

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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HERE AND THERE.

SENATOR MORRILL, of Vermont, says he knows a man who will be entitled to \$18,000 under the back pension act...

A SAN FRANCISCO man, who was sued for the value of half-a-dozen shirts made to his order, pleaded a misfit, and appeared on the witness-stand wearing one of the garments. He won the case.

THE heading of an account in a San Francisco newspaper of a mining accident, "One Man and Twelve Chinese Killed," is an indication of the ruling prejudice on the Pacific coast.

OVER the frozen surface of the Niagara River smugglers in sleighs have been carrying petroleum into Canada and bringing back tobacco. Arrests of suspected parties have just been made in Buffalo.

A RICHMOND (Va.) woman of 85 gave birth to a child recently. Her husband is about the same age. They have four or five children, all of whom are grown, and the youngest possibly 40 or 50 years old.

A LITTLE girl in Hartford, while suffering from a severe attack of mumps, held a kitten in her lap and constantly caressed it. In a few days the face of the kitten began to swell and there were mumps for two.

A NUMBER of young citizens of Zurich, Switzerland, have started for Georgia, where it is proposed to establish a Swiss colony under the auspices of the Workmen's Society. Others will follow.

ONE hundred and twenty-five families from Sharon, Pa., will locate in the spring upon Government land near Glyndon, Iowa. The heads of the families were former employees of the large iron-mills near Pittsburg.

ONE of the applicants for a divorce, at Galesburg, Ill., the other day, was a lady who said she had lived with her husband 18 years, and all the clothes he had bought her was a bunch of hair-pins and a tooth-brush.

THE Supreme Court of Tennessee has just decided that the rents and profits of the estate of a married woman, not settled upon her for her sole benefit and use, are subject to the payment of the debts of her husband.

IN one of the Brooklyn docks night has been turned into day by an electric light for the purpose of enabling a small army of workmen to repair one of the largest European steamers. Hitherto work of this character at night was impossible.

THE benevolent clergyman who goes about with large estates in his pockets for buson widows, has been getting in his work at Grand View, two ladies there having been induced to advance him money with which to recover the property left by hitherto unheard-of relatives.

FUNERAL reform is desirable in some parts of New York. A paper in that city states that the remains of a child 5 years old were followed to the grave by 48 carriages, and a poor Irish woman spent \$450 of the \$600 which her husband left her to give him "a decent burial."

A NEW sect, the believers in the age to come, has been started at Boston, composed of enthusiasts, who hope some time to join in rescuing Palestine from Moslem rule. Jonathan Cummings, formerly a Methodist minister, one of the leaders and editor of the Age to Come Herald, hopes to remove his paper to Jerusalem for publication as soon as he can raise the funds.

A BIRMINGHAM (England) manufacturer has received from his agent in Turkey the following order: "One of my customers is in want of a dog-skinning machine. You have probably seen or known such a thing. Through the machine holding the dogs, when still alive, in a few minutes the skin is off them, and the dogs also killed thus, without giving them much torture. Please send drawings and lowest prices, etc."

CHARLES F. BARRY, who committed suicide in New Orleans, left the following note to the Coroner's Jury: "Gentlemen, you can bring in your verdict without trouble or delay. I have taken my own life by taking morphine and laudanum. I tried hard to make a living, but utterly failed. No person had compassion on my old age or would give me employment. I was reduced to utter destitution. There is not a cent to bury me."

Mrs. Mix has the reputation of a miracle worker in Litchfield County, Conn., and wonderful stories of her powers are told. She is said to cure by the laying on of hands. The strange thing is that she will take no pay, believing that she has been divinely appointed to heal the sick, and that she could effect nothing if she had a mercenary motive. The physicians say that her influence is remarkable, but ascribe it to the credulity of her patients. Her success is usually confined to superstitious persons.

A WELL authenticated report comes of a recent case where a doctor from New York City, called to a supposed dying patient in Hartford, Conn., got so impatient waiting for the decease that he finally filled out and signed the certificate of death, leaving the date to be inserted thereafter, and hastened back to the delights of New York. In view of this act the family abandoned hope and ordered their mourning goods, but when the nearly dead patient heard of this he was so irate that his health began to improve, and he is now considered out of danger, for the time being, at least.

