THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. I. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SULLIVAN, Me., woman attacked a wild-cat, which was killing her geese, the other day, empty-handed, and strangled it in the snow.

THERE is a bar-room in Blue Ridge, N. C., that has posted up notices that "Children under 10 years of age will not be allowed to get drunk on these premises, unless accompanied by their parents."

ONE of the largest of the Great Marston salt mines at Northwich, England, was lately lighted with the electric light. The experiment was so successful that this method of illumination is likely to be adopted.

LORD TOLLEMANCHE, of Cheshire, England, has gathered together his cheese-making tenantry and told them that if they expect to hold their own against American competition they must quit sighing for their lost pre-eminence and make better cheese.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY says that the women who have been appointed postmistresses during the last four years do their business more faithfully and take more pride in their work than the men holding offices of the same grade.

THE prosecution of the corrupt Russian army contractors, Cohan, Greger and Horwitz, has been abandoned by order of the Czar, because the proceedings threatened to compromise so many persons in high official positions.

TWO Swedes, who kindly entertained a tramp near Kane, McKean County, Pa., were both killed by said tramp with a hatchet. The tramp was soon captured, and it was with difficulty the people could be restrained from lynching him.

A FEW days ago a Northern Pacific train crossed the Missouri on ice three feet thick at Bismarck, Dakota Territory. It is stated that this is the first train that ever went over a river on ice without some false work beneath.

A GENTLEMAN of Cambridgeport, Mass., offered a prize of $3 to the New York newsboy who would save the most money in a month. The largest sum saved was $20, and 110 boys saved $203.25 in different amounts from twenty-five cents up.

THE Chinese washman has gained a footing in New York. He has organized a large system of wash-houses, and there are indications that all belong to one company. The style of their signboards in the various streets and avenues is as uniform as those of the teastores. The Chinaman has a very mole-like fashion of creeping into business and capturing it after creeping in.

THERE is an old gray fox in Oglethorpe, Ga., that could tell many exciting stories if he had the power of speech. He has been chased time and again, and his hairbreadth escapes are the talk of his county. Recently he was driven into a railroad cut by dogs, and would certainly have been caught if a train had not dashed along and scattered his pursuers. In a public meeting it was formally voted to let him die in peace.

THE English agent in an Indian province lately arrested the head priest, whereupon fakirs to the number of 70 or 80 sat down in front of the official bungalow, and proceeded deliberately to starve themselves to death. It was not until they begun to dig graves for a few of their number who nearly reached the expiring point that the agent gave it up and released the priest.

THE Omaha *News* gives as a reason for the delay of a Union Pacific train into that city one day recently, that cattle blockaded the track. It seems that herds of cattle, numbering 300 or 400, get on the track at different points to enjoy the shelter afforded by the snow piled high on each side, and pay no attention whatever to the trains. A number are generally killed before a passage is effected.

NEEDLES and the stories about them keep coming to the surface. A Chillicothe (Ohio) man who has been afflicted with rheumatism for some time, finally had a surgical operation performed. The result was that a needle was found, just ready to show a point against the theory of rheumatism. Now the man is well, but he insists that at no time in his life did he ever make a pin (or needle) cushion of himself.

AFTER a marriage ceremony had been performed in one of the churches in Adrian, Mich., the bride, when receiving the congratulations of her friends shed tears, according to the established custom, at the sight of which the groom followed suit, with a copious flow of the briny fluid. After his friends succeeded in calming him he said he could not help it, for he felt as bad about it as she did.

THE Vallejo (Cal.) *Chronicle* says that one of its butchers lately discovered a Missourian a long way from any settlement, and purchased cattle of him United States notes were offered in payment, but the Missourian, who had evidently not seen any thing but hard money for years, did not want to take them. Finally, however, he said: "Wall, ef you'll agree to indorse them 'ar' I'll take them." The trade was thus at once brought to a specie basis.

THIS is the way they play billiards in New York, according to the reporter who has been attending the tournament: "The globes crept along with a soft, musical click, and amid the cheers of the assemblage, crossed to the bottom rail, rambling leisurely on their way like two children wandering in a country lane, who sometimes separate to pick sweet flowers by the wayside and run back to meet each other with a kiss."

A RAILWAY employee in France, by way of a piece of bravado, lit his pipe with ticket 955,089 in the great French lottery, and that there might be no doubt on the subject, he chalked the figures on a wall in the presence of several of his comrades, who stood all agape at the sight. Now, chance has so willed that the number in question has turned out a fortune prize, and had the employee only been able to produce his ticket he would [illegible] in exchange the sum—to [illegible]—of 24,000 francs.

