

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

WEEKLY PAPER, PUBLISHED BY THE CHIEF.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Nebraska.

Gen. Geo. H. Roberts is on a lecturing tour through the State.

They caught a catfish on a trot line in Nebraska City, which weighed 110 pounds.

The contractors of Lincoln assert that the cottages will be built in that city this season for rent.

It is reported that Columbus is improving fast, and that the trade of the merchants is good.

The B. & M. railroad company are planning to lease cultivated lands for 25 and 50 cents per acre.

A company has been organized to build and operate a narrow-gauge railroad from Columbus up the Loup Valley.

There are four female convicts in the Nebraska penitentiary. Two are from Omaha, one from Kearney, and one from Wayne Co.

The citizens of Pawnee City have contributed largely for immigration purposes, being given a bonus of \$1,500 for a new steam sawing mill.

The cherry, apple, plum and peach trees in Holt county, are loaded with bloom. The prospect for fruit is generally good throughout the State.

The skeleton of that mammoth animal recently discovered a few miles west of Omaha, on the Union Pacific is being dug up for shipment to Yale College, at whose expense the work is being done. The skeleton is 100 feet long. It is not a petrification, but actual bones.

Hon. J. B. Webster, late Attorney General has been suspended from practice in the Supreme Court for contempt of court, for the use of language construed by the court to be contempt.

Iowa Militia.

Adjutant General Looby has issued general orders for the reorganization of the militia, in accordance with the law enacted by the last General Assembly. The following is the designation of the brigades and the details for the election, as quoted from the general order:

I. That Second, Third and Fifth Regiments of Infantry, and Batteries B, H, I, K and M will constitute the First Brigade, situated by companies in the following named counties:

II. Second Regiment, Companies A, Lee county; C, Van Buren; D, Washington; E, Appanoose; F, Louisa; G, Poweshiek.

III. Third Regiment, Companies A, B, D and G, Polk county; C, Grand; E, Jasper; F, Boone; G, Guthrie; H, Cass and Company A, Leosby Home Guards (colored) Polk county.

IV. Fifth Regiment, Companies A, C and D, Wapello; B, Davis; E, Jefferson; F, Grundy; G, Clarke; H, Montgomery; I, Marion.

Batteries B, Van Buren; H, Des Moines; M, Polk; I, Wapello; K, Pottawattamie.

VI. All the organized militia in the First Brigade will meet at their respective armories, or at such place as their commanders may designate, and proceed to cast their votes for one Brigadier General, to command the First Brigade, and one Major General, to command the same.

VII. The 1st, 4th, 6th and 7th Regiments of Infantry, Companies A and B, First Cavalry, and Batteries A, C, D, E, F, G and I, will constitute the Second Brigade, situated in the following named counties:

VIII. First Regiment, Companies A, D, G and H, Benton county; B, F, H and C, Lincoln; L and M, Marshall; E and I, Black Hawk.

IX. Fourth Regiment, Companies A, B and E, Dubuque; C, Delaware; D, Clayton; F, Allamakee; G, Winnebago; H and I, Buchanan.

X. Sixth Regiment, Companies A and K, Cerro Gordo county; B, Mitchell; C, Chickasaw; D, Howard; F, Worth; G, Bremer; H, Franklin; I, Winnebago; L, Floyd.

XI. Seventh Regiment, Companies A, H and I, Woodbury; F, and D, Plymouth; C, Osceola; E, and G, Humboldt.

XII. Company A, Infantry, Clinton County (unattached), and Companies A, First Cavalry, Dubuque, and B, First Cavalry, Jackson.

XIII. Battery A, First Light Artillery, Chickasaw; C, Clinton; D, Howard; E, Webster; F, Marshall; G, Linn; L, Clayton.

XIV. All the organized militia in the Second Brigade will meet at their respective armories, or at such place as their commanders may designate, and proceed to cast their votes for one Brigadier General to command the Second Brigade, and one Major General to command the same.

XV. All voting shall be by ballot, and no voting by proxy shall be legal.

XVI. The elections above named will take place Tuesday, April 23, 1878, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 6 p. m.

XVII. All the election returns to be made to the Adjutant General's office within ten days after said election.

An Illinois Centennial.