YOUNG Mr. French made his appearance in Stanstead, Canada, half a year ago, and took board in the village tavern. He seemed to have no business, and devoted considerable of his time to courting Miss La Pete, much to the displeasure of her parents, who finally forbade him to see her. One day French informed Mr. La Pete that he had made up his mind to go away, and asked for the use of a horse and wagon with which to get to the railroad station, 10 miles distant. La Pete was delighted by the proposed departure, and readily lent the horse and wagon, which were to be sent back by a boy. Mr. and Mrs. La Pete waved French a joyful adieu as he drove off, and were glad that Miss La Pete was not there to show regret. They afterward learned that she was curled up under the wagon seat, thus eloping from under their very noses.

CARE OF THE HEALTH.

WEAK CONSTITUTIONS—HOW THEY MAY BE CARED FOR.—The fact that the late Richard Henry Dana was regarded as an invalid until he had reached 50, and yet outlived all his contemporaries, is not so uncommon as it appears. The opinion that it is usually the healthful, robust men who attain longevity, while it is prevalent, is not correct. Many of our citizens now over seventy, and likely to last much longer, are not and never have been vigorous of body. They have been, on the contrary, delicate from childhood, and keep themselves in active life by prudence and the excellent care they take of themselves. Peter Cooper is a conspicuous example. He was puny at his birth, and has continued more or less feeble ever since. Nevertheless, he has engaged in various enterprises; has created from nothing a large fortune; has been a most generous benefactor to his native city; and will have completed on the 12th instant his 88th year. The persons who go to their graves at 40 and 50, have frequently had any amount of physical stamina, and have depended on it so entirely as to neglect all hygienic laws, and disregard any thing like discretion. There is a certain arrogance of health which ruins health by excess of confidence. Men of this sort are persuaded they can do and endure any thing and every thing, and acting on their persuasion they break down suddenly and unexpectedly and slip out of existence. The semi-invalid or valetudinarian, on the other hand, seldom incurs any risk. He guards himself at every point; he sees where danger is and sedulously avoids it. His condition has rendered him heedful, and heedfulness has grown into unchanging and unchangeable habit. Ease of circumstances also contributes greatly to longevity where a man either has simple tastes or is judicious in his mode of living. Adversity to the adopted notion, poverty is rarely good for any body; but constant friction and endless worry. Other things being equal, the rich long survive the indigent.

ON CATCHING COLD.—The increase of catarrh remedies is alarming, if the demand is indicated by the abundance of the supply. The cold once caught—more properly having caught us—we willingly submit to every kind of remedy, but if any one hints at precautions against colds in a climate which within a month has more than once varied 30 degrees in a dozen hours, he is accused of "coddling"—is requested not to "fuss"—and soon finds there is nothing against which the population of all classes is more averse to take precautions. Some one has said there are only two classes in the community who understand any thing about catching cold—doctors and people who suffer from face-ache and rheumatism. Very few of us have the slightest conception that when the thermometer stands at 28 degrees—a much higher temperature than the average of the past January—the warmth of every breath of air which finds its way into our bodies has to be raised 70 degrees. The effort of the vital forces to perform this work is of itself exhausting. The changes hourly taking place between one room and another, the rise and fall of the heat in our stoves and furnaces, dependent on the judgment of our Bridgets or Johns, may involve—does involve—sudden falls in the temperature to which only a strong and perfect vital apparatus can adjust itself without difficulty. Chillsills kills from Maine to Texas, in a twelve month, many victims as last year's visitation of yellow fever, and chilliness is what we seldom understand. We sit patiently in bad draughts—draughts under doors—at our backs—in church—and we expose ourselves to unnecessary draughts for ventilation which, however, should never blow upon ourselves. It may be doubted whether our own total abandonment of the nightcaps and bed-curtains of our forefathers in winter times is altogether a sanitary improvement. The air of a bed-chamber should be pure air—purer than a furnace house commonly provides, but with precautions for keeping the air pure, we think we might safely trust ourselves with the screens and night-caps of antiquity. Another modern idea is not to sleep in flannel. True, flannel may most judiciously be changed at night, and thus avoid the dreadful state of things we are continually warned about under the head of "Exhalations;" but does a bear take off his warm coat when he goes to sleep in a hollow tree, or a fox undress himself in his burrow? Another trouble is cold feet, and we may get damp feet from shoes that do not let in water. A child sits hours in school with a chill creeping up him from the soles of his feet arising from wet shoe-leather. It would be probably safer to run barefoot through the streets and dry our wet feet on warm carpet when we get home, than to sit hours with this dampness rising through our soles. A mother of a family who has successfully raised healthy children told us that her plan while her boys were young, was to dress them warmly, especially their feet and chests, and let them take free exercise in any weather. But she always exacted that they should come home when damp and chilled. She ordered them to run home through any rain rather than to take refuge anywhere after they had been rained upon, and after reaching home, if cold or damp, she always superintended their putting on warm stockings and dry shoes. We can offer no better suggestion. "Fresh air with due care" is the precaution against consumption. The late Charles Sumner was a member of a consumptive family; all of his brothers and sisters, but one, were attacked by it as they reached manhood and womanhood. The disease began to develop itself in Mr. Sumner very early in his public career.