MRS. CLARA S. FOLE is a lady who [illegible] law in San Francisco, and who, [illegible] from report, has gone [illegible] in a practical and [illegible] manner. She is described [illegible] in her office at a table covered [illegible] works—a bright, fair-[illegible] matronly, cheerful, matronly [illegible] attired in a dress of [illegible], over which was worn a most non-judicial checkered apron. To an interviewer she said: "There is nothing to be said about me. I originated from the cradle, the wash-tub, the sewing machine, and the cooking-stove. I have educated myself and am now trying to earn a living for myself and little ones by practising law, and I mean to succeed, and that's all there is to be said of me."

THE new Queen of Holland, Queen Emma, or to give her name in full, Adelaide Emma Wilhelmina Theresa, is in her 21st year, having been born on the 20th of August, 1858. She is of medium stature and a nicely turned figure, with animated features, a fine complexion, a fresh and laughing mouth and an abundance of chestnut hair, which she wears in waves down on her forehead. She is delightfully shortsighted, and has to make as much use of a business-like eye-glass as if she had been born in Boston.

THE temperance cause has suffered a reverse in Sierra Valley, Neb. The total abstinence society flourished during the fall, but about holiday time rumors of inebriety on the part of leading members were circulated. In a subsequent meeting, it was moved that those who had broken their vows be expelled. The motion was lost. Then a resolution was adopted, amid great enthusiasm, that all who had passed the holidays without getting drunk be turned out. Three cheers were given for John Barleycorn, and the meeting was adjourned at the President's invitation to step across the street and take a drink at his expense.

WILHELMJ did a kindly thing in Columbus, O., the other day. Just before his visit a lady died who dearly loved music and had been impatiently anticipating the pleasure of hearing him play The day of his arrival was the day of her death. A message was sent to Wilhelmj stating the circumstances and that night he knew well the reason why the many reserved seats were unoccupied. The next morning he, with an accompanist, visited the house and requested the privilege of playing a requiem, as was the custom in his own home, in Germany. It was, of course, granted by the sorrowing family.

THERE are deserted towns in Nevada, but they are not old ones. A few years ago the population of Hamilton is said to have been nearly 8,000; of Treasure Hill, 6,000; of Shermantown, 7,000, of Swansea, 3,000. All were incorporated, with Mayor, Council, Fire Departments and daily newspapers. Hamilton has now about 100 inhabitants, most of whom are merely waiting in dreary inaction for something to turn up. Treasure Hill has about half as many. Shermantown one family, and Swansea none. In one canyon of the Toiyabe range, near Austin, are five dead towns without a single inhabitant. The streets and blocks graded on the hillsides are rapidly falling back into the wilderness.

The Amazon and Its Tributaries.

Extensive, important, and profitable as are rivers are in respect to commerce and development of the country, they are wholly unequal to the rivers of South America. The Amazon alone furnishes a host of watery resources, and is fitly named the Mediterranean of that continent. Together with its tributaries, it is navigable by steamers, according to official reports, for 26,858 miles; its average breadth in Brazil is 4¼ miles; it rises, when high, 54 feet above its ordinary level, and its volume is so vast that sailors at sea drink its water and find it fresh out of sight of land, its current being visible 500 miles from shore. The volume of the principal rivers of our sister continent is, in proportion to the area drained, far greater than the volume of rivers here, on account of increased rain-fall. The annual rain-fall on our Atlantic coast averages from 40 to 45 inches; on the coast of Brazil, 79 inches. The main channel of the Amazon is, for the first 1,000 miles from the ocean, nowhere less than 30 fathoms. Beyond the Peruvian frontier, it continues to be a big river more than 1,000 miles into the heart of the Andes, the head of steam navigation being at Mayro, Peru, 3,623 miles from the Atlantic and 325 miles from Lima by public roads; so that it is only 331 miles from Callao—the port of Lima—on the Pacific, to the head of steam navigation on the Amazon. Peruvian railways will soon bring steamers on the Amazon within one day's travel of the Pacific, and Peruvian enterprise will speedily improve Andean communication, and open the interior of South America to civilization and commerce. The tributaries of the Amazon are longer than the largest rivers of Europe. The Madeira is navigable by steamers to its falls, on the Bolivian frontier, over 1,000 miles, and above the falls its tributaries furnish 4,800 miles of continuous steam navigation, thus rendering commercially accessible to the whole of Bolivia and the western part of the Brazilian Province, Malto Grosso. Brazil has lately granted a subsidy to a foreign company to build a railway around the Falls of Madeira. The large rivers, Napo, Maroni, and Putumayo, are navigable from the Amazon, through Ecuador and Colombia, for almost 1,000 miles beyond the frontier of Brazil to the Andes, within 400 miles of Quito and Guyaquil, and so open communication with all the region of Ecuador east of the Cordilleras. The Rio Negro, entering the Amazon at Manaos, some 1,100 miles from the Atlantic, rises near Bogota, Colombia's Capital, passes through southern Venezuela very close to the Orinoco, and is a channel of trade between Venezuela and Brazil, while the Orionoco is navigable for sail and steam vessels from the ocean to the Andes in Colombia. Thus, the Amazon and its tributaries are commercial highways for Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil, and are navigable for steamers a greater distance than is included in the globe's circumference.—*New York Times.*

The Story of a Butterfly.

