THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

BORIN & SPRINGER, Eds. and Props.

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA

THE SECRET.

She gally plucked a rose from out the flowers,
And fastened it with deftness on my breast;
I, stopping, thanked her 'mid the hawthorne bowers—
I may not tell the rest.

My love thrilled out in airy, lightsome tune,
Sang sweetly, as her fancy did suggest,
Perhaps I interrupted her too soon—
I may not tell the rest.

She, laughing low, said ne'er a word to me,
But upward held her face to be caressed;
The little birds that chirruped in the tree—
Perchance may tell the rest.

A YOUNG LADY'S PORTRAIT.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"Now, Lilla, don't be foolish!" said Mrs. Fenwick, tartly.

Lilla Fenwick, a young beauty of eighteen, with a round, dimpled face, eyes as blue as pansies, and a fringe of auburn gold hair dropping, after the fashionable style, over her forehead, sat on the hearth-rug, tapping her foot impatiently over its purple pile, and twisting a rosebud around her forefinger. Mrs. Fenwick was embroidering at the window—a fair-visaged and complacent matron, with the square chin and resolute eye that denote what people call "a will of one's own."

"Mamma," said Lilla, indignantly, "I would never have had that picture painted if I had thought it was for him! You have treated me unfairly! The idea of giving one's portrait to a man who is no relative at all!"

"My love," said Mrs. Fenwick persuasively, "Colonel Nyam has always taken the kindest interest in you."

"I don't thank him for it!"

"He is very rich, and he hasn't a bad habit in the world!" went on Mrs. Fenwick.

Lilla tossed her head.

"His habits are nothing to me!" she retorted.

"Lilla!"

"Mamma," said the girl, coloring up, "we may as well have a fair understanding. I don't like groping in the dark; or talking in riddles. You want me to marry Colonel Nyam—but I shall not!"

"And why not; may I ask?"

Mrs. Fenwick was evidently struggling to preserve her equanimity.

"First and foremost, because I don't love him! secondly, he is older than my father!"

"Lilla," said Mrs. Fenwick, "do you know how many other girls there are, in New York, who would be delighted to have such an opportunity as you are flinging away?"

"No, mamma," the girl answered, indifferently. "And I don't think I care; but of one thing you may be certain—I will never marry Howard Nyam!"

Mrs. Fenwick looked after her lovely daughter as the young girl walked out of the room.

"You will marry Howard Nyam," she said to herself, "or I will know the reason why."

And she set herself to work, pondering what could possibly have inspired Lilla with such aversion to the rich Californian whose addresses were so acceptable in a worldly point of view.

While Lilla fastened on her dark blue velvet hat with its snowy ostrich plume, dressed after the orthodox promenade costume, and went straight to the studio of Mr. Valentine Clyde, in Mildew Square.

It was a quaint, picturesque sort of place, with walls draped in ruby velvet, very ancient cabinets of shining carved woods, portfolios of expensive prints and engravings, and lay-figures twisted into all sorts of preposterous positions, while, from a frosted glass window high up on the north side, a tide of chill white radiance poured down like vivid moonlight.

In the middle of the room was an easel, and before the easel a slender, dark-mustached young man was standing with folded arms. His face brightened into welcoming smiles as the attendant flung open the door, announcing

"A lady to see Mr. Clyde!"

Mr. Clyde drew forward an easy chair.

"Miss Fenwick!" cried he, "this is indeed, an agreeable surprise! I was just taking a last look at your picture before it is sent home."

Lilla sat down with the royal grace of a young queen, and put up a jewelled eye-glass to her pretty, near-sighted eyes.

"Is it finished?"

"Quite."

"And—excuse me—paid for?"

Mr. Clyde reddened a little.

"Your father has just now sent me a check, Miss Fenwick."

"Oh!" said Lilla, glancing around. "Would you kindly lend me a penknife, or a pair of scissors?"

Mr. Clyde, much wondering, produced a little pearl-handled knife from the recesses of his vest pocket. Lilla began to play with it in an absent sort of way.

"Do you like the picture?" said Mr. Clyde.

"It is a beautiful painting," said Lilla, "and a correct likeness."

And then she opened the keen blade of the knife, and calmly cut the canvas from one side to the other!

"Miss Fenwick!" cried the young artist, aghast.

"Do you think I am crazy?" said Lilla, smiling. "But I am not The picture is excellent—you have made it perfect. But I do not wish that it should go out of this studio."

Valentine Clyde bit his lips. Miss Fenwick should learn that she was not the only person in the world that could do insane things. Drawing her father's check from his desk drawer he deliberately tore it into slips.