The proposal that Illinois should centennially celebrate, on the next Fourth of July, her private deliverance from British thralldom, at first sounds like a Western joke. But the proposal is serious, and rests on a basis of history. Kaskaskia, the oldest settlement in what is now Illinois, was, at the outbreak of the Revolution, occupied as our outpost by a British garrison, which was withdrawn to Detroit on the small invasion of Canada in 1775. The small defensive force, however, was still left there, under the command of Rocheblanc, a Frenchman. On the 4th of January, 1778, Colonel George Rogers Clark of Virginia, on the recommendation of Jefferson, Mason, and Wythe, pushed out into the extreme West with four companies of Virginia troops, and on the 4th of July reached and captured Kaskaskia. Thence he moved to Vincennes, and there prepared for another campaign, but was driven out by an advance of the British from Detroit under Lieutenant Governor Hamilton. The latter announced his purpose of recovering the Illinois region, but Colonel Clark again marched against him from Kaskaskia, and recovered Vincennes in the following February. Governor Jefferson sent re-enforcements from Virginia and North Carolina, and Illinois remained in American possession. —N. Y. Sun.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, of New York, claims 119,000 acres of land in Kentucky, Virginia, and Ohio, or its equivalent—\$30,000,000. She has put her claims in the hands of a prosecutor, and suits are to be instituted at once against the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and other corporations and individuals. Mrs. Miller claims to be the heir of John Young, a contractor who furnished the navy with hard-tack in 1812, and who invested his surplus funds in wild lands of the West.

The Head of the Family.

If ever sympathy of a crowd of guests at a hotel was excited in behalf of a poor oppressed man, it was a night or two ago at the Burnet House. A gentleman and lady from Adrian entered the office. The man was small, slight, smooth-tongued, and harmless. The woman was large, stern, and quick-spoken, while her voice fell upon the ear like the rasping notes of a hoarse buccaw. The man opened his mouth and said:

"We would like—when his spouse pushed him one side sharply and said to the clerk:

"Have you any rooms air? If so, give us the best you have."

The clerk immersed the pen in ink, and handed it to her husband, and said:

"Will you please register?" The husband seemed grateful to be allowed to exercise his right as a free-born American citizen, and stepping gladly forward wrote the word "Mr.," and had entered upon the somewhat laborious contract of forming the letter "J," as the forerunner of the cognomen "James," when the wife again stepped forward,

took the pen which her little husband was wrestling with out of his hand, remarking as she did so, "Here I'll do that!" and adding an "s" to her husband's "Mr.," wrote in a bold hit-or-miss hand, "Mrs. Malvina H.—,"

and underneath it in small caps the words, "and husband." The clerk then assigned them their quarters, and, as the bell boy led the way up stairs, the better half jerked the family carpet sack off the counter and snapped out at her husband in a tone that made him jump so as to dislocate his collar button.

"Come along here!" He followed meekly in the rear, and as the bell boy came down stairs he could hear her giving out orders in reference to unpacking the baggage in a tone of voice that made the hoarse notes of a boisterous ship captain seem in comparison like the gentle cooing of a dove. The next morning the patient little man followed his wife down to breakfast, at the meal which she ordered for him, and afterward, when she came to depart, he stood in the doorway and held the valise while his wife went up and paid the bill. —Toledo Blade.

Poison Literature.

From the Arabian Nights Entertainments, Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver, to the trash now current under the name of dime novels, and which also filters through flashy weeklies into the family circle, is a descent which none would willingly take at a leap. It is a descent that none would be able to take at a leap even if willing. The old story books first named are, of course, an appeal to the imagination, but they are in themselves so grotesque, and so notoriously devoid of the probable that even the youthful reader is always aware that he is being chaffed for his amusement.

A gentleman having put the Arabian Nights into the hand of a boy of ten who had an insatiable thirst for books, asked the youthful student what he thought of the stories. "Oh," said the boy, "they are wonderful—wonderful; but, then, I don't believe a word of them."

The charm of the old extravaganzas lies in their amusing without unduly exciting and perverting the imaginative faculty. The danger that lurks in the modern dime novel is that it uses bad boys and bad men for its heroes, and by keeping always within the curriculum of crime as it may be derived from police annals, gives a strong realistic coloring to the events recorded. —Philadelphia North American.

