start—

that brought back to him the faded, broken memory of a day long, long years ago, a glorious September day, glorious with its opal sunshine and crimson trees, and of a tiny, dark faced girl who lay half dead at his feet; it reminded him of the pictures he had painted in the darkest hours of his life, over which beautiful Valena Charlewood had wept; it reminded him of Nisma Balfour.

him a "paulo post future of song," and much of it was never brought into the present tense. It is a curious coincidence, worth nothing perhaps, that Mr. Bryant's earliest poem of importance, "Thanatopsis," was published in a review of which Mr. Dana was editor, while Mr. Dana's first poems, "The Dying Raven" and "The Husband and Wife's Grave," were published in a review of which Mr. Bryant was editor.

Mr. Dana's old age is a serene and happy one, a sweet one, we may say, which has brought with it no impairment of health or of spirits. His sight is keen; his health is good; his mind is as clear as ever. He is in a serene and sunny autumn of life, with the strength of body and mind to enjoy it keenly.

May the days of his Indian summer be many and long, and full of rich, purple sunshine.—New York Evening Post, Nov. 15.

The Champion Fast. Were it not that physicians are proverbially exact in all statements of cases under treatment or brought within the range of their professional knowledge, the extraordinary narrative recorded below might be peremptorily consigned to the realm of "fishy yarns."

Dr. Tanner during the latter part of the summer, Drs. Moyer and Tanner called on a patient in the night time, and upon their return to the office, on Hennepin avenue, Dr. Tanner complained of illness, and retired to the sleeping apartment connected with Dr. Moyer's office. Here he remained for ten days, and during the entire time resolutely declined all proffered nourishment, and limited himself to cold water exclusively.

At the end of ten days Dr. Tanner considered himself sufficiently recovered to indulge in exercise in the open air, but concluded to continue the fasting test, in order to see how long human life may be prolonged without the use of any nourishment whatever. He remained in Dr. Moyer's office and was so continuously under the observation of Moyer, that the latter is positively convinced that he did not take food surreptitiously.

During the latter part of the test, Dr. Tanner was daily examined by his friend and associate, and exact records of his symptoms were jotted down. Dr. Tanner remained without food for just forty-two days, and the only things used during the time in the shape of nourishment or stimulant, were a daily walk in the open air and a swallow of water whenever incitement prompted—a sufficiently light diet for any purpose.

Toward the latter portion of the test unusual physical symptoms were discovered. While Dr. Tanner did not show any material reduction in tissue or strength, the action of the heart was visibly weakened and not the faintest trace of pulsation could be discovered at the wrist. With the appearance of this symptom of a moribund condition, Dr. Tanner "retired to his feet" in precisely forty-two days after engaging in his extraordinary experiment. Dr. Moyer states that he ate sparingly at first, but soon developed an enormous appetite, such as would prove an immediate ruin to any well regulated church festival or boarding house of limited capital.

Gradually, however, normal habits were resumed, and the "patient" is now in his normal health, ready for some other man to begin the experience where he left off. There are those who will call this story "fiction," but witnesses of its veracity may be found in Minneapolis during office hours, and the reporter, in justification of its reproduction in this form, can only add that—like the experiment recorded—it had been undertaken purely "in the interest of science."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

HUMOROUS. Woman always was a siren. Even the five foolish virgins of Scripture, whose lamps went out, did their best to beg 'em.

A farmer when asked why he didn't take a newspaper, said, "Because my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers and I have not read them all through yet."

An exchange says: "It is not good taste for young men to stay after ten o'clock when visiting ladies." Most young men fail to detect any difference in the taste after ten o'clock.

San Francisco has tried half-day schools, and it has been found that the scholars not only learn faster, but have more time to kill cats and stone Chinamen.

"At what age were you married?" she asked inquisitively. But the lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the parsonage."

"The most stylish Black Hills gentlemen wear red flannel collars with a big white button for a necktie." They will doubtless add other things as the weather gets cooler.

A traveler fond of narrating wonders, declared he knew of a cane a mile long. "Pray what kind of a cane was it?" asked a bystander. "It was a hurricane."

And now if somebody would go to work and write a book about "That Hired Girl of Theirs," we should know a little something about the entire family.

"Master at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "Miss home?" "No, sir, she's out." "Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out too, sir."

"You don't get any money out of me, sir," said he as the man presented his bill. "I'm a savings bank—that's what I am." And the creditor went disconsolately away.

tending his lines beyond any possibility of defence. The victory opens the way for combined operations upon Erzerum and Batoum. Now that Kars has fallen, if Pierna should be forced to succumb, negotiations for peace will probably follow.

USEFUL RECIPES. Beefsteak.—Always broil it. Have it cut half an inch or more in thickness. If not tender, pound it; see that there are plenty of hot coals, and broil quickly upon a gridiron, turning often. My rule is to broil twelve minutes, turning five or six times. Use beef tongs to turn with, as a fork will let out the juices.

