

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

SAMPLES OF SPRING POETRY.

The song of the robin a loud and clear,
The blue bird calls for his mate;
And the fellow who says that spring isn't
Had better keep off our gate.

"An easy thing to sing of spring,
When the air is calm and breezy;
"Tis sneezing that springs to sting,
When your own head is wheezy."
—Hucknuck Republication.

In one more month we'll have the rose,
Of love a true reminder,
And, he said, we'll also have
The fever and the ague,
With monkey attachment.
—New York Star.

From maple trees now on the tap,
"Falls drop the sugar of life;
So now seek out with Betsy Goff,
The bush where first they sugar off."
—New York Graphic.

March, with its breezes,
Its thaws and its snows,
Its chills and sneezes,
Is here.
He who neglects that cough,
Or takes that red rag off,
Will find in spite of scold,
His bic.
—Anonymous.

And now the gay and festive frolic
Within the marsh is seen;
The loofer seeks a sunny spot
Upon the village green;
The trader in patent liver pills
Becomes a patient in a cell;
The rhymer with a pen and air
Indites an ode to spring.
—Toldeo Commercial.

Come with your perfumed robes, winds of
May,
(Pull her wide open and give her sand.)
Wrapped in your tender arms, bear me away
Into some fairy enchanted land,
Where the slumbering winter can never
awake,
Where the snow-clouds never loom up and
break,
Where there's not a t'nt' enough winter to frost
a cake,
Give us a ticket to that fair land.
—Burlington Huckle.

Winter an' gone, an' March an' here,
An' soon will be rain-drops fall;
"Fore long will de grass look green again,
An' de voice of de birds an' all.

De foeles big an' de foeles small
De foeles den de foeles big an' small
"O! Winter, go 'way wid yer frost bites—
Come into de cabin, oh, Spring!"
—Free Press Live K'nin Club.

What a beautiful time is spring,
When the woods are green,
And the humbees and chidees
Carry their heads around in a ring,
When the birds are tickling their throats,
Crawling up the young man's pants,
And the strawberries are getting big,
While the swallows engage in a dance,
And the birds get drunk on dew,
And the robins are singing in a chorus,
While the owl blinks and the sparrow
wins
At the wife of the gray cuckoo,
And the coon goes off on a spree
Along with the chipmunk and the
The owl and the sparrow are under
drunk
And tries to make love to the hen.
—Old City Derrick.

TOO LATE FOR M'PHERSON.

Mark Twain Apologizes for Not Making a

Mark Twain was recently at a dinner on the Stanley Club in Paris, and being called upon for a speech, is thus reported by the *Continental Gazette*: "Mr. Ryan said to me just now that I'd got to make a speech. I said to Mr. Ryan, 'The news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' It is sad to know that some things always come too late, and when I look around upon this brilliant assembly I feel disappointed to think what a nice speech I might have made, what fine points I might have found in Paris to speak about among these historic monuments, the architecture of Paris, the towers of Notre Dame, the caves, and other ancient things. Then I might have said something about the objects of which Paris folks are fond—literature, art, medicine [then taking a card from his vest pocket as if to take a glance at his notes], and adultery. But the news came too late to save Roger McPherson! Perhaps you are not acquainted with McPherson as I am? Well, I'll explain who McPherson was. When we sailed from New York there came on board a man all haggard—a mere skeleton. He wasn't much of a man, he wasn't, and on the voyage we often heard him say to himself 'The news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' I got interested, and I wanted to know about the man, so I asked him who was McPherson, and he said, 'I'm McPherson, but the news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' 'How too late?' I asked. 'About three weeks too late,' he replied; 'I'll tell you how it happened: A friend of mine died, and I was told to save the body on the cars to his parents in Illinois. I said I'd do it, and they gave me a card with the address, and told me to go down to the depot and put it on a box I'd find there, have the box put on the baggage car, and go right along with it to Illinois. I found the box all right, and mailed the card on it, and put it on the cars; then I went in the depot and got a sandwich. I was walking around eating my sandwich, and I passed by the baggage-room, and there was my box, with a young man walking around, looking at it, and he had a card in his hand. I felt like going up to that man and saying, 'Stranger, that's my package.' But I didn't. I walked on, ate my sandwich, and when I looked in again the young man was gone; but there was that card mailed right on that box. I went and looked on that card. It was directed to Col. Jenkins, Cleveland, Ohio. So I looked in the car, and there was my box all right. Just before the train started, a man came into the baggage-car and laid a lot of lumber and cheese down on my box. He didn't know what was in my box, you know, and I didn't know what was in his paper, but I found out later. It was an awful cold night, and after we started the baggage-master came in. He was a nice fellow, Johnson was, and he said, 'A man would freeze to death out there; I'll make it all right.' So he shut all the doors and all the windows, built a roaring coal fire in the stove; then we took turns fixing the car and poking the fire, till I began to smell something and feel uncomfortable, so I moved as far away from my corpse as I could, and Johnson says to me, 'A friend of yours? Did he die later?' This I find is no news. There's no doubt about some people being dead, but there's no doubt about him, is there? What did he die of?' We stopped at a station, and when we started again Johnson came in with a bottle of disinfectant, and says, 'I've got something now that'll fix it.' So he sprinkled it all around,