"There!" he said. "If the work of art is destroyed it merits no compensation."

Lilla burst into tears.

"Mr. Clyde," she said, "you are unkind. You—you do not know all."

"I know one thing," said Valentine, falling on his knees in front of the big chair and its beautiful occupant. "I love you, Miss Fenwick. Do you suppose I could study your face all these weeks and yet keep myself heart-whole? For God's sake, Miss Fenwick, do not keep me in suspense!"

"I will not," said Lilla, smiling thro' her tears. "I have spoiled your picture, Mr. Clyde; will you accept the original in its place?"

And the dim old studio, with its wine red draperies and white rain of light became the radiant temple of Love, itself, as Valentine and Lilla sat there, talking the sweet nonsense that so many lovers have talked in the years that are past.

"Engaged to an artist!" said Mrs. Fenwick, scarcely able to credit the evidence of her own senses.

"Well, I, for one, will never give my consent; and Colonel Nyam called here only this afternoon, to ask your papa's leave formally to address you."

"Well, he can now turn his attentions in some other quarter," said Lilla, saucily. "There is Aunt Naomi disengaged; and old Miss Powheedle! They are much more suitable to him than I should have been. Mamma, dear, don't look so portentiously grave. If I should have married Colonel Nyam I would have committed suicide in two weeeks—now I am so happy—oh! so happy that it seems as if I were walking on clouds, with roses and sunshine all around me. For I love Valentine and Valentine loves me!"

"I believe you are crazy," said Mrs. Fenwick, despairingly.

Colonel Nyam opened wide two simple blue eyes when he learned that Miss Fenwick had actually preferred a rising young artist, with nothing at all in the way of stocks and bonds, to his auriferous self.

"The young ladies are very eccentric now-a-days," said he. "I believe it is owing to the fact of their reading so many novels."

And he proposed next day to Miss Julia Symons, a pretty little girl of sixteen, who chanced to be at home for the Easter holidays. Miss Julia was very tired of school, of her rich relations' snubs, and of the dreary prospect of being a governess, so she said "yes."

"See what you have lost!" said Mrs. Fenwick, bursting into tears.

"See what I have gained!" said Lilla, brightly. "Dear mamma, don't look so lugubrious! Valentine has received the appointment of artist-in-chief to the United States Scientific Expedition, and I am to travel all over the world with him and we shall be so happy!"

Just eighteen months afterward Col. Nyam failed, and his little doll of a wife subsided out of her brown stone palace into three rooms on a flat.

"Upon my word!" said Mrs. Fenwick, "I really think Lilla made the wisest choice, after all. For people are giving absurd prices for Valentine Clyde's pictures, and he's getting to be quite the fashion, they tell me."

But Mrs. Fenwick, being a worldly-minded matron, attached no sort of consequence to the fact that Lilla's heart had been given to Valentine Clyde, and not to Colonel Nyam.

The House of Savoy.

Brave, dissolute, unscrupulous, yet with some statesmanlike insight, and extraordinary tenacity, the line from Humbert II. (1078), down to Victor Emmanuel, through 800 years of varied fortune, might always have been accurately described as the soldier-dynasty of the Alps, with all the vices and many of the virtues the world attributes to the soldier and hungry mountaineer. The greatest man of the house, until Victor Emmanuel appeared, the wonderful general whom our forefathers so much admired, and who, by the side of Marlborough, upheld through a long career of victory the cause of Europe against Louis XIV., and who signed himself habitually, "Eugenio von Savoye," because he was as much Italian as German, and as much Frenchman as either, appears in his memoirs, under all his court varnish and all his magnanimity, a thorough Savoyard—daring, ambitious, dissolute, luxurious, and persistent as a river. In Victor Emmanuel this last quality, always so perceptible in his house, took a shape that made the fortune alike of his dynasty and of Italy. When, after the dark day of Novara, he ascended the throne, his subjects expected in the sullenly brave young prince, so deeply connected with the Austrian house, an Italian Hapsburg, a thorough reactionary,—and in part they were not deceived. No man had more of the feeling of kingship or the pride than Victor Emmanuel, and no man more confidence in his own right to rule. He compelled his Parliament to sign the peace which saved Piedmont; he quarreled in the very crisis of his career, with Cavour, because the great Minister made a remark which the King considered derogatory to his house; he refused the throne of the Peninsula if he were to be called "King of the Italians;" and he would often aver to the last, that it was "hard work to guide his political team." He was, in fact, by temperament, a king of the old type, but he had acquired, either from some teaching of his father, or the circumstances of his own history, an absolute conviction that, to carry his father's policy to success, and rear the throne his father had designed, he must be a constitutional king, and from that resolve he never swerved. His Austrian relatives implored and threatened him to give up the Statuto; the priests—whom he, as a dissolute and superstitious man, greatly feared—menaced him with every spiritual suffering; his closest female kinsfolk declared the incessant deaths in his house a judgment from heaven; but the proud, hot-tempered, bull-headed soldier never swerved from the word he had given. He would keep the constitution as his father had sworn, and maintain his father's cause, and all Italy in one twelvemonth recognized that he was faithful, and fell at the feet of the only Italian prince who could be trusted. Before he had won a province every Italian city used periodically to be placarded with "Viva Verdi," the name of the composer containing the initials of "Victorio Emmanuel, Re d'Italia," and in every advance his troops had behind them the army of the people.—*Spectator.*