The Unfortunate Not the Most Unhappy.

It was long ago found out that those people who, according to their own stories are the most unfortunate, are, by no means, the most unhappy. All of us know what it is to enjoy the luxury of a grievance, but there are some of whom it is justly said, that they are unhappy unless they are miserable. I have a friend who seems to me one of the most contented of mortals. He is a painter by profession; he does not paint well, but his pictures find a ready market, and he is pleased with them himself. He likes his pictures, but he likes better his misfortunes. There is nothing that delights him so much as to tell about some calamity that has just struck him. Every time we meet he brings out a precious morsel of this kind for my entertainment. He was just finishing his most profitable order when somebody knocked over the easel and plumped a hole through the "Sleeping Beauty's" left cheek; or, the savings bank went up with all his earnings for the past winter; or, a "hall thief" walked off with his new ulster; or, the Academy hung his best picture over the south door in the corridor. When I first knew him, I used to make light of these unpleasant experiences; I tried to "chirk him up a bit," as they say in New England. But I soon found that comfort was not what he wanted.

I know a man whose first play was accidentally damned. If that play had succeeded, he would have had a career! Over how many lives has there been thrown a pleasing melancholy, by the inability to obtain a publisher. A young friend of mine is trying to get a volume of amiable amateur essays published; I am sure that it will be a sad day for him if his desire is gratified. Years ago, a young American musician was struggling to obtain a musical education. His friends thought, and he was sure, that if he could only enjoy the advantages of foreign study, he would turn out a tremendous fellow. Enough money was got together finally to enable him to obtain the education he needed. He came back from Germany, and began to play at concerts, and to publish "pieces." But it proved that the musical personality which had, at last, been given a means of expression was not a beautiful one. There was something hideous in the man's compositions. The ugliness that existed in his early attempts at expression had been supposed to be the result merely of his lack of training. But it was finally evident that this unpleasantness was inherent. The better he learned to express himself the worse he was off. His life, from being merely pathetic, turned into something tragic. —"The Old Cabinet" Scribner for March.

The spring cattle drive in Texas will number 223,400.

Mary's Little Lamb.

This is the last week of the spinning bee at the Old South meeting house, and the children will be interested in the following story, which is substantially correct, except that the lamb fed upon a more singular beverage than milk, namely, catnip tea. Mary has at some inconvenience promised to come each day this week, if possible, so as not to disappoint the children. Friday will be her seventy-second birthday.

Who would have believed that the little pet lamb which followed Mary everywhere would now be helping to save the Old South church? All children know the old song:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

And many of them know that there is in Boston an old church, on Washington street, at the corner of Milk. The land upon which it stands is worth a great sum of money, and as the property was offered for sale, there was much danger that the house would be torn down to make room for a block of stores. The old church has been so famous in the history of Massachusetts that there was a strong feeling against tearing it down, and to save it a number of women of wealth bought it, pledging over \$400,000. For months they have been hard at work in a great many ways to pay for it. For several weeks past "Aunt Tabitha" has held a spinning bee in the church. Three or four old ladies, who were famous spinners in their young days, when it was the custom to wear homespun garments, have had their hutchels and reels and wheels, and have spun for the people. A great many have watched them at their work each afternoon. To add to the attractions of the exhibition, the old ladies have been dressed in the styles which were common when they were young, and have worked in an old-time kitchen, with its open fire-place and glowing logs.

Among the visitors one day was the real Mary, who, when a little girl, had the pet lamb for her own. She was very willing to tell the story; suppose we listen with the rest. Little Mary's name was Mary Sawyer, and she lived in Sterling, Massachusetts. She is now Mrs. Tyler, of Somerville, a vigorous lady over seventy years old. One morning she went out to the barn and found two little lambs which had been born in the night; one was so weak and small that her father said it was of no use to try to save it. He gave it to her care, promising that if it lived it should be her lamb. Mary took it into the house, wrapped it up, laid it in a warm place, and fed it carefully with milk. All day she watched it, and all night too. In the morning how glad she was to hear her father say that the lamb would live!