A Romantic Story.

A romantic story comes from Batavia, which is pretty well authenticated, and has never yet, we believe, appeared in print. A few miles from that lovely little village there is a place known as Pine Hill, in Genesee County. Among the prominent farmers at that place was one named Edward Wilford. About a year ago a remarkably good looking, well built young man applied at Mr. Wilford's farm for a place as a laborer. He was very prepossessing in appearance and apparently quite yet having, his mustache and beard not yet having appeared. The farmer needed a good hand or two about that time, and the young chap was hired for the summer. He proved to be a perfect treasure on account of his steady habits, great endurance and remarkable industriousness. In short, "Jim," as he was generally known, could pull beans, pitch hay, plough and do the hard work of the farm with any of them, and he never seemed to tire. At the same time there was none of the coarseness about him which characterizes some otherwise excellent farm laborers; and he was always modest in his behavior, and very discreet in all his actions. Though occupying the same room and ed with the other hired man, it was noticed that he had little to say of his previous history, or his relatives, if indeed he had any. He was esteemed by his employer as a faithful young man, and liked by all who worked with him, because of his quiet, steady and unassuming manners. One Sunday last summer, "Jim" was left alone at home, while the rest of the family went to church some distance away. His instructions were to make certain preparations for dinner, which would be completed on the return home of the lady folks; but when they did get back, "Jim" had not only followed his instructions to the letter, but he had prepared the dinner so completely and so nicely that no further preparations were needed, and his extreme handiness was commented on considerably. "Jim" said that he had during his previous life been frequently called on to cook his own meals, and with this explanation on his part the command to drop from the further thought of the family. One day, some months ago, "Jim" visited the village of Batavia, and while there seemed to manifest a lively interest in the contents of the stores, especially the dry-goods stores. The goods displayed in front of the store especially attracted his attention, and he examined them with the same knowledge which the ladies have of these things. By-and-by, he passed along the street, when he was suddenly and roughly seized and ordered back to the store, the goods in front of which he had so closely examined. Going back there he was then accosted of having stolen certain articles; but he denied the stealing with the utmost energy, and with no doubt, however, that certain articles had been stolen, and an officer was sent for. The circumstances were all against "Jim," the goods had just been missed, and he had been observed hanging about the door in a suspicious manner. The officer felt fully justified in taking poor "Jim" into custody; and he was therefore reluctantly dragged off to "durance vile," or in other words, the jail. There the officer insisted that he must be searched; but this proposition was met by the greatest opposition by "Jim," whose dismay and terror seemed to be almost boundless. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he begged with almost heartrending earnestness to be excused from the search; but on the tears were of no avail until it was discovered that "Jim" was a woman. At her request the matter was hushed up, and the officer of the law very kindly permitted her to remain with his family two or three days until she could be provided with clothing suitable to her sex, which she once more consented to wear. Her story, in brief, was a sad one. She was a married woman, her home being in Ohio. Her husband had so abused her that she could not live with him any longer, and as she knew she would have great difficulty in obtaining a situation as a woman, and that with her form and figure she could easily pass for a man, she had concluded to try her chances in the latter role. Her success was very already told. In conclusion, we need only say that she was entirely innocent of the crime with which she had been charged. She was allowed to depart unmolested to Ohio, and her whereabouts is at present unknown. It is to be hoped, however, she is at this present somewhere acting again successfully the role of hired man. And who will dare to blame her? —Rochester (N. Y.) Express.