During last fall, while Mr. Champagne, of Nelson Street, was bringing in vegetables out of his garden he discovered what appeared to be a green caterpillar clinging to a cucumber. He threw it away, but one of his children took it in secret and placed it in the family clock. Some weeks afterward the insect was discovered encircled in a silken web of it own making, and one of Mr. Champagne's children inclosed it in a warm covering of wool. Nothing of interest occurred until a few days ago, when Mrs. Champagne, who had forgotten all about the insect, opened the clock to wind it as usual. As soon as the door was opened a beautiful and perfectly formed butterfly flew out around the room, to the surprise of the lady, and to the great joy of the children, who have become much enamored of their fairy pet.—*Ottawa (Canada) Herald.*

A TRUTHFUL TRIO.

Mark Twain, Nasby and Eli Perkins.

OMAHA, Mass., July 41, 1932.—While strolling around Oshkosh yesterday I was surprised to meet two very distinguished and truthful individuals. Surprised, I say, because I supposed these gentlemen were thousands of miles away. These men were Mark Twain, sometimes called the Great Truthteller of the Sierras, and P. V. Nasby, generally known as the Great International Truthteller at Large from the State of Ohio. Now, I thought Mark Twain was doing missionary work in New Jersey, and I had been informed that Mr. Nasby had gone to labor in the temperance field in Italy with Mr. Murphy. Notwithstanding my surprise at seeing them, I was glad to have a chance to sit at their feet and hear the truth defended.

After we had talked a spell Mr. Twain laid down his cigar and told us about a fast horse he once owned in Virginia City. Said he:

"Gentlemen, this horse of mine was tough bitted, and he went so fast that I had to guide him by electricity—had to have wire lines and keep a battery in the wagon all the time in order to stop him."

"Why didn't you stop him by hollering whoa?" I asked.

"Stop him by hollering whoa!" exclaimed Mr. Twain. "Why, I could not holler loud enough to make that horse hear me. He traveled so fast that no sound ever reached him from behind. He went faster than the sound, sir. Holler whoa and he'd be in the next town before the sound of your voice could reach the dashboard. 'Travel fast?' I should say he could. Why, I once started from Virginia City for Meadow Creek right in front of one of the most dreadful rainstorms we ever had on the Pacific Coast. Wind and rain? Why, the wind blew 80 miles an hour, and the rain fell in sheets. I drove right before that storm for three hours—just on the edge of that hurricane and rain for 40 miles."

"Didn't you get drenched?"

"Drenched? No, sir! What did I keep that fast horse for? Why, I tell you, I drove right in front of that rainstorm. I could lean forward and let the sun shine on me, or lean backward and feel rain and catch hailstones. When the hurricane slacked up the horse slacked up, too, and when it blew faster I just said 'G—lk!' to the horse and touched the battery, and away he went. Now I don't want to lie about my horse, Mr. Perkins, and I don't ask you to believe what I say; but I tell you truthfully that when I got to Meadow Creek my linen duster was dry as powder. Not a drop of rain on the wagon-seat either, while the wagon-box was level full of hailstones and water, or I'm a——, a——"

"Look here, gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Nasby; "speaking of the truth, did you ever hear about my striking that man in Toledo?"

We said we had not.

"Well, sir, it was this way: There was a man there—one of those worldly, skeptical fellows, who questioned my veracity one day. He said he had doubts about the truthfulness of one of my cross-roads incidents. He didn't say it publicly, but privately. I'm sorry for the sake of his wife and family now that he said it all—and sorry for the man, too, because he wasn't prepared to go. If he'd been a Christian it would have been different. I didn't want to strike this man, because its a bad habit to get into—this making a human chaos out of a fellow-man. But he questioned my veracity, and the earthquake came. I struck him once—just once. I remember he was putting down a carpet at the time, and had his mouth full of carpet-tacks. But a man can't stop to discount carpet-tacks in a man's mouth, when he questions your veracity, can he? I never do. I simply struck the blow."

"Did it hurt the man much?" I asked.