It was no wonder that the pet lamb loved its small mistress, and wanted to go everywhere with her. The day that it went to school, and was turned out, it happened that a young man was there who saw the whole, and who wrote out the whole story the children know so well. The lamb lived and thrived and had lambs of its own, it ran in the fields with the cattle, till one day a cow, with sharp horns, while playing, tossed it in the air, and it fell bleeding at the feet of Mary who happened to be in the field. With deep grief she watched its life go out. From the lamb's wool a quantity of yarn had been spun, and Mrs. Tyler brought some of it to Aunt Tabitha's bee, and sold it at twenty-five cents for each piece, so that up to last week Mary's little lamb had earned \$60 toward paying for the Old South church in Boston. This is the true story of Mary's little lamb. —Boston Advertiser.

Huxley as a Handicraftsman.

"Technical education," in the sense in which the term is ordinarily used, and in which I am now employing it, means that sort of education which is specially adapted to the needs of men whose business it is in life to pursue some kind of handicraft; it is, in fact, a fine Greco-Latin equivalent for what in good vernacular English would be called "the teaching of handicrafts."

And probably, at this stage of our progress, it may occur to many of you to think of the story of the cobbler and his last, and to say to yourselves, though you will be too polite to put the question openly to me, "What does the speaker know practically about this matter? What is his handicraft?"

I think the question is a very proper one, and, unless I were prepared to answer it, I hope satisfactorily, I should have chosen some other theme.

The fact is, I am, and have been any time these thirty years, a man who works with his hands—a handicraftsman. I do not say this in the broadly metaphorical sense in which fine gentlemen, with all the delicacy of Agag about them, trip to the hustings about election time, and protest that they, too, are working-men. I really mean my words to be taken in their direct, literal, and straightforward sense. In fact, if the most nimble-fingered watchmaker among you will come to my workshop, he may set me to put a watch together, and I will set him to dissect, say, a black-beetle's nerves. I do not wish to vaunt, but I am inclined to think that I shall manage my job to his satisfaction sooner than he will do his piece of work to mine. —Popular Science Monthly.

American Aristocracy.

It may be a consolation to "stuck-up people," whose greatest boast is that they never engaged in any useful employment, to be told of the following facts:

Washington was a surveyor and farmer.

Franklin was a printer.

Paine was a stay-maker.

Green was a blacksmith.

Warren was a physician.

Sampter was a shepherd.

Roger Sherman was a shoemaker.

Marion, Putnam, Allen and Stark were farmers.

Hancock was a shipping merchant.

Trumbull was an artist.

Arnold (who thought a traitor, was a brave man and a good general) was a druggist and book seller.

The Khedive's sixth son is in England, studying for admission to the Woolwich Military Academy.

The Madman of the Woods.

In the fall of 186—, just before our winter logging campaign vague rumors were afloat about a raving maniac, escaped from some asylum, who, it was said, had taken to the woods, and was committing depredations upon the farmers.

He was described as a very large and powerful man, armed with a huge bludgeon, said to be larger than a three-year sapling, with which he had killed several oxen, and desperately wounded one man who had had the hardihood to attack him.

The day before we started for the logging-camp we were all startled by the intelligence that a man answering the description of this supposed myth had been seen only ten miles distant, and the morning of our start, a messenger from our next neighbor, three miles away, summoned us to aid him in the capture of this creature, who, just at dusk, the evening before, had, in full sight of one of his men, stolen a sheep and rushed in the forest with it, uttering a fierce yell.

A fierce mastiff had been set on him, which he instantly killed by a blow from his heavy club, and entered thick underbrush, into which no one dared follow him. Here he uttered such terrible shrieks as startled the bravest among the men who had started in pursuit.

Although it caused a great disarrangement of our plans, we responded to the call, and twelve men, I among them, started the next morning on snowshoes (for the snow was two or three feet deep) to the aid of our afflicted neighbor.

Arrived there, we found everything in confusion, for the madman had entered the stable during the absence of the men at breakfast, and ridden off a horse at full speed up the road, which had afterward returned, covered with foam, and so thoroughly scared that every slight noise caused him to cower and tremble.

We all adjourned to the stable to look at the horse, and then started in the direction the "destroyer of our peace" had taken. We each wore snowshoes, and carried a gun, though we were strictly forbidden to use them unless it became absolutely necessary for our own safety. A supply of rope was also taken, to be used in case of his capture.