Sharp Tricks by Fashionable Women.—Startling stories are told in select social circles up-town of recent cases of mistaken identity in clothing that, many ladies think, appear like downright stealing on the part of certain women who move in good society. It is said that a lady can not leave a valuable outer garment in the dressing-room, when she attends an evening party or a "tea" at the house of a friend, with any certainty of finding it on her return from the drawing-room. In its place she very often finds a garment of the same general texture and pattern, but shabby and unpleasantly venerable with wear and age. This general resemblance, however, in the vent of the person who made the substitution being discovered, is made the excuse for the substitution, and the lady gets her own again with many apologies. So frequent are these cases that it has become positively unsafe to leave valuable shawls or sequins even under the surveillance of merely the maid stationed to aid ladies in their toilet.

An instance is known of a lady, whose name nearly every reader would recognize were it printed, who left a \$3,000 camel's hair shawl in the dressing-room of a handsome house on a fashionable thoroughfare, where a tea was being given by a hostess also well known in the social world. On retiring the lady found in place of her new expensive shawl one faded and worn, with the fringe torn in places. On discovering the substitution the guest sought the hostess, and, with much emphasis, declared that as the shawl had been lost in the latter's house, she would hold her responsible. Nerved to desperation by this ultimatum, the hostess called upon that one of her guests who she believed from the description furnished by the maid in attendance in the dressing-room had exchanged her old shawl for Mrs. X.'s new one. She explained her errand, and, while affecting to assume that the exchange had been a voluntary one, spoke with an assurance that argued entire knowledge as to the identity of the perpetrator. The accused woman at once admitted the possibility of a mistake having been made; one of her daughters coming to the rescue with the assertion that, on leaving the tea, she had wondered what made her mother's shawl look so much newer and fresher than usual! Mrs. X. is again the possessor of her \$3,000 shawl.

Another story is that a young lady, who is the very opposite of Mrs. X. as regards decision of character, found that, during her absence from the dressing-room, an old and dingy saque had been substituted for her handsome fur-lined cloak. Being unlike Mrs. X., she submitted to the situation in silence, and meekly and mildly went home in the old saque. The person who took her fur-lined cloak has not yet discovered her mistake.—New York Sun.

The Mule's Opportunity.

There can't be many down-town folks who have not noticed that little, dried-up, wicked-faced mule which draws a ten-cent express wagon around the streets. Attention is generally divided between the mule and the driver, who begins pounding him at daylight and never stops while there is a prospect of hitting a spot never discovered before. The mule cares just about as much for the blow of a club or the prod of a twelve-ounce tuck as a lion would for the buzz of a fly, and if he was ever beaten into a faster gait than two miles an hour no living man can remember it. Yesterday morning, in turning into Congress Street from Griswold, the driver missed his blow and fell forward upon the beast and then slid down behind him, with his feet and body somehow held fast by the shafts and wagon box. The man realized his peril like a flash, his head being close to the mule's heels, but he did not utter a shout. As pedestrians gathered around he was saying to the mule: "Now's your chance, old Sisylhus! For two long years I've pounded you up and down and back and forth till you couldn't rest. Now you've got me in a box, go ahead with your kicking, old misery—I wouldn't beg if I'm killed for it! I'm glad I pounded you! I've nothing to take back! Kick away and be darned to you, because if you don't there won't be any letting up on my part!"