SEEP.

Seamen and sailors, from a habit, can sleep when they will and wake when they will. Captain Barclay, when performing his wonderful feat of walking 1,000 miles in as many consecutive hours, obtained such a mastery over himself that he fell asleep the minute he lay down. The faculty of remaining asleep a great length of time is possessed by some individuals. Such was the case with Quin, the celebrated player, who would slumber for 24 hours successively, with Elizabeth Orvis, who slept three-fourths of her life; with Elizabeth Perkins, who slept for a week or fortnight at a time; with Mary Lyell, who did the same for six successive weeks; and with many others big or less remarkable.

A phenomenon of an opposite character is sometimes observed, for there are other individuals who can subsist on a surprisingly small portion of sleep. The celebrated General Elliot was an instance of this kind; he never slept more than four hours out of the 24. In all other respects he was strikingly abstinent, his food consisting wholly of bread, water and vegetables. In a letter communicated to Sir John Sinclair by John Gorgon, Esq., of Swine, mentioning a made of a person named John Mackay, of Skerry, who died in Strathnave in the year 1796, aged 91; he only slept on an average four hours in the 24, and was a remarkably robust and healthy man. Frederick the Great of Prussia and the illustrious surgeon, John Hunter, only slept five hours during the entire of their lives. The celebrated French General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blaine that during a whole year's campaign he had not allowed himself above one hour's sleep in the twenty-four.

HOW OPIUM MAKES HIM FEEL.

Wah Shung, the Sixth Street laundry man, entered the drug-store opposite his dive yesterday evening, and, throwing down a nickel, said: "Five cent opium." "While the clerk was getting him the drug an *Enquirer* representative engaged the Chinaman in conversation: "Buy much opium, Wah?" "Five, ten, fifteen cent worth a day." "Use it on shirts?" "Helle, no! Smoke it." "Like it?" "Belly good," and a happy smile spread over his mummy-like features. "Tell me something about it," said the *Enquirer* man; "what kind of an effect does it produce—how does it make you feel?" "Chinaman feel like,"—and here he was struck for a comparison to denote perfect happiness and contentment; "makes Chinaman feel like—like Melican man Gen. Grant, allee time plenty money, no much worry, take things easy."

"Makes you forget your troubles, does it?" "Yes; forgot troubles allee same like when you sleep." "See nice things in your dream?" "Belly nice. Every thing big and beautiful," and he made an enraptured gesture with his hands. "Every thing grand, I suppose?" "Belly grand, Chinaman's cellar look like Gibson House." "Smoothin' iron look like train of cars and wash-wash-tub like a steamboat." "You don't say so! And what else?" "Oh, heep else. Wah Shung feel like sold out and gone back to China with \$2,500." —Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

SAYING DISAGREEABLE THINGS.

No class of people can inflict such martyrdom on their associates as those who are given to the habit of reminding others of their fallings or peculiarities. You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your very best to please, and are feeling kind and pleasantly, out will pop some bitter speech, some underhand stab which you alone comprehend—a sneer which is masked, but too well aimed to be misunderstood. Only half a dozen words, spoken merely because he is afraid you are too happy or too conceited, and ought to be "taked down a peg." Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights has such mean attempts caused tender-hearted idiots! How, after them, one awakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before any thing else—that bright, sharp and well aimed needle of a speech that probed the very center of your soul. There is only one comfort to be taken. The repetition of such attacks soon weans your heart from the attacker; and this once done, nothing he can say will ever pain you more. While, as for him, one friendship after another, mortally stung by his sarcasm, dies, and he finds himself at last alone and friendless, as he deserves to be. —Democrat's Monthly.