Chinese Money.

The Chinese probably illustrate in the most extreme manner the length to which loose views concerning currency can be carried. The history of their currency presents that mingling of the grotesque with the tragic which most of their actions have when viewed thro' western eyes. Coined money was used among them as early as the eleventh century before Christ, but their inability to comprehend the principles upon which a currency should be based has led them into all sorts of extravagances which have been attended by disorder, famine and bloodshed. Coins came at last to be made so thin that 1,000 of them piled together were only three inches high; then gold and silver were abandoned; and copper, tin, shells, paper, skins and stones were given a fixed value and used until, by abuse, all the advantages to be derived from the use of money were lost, and there was nothing left for the people to do but to go back to the barter, and this they did more than once. They cannot be said now to have a coinage; 2,900 years ago they made round coins with a square hole in the middle, and they have made no advance beyond that since. The well-known "cash" is a cast-brass coin of that description, and, although it is valued at about one mill and a-half of our money, and has to be strung in lots of 1,000 to be computed with any ease, it is the sole measure of value and legal tender of the country. Spanish, Mexican, and our new trade-dollars are employed in China; they pass because they are necessary for larger operations and because faith in their standard value has become established; but they are current only as stamped ingots, with their weight and fineness indicated.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

"STAND AND DELIVER."

A Victim of a Texas Stage Robbery Tells His Experience.

A writer in the Galveston *News* tells of a recent adventure while traveling in stage-coach, in Texas, as follows: On Sunday morning, at one o'clock, near Pegleg, I was startled from an indifferent slumber in the stage-coach by the clicking of a Winchester, and by voices from without hallooing to the driver, "Turn into the brush, or I will shoot the side of your face off; will not tell you again." At the same time I saw two men with guns, one bearing on the driver and the other pointed at the opening of the coach. There were two passengers beside myself in the coach, Lieutenant Kirby, of the Tenth Infantry and a graduate of West Point, assigned to duty at Fort McKavett; the other, Mr. Barouch, a drummer, from New Orleans. My pistol was rolled up in my blanket, the drummer had no arms, but Lieut. Kirby was well heeled. We had from the time we left the road until we were stopped in the brush time to consider what we would do. The drummer and myself concluded that we were not in a condition to risk the fight. But the Lieutenant insisted upon a fight, not on the amount of the money he might lose, but on account of his profession. We overruled him and were ready to submit to the robbery when the coach stopped in the brush, two or three hundred yards from the road. One at a time was called and stepped to the front of the horses. The coach was then plundered for money, jewelry and arms. Each one had hidden a portion of his money while in the stage. I threw mine in the hay in the bottom of the coach, the drummer tucked his away in the top of the coach, and the Lieutenant put his in his boot. Mine was found; the balance they did not get. The drummer delivered them thirty dollars, the Lieutenant five dollars and I twenty-five dollars. They also got the Lieutenant's and drummer's watches, which were left in the coach. While the coach was being robbed we were all guarded, a Winchester being on us. The robbers—the two we saw—were men of good address, and executed the robbery skillfully. They attempted to disguise, except the boss, who evidently thought I knew him: to the others he was unreserved. They talked among themselves, from which we learned that another party were to rob the down coach and that they were in supporting distance. When they commenced cutting the mail bags open I made an appeal to them, stating that they would hardly find any money in registered letters going up into the country. They cut two, however, and stopped, putting all the mail back. They asked about the paymaster. A short tme after they got there the lights of the down coach came in view. They told us we could get in the coach and not to make any noise or strike a light, and if we did they would fire on us. The down coach tumbled along in a few minutes and we got back on the road and came along. Before we left the boss said: "You may tell the Maynard people Dick Dublin has come back to stay awhile." The robbery will not net more than three hundred dollars in money, arms and jewelry. My first sensation was that of a bad dream, which soon vanished before a humiliating and outrageous reality. I was struck with their coolness and audacity. One thing seemed singular, they declined to touch us personally, that is, to put hands on us in any way. They frequently threatened to kill us if they caught us in a lie, but never made any personal search. A little less than a year ago the stage was robbed on the very spot where we were robbed. Then, and in this last, the intention was to rob the United States paymaster. I was impressed with the terrible earnestness with which they acted, something like that of an executioner when he executes the penalty of death. I understand that they did not rob the down stage. This is strange. I can only account for it on the theory that they found they would not get anything but arms, with probably some jewelry and a little money.