The mule ought to have kicked, but he didn't. He stood there as mild as a stick of candy until the man was extricated from his dangerous position, and then as the blows fell upon him in a perfect tornado he surged forward at the old familiar pace, eyes half closed and ears flapping like the jibs of a becalmed schooner in mid-ocean.—Detroit Free Press.

The heathen Begum of Bophal is a model for some Christian monarchs. She has built the best hospital in India, outside of Calcutta, has made excellent roads throughout her kingdom, and is about to build a railroad.

ABOLISH TREATING.

The New Temperance Scheme Springing Into Popularity—An Eclectic Plan of Reformation.

"Treating" constitutes one of the chief perils attaching to the custom of imbibing spirituous liquors, and there are few persons who could not, if free from its shackles, restrict the indulgence of their thirst to a decent moderation. A man meeting a group of his friends just as he is bent on obtaining his afternoon allowance of "sherry and bitters" must, if he does not violate usage and if he wishes to do what is expected of him, ask them all to join him. Suppose the whole party to number seven. Seven drinks are poured down seven throats, willing or unwilling. What is the immediate result of this hospitality? Six other individuals feel themselves mortgaged with an obligation to equal it. There may be a little chat, and then some one says: "Ah, let's have another drink!" Then seven more drinks are poured down seven throats. More talk. Another happy thought by another member of the party. Seven more drinks descend the seven throats. More talk. A fourth inspiration by a fourth participant. Some one who has done his fated duty tries to beg off; has business to transact; ought not to drink any more. His objection is vetoed by the asking party, who is already slightly stimulated perhaps. "No shirking, old feller, come on!" Repetition of the gulping act by seven performers. Every one feels the mellowing influence by this time. "Charley," says No. Six affectionately to the genius of the bar, "Giv's nother! All hands round!" Encore the first of seven men swallowing seven drinks. No. Seven's turn has arrived. The happy relief is near. He happens to be the least experienced of the party. He is already full of bliss. His words are few but expressive. "Set 'em up again, hie!" Up they go, and then up they go—seven more drinks. Let us see. Seven times seven are forty-nine. And all because one man felt like taking a little "sherry and bitters." Perhaps he goes home to his dinner afterward. Perhaps he don't. Perhaps he fails to see his wife and mother-in-law until the next day. Such is life in a country where "treating" is the custom.

There are a hundred phases of the evil. Not the least ludicrous is the plight in which a tippler finds himself when he meets at the bar a number of acquaintances, and is doubly conscious that he has not enough money to go around and can not get credit for the requisite number of drinks. Remarks something like the above were addressed to a Herald reporter by a gentleman who is an enthusiast in the new temperance movement. The reporter afterward paid a visit to Mr. Henry H. Hadley, a lawyer, whose office is in the Astor House, one of the chief promoters of the Business Men's Society for the promotion and encouragement of Moderation.

"Our idea," said Mr. Hadley, "had its origin in 1876 at a meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society shortly after the death of Henry Wilson. That event, it was said, was immediately caused by the excess which he indulged in at the dinner given him at Delmonico's. It was suggested by me that much more good might be done for the temperance cause by laboring to induce men to moderate in their indulgence than by preaching the doctrine of total abstinence. We think it better you know to go along with a man a little way on the path which he has chosen than to stop him at the steep declivity where there is danger on either side of his falling to greater depths."

"But your ultimate aim is to induce men to be total abstainers?" "Yes, where they can not drink without getting drunk. We have nothing to say against wine to such as can control themselves in partaking of it. We think that a man is much more likely to keep the pledge for a fixed term than he would be for all his life. No man can look forward with confidence in his ability to fulfill a promise which covers all of his future life."

"Is your society yet organized?" "There is a nucleus of five trustees, whose number may be increased to 13. Those that are yet to be added will be selected from the highest social, business, and public positions. We are already assured that one or two Senators and four Representatives will serve, but I am not at liberty to mention their names. Our system of reform tends toward total abstinence, but by a gradual progress, and at the same time it recognizes rights of the manufacturers and sellers of intoxicating beverages. We believe we shall gain an immense following among young men. I was asked by the members of the Congressional Temperance Society to perfect a plan for this movement, and they promised to co-operate with us, both by their advice and their influence."

The blue pledge of the society, which renounces only the practice of "treating," is embellished with an emblem representing a pelican brooding her young, and having the inscription: "I live and die for those I love."