"I don't think it did. It was too sudden. The bystanders said if I was going to strike a second blow they wanted to move out of the State. Now I don't want you to believe me, and I don't expect you will, but to tell you the honest truth, Mr. Perkins, I squashed that man right down into a door-mat, and his own wife, who was tacking down one edge of the carpet at the time, came right along and took him for a gutta-percha rug, and actually tacked him down in front of the door. Poor woman, she never knew she was tacking down her own husband! What became of the tacks in his mouth? you ask. Well, the next day the boys pulled them out of the bottoms of his overshoes, and—"

"Gentlemen!" I interrupted, "it does me good to hear such truths. I believe every word you say, and I feel that I ought to exchange truths with you. Now, did you ever hear how I went to prayer-meeting at New London, Conn., in a rainstorm?"

They said they had not.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "one day I started for the New London prayer meeting on horseback. When I got about half way there, there came up a fearful storm. The wind blew a hurricane, the rain fell in torrents, the lightning gleamed through the sky, and I went and crouched down behind a large barn. But pretty soon the lightning struck the barn, knocked it into a thousand splinters, and sent my horse whirling over into a neighboring corn-patch."

"Did it kill you, Mr. Perkins?" asked Mr. Twain, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"No, it didn't kill me," I said, "but I was a good deal discouraged."

"Well, what did you do, Mr. Perkins?"

"What did I do? Well, gentlemen, to tell the honest Connecticut truth, I went right out into the pasture, took off my coat, humped up my bare back, and took eleven clips of lightning right on my bare backbone, drew the electricity all out of the sky, and then got on to my horse and rode into New London in time to lead at the evening prayer-meeting."

Arise and sing! ELI PERKINS.

Forest Tree Planting---How To Do It.

Experienced foresters, as a rule, resort to planting in preference to sowing in the beginning of new forests. They understand that while the cost of first establishment is a little less in sowing than in planting, the expense occasioned in caring for the work and replanting in vacant places is much greater in seeding. Experience demonstrates that a forest growth can be established sooner and more surely by planting because it starts at least two years earlier than the one that is sown, and furthermore indicates the very next season every plant which is unable to survive. Whereas, in sowing, one has frequently to wait four or five years before certain there are any gaps to supply.

Professor Henry McAfee, in a report to the Iowa Horticultural Society on forestry, mentions the two systems of planting in vogue—furrow and spade, giving, however, the preference to the latter in any but a very damp spring. He approves of planting 3½ by 3½ feet apart, though 4 by 4 feet is generally adopted. Mr. McAfee has found that the yellow cottonwood placed the first distance mentioned will cover the ground within one year. In planting trees the earth should not be wet enough to make mortar, neither should trees be set while there is water standing in the hole. The clay that may adhere and dry on where the roots have been puddled in transplanting ought to be rinsed out before the trees are set.

Numerous failures in forest tree planting arise from the fact that young trees are not sheltered. A careful forester, knowing that the little shoots in their native condition begin life sheltered by parent boughs, imitates nature by protecting the tender plants with branches of trees lightly spread upon the ground, removing this shelter gradually as they become accustomed to the open air. Professor E. Gale, of the Kansas Agricultural College, urges that trees be planted closely, not only for the mutual and immediate protection of the trees but for economy in culture and for the purpose of securing available timber and insuring early returns from the planting. He also advises that farmers planting timber on their farms set the trees judiciously, *i. e.*, so as to derive all possible benefits therefrom; for instance, twelve acres arrayed in belts in many localities is far more desirable than would be forty acres in a body. It is laid down by sylviculturists as a rule worthy of observation, that certain trees bear the shade of other species better than that of their own. Therefore a mixture, as of oak and beach, will grow nearer together than either kind would alone.

In thinning out plantations of trees feeble growths are gradually removed, the thinnings being repeated until the forest has gained its maturity. The number of trees to be left standing depends upon many and varying circumstances. A fixed law will scarcely hold good in every case, and much is left to the intelligence of the planter. A general rule given is that half of the trees planted at four feet apart shall be removed before the growth is 20 feet high; the number not to exceed 800 to the acre when 30 feet high, and when 40 feet is attained not more than 300 to 350 are to remain to the acre. Still another rule allows the space between at one-fifth of the height. In eight years larch has averaged 16 feet in height; catalpa, 12 feet in four years; ash and walnut growing about as rapidly as the larch.—*New York World.*

Disinfection by Cold.

In a letter to the Congressional committee on the subject of epidemic diseases, having special reference to yellow fever, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson states that the designs for a refrigerating steamer by Professor John Gamgee, of London, England, are far advanced at the Navy Yard, but it will require at least three months from the date of signing contracts to construct this life-saving ship and its machinery.