The Whipping Post as an Economic Measure.

Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock, Marietta street, in the neighborhood of DeGive's Opera House, was aroused at the spectacle of a negro man mounting a dry goods box in the street and launching off into a fiery oration to a meagre audience of seventeen people, carefully counted.

This orator was Stephen McCorkle, the colored advocate of the whipping-post, who hails from North Carolina, and who came here for the purpose of converting colored men to his faith and securing delegates to a convention at Charlotte in September, to advocate the re-establishment of the whipping-post as a punishment for crime.

He was announced to speak at the State Capitol, but this was impossible, for the flooring of the hall of the House of Representatives is undergoing repairs. In lieu of that he took to the streets, and, like all new apostles, preached to the people upon the highways. It did not take him long to attract a large crowd, about equally divided between whites and blacks.

He spoke in front of the opera house, and by his rude eloquence made his theme attractive to the bystanders. He has a good voice and some very sensible ideas, to which he gives expression boldly and forcibly.

He started out by announcing his desire to benefit his race and seeing them living in happiness and contentment. He spoke of the prevalence of idleness among them, and declared this sloth to be the parent of crime. Under existing laws they are subject to penalties for crime, which are excessively oppressive to them. Where the white man, convicted of the same offense as a black man, can pay a fine, he does so and goes free. The negro cannot pay the fine, and must go to the chain-gang. The alternative punishment does the negro no good. He hasn't the money to make it operative as to him. The remedy for this was to re-establish the whipping-post for petty offenses.

"Hit dat nigger wid a brick!" exclaimed a surly looking old darkey in the crowd.

"Look heah, man," said the orator, "you jest shet up. I interfere wid no man, an' I 'lows no man ter interfere wid me. I'm 'spressin' my sentiments az I hez er right ter do. Ef you wants ennything outen me, wait tell I gits offen dis box an' you kin hab it."

This exhibition of pluck brought out a round of applause from the auditors, and after that the speaker proceeded without interruption.

McCorkle went on to show by statistics the number of people in the various Penitentiaries of the South, and that negroes are the chief sufferers from this course of punishment. He argued that economy to the State and the best interests of the colored race, whose labor was now all free, competitive labor demanded a modification of this system.

In his advocacy of the whipping-post he met every objection that he had heard made to it and declared that the happiest day yet to come for the negro would be when he could "hug the post" and take his thirty-nine and go free, instead of going to the chain-gang, wearing shackles, working six months and getting a thousand lashes.

McCorkle spoke over an hour to his interested auditors and made many converts to his ideas, although the mass of the darkies are against him and sum up their verdict:

"Ef de pos' war sot up now he orter be de fust nigger licked!"

He is much encouraged by his visit to our section and professes strong faith in the ultimate acceptance of his views by the colored people of the entire South.

To show his faith in the reform he advocates he says he has paid all his own expenses out of the proceeds of his house and lot, which he sold for the purpose of making this tour.—*Atlanta Ga., Constitution.*

Laying the Cable of 1866.

It may seem a simple matter to distribute or "paying out" the cable, but in practice it is exceedingly difficult. Twenty men are stationed in the tank from which it is issuing, each dressed in a canvas suit, without pockets, and in boots without nails. Their duty is to ease each coil as it passes out of the tank, and to give notice of the marks painted on the cable one mile apart. Near the entrance of the tank it runs over a grooved wheel and along an iron trough until it reaches that part of the deck where the "paying out" machine is placed. The latter consists of six grooved wheels, each provided with a smaller wheel, called a "jockey," placed against the upper side of the groove so as to press against the cable as it goes through, and retard or help its progress. These six wheels and their jockeys are themselves controlled by brakes, and after it has been embraced by them the cable winds round a "drum" four times. The drum is another wheel, four feet in diameter and nine inches deep, which is also controlled by powerful brakes; and from it the cable passes over another grooved wheel before it gets to the "dynamometer" wheel. The dynamometer is an instrument which shows the exact degree of the strain on the cable, and the wheel attached to it rises and falls as the strain is greater or less. Thence the cable is sent over another deeply grooved wheel in the sea. On deck is a small house, which is filled with delicate scientific instruments. As the cable is paid out, it is tested here. If a wire or a nail or a small thing is driven through it, and the insulation is spoiled, an instrument called the galvanometer instantly records the fact, and warning is given to all parts of the ship. The man in charge touches a small handle, and an electric bell rings violently in the tank and at the paying-out machinery. At the same time a loud gong is struck, at the sound of which the engines are stopped. Delay might cause much trouble or total failure, as the injured section must be arrested and repaired before it enters the water.