An Italian claims to have made a valuable discovery. He says he has learned how to tune up nerves, like the chords of a violin, and bring them into harmony. The nerves lose their tone, he thinks, like any musical instrument, and if they all run down alike, it is of little importance, as they will still act together. But when the general harmony is destroyed, by accident or uneven strain, the whole system is disturbed, and health suffers. This difficulty he claims power to rectify, and calls himself "a nerve tuner."

An impossible feat for a female pedestrian is to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours past one thousand millinery stores displaying the latest styles of spring bonnets.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

AN AMERICAN HEIR.

The Estate of an Englishman Who Came to This Country, Changed His Name and Edited a Newspaper.

A Philadelphia correspondent writes: The Manchester (England) Guardian, of the 6th inst., reports an interesting case which has just been heard before Vice-Chancellor Bacon, in which a man from the United States has succeeded in establishing his claim as heir to an English estate. The newspaper says: The claimant, Mr. W. H. Cox, a builder, of Memphis, Tenn., sought to establish his right as heir to a property known as Lennox Lodge, Southampton. He stated that he was born in the year 1820, at Cheltenham, where his father carried on the business of a silk mercer. At the age of 14 he went to sea as midshipman, serving on board the John Coote, which was dispatched with soldiers to Bombay. From Bombay he sailed to China and thence home, and on arriving at Cheltenham he found that during his absence his father had changed his calling to be the editor of the Cheltenham Chronicle, and had subsequently quitted his native town, probably in consequence of financial embarrassments, and gone to America, leaving no trace of his whereabouts. To America the plaintiff immediately followed, and after a long inquiry succeeded in finding his father through the medium of advertisements. His mother and family he had left in the care of an aunt, the proprietress of a small hotel where they all resided. His father was acting at the time as special correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, to which he sent letters from Pennsylvania under the nom de plume of "Crump." The reason for the change of name, on which the main issue of identity rested, was rather obscure, and probably connected with monetary difficulties. The plaintiff and his father became joint editors of the Philadelphia Enquirer, and as such traveled over the greater part of the United States. He stayed at Philadelphia with his father till about 1848, and in the meantime his family also came over and stayed there. After his father's death he traveled for a considerable time, and at last settled down as a builder in New Orleans. He had also seen military experience, having opposed Mackenzie in his Canadian invasion and taken an active part in the civil war. His business was removed previous to the last mentioned, and he was now at Memphis carrying on a builder's business. Documentary and other evidence was given in support of the case. His Lordship decided in favor of the plaintiff, holding that his identity was established "so many years ago."

This case recalls memories of a once well-known journalist, who is yet remembered by the veterans of the press in Philadelphia. In 1879 an eccentric Englishman made his appearance in Philadelphia, having just arrived from the old country. He was a man of intelligence and considerable literary ability, and afterward was well known as first assistant editor of the Pennsylvania Enquirer, of which old Jasper Harding was proprietor and Robert Morris principal editor. It is said that Mr. Harding made the Englishman's acquaintance through having helped to fish him out of the Delaware when he fell overboard from the vessel in which he had crossed the ocean while she was lying alongside a wharf. This peculiar introduction to the publisher secured him an introduction to his newspaper soon afterward.

The Englishman called himself William H. Crump, but the accidental meeting with an old acquaintance revealed the fact that his name in England had been Cox. There appears to have been no reason for the endeavor to lose his identity save a foolish sensitiveness about certain business matters at home. He was of a very nervous, sensitive disposition, and the old printers tell some curious anecdotes illustrating his peculiarity. Mr. Crump remained on the Enquirer for 20 years, and is well remembered in that office to this day. But his son, the present claimant, was never employed there, so Mr. Harding says. Mr. Crump was a useful editor, and was the author of several books of reference; among others, "The World in a Pocketbook." He was afterward employed on the North American, and died in Camden in 1862. At one time he acted as British Consul at this port.

Mr. Crump sent for his wife and children as soon as he had made a home in the New World. He had five sons and a daughter, the oldest child being William H. Cox who has just obtained possession of the English estate. All the rest of the family are called Crump; three of the sons—one of them a printer—live here and are well known and highly respected in Philadelphia. One of the sons is proprietor of the Colonnade Hotel, another has been British Vice Consul here for some years.