It is intended that this steamer shall proceed to New Orleans, as the port most threatened, and there try the effect of extreme cold in the disinfection of ships coming from infected ports. Mrs. Thompson says:

"The Board of Experts [authorized by Congress to investigate the yellow fever epidemic of 1878] declare that 'ships are especially dangerous,' and 'remain sources of infection for months after having been infected with the poison;' that 'yellow-fever poison is not able to withstand the influence of frost, and when exposed to a freezing temperature it is rendered innocuous and is probably destroyed;' that 'if the apparatus and experiments now projected for the utilization of extreme cold for this purpose should be found to be of practical application to the disinfection of the holds and other parts of vessels, their success would prove to be as anitary acquisition of inestimable value.'

"The losses to this country by yellow fever 'have been variously estimated at sums ranging from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000' and it has been computed that New Orleans alone suffered to the extent of $15,335,000. Millions have been spent in ships of war, and I hope the opportunity we now have of testing nature's great preventive for yellow fever—cold—may be taken advantage of with promptitude and liberality."

The experiment would seem to be worthy of trial, and, properly conducted, would be comparatively inexpensive. In the hands of a practical Yankee an ordinary tug-boat could be fitted out with refrigerating apparatus sufficient to test the question inside of a fort night. *Scientific American.*

Curious Case of Arsenic-Poisoning.

For some weeks past a local physician has been attending a young lady who has exhibited every possible indication of arsenic-poison. Her appetite failed her, and her face became of a ghastly pallor, while the features were bloated and the eyes watery, with swelling of the lower limbs. Day by day her body was racked with intense pain, and finally her condition became so unendurable that she almost longed for death to put an end to her sufferings. The physician was satisfied from the beginning that she was afflicted with some disease produced by arsenic-poison. But the most rigid investigation failed to reveal in what possible way it could have been administered to her. Her food was inspected, the water she drank was most carefully selected from the wells, where no impurity by any means could find its way to it. By the merest accident in the world the cause of this remarkable condition was discovered. The doctor happened to be present when the young lady's clothes were brought home from the wash. The singular luster of the linen struck him as remarkable. He inquired who did that washing, and was told that an old negro woman whose great skill in polishing linen made her very popular with the girls. The doctor thought he was now on the road to the discovery, and concluded for the nonce to play an amateur detective. He visited the old woman, and soon learned that her "polish" was produced by the use of arsenic in the starch. Then the whole case was plain. The girl was afflicted with arsenic-poison produced by absorption. Being of a peculiar temperament and organization, she incurred a danger which others might have escaped. Respiration aided it, and her bodily susceptibility to the fatal drug conspired to produce the dangerous condition which has just been detailed.—*Denver News.*

THE draft of negro laborers to Texas has impelled the Legislatures of Alabama and Georgia to impose a license tax of $100 upon every person soliciting people to emigrate from those States.

THE CRASH OF WORLDS.

Moons Falling Into Planets, and Planets Into Suns.

The ringed planet Saturn is generally supposed by astronomers to present a picture of planetary existence in its earlier stages. Although the planet already has eight moons, the matter forming the rings constantly tends to shape itself into new satellites. The attractive force of the great central mass as constantly overcomes this tendency, and is believed to be drawing the rings closer and closer. The Russian astronomer Otto Struve has predicted that in less than two centuries the inner ring will reach the planet and be united with it. While his views are not accepted by all observers, the fact is conceded that great changes are going on in the girdle of Saturn, and there are strong reasons to conclude that the matter of which it is made up once moved in a larger circle than it now occupies.

This conclusion is the basis of a paper contributed by Prof. Daniel Vaughan to the last number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in which some interesting if not startling propositions are advanced.

Various opinions have been entertained as to the construction of the Saturnian rings. While they can hardly be wholly gaseous or liquid, there is difficulty in regarding them as composed of solid matter, since but few solids are known which would endure the violent convulsions that frequently disturb the great circles. It is suggested in this paper that the principal constituent may be water, at a temperature near the freezing point. In that case, the constant tendency to freeze would slightly overcome the destructive forces, and would account for such changes of form as are revealed by the telescope. Of course these changes could not go on without heat from some source, but it is assumed that a sufficient quantity is evolved mechanically by the commotions themselves.

There seems to be no doubt, however, that the rings of Saturn are such stuff as moons are made of, but the question is whether this material is to form moons in the future or has already performed its functions in this respect by forming moons in the past? Prof. Vaughan adopts a view which indicates his belief that the planet has already entered upon the later stages of its life. He thinks the two rings were formerly two satellites revolving about Saturn in a wider zone. A dismemberment and a conversion into a ring, he says, must be the general fate of every planetary body (and a moon is a planetary body), which, by a slow contraction of the path in which it moves, revolves at least too close to its primary—that is, too close to the larger planet around which it travels.