Christmas Mince Meat.—Three pounds of roast beef, five pounds of apples, one pound of fresh beef suet, two pounds of raisins, stoned, one pound whole, two pounds and a half of currants, half a pound of mixed candied peel, the grated rind of three fresh lemons, the juice of two, two pounds of sugar, two nutmegs, desert spoonful of mace, one of cinnamon, one of allspice, one of ginger, one of salt, a fruit sirup, and a pint of golden sirup boiled in two quarts of cider until reduced one fourth, and then pour over the whole. Of course the ingredients are separately prepared, and afterward thoroughly mixed.

Baked Cabbage.—Cabbages are cheap, large and good this season, and to make them palatable and eatable, we should know of more ways of cooking than boiling. An exchange recommends the "baked," which is treated as follows: "Boil a firm white cabbage for fifteen minutes in salted water, than change the water for more that is boiling, and boil until tender. Drain and set aside until cool, then chop fine. Butter a baking dish and lay in the chopped cabbage. Make a sauce in this way: Put a tablespoonful of butter in a pan; when it bubbles up well stir in one tablespoonful of flour, and one half pint of stock and one half pint of water, both boiling. Stir until smooth, season with pepper and salt, and mix well with it four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Pour this over the cabbage, sprinkle rolled cracker over it, do it with lumps of butter and place in a quick oven for ten minutes. This is almost as good as the more aris oracati; cauliflower when cooked in the same manner."

Assassinations. The record of attempted assassinations, says the London Times, goes to show that they are rarely successful, even when skilled men attempt the lives of great personages. In 1857 Pianori, who was subsequently guillotined, actually seized the horse of the emperor's horse in the Champs Elysees, in spite of innumerable police agents in private clothes, who constantly accompanied him in his peregrinations, and fired a pistol a bout portant in his face. The muzzle was so close that the shot burned the mustache, but missed its aim; and yet Pianori was reputed one of the best shots in Italy and France, and had practised constantly for two years.

Orsini's bombs were hurled at the emperor's carriage before the Opera at a distance of four paces, and produced no effect, except that of killing several persons who were standing at a considerable distance from the carriage. The Pole Berexowski's attempt on the life of the emperor of Russia, which took place in 1866, during the Paris Exhibition, was made under equally favorable circumstances. Berexowski fired almost from underneath the wheels of the imperial carriage with a six-barrelled revolver; but an equerry in ordinary, M. Raimbault, perceiving the danger, made his horse rear, and the bullet intended for the Emperor Alexander struck the animal in the chest. Even then the pistol was misdirected and would have done no harm. Another striking instance to the same effect was presented by young Blind's attempt on the life of Prince Bismarck. Blind was a first-rate marksman—he had won the Wimbledon cup—and although he discharged the six chambers of the revolver while grappling with the German chancellor, none of them took effect.

There are many more instances of attempted political assassination, admirably contrived and executed by fearless persons, which have one and all failed on account of momentary emotion when the deed was being attempted.

Madame Bonaparte. Until very lately on occasional fine days a venerable lady, much bent in figure, but with an air of distinction about her, might have been seen walking slowly down Charles-street avenue, leaning on the arm of a young and handsome man of medium height, squarely built figure and dark complexion. There was something so out of the common about the couple that passers-by who did not know them stopped to take a second look and wonder who they were. People who were well acquainted in the city stopped also and remarked one to another, "There are Madame Bonaparte and her grandson." The venerable lady was the widely renowned Madame Bonaparte, and her escort was Charles Jerome Bonaparte, her grandson, a rising member of the Baltimore bar. Recently the distinguished lady, now ninety-two years of age, has become very feeble, and does not venture out of doors; and there are grave apprehensions that her romantic and eventful career is fast approaching its close. The outlines of her curious history are well known. As lady Morgan has aptly said, "She belongs to history; she lived with kings and princes, philosophers and artists; there is about her a perpetual curiosity and romance."—Baltimore American.

California's wool growth is becoming one of her greatest industries, the export last year having been over 50,000,000 pounds, worth \$8,000,000. There are several wool-growers who own from 30,000 to 40,000 sheep each.

GRMS OF THOUGHT.

What have kings that privates have not, too, save ceremony.—Shakespeare. What succeeds, we keep, and it becomes the habit of mankind.—Theodore Parker.

Women can less easily surmount their coquetry than their passions.—Rochefoucauld. It is pleasant to see a notorious profligate seized with a concern for religion.—Addison.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.—Sir P. Sidney. The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.—Sir P. Sidney.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.—Steele. God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.—Beecher.

The light in the world comes principally from two sources—the sun and the student's lamp.—Bovee. The two best rules for system of the orator are: first, have something to say, and next, say it.—George Emmons.

Every man's vanity ought to be his greatest shame, and every man's folly ought to be his greatest secret.—Quarles. It life, like the olive, is a bitter fruit, then grasp both with the press and they will afford the sweetest oil.—Ripley.