The Boston *Home Journal* says: "A descendant of an honored Boston family recently failed in business, having been embarrassed principally by trusting too largely on several parties in whom he placed implicit trust. His creditors took possession of his house, furniture, and effects, leaving him and his family without shelter, and then, not satisfied, seized his family tomb at Mount Auburn, which had been left him by his father, and in which repose the remains of his parents and several brothers and sisters."

ABOUT ONE-SEVENTH OF THE PRODUCTION OF THE COMMERCIAL WORLD WHICH IS MADE FROM THE SUGAR-CANE AND THE SUGAR-BEET.

—about six-tenths of the former and four-tenths of the latter—and it is likely we shall obtain our future supply from the same sources. The beet sugar product of Europe is now nearly equal to two years' consumption of the United States. There is nothing apparently in our climate or soil to forbid its production here, and the cost of labor will not always remain an insuperable obstacle to success. The European success has not been the work of a day. In 1818 France produced but 39,000,000 kilograms, 133,000,000 in 1858, 211,000,000 in 1868, and reached 462,000,000 in 1875—equivalent to about 29 pounds per capita. And nineteen-twentieths of it is produced in a few departments north of Paris.

The best sugar experiments in this country—in Hampshire County in Massachusetts, in Livingston and Stephenson in Illinois, Fond du Lac in Wisconsin, Alameda and Sacramento and Santa Cruz in California—may yet prove to have been pioneer enterprises of a magnificent industry. The difficulty to overcome appears no greater than the cotton manufacture has accomplished in underselling Manchester. The Maine achievement is now attracting attention and exciting hopefulness; and it is the inventive genius and manufacturing skill of the East that the country naturally looks for organizing success in beet sugar-making. Could it be attained—and who dares say it shall not?—the result would be a greater boon to agriculture, East and West, in its stimulus to intensive culture, in its aid to cattle-raising, than the mere addition to the wealth of the country by the amount of sugar produced. —New York Tribune.

BLOOD MONEY.

A Peculiar Custom Connected with Turkish Criminal Jurisprudence. (From the Philadelphia Times.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 11.—A revolting instance of vindictiveness and of "blood money" purchase of exemption from capital punishment took place in Beyrout last month. It is so illustrative of the demi-civilized customs which prevail in the Turkish Empire, that I give you the details: The Lebanon region is inhabited by people of fierce natures and stormy passions. Whether they be Christian Maronites or Mussulmans, or even of the tribes of the desert, all alike are prone to strife, to blood deeds, and to taking the law into their own hands. A blow is immediately followed by a dagger thrust or a rifle shot. The offense and the punishment go together. Every body goes armed to the teeth, whether at work in the fields or journeying on the road. But little account is taken of assassination from the point of view of justice is so venal that a man who feels himself aggrieved prefers to take his own redress on the spot. Sometimes, however, a female relative makes complaint to the authorities, and cognizance must be taken of the crime. This was the case in the affair in question. Three years ago, in a quarrel, a young Maronite killed another Maronite of the Oriental Greek rite. Both of them were of poor families of the mountain. The authorities having been stirred up to activity by the persistent outcries of a member of the family of the slain, they arrested the fugitive after great difficulty, and put him in prison at Beyrout. There he lay for three years, nothing more being thought of the prisoner or his crime. There being some doubt also, as to his being the real culprit, his offense was likely to be expiated by an extended term of imprisonment.