But what causes the orbit of a satellite to contract so as to bring it thus dangerously near to the central mass it revolves about? Evidently some obstacle to motion would be sufficient—something which retarded velocity, very slightly, it might be, but still somewhat. An influence of this nature must be exerted by any substance, however tenuous or etherial, which pervades all space, or that part of space, at all events, to which the stars and planets belong. Like many other men of science, Prof. Vaughan assumes the existence of a rare medium of this sort disseminated throughout all the known stellar regions; and to its action of retardation he attributes the transformation of the lost moons of Saturn into the mighty rings which now encircle that planet. Evidence that a resisting medium really exists has been supplied by the recent discovery of the satellites of Mars; and our author declares that not many million years can elapse before the inner moon, Phobos, will have its path so shortened as to be brought within the atmosphere of the planet. Then, he says, its career as a small secondary world will close with a meteoric exhibition.

And why may not our own moon come to an end in the same way? Indeed, is not such a result extremely probable? The same cause must be effective to check its rate of motion, and the chief difference between the two cases would be in point of time. The few millions of years requisite for the absorption of the Phobos would have to be multiplied by several hundreds to make up the period which will elapse before the moon is similarly destroyed. The occasion will be a grand one, however, for we are told that it will be signalized by a far greater display of meteoric effulgence. Dilapidation will begin before the moon actually touches the earth; innumerable fragments will be hurled off as meteors into our atmosphere; and the brilliancy of the scene will rival the light of the sun. Prof. Vaughan thinks that only a portion of the moon will be appropriated by the earth at the first near approach. The part that is left will haul off, as it were, into space, to give rise to a similar magnificent outburst some millions of centuries later, when it again comes too near.

It is worthy of note that nothing whatever is said as to the probable effect of this gigantic convulsion of nature upon life on the earth. This omission may be due to the fact that mankind can hardly be said to have a vital present interest in the event.

Just as a moon may fall into a planet, so a planet may fall into a sun. The chief difference is in the splendor of the spectacle. Twenty-three temporary stars have appeared in the heavens within the past 2,000 years—three of them within the present century. What has caused them to kindle in the sky with sudden brilliancy, and then grow dim and constantly decline in brightness? An obvious answer is suggested by the facts we have already considered. The mysterious effulgence which flashes across the universe as the transitory glory of a temporary star is the bale fire of a dying planet. But it may be asked, Why have we not seen the star before? It is not strange that the planets of other solar systems, which revolve around stars as their own suns, should be invisible to us here on the earth, since they do not shine by their own light; but ought not the stars themselves to be seen, since we suppose them to resemble our sun in character and constitution? The difficulty here presented seems considerable, but it is simply met. There are supposed to be vast central bodies presiding over the movement of unseen planets, and yet totally dark. Black suns, they may well be called. Their existence is revealed to us, and we only know their places in the universe, when they become luminous as temporary stars, through the destructive dismemberment of some orb in their own planetary family.

The twenty-three temporary stars, then, indicate that twenty-three planets have been destroyed in 2,000 years. Prof. Vaughan estimates the entire number of primary and secondary planets in the universe as equal to half the population of the globe. This would make from 600,000,000 to 700,000,000. The average mortality of mankind is believed to be one death a second. If we regard the appearance of a temporary star as the record of the death of a planet, these facts enable us to compare the length of human existence with the duration of planetary life; and it appears, from such a comparison, that a century is as small a part of the career of a planet as two seconds are of the life of a man. The period embracing the history of the human race hardly equals two minutes of the vast age through which the earth will endure from the beginning to the end; and the observed facts of astronomy lead Prof. Vaughan to believe that a possible age of five hundred billions of years may be attained by a world.

It seems most probable that when the earth falls into the sun it will be in the form of innumerable meteoric fragments rather than as one gigantic meteor. As the shower of terrestrial matter rushes through the solar atmosphere, the sun will blaze out into a glow such as astronomers have witnessed and wondered at in remote stars; and the earth will have passed away, with no more effect on the inhabitants of those distant orbs whence the light may be viewed than similar spectacles have produced upon us.

The contemplation of a finality like this, however far removed, naturally leads to reflection upon the fate of humanity which it involves. And the thoughts thus induced are scarcely satisfactory unless one can say, with Campbell's Last Man:

> This spirit shall return to Him
> Who gave its heavenly spark;
> Yet think not, sun, it shall grow dim
> When thou thyself art dark!
> No—it shall live again and shine,
> In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
> By Him recalled to breath
> Who captive led captivity,
> Who robbed the grave of Victory
> And took the sting from Death!

The Cause of the Explosion.