We had proceeded up the road for half a mile or more, when we came to an indentation in the soft snow by the side of the road, where the maniac had evidently been thrown from the horse.

A rail fence near had been dragged down and evidently buried at the retreating figure of the animal.

From this place we could easily follow the trail of the man, who had sunk deep in the snow at every step, and entered the woods but a short distance from the road.

Here we eagerly followed, and very shortly were painfully made aware of the presence of the object of our search, who had secreted himself behind a large pine stump. When the first man passed him, he sprang upon him and bore him into the snow. We all together dragged him off, but tried in vain to hold him down. He threw us all off, and, knocking two or three men down, disappeared into the thick forest.

The man whom he had so savagely attacked was not seriously hurt, but we all agreed that it would be useless to follow the wild man, as we could not effect his capture without some of us being severely injured.

We accordingly returned home and carried out the programme of the day, and by three o'clock had arrived at the lumber camp.

Here everything went well for awhile, and we were just getting well under way with our logging, when the wild man again made his presence known in an unexpected, and, as it proved, fatal way. We had thought it barely possible that he might visit our camp, but as two or three weeks had passed, and we were eight or nine miles from where he had last been seen, we had entirely given up the idea.

Our method of logging was to cut a road from our timber to the nearest creek, and haul the logs on to the ice, there to wait for the spring freshet. The snow on the sides of these roads often became six or eight feet high, and it was then impossible to turn out on either side, hence we had "switches" at regular intervals, where each empty team waited till the loaded sled passed.

It was about four o'clock, and already becoming dusk, on Thursday of our third week, that I was taking my last load down to the ice. A short distance behind came Jim Hayden with another load. I was but a few rods from the "switch" when I heard a terrible scream of boisterous laughter.

The thought that it was the madman instantly forced itself upon me, and upon looking around, I saw the six yoke of oxen tearing madly down the road towards me. (It was down grade.) They were heavily-loaded, and atop the logs stood the madman, plying the whip and uttering such fearful yells as fairly made my blood run cold.

I immediately perceived that if I did not get my load into the switch before he passed, a terrible catastrophe would be the result, and I therefore hurried the oxen as much as possible; but despite my efforts, I had only succeeded in getting partly in when the twelve oxen struck the end of the logs with a heavy crash, killing the off oxen of the two middle teams instantly, and throwing my oxen down.

The madman was thrown from the sled, and struck my load on his back, where he lay groaning heavily. The oxen kept on in their mad career, carrying their dead comrades with them and ran on to the ice, where the impetus of the heavy load forced them over some of the logs, when the "nigh-for-a-d" ox broke a leg. The remaining cattle tore away from the sled, and dragged their dead and wounded companions into the woods, where we afterwards found them.

When my oxen were thrown, I slipped the bolt from the "evever," so that in case they should stampede the sled would be safe. They ran a few yards and stopped, just as our whole party came up, out of breath, carrying their weapons and inquiring for the madman. I pointed to the top of the load, and one of the men climbed up and found

him dead. His back had been broken.

I inquired for Jim, and was informed that the madman had crept upon him as he was walking by the side of his team, and had killed him with a heavy beetle, and thrown his body against a tree.

The parents of young Hayden were wild with grief, and blamed us all severely. He was their oldest son and chief support.

We advertised the death of the maniac in the nearest city papers, and a week or ten days afterward heard from his relatives.

He had been a wealthy physician in the State of New York, with a large practice, but had lost his reason through giving a patient poison by mistake.

On hearing of Jim's death, the brother of the maniac made the Haydens a present of five thousand dollars. He also paid for all the damage his brother had done elsewhere.

After everything had been settled we went back to our logging, and although we were very successful, that winter was the dark one of my life.

Joy in the House of Giddings.

Mr. Giddings has just discovered how near heaven can get to earth sometimes, and it now looks to him very much as though a large slice of the kingdom of bliss had cut loose from its moorings and anchored in his own home.

Mr. Giddings is a father—the father of a boy, and it is his first offense.

There ain't a word in the dictionary big enough to tell how happy Mr. Giddings is—not even if put in capitals as long as a cane.