Nothing is so oppressive as a secret, and I know even in this matter a good many men who are women.—La Fontaine. On what strange ground we found our hopes and fears! Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark our fortunes meet us.—Dryden.

Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but pride mineeth deeper; it is colled as a poisonous worm about the foundation of the soul.—Tupper. Wealth hath never given happiness, but often hastened misery. Enough hath never caused misery, but often quickened happiness.—Tupper.

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.—Sterling. The most accomplished way of using books at present is to serve them as some do lords, learn their titles, and then boast of their acquaintance.—Swift.

It is beauty that doth off make women proud; it is virtue that doth make them most admired; it is modesty that makes them seem divine.—Shakespeare. We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.—Beecher.

When a learned man, intoxicated with his reading, takes a first step in the world, it is very often a false step; if he takes counsel of his books, he runs the risk of never succeeding in his projects.—St. Everemond.

PERSONAL. Gen. Butler has entered his 66th year. Stanley is expected to reach London in a few weeks. It is said that Lady Burdett-Coutts is an old maid because her riches made the attentions of suitors suspicious. She was much annoyed by persistent "flowers" in her early life.

Although Hiram Powers is dead, says a recent letter from Florence, the business of the studio still continues under the direction of his son, Mr. Longworth Powers, in connection with the widow of the senior Powers. The sculptors are Messrs. Preston and Longworth Powers, the two sons, both of whom inherit a talent for the art.

The assertion that ex-Gov. Coburn, of Maine, is the largest land owner in the United States, is disputed in favor of Wilson Waddingham, of New York, who owns 653,000 acres in one lot on the Canadian River in New Mexico, and enough more in other parts of the same Territory to make a total of 1,250,000 acres, or more than twice as many as are claimed for Mr. Coburn.

The finest plantation in Guatemala belongs to Mr. William Nelson, an American, of Scotch origin. Although Guatemala is a Republic, the Government is despotic in character. The laborers, by being always in debt to the planters, become practically their slaves, the law demanding work until the debt be cancelled.

Albert Brisbane, the most efficient worker in the cause of Fourierism during the famous agitation of that principle thirty years ago, is about to sail for Europe, probably to return. He espoused socialism forty years ago, and soon became a sort of monomania with him, and it was largely owing to his efforts that the famous Brook Farm experiment and others of a similar nature were attempted. The failure of these undertakings and the defection of all his old friends and disciples have not quenched his faith.

Mr. Conger, the witty Congressman from Michigan, has a love history which is quite remarkable. His present wife was his first love, but they quarreled and each married. Twenty years afterward, he, a widower, was in Congress, and she, a widow, sat in the gallery and listened to him speaking. It was the first time they had met since they had their lovers' quarrel. She sent her card and invited him to call on her, which he promised her to do if he might visit her as he used in the days of their youth. Her consent was easily obtained; the old love revived, and they were soon married.

Blewing Out the Gas. A singular casualty happened at the St. James Hotel on Monday evening, which, but for a timely discovery, would have resulted fatally to one of the lady guests of the house—a Miss Pryor, of Illinois. The lady was on her way to Kansas, where she was to be married, and after spending the day with some friends, retired for the night. Some hours later, one of the bell boys of the house, while passing along the passage, noticed a strong smell of gas, and an investigation was set afoot which resulted in the forcing open of Miss Pryor's chamber, which was discovered to be nearly full of gas, while its occupant was found to be in an insensible condition. The lady was removed to another room and Dr. Kennard was immediately sent for, who set energetically to work to restore his patient to animation. At first it seemed as though his efforts were doomed to meet with failure, but he persevered for two hours, at the end of which time the lady regained her consciousness and was pronounced by the doctor to be out of danger. As soon as she was strong enough to talk, she stated, in answer to a question, that she had blown out the gas light in her chamber, a feat which would hardly be expected of a nineteenth century young lady.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Obelisks. Only forty two obelisks are known to exist. At Karnak four are standing and two prostrate. Nine more are prostrate at Saït. One stands at Philæ. Twelve are at Rome, the largest one of them being at the Church of St. John Lateran. Florence contains two, and Paris Arles, Constantinople, one each. In this country there are four—two at the British Museum, one at Alnwick Castle, and the fourth at Kingston Lacey, Dorsetshire, brought over by Mr. Wm Bunsell, a friend of Lord Byron. The obelisk now on its way to England was the companion of the one still standing at Alexandria, to which it had been transported from On. Though named after Cæsar, its erection at the Temple of Cæsar did not take place until the eighth year of the reign of Augustus, and several years after the death of the Queen. Abdul Latief says the obelisk stood in his time—twelfth century.—London Examiner.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland has bought the Edinburgh Theatre for \$125,000, intending to use it for a hall for the Synod and for the Theological School. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have now a church of 175 members at Guadalajara, Mexico. It was here that a Mexican missionary was killed by a mob a few years ago. The managers of the Southern Methodist Publishing House, at Nashville, Tennessee, are trying to fund its debt by issuing bonds to the amount of \$154,000.