"Gem'len, a curus anecdote happened at de cabin of de Hon. Lycurgus Standoff las' night," said Brother Gardner, as the janitor lighted a fresh lamp. "De brudder am not heah, owin' to resuns to be menshuned a little furder on, an' de case am one to which de attenshun of de club has been called by several white men, an' an investigashun demanded. De facts in de anecdote seem to unwind as follows: De Hon. Standoff was about to retire fur de night De ole woman had already sought de downy couch of sweet repose, de chill'n were dreamin' of apple-blossoms an' angels, an' de cat an' dog had dropped behind' de stove in blissful harmony. Dar was a hot fiah in de stove. De Hon. Standoff lingered behin' to injoy de refreshment, an' he had just leaned ober to spit under de front doahs, when sunthin' happened. De top of dat stove riz up. So did de ole tea-kettle, a hot brick, and more or less fiah. De Hon. Standoff also riz up an' got out doahs an' yelled 'murder!' at de top of his voice. It was a riz up time aroun' dat house, an' folks say dat fam'ly was de wildest-looking lot o' niggers ever seen in Detroit. Now, den, what caused dat 'sploshun? It wasn't gas. It wasn't low water in de biler. White men say dat it was caused by powder in a stick of wood, an' dat de wood didn't belong to de Hon. Standoff, who now lies in bed wid blisters all ober him. Was it powder? Was dat powder in a stick of wood? Did de brudder incorporate dat wood from some surrounding naybur? Let de members speak."

Samuel Shin was first to break the silence. Rising to his feet with a blush of philosophy covering his face, he said:

"Bekase dar was a 'sploshun in de stove it doan' foller dat dar was powder in de wood. Suppose one of de chil'en had dropped a bottle of hoss-medicine in de fiah befo' goin' to bed. I've knowed dat werry thing to happen in my own house, an' whar's de man who says I stole wood?"

"If I war to be axed for my opinyun on dis subject," remarked Waydown Bebee, as he took the floor, "I should say dat dar mought have been powder in de wood. What of it? If de Hon. Standoff had a mind to, couldn't he put powder in his own wood? Dar's no law to prewent him. De white folks hain't de only folks who kin put on style an' plug deir stove-wood wid powder."

"I fink I see how all dis happened," said Blackberry Williams, as Bebee sat down. "Fur instance. De Hon. Standoff owns wood. He sees dat wood-pile growin' smaller—meltin' away like he had six stoves goin' 'stead of one. He plugs a stick wid powder. He forgits which is de stick. It finds its way into his own stove, an' whar' am dat stove to-day?"

None of the other members seemed inclined to tackle the subject, and Brother Gardner said:

"De Hon. Standoff am hereby acquitted of de charge of takin' fiahwood belongin' to somebody else, but de Chair feels it his dooty to warn de brudder to be a little more keerful in de future."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Interesting Musical Discovery.

German papers announce a discovery of much interest to the musical world. The treasure-trove consists of a large portion of the missing works of Johann Sebastian Bach. The discovery was made by Herr Robert Franz. Convinced that the long-lost Passion music and Christmas oratorios might yet be brought to light, Herr Franz commenced a systematic research in every place where the great master had been known to reside. After much fruitless labor he arrived at the seat of the Witzthun family, and passing one day down an alley in the garden noticed that the young trees where they were tied to their supports were bound round with strips of paper to prevent the bark from being scored. A closer inspection showed that the paper bore the beautiful handwriting of Bach, and, turning to the gardener, Herr Franz be-ought him to say whence the precious MS. had come. The reply was to the effect that in the loft there had been several chests full of paper, covered with old notes, and as it was no use to any one he had made it serve instead of leather for binding up the saplings, adding that he had done so for some time and found the result highly satisfactory. Herr Franz hastened to the loft, when he was rewarded by finding a chest yet untouched, and filled to to brim with MSS. which on inspection proved to contain no fewer than 120 violin sonatas. His joy was dashed, however, by the certainty that the precious Passion music had long gone to bind up the trees, and had irrecoverably perished through exposure to the weather.

GIRLS are advised by a Chicago physician to always sleep on their backs if they wish to keep crow's feet from the corners of their eyes. "These blemishes," he says, "are the result of sleeping on the sides. The pressure upon the temple and cheeks leaves wrinkles at the corners and underneath the eyes which disappear in a few hours, but finally become so fixed that neither hours nor ablutions will abate them."

PITH AND POINT.

SEED any thing of the chap who prof'sied ad oped—kerchew—wilter?—*Catskill Recorder.*

DELICATE consideration for the elephant: Considerate little girl—"Please Mr. Keeper, will it hurt him if I give him a currant out of my bun?"

"I AM looking for 'Paradise Lost,'" said Joslin, who had upset the backgammon-board, and was groping about under the table.

EACH infantry man in the future will be accompanied by a special ammunition wagon, if the development of repeating arms goes on as it bids fair to do.