The "Great Eastern" went ahead at the rate of five nautical miles an hour, and the cable passed smoothly overboard. Messages were sent to England and answers received. The weather was bright, and all hands were cheerful. On the third day after the "splicing" of the shore-end with the main cable, that part of the ocean was reached where the water suddenly increases in depth from two hundred and ten fathoms to two thousand and fifty. One of the earlier cables broke at this place and was lost forever. The electricians and engineers watched for it with anxious eyes. It was reached and passed. The black cord still traveled through the wheels unbroken, and the test applied by the galvanometer proved the insulation to be perfect. The days wore away without mishap until the evening of July 17, when the sound of the gong filled all hearts with a sickening fear.

The rain was falling in torrents and pattering on the heavy oil-skin clothing of the watchers. The wind blew in chilly gusts, and the sea broke in white crests of foam. A dense and pitchy cloud issued from the smoke-stacks. The vessel advanced in utter darkness. A few lights were moving about, and shadows fell hither and thither as one of the hands carried a lantern along the sloppy deck. The testing-room was occupied by an electrician, who was quietly working with his magical instrument, and the cable could be heard winding over the wheels astern, as the tinkling of a little bell on the "drum" recorded its progress.

The electrician rose from his seat suddenly, and struck the alarum. The next instant each person on board knew that an accident had happened. The engines were stopped and reversed within two minutes. Blue-lights were burned on the paddle-boxes, and showed a knot in the cable as it lay in the trough.

It is a very intricate knot that an old sailor cannot untie, and the old sailors on the "Great Eastern" twisted and untwisted coil after coil until they succeeded in untying this one. The insulation remained perfect, and in a few hours all was right again. The accident caused much ill foreboding, however, as it showed how slight an occurrence might bring the expedition to a disastrous end.

On July 27, after a voyage of fifteen days, the "Great Eastern" finished her work, and her part of the cable was attacked to the American shore-end, which had been laid by another vessel.—*William H. Rieding, St. Nicholas for March.*

Boys and Their Mothers.

Some one has written beautifully to the boys in the following manner. Here is a whole sermon in a few sentences: "Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure love and noble; honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to 'turn out' bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age, is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sere leaved autumn, as he did in the daisied spring-time."

STORIES FROM JAPAN.

The Life of the Common People—A Delicate Act of Hospitality—Grave Juvenile Advice.

Since, on both occasions, I visited Spain without a single letter of introduction, and traveled chiefly on horseback, it happens that I know nothing whatever of the ways of living common to the middle and higher classes of society. I can only report concerning the domestic habits of the common people, the great bulk of the population.

There was one custom, indeed, prevalent among the better class, which I had an opportunity of learning in Seville and Granada—but I should be doubtful whether it still exists. It is one of those ancient, almost poetic habits of society, which disappear with the increase of travel. It occurred to me several times, on entering a cafe in either of the two cities I have mentioned, that on calling the waiter to pay him for the chocolate, or ice, or whatever else I might have ordered, he replied: "It is paid already, senor." "But who paid it?" was my natural question. The waiter's reply was, invariably, "I don't know who it was." If I then said, "Show me which gentleman it was," he always answered, "He has gone away." It was simply an ancient custom, which suggested the refinined and noble hospitality of the Arab race.

Some native gentleman had perceived that I was a foreigner, and had himself paid my bill as a welcome to Spain. In order that I might feel no obligation, I was not allowed to know him, and the waiter answered me in accordance with this ancient and sacred rule. I have never found, anywhere else in the world, a courtesy so generous and delicate.

The Oriental habit of saying, "My house is yours," or "at your disposal," is retained in spain; and, of course, it must not be taken too literally. So is the universal custom among the people, high and low, of never sitting down to eat without inviting all who may be accidentally present to partake of the cheer. The conventional answer is "Many thanks; may it be good provision for you!" yet if any one, through ignorance or pressing need, should accept, he would certainly receive his share. In traveling from Mexico to Vera Cruz by stage, a good many years ago, I found it almost impossible to pay for a meal. Some one of the native passengers was sure to have settled in advance with the landlord for breakfast or dinner of the whole company. This is not a mere matter of ostentation with the Spanish people, or they would not take such pains to conceal their hospitality. It is an inherited habit, which has almost the force of a religious duty.