The morning after the little stranger took up its residence under his roof Mr. Giddings was a changed man. The sky had a brighter glow, the fire burned better, and it took very little food to satisfy hunger. His heart was so full of joy that his wits were crowded out, and it was several hours before he could bring himself to believe that it was not all a tantalizing vision, too bright for earth. He—Thomas Harrison Giddings—a mere boy in the world's battle, blessed with the ownership of the little cherry-colored cherub who was at that moment experimenting with its lungs in the next apartment! No, it couldn't be. He was asleep, and would soon wake up and find it all a dream. He seemed determined, though, to get the full benefit of the vision while it lasted, and every five or ten minutes would go into the chamber of honor, and insist that the nurse should let him look again upon the face of the babe, and then after chirruping to the youngster for a moment or two without receiving any more notice in return than if he had been the least important person in the world, he would go out into the fresh air, and walk around more dazed than before. But presently he was back in the room again, feasting his eyes and building castles in the air. Looking up suddenly after watching the child several minutes, trying to swallow its chubby fists, he said to the companion of his ecstasy: "Linda, ain't it a pretty one?"

"Yes, dear, and the very image of you, too, I think," said Mrs. G.

"It seems to me as though it looks a good deal like Uncle Nate," suggested Mr. G., referring to the only wealthy relative he could lay kin to.

"Perhaps it does across the forehead, but its eyes and nose are yours exactly; and any one could see that its mouth and ears are shaped like yours."

Mr. Giddings felt that his mind was in too much of a bewildering whirl to attend to his business duties that day, and so after breakfast he went down to the store to get excused. No wonder the people looked at him in the most interested perplexity that morning as he strode along, lifting his feet as high as a flour barrel at every step. Mr. Giddings felt his importance and made it manifest to all who saw him.

On the way down town he stepped into a barber-shop to get shaved, and ordered the barber, in a voice that well-nigh smote him to the earth, to set his whiskers Victor Emanuel style. Up to this time Mr. G.'s first mustache had been too timid to withstand the buffetting jeers of a cold and unsympathetic world more than four or five weeks at a stretch.

The bootblack was also aroused from dozing in the corner and ordered to give him such a shine as eye had never seen before. This was a new piece of extravagance to Mr. Giddings, for his salary was not fat, and his own muscle had hitherto inspired whatever brilliancy his boots had known.

Mr. Giddings went to the store and shook hands with the other clerks till his arm ached, and for the first time he found himself able to stand in the presence of the great proprietor without feeling like a poor boy in his first new coat. He seemed walking on air, and smiled until his mouth got sore and his ears felt crooked. But several of the clerks who had been married so long that their hearts had petrified, collected in one corner of the store and put on long faces, and cast ominous looks of mock sympathy upon the joyous parent, and when he came over to be congratulated by them, they all looked as sad as a cold dinner; and sighed like the echo of a blighted life, while one of them remarked in a voice as cold and cheerless as the edict of fate—

"You needn't smile in this crowd, young man."

And then they all sighed and shook their heads, and said it was too bad that trouble should overhaul him so early in life. This threw something of a damper upon Mr. G.'s buoyant spirit; but he got free of the depressing company as soon as possible, and hurried back home to see if the child had grown any. On the way he stopped to buy a high chair and some other things he thought would be needed, not forgetting a rattle-box and a gum-ring, and partially closing the bargain for a baby carriage on weekly payments. When his purchases were shown to Mrs. Gensely, the nurse, she looked at him in pity and said:

"Well, what fools men is, anyhow."

Dream on, Mr. Giddings, and bask in the bright sunshine of hope while you can. May the day never come when your castles of golden promise will crumble and tumble! —Breakfast Table.

Leroy Rathburn, aged 19, accidentally and fatally shot himself in Hancock county, Iowa, March 31st.

Production and Composition of Opium.