A NATURALIST says that a cat can see best at midnight; but they are never able to see a man at the back window swearing and yelling "scat" at any hour of the night.

IT is becoming fashionable among intelligent men to send a card instead of going to a party. Being out all night dancing, and eating an indigestible supper while standing up, do not hurt the card.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE discussion of the question of the wickedness of the waltz has broken out again. The waltz will never be abolished, and those who oppose it will rest under the suspicion of rheumatism or cork legs.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A MAN at Red Wing, Minn., was lately fined $16.55 for putting his arm around a girl and kissing her. There seems to be all over the country a decided feeling against "promiscuous" kissing, and fines for indulging in it without invitation are now common.

SODOM and Gomorrah are to be rebuilt, we learn from a foreign paper. This appears to us to be a move in the right direction. We never have been able to see why they should have been destroyed while St. Louis and Cincinnati were allowed to go in their wickedness.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE wife of a printer in New Haven has applied for a divorce, on the ground that her husband had no style about him; he wouldn't brace up, had no dash, cut no figure, had no point, lived up to no rule, was of bad form and make-up, wasn't a man of letters or up to the period, was a poor type of the genus, was out of quoin, and couldn't impose on her any longer.

AMONG other curiosities on exhibition at the American Department of the Paris Exposition was a spring chicken from an American boarding-house. The chicken was taken to the guillotine one morning, but, when the heavy knife fell on its neck, the fowl gave a frightened squawk, and, after one or two tremendous pulls, jerked its head away from under the knife and made its way back to its coop in the Exposition. The knife was sent to the foundry for repairs.—*Burdette.*

THE breakfast calls to codfish balls
And hash that makes the small boy fatter,
The hired girl bakes the amber cakes,
And the wild buckwheat leaps in batter
Rush, Bridget, rush, set the old griddle flying;
Speak, Bridget; answer, pancakes, frying,
frying, frying.

O, hark, all right! how thin and light!
No flour on earth our own surpasses,
Take three or four or maybe more
And flood with New Orleans molasses!
Bridget, don't stop; the batter spoon keep plying;
Work, Bridget; answer, pancakes, frying,
frying, frying.

They're nice at home or when you roam,
They're nice on hill or field or river,
They are so good I guess I could
Eat on forever and forever.
Hump yourself, Bridget! Keep the old grid die flying
And answer, pancakes, answer, frying, frying, frying.

—*Graphic.*

Benefits of Sunlight.

The unusual severity of the present winter has led a good many people to turn their thoughts and bend their energies in the direction of warming their houses who have heretofore left all that to the furnace and servants. There are many precautions that may be taken, by the selection of a furnace large enough for the service required of it, by providing the chimney with a proper "bonnet" to protect the flues against adverse winds, in the construction of a house, etc.; but all these things require the expenditure of money as well as thought, and there are those people who, with the best of intentions, have to take things as they find them. There is one simple rule, however, which almost every body can observe without waste of time or expenditure of money, and which will always make the greatest difference in personal comfort during the cold season. This is to cultivate the sunlight to the largest practicable extent.

In all houses with a north front it is the positive duty of families occupying them to transfer their living rooms to the south side of the house during the winter months. The sun rises and sets during the six cold months of the year to the south of east and west, so that south rooms are warmed up by rays of the sun more or less during the entire day. Those who have never experimented with the difference will probably be surprised to learn that there is a difference of from five to twenty-five degrees in the thermometer between the north and south exposures, five to ten degrees difference in the morning and afternoon, and from twenty to twenty-five degrees in the middle of the day. The glass in windows is a non-conductor of atmospheric cold, while it is an assistance to the active transmission of the sun's rays of light and heat. Wherever the sun's rays can be enjoyed longest during a winter's day is the desirable part of the house for living purposes.

Due attention to this fact will contribute enormously not merely to the comfort, but to the health, of the women and children, who spend the greater part of the time within doors in the winter season. There is a vast amount of talk about ventilation and change of air as necessary to good health; but the suppression of the light and mephitic sewer gases by affording proper avenues of escape, and an admission of all the available sunlight, are the two chief conditions to good health in household life. In France, Italy and Germany, though the winter climates are not nearly so severe as our own, the benefits of sunlight are understood better and cultivated more generally than among us. The comparative scarcity and costliness of fuel in those countries have led the people to take advantage of the sun's heat to the largest possible extent. The natural warmth of the sun's rays should be still more cultivated in a cold climate like this, and any change in a house necessary to the better enjoyment thereof will save more in the reduced consumption of fuel than it can possibly cost. The south exposure is not only warmer, but less damp, and in every way more conducive to good health than any other.—*Chicago Tribune.*