The estate in England to which Mr. Cox has proved his claim is said to be a country place worth about \$10,000. It goes by right to the eldest son, and the family here do not dispute the legality of Mr. Cox's heirship.

JAMES WILLIAMS, of Castleton, Vt., leaves an estate valued at \$50,000, in which his wife has a life interest, and which, at her death, is to go to the Baptist Church at Castleton. The church has been so poor that for a number of years no service has been held there, and it has never had a settled pastor.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent tells of a Boston school-girl of 13 years of age, who, with her strap of school-books on her arm, sat reading in a horse-car a book called the "Demon Bride, or Wedded to Her Doom." It had this touching motto: "Has thou suffered? If not, this book is not for thee."

In the United States there are of women in the various professions, 530 doctors, 420 dentists, 65 preachers, and 15 or 20 lawyers.

WIT AND WISDOM.

NEVER step on a dog's tail unless the other end of the dog is a mile away from the tail.—Yonkers Gazette.

An urgent need of Minnesota is that strength be transferred from its better to its dairying enterprises.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

The man who sighed for the wings of a bird did not, apparently, know that the legs were much more necessary.—Boston Post.

ALREADY it is announced that the "heft" of the fruit crop for another season is ruined. Shippers will probably order the bottoms of their baskets raised another inch or so on the strength of it.—Fond du Lac Reporter.

When Colfax married pretty Nellie Wade, years ago, it was Noble Frontis who went about among his acquaintances, asking, "Since Colfax had Nellie Wade, why does he not have her uncle weighed also?" And when they would all give it up, he would answer, "Because he's Ben Wade."—Pack.

A CITIZEN went into a Norwich hardware store the other day and inquired: "How much do you ask for a bath-tub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "Where?" whistled the customer. "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle till prices come down."—Norwich Bulletin.

THEY begged him to play a little. He seemed to be bashful at first, but after awhile began to paw the ivory vigorously. "What power?" said a listener to the owner of the piano. "Yes," exclaimed the latter in alarm, "he seems to have considerable muscle; but he ought to know that this isn't a gymnasium."—Andrew's Bazaar.

In a primary school not long ago the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "Bird's nests," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause a little Fenian piped out, "Flaze, ma'am, that's for the bird to roost on."

A RAILROAD conductor writes a long communication to the Tribune to combat the current hallucination that the coming generation of Americans will be puny, sickly, and played out. His experience of many years convinces him that the contrary is the case, and that the average American child of "under 12" who travels on a half-fare ticket, is as large as a boy or girl of 15 or 16 used to be in ante-railroad days. He thinks that an instructive and interesting article might be written by some physiologist on the subject of the influence of the invention of railroads upon the development of the infant American.—Chicago Tribune.

A GOOD story is told of Rev. Hadley Proctor, who once preached in Rutland, Vermont. One bitter cold day, when the church was but half warmed, Brother Proctor had for his text a very warm verse, addressed to those "on the left hand," and, like the rest of us, he seemed to feel the antagonism between the weather and his subject. Just before the benediction he leaned forward and said to one of the deacons in front of the pulpit, in tones loud enough to be heard by all, and in the nasal twang that can only be appreciated by those who have listened to the venerable Eli Jones, "Brother Griggs, do see that this house is better warmed this afternoon; it's of no kind of use for me to warn sinners of the dangers of hell when the very idea of hell is a comfort to them."—Waterville Mail.

She Sewed on His Buttons.

Old Blummer is tight fitted. Several days ago he said to his wife: "Maria, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put new buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a card party to-night."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. Blummer, "I haven't any buttons to match that vest; and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have, an' pretendin' to be out of buttons. By George! I believe you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next."

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest and Mrs. Blummer, with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in his complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optic of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny pearl shirt button, and that the next one was a brass army overcoat button with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that number three was an oxidized silver horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, and then came a suspender button, and then, as the dazzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a peker chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a snort that made the chandelier jingle. There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there won't be any button money grudged in that household hereafter.—Cleveland Herald.

THE biggest boy in the school at Tat-tell, Md., disobeyed the mistress, who attempted to punish him. He knocked her down and went home. His father returned with him to the school, put a whip into the teacher's hands, and told her to chastise him all she wanted to. She thought at first that she would decline the privilege, and trust to the effect of her forbearance for the boy's reformation; but she changed her mind, and plied the whip until she fainted from over-exertion.