In strict connection therewith, another custom prevails, which I first learned in Andalusia. I had hired a horse in Granada, for the journey to Gibraltar by way of Malaga and Ronda, and this included a second horse, with a mozo—groom, guide, companion and servant, in one. I was fortunate in having a gay, lighthearted, honest fellow, who shortened the way for me whenever the rough bridle-path was wide enough for two to ride abreast. When we halted at noon the first day to feed ourselves and the horses, Jose went into the kitchen and helped prepare the meal; then, when all was ready he washed his hands, coolly took a seat at the table, and helped himself to the omelete and stewed kid. I was rather surprised, but said nothing. In the evening the same thing happened again; and finally, on the third day, Jose having become quite free and confidential toward me, said: "You are not like the Englishmen, senor. I have traveled with them, and they won't allow me to eat with them, according to our Spanish custom. Well, when that happens, I don't go into the kitchen, except for myself, and they don't fare as well as you do. I can tell you!" He was right; it is the ordinary habit of the country; and I must say that not only Jose, but all the other attendants I employed in Spain conducted themselves like gentlemen as my companions at meals.

This and other similar customs evidently account for the democratic manners of the Spaniards. Except the Arabs I do not think there is a more dignified and self-possessed race of men in the world. A timid or embarrassed Spaniard is a phenomenon. The man or woman lowest in the social scale—even the beggars in the streets—will talk with a grandee of the blue blood, or the king himself, not only without cringing, but without apparent confusion in manner. One great charm of travel in Spain is the circumstance that the traveler may feel himself perfectly free to speak to every one whom he meets, sure that a civil remark will bring a civil answer, and that an honest, genial manner will lead to immediate, cordial acquaintance. The ease and frankness of the women is something very delightful. I have found the same characteristic among the countrywomen of Sweden, who are of kindred Gothic blood; and it still lingers, as a relic of past manners, in some of the older parts of the country.

In Andalusia the perfect self-possession of the race is more evident than in Catalonia, where, as there is more strength of character, so there is more reticence. The mixture of Saracenic ancestry in the people about Granada and Ronda is clearly to be seen, not only in complexion and features, but in many phrases, which have been simply translated, not changed. The children have the same precocious dignity as in Egypt and Syria. I shall never forget the gravity of a boy of 10, who, after lighting me to my bed in the garret of a little mountain inn, said: "Are you afraid?" I laughed, and answered "No!" "Well," he remarked, "you might get afraid in the night. If you should, just knock on this wall (pointing to it). I sleep in the room on that side, and when I hear you knock I will get up and come to you." Another boy, quite a child, once said to me, with a face like a revival preacher's: "You must not sit near the window. There are depraved people in the streets, and as you are a stranger here, you would not know them, and they might lead you into temptation." The innocence in these cases was so genuine that one could not laugh at the little fellows, but only bless them.—*Bayard Taylor, in N. Y. Tribune.*

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long?"

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

Nebraska City has been shipping an average of ten car loads of stock daily.

Pickled in a Boiling Spring.

How Tom Collette and His Two Companions Enjoyed a Hot Bath.

Tom Collette is a miner, teamster, coal burner, or anything else that is necessary, when he finds that his pocket is growing empty and his larder lean. Tom, with two friends, Joe and Jake, was making a painful journey from Pine Grove, in Esmiralda county, to Eastern Nevada. They camped one afternoon by some hot springs, near Walker Lake, and discovering a hole half full of cold water, near one of the hottest springs, turned the hot water, as it flowed out of the spring, into the hole, until the hot and cold water blending made exactly the right temperature for a bath. Then they plunged in and enjoyed the delicious water as only those can who have traveled over the dusty alkali roads for several days. When they had eaten their supper and lighted their pipes, the theme of their conversation for a long time while they smoked was their bath and the wonderful refreshment which it had brought them. They spread their blankets on a grassy spot behind some willows, a few yards away from the springs, and fell asleep.

Tom was up with the dawn. The memory of the bath was fresh in his mind, and so he bounded from his blankets, and, with a skip and a jump, plunged into the clear water and sank to his neck. Then came a howl of anguish, and he sprang upon the bank with all the agility of a wild cat. In the meantime, his fair skin had changed to the color of a pickled lobster. The hot water had been running all night, all the cold water had been neutralized hours before the dawn, and now the water in the hole was almost of the same temperature as the water in the boiling spring from which it flowed. Tom was in a terrible state. He says: "I thought I was pickled." But he did not hesitate as to the course he should pursue.