Opium is the juice of the poppy, and as there are many varieties of the poppy so too are there many kinds of opium; the mode of collecting the juices, however, always the same. In Egypt, Syria, and India, the three countries which produce opium, a number of semicircular incisions are made in the capsule of the poppy, and the juice which exudes is carefully gathered. This juice, on being dried in the sun, becomes of a dark color, thickens, and forms a brown, firm paste; this is opium. Laudanum is a solution of opium in alcohol and water. Both opium and laudanum are to be regarded as a mixture of several similar but not identical substances. Since the time of Beronse (1804) and Robiquet (1817), who first isolated narcotine and morphine, chemists have very carefully investigated the different chemical compounds occurring in opium. Thus far they have discovered codeine, narcotine, thebaine, papaverine, and other substances, all of them bases, i. e., bodies that unite with acids to form crystallizable salts.

These bases do not all affect in the same way the organic functions. Thus narcotine possesses very little or no soporific power; two grammes of it can be injected without perceptible effect, while a centigramme of morphine is quite sufficient to produce therapeutic and physiological results. Thebaine does not cause sleep, and in animals produces convulsions like those caused by strychnine, while morphine in the same dose produces deep comatose sleep. Another curious thing about these opium alkaloids is, that they do not act alike on man and animals, as has been demonstrated by Claude Bernard. Man is specially sensitive to the action of morphine, while thebaine is almost without effect upon his nervous system; animals, on the other hand, feel the effects of morphine only when it is given in large doses, while thebaine is for them a violent poison. So, too, with belladonna, and atropine, its active principle, they are a deadly poison for man, but almost without effect on rabbits; the dose of atropine that would suffice to kill ten men would hardly be enough to kill one rabbit. The difference is not so great with respect to morphine, yet morphine specially affects man; hence in this article we will consider only this one opium alkaloid. —CHARLES ROBERT, in Popular Science Monthly for March.

Human Jawbones as Trophies.

The head of an enemy is of inconceivable bulk; and when the journey home is long there arises a question—cannot proof that an enemy has been killed be given by carrying back a part only? In some places the savage infers that it can, and acts on the inference.

This modification and its meaning are well shown in Ashantee, where "the general in command sends to the capital the jawbones of the slain enemies," and as Ramseyer further tells us, "a day of rejoicing occurred on July 3, when nineteen loads of jawbones arrived from the seat of war as trophies of victory." When first found, the Tahitians, too, carried away the jawbones of their enemies; and Cook saw fifteen of them fastened up at the end of a house. Similarly of Vate, where "the greater the chief, the greater the display of bones," we read that, if a slain enemy was "one who spoke ill of the chief, his jaws are hung up in the chief's house as a trophy;" a tacit threat to others who vilified him. A recent account of another Papuan race inhabiting Boigu, on the coast of New Guinea, further illustrates the practice and also its social effect. Mr. Stone writes: "By nature these people are bloody and warlike among themselves, frequently making raids to the 'Big Land,' and returning in triumph with the heads and jawbones of their slaughtered victims, the latter becoming the property of the murderer, and the former of him who decapitates the body. The jawbone is consequently held as the most valued trophy, and the more a man possesses the greater he becomes in the eyes of his fellow-men." It may be added that, by the Tupis of South America, trophies of an allied kind were worn. In honoring a victorious warrior, "among some tribes they rubbed his pulse with one of the dead, and hung the mouth upon his arm like a bracelet." —Popular Science Monthly.

Railroad Expenses that Might be Cut Down.

A brakeman talks good sense when he says that railroad managers can cut down some of their expensive ways with good benefit to their stockholders, as well as by cutting down the wages of the men. He instances one extravagance—special trains and special cars for themselves and families to ride in. Wagner and Pullman cars are not good enough for some of these magnates—they must have their sumptuous and luxurious palaces on wheels, and must be run by special engines, and every thing and everybody must get out of the way for them. He says:

"Mr.—thinks no more of ordering locomotive 1,001 hooked to car 2,002 than he does of ordering his coachman to harness his bay mare to his road wagon for a drive. Last winter he used to roll from Philadelphia to New York in this grand style to attend the races, whenever the performance promised to be sufficiently attractive for his elegant taste, and then he would steam back after it was over. It cost about \$180 to make the run, and five or six specials a month knock the bottom out of another \$1,000. Now \$2,000 a month for private cars and specials is rather precipitous. It is ten per cent. of \$20,000, or the pay of four hundred men at \$50 per month. And this amounts to saying that the ten per cent. saved by reducing the wages of four hundred men on this division, never gets so far as the