With infinite care he drew on his pants and boots. Forcing back tears of anguish, he managed to walk back to camp. Though it wrung his heart, he put on his old-time frank smile as he neared the rendezvous, for Jake was just then sitting up in his blankets, gaping and stretching. Seeing Tom approach, Jake asked where he had been. Tom replied that the recollection of the magnificent bath of the previous evening was so vivid in his memory that he could not think of breaking camp without repeating it, and added:

"It's just lovely, Jake."

Jake did not wait to hear more, but sprang from his bed and rushed away toward the spring. As swiftly as Tom could, he followed, and from behind the willows kept covert watch. He saw Jake throw off his few clothes, spring into the water, heard a yell of anguish, and then saw him with wonderful haste emerge and spring upon the bank, and vainly try, by swift applications of his hands to different points of his body, to arrest the intolerable pain, swearing and crying all the time.

At last Jake managed to get into his clothes and started for camp. Meeting Tom, he began with fierce invective to upbraid him for his deception. But Tom cut him short in an instant. "Hush up," said he, "would you bawl like a calf and give us away, when I want to cook that other son of a gun up in the camp?"

Soothed by this, Jake grew quiet, and both leisurely proceeded to camp. By this time Joe had commenced to rouse up, and, seeing the others approach, asked them where they had been. Tom answered cheerfully, and was holding his pantaloons away from his body in the rear at the time: "Do you think we could break camp without one more magnificent swim? Not much."

At this, Joe, getting up, cried: "Not much, you bet!" and dashed away toward the spring.

As he disappeared behind the willows, Tom sprang for his pistol, and said to Jake: "Get your gun, quick; it will mean business when Joe comes back."

In a few seconds Joe did come back. He was crying and cursing furiously, and never stopped until he caught up his pistol.

"Drop it," said Tom, "I have a dead bead on you, and so has Jake. Besides, I took all the caps off your gun."

The difficulty was finally adjusted; but the trio took their breakfast standing that morning, and, to spare the mules, they did not ride much for the succeeding three days.

Old Roman Brickwork.

There is no doubt as to the antiquity of the arch, pointed or round—the former shape originates in the gable, and is exemplified by every child as he begins his house of cards. It is also the most natural form for "horizontal" vaultings, built or left in a wall; the true or radiating arch, built of wedge-shaped blocks, being naturally adapted to the circular shape. The Romans never used any form but this, and the Cloaca Maxima consists of three arches of this construction, one within another. Great constructions, like the vaults of Mycenæ and Tiryns, hewn, as it were, out of the solid substance of a wall, and supported as a part of it, and not as wedge-like blocks by their own coherence, have nothing to do with the transition of the true arch from Greek to Gothic. And there was this special fitness in the radiating arch for Christian and Northern Gothic work, that it lent itself in particular to architecture of domestic character and minor materials. Baths and cloacæ could not and need not all be carried out in the Pentelic marble which Attic temples had at hand. The utilitarian buildings of Rome are made admirable and impressive by scale and skill in rough material, and in them we pass in some degree from the impressions of beauty into those of disciplined and proportioned force. The Pantheon, as combining both in the highest degree, must be forever considered to hold the same position in Latin and derivative architecture as the Parthenon in pure Greek. But less costly materials had to be used on a great scale throughout the empire. The magnitude of Roman buildings was necessary to the greatness of Rome, and her citizens not only used the travertine of their own hills, but applied themselves vigorously to brick making. Brick edifices were so common in Rome up to the Augustan age as to give occasion to the Emperor's boast that her (or, more properly, Vipsarious Agrippa), had found Rome of brick (lateritiam) and left her of marble, or, rather, incrusted with it. It was necessary to mold bricks for the radiating arches. The thin, well-burned "tetradoron" or "pentadoron" tile answered every purpose, could be worked in anyhow, or be manufactured anywhere; and, with its fresh cement of lime, burned on the day of using, was almost imperishable. The arch, says Ferguson, was never properly understood till the Roman tiles were used for it. As with Babylonian bricks of more distant time, they were duly dated, with time and place, maker's name and Consulate, and are often important chronological evidence. The twenty second legion has been traced through a great part of Germany, by the bricks which bear its name. Bricks of the sixth and ninth legions are found at York, and dates thus obtained have been found of great value in determining the period of Christian sepulchral chambers, as in the chambers of St. Domitilla, which contains dated tiles of Hadrian's reign. Mr. Parker's photographs of the House of Pudens contains excellent specimens of first and second century brick or tile work, and illustrate its excellent application to radiating arches. The use of less splendid material seems in time to have worked both ways, and ministered to pride of science instead of pride of State. Mr. Street has explained, in a manner equally interesting and convincing, how the progress of architectural skill in building vast structures with bricks or stones of small size, no larger than a man could carry, gradually engrossed attention, so that the men began to vie with each other it wonder-working ingenuities of construction, and to think less of sculpture and painting, or expression of solemn or inventive thought.—*Contemporary Review.*

Huxley on Technical Education.

Recently Prof. Huxley delivered a lecture in London on the subject "Technical Education," and for many years, he said, he had practiced a form of industry which required a very considerable amount of those qualities which were requisite to make a successful practitioner. His particular handicraft was anatomy, and probably that needed as much delicacy of hand and accuracy of eye as any of the pursuits that were followed by his audience. If the most skilled watchmaker among them were to come to his workshop or laboratory, and bring a watch to be put together as a job for him, and if he (Prof. Huxley) were to set him, in return, to dissect the nervous system of a black beetle [laughter] he fancied the chances would be that he (the Professor) would have done his work to the satisfaction of the watchmaker before the watchmaker had performed his task to his. [Laughter.] To those who would like to learn the business of an anatomist, it was necessary that they should have a good and sound knowledge of the elements of physical science, that was to say, of the properties and characters of natural objects, with a knowledge of drawing and of foreign languages, and, above all, that vigor and elasticity of mind which were the special properties of youth, as men who were ageing now knew to their cost—he meant that power of looking at things in different ways without having had their freshness and vigor washed out of them by the sort of intellectual debauchery which was to be found in the present day in the mere sant grinding for examinations. [Hear, hear.] Young people were made to use their brains before they were perfectly set, and so by the time that the strain and pressure of life came upon them the spring of their intellectual faculties had gone. It had been said of early risers that they were conceited all the morning and stupid all the afternoon. [Laughter.] Whether that was true he did not know, but it was certain in his experience that students who were made to rise too early intellectually, to get too early at the tops of their classes were apt to be conceited and stupid as had been described. It was necessary before a youth took to any particular business, to ascertain what were the talents he possessed, and whether he had a natural aptitude for that which he was about to follow. The great system of universal education now established in this country must be regarded as one—if one, the one—of the greatest events of the century, as certainly it was one of the most important of "British interests" to be conserved. [Laughter.] It would put down, as it were, the Bashi-Bazouks of ignorance on the one hand, and the Cossacks of secularism on the other. [Hear, hear.] The method of teaching at the present time, compared to what it was forty years ago, was really marvelous, and now the very poorest child obtained that knowledge for a mere trifle which the middle classes had to pay dearly for years ago. The present state of things afforded a nucleus out of which a satisfactory system of technical education could develop itself. The Government of the country were doing possibly as much as it was expedient they should do, but he thought that where action was incomplete, private help or the aid of the great corporate bodies of the country should be given. The talents of youths of real genius should be fostered for the benefit of mankind at large, irrespective of any monetary cost. Men like Faraday, Davy, or Watt were not to be estimated by the value of money. A system of small and insignificant exhibitions would do much to inculcate and improve love of science.

A Romance of Alaska.

A young man who was in Alaska some four years ago, fell in love with the only young lady on the island, a girl of fifteen, who was possessed of extraordinary beauty, and whose hair fell below her knees. But he was unable to communicate the "old, old story" to her, for she did not understand a word of English, nor did he speak Russian. In his dilemma the arrival of the priest on his once-in-two-years visit was a god-send, and to him he made known his love. The priest, knowing the young man to be possessed of a high character, and a fair fortune, thought it was a lucky chance for the young lady to escape from a life of such isolation, and he willingly persuaded the girl's mother (her father was dead) to consent to the match. The young lady herself was not to be persuaded. She argued that she had never spoken to the young man who expressed such a desire to be her husband, had only seen him twice, and he had been on the island only forty-eight days, but her objections were overruled, and the marriage took place. After living in Alaska for several months, the young man brought his bride to his home, in Cleveland, Ohio. She was astonished at the fashions she saw, and declared that nothing would induce her to wear her hair otherwise than flowing—as she had always worn it. But before twenty-four hours had passed her mother-in-law had persuaded her to try the effect of braids around her broad and shapely head, and now she dresses as much in the fashions as any lady in Cleveland. Last year her husband went to Alaska again, and brought home the youngest sister, who is eleven years of age, and promises to be as beautiful as the elder. The mother, bereft of both of her children, still clings to her home on one of the islands of Alaska.—*Portland Transcript.*

A fire at Greenville, Miss., Jan. 23d, destroyed several stores. Loss, $25,000.