The mother of the victim, in February last, suddenly appears on the scene. She insists on his being sentenced to death. As the crime was proven according to local judicial forms, she obtained her request. The government of Syria, a firman for the execution of her son's murderer. As the superior authority could not be disobeyed, a day was fixed for the hanging. In vain the notables of all creeds and races, Mussulmans and Christians, appealed to the old woman to be merciful, for upon her word depended the life of the Maronite. They represented to her that she could do the deed if it might have been in self-defense; that at any rate his guilt was not perfectly clear; that he had already grievously suffered in body and mind by his imprisonment, and that the people of Beyrout did not want a capital execution in their midst. Neither the Turkish Ulemas, the Greek and Armenian bishops, nor the Turbans, could soften the heart of this cruel mother. "I have the firman for his execution," she said, "and his fate is in my hands. I will not spare him." In the night of February 5, three hours after midnight, he was taken from his cell and led to the place of execution. An immense crowd of people gathered around the scaffold. There was placed a scene of the most extraordinary kind. The woman was told by the executioner that the man's relatives were ready to pay her any sum in their power if she would, as custom authorized, allow him to go free on the payment of blood money. She shrieked and foamed for vengeance. For an hour and more she refused to be merciful, notwithstanding the entreaties of the mass of men, women and children. In the meanwhile the young man stood on the gallows with the halter about his neck, trembling for his life. Finally, worn out by the prayers of the people, and tempted by the high figure to which the relatives of the Maronite had run up the bid for his life, she consented to accept 8,000 francs of blood money. The hangman let go his hold of his expected victim, and handed him over to his relatives, who carried him off amid the acclamations of the spectators. In Persia, in similar cases, the criminal is delivered over to the relations of the murdered person to put him to death or to make any disposition of him they please, and such is generally the custom through the East. In Numbers, xxv, 19, it is said: "The revenger of blood himself shall slay the murderer." These customs are consecrated by immemorial usage in Oriental countries. Such scenes as that which I have related, occurring as it did in one of the most intelligent and best ordered cities of the empire, will go far to making justice absolute master in her own domain.

To find out whether a garden has been planted or not, a paper given to the farmer will be found to be of great use. If the beds are planted or not, a good way to tell is to turn a stray cat into the garden. If the beds are planted the cat will proceed to race round and dig into them, and act as if it had relations in China it was anxious to get at; while, if they are not, it will sit down calmly in the garden, and be as indifferent as the cat of the progress of a missionary work in Africa. A cat's instinct seldom deceives in this matter.

A man with a croaky pair of boots always has music in his soul, and is likely to forget it, either.

AMERICAN SUGAR.

More than 100 years ago we began making cane-sugar in Louisiana, and in 1854 it sufficed for half the country's supply. Now we import 9 pounds for every 10 used. Forty years ago a corn-stalk sugar mania arose, and the official representative of agriculture gushed over the subject in official reports, the New York Agricultural Society gave a premium for successful making of sugar of maize, and for a year or two the wisest experimenters in this State, in Indiana, in Tennessee, and all over the country, made a little sugar and a great deal of uncrystallizable mush—a dry-looking agglomeration of sirup and grape-sugar; and then the whole subject sank into oblivion, to be resurrected as history from time to time repeats itself. This came sorghum, and for more than 20 years ago, in infinitesimal quantities, has been made from it—in the State of Ohio, for instance, about a pound and four-tenths per acre to 80 gallons of sirup, for the last 15 years, and a smaller proportion in other States.

The difficulty with sorghum, as with maize, is that it yields mainly grape-sugar, and except a particular variety in its growth, and under most favorable conditions of manufacture, is utterly disappointing in all attempts to produce a genuine "cane sugar." The excitement in sorghum is now an "amber" variety from Minnesota, the reputation of which will likely to sell car-loads of it in the West for half the price of sugar. It is fortunate if the result shall add appreciably to our sugar supply in the next ten years. It is also highly probable that our corn harvest will continue to swell the national supply of beef and pork and butter and cheese, and even of liquid extracts of maize, and equally probable that our sugar supply will be placed implicitly in the hands of the California experiment with water-melons, or other manufacture of corn sugar.

It is important that the United States should produce the required supply of sugar, which will in 10 years reach 1,000,000 tons per annum. We use now

HIS STRANGE INFATUATION.

Far back in the days when good-natured Queen Anne lolled comfortably on a cushion, and a generation of wits and witlings adorned mightily out of place with the wisdom they muffed—a certain doctor of antique mold was living in London, and waiting philosophically for the fame and reputation which had looked at him through future's vista fifty years ago. Now, in truth, Doctor Bone, as he was called, was no quack; but his nature refused to conform itself to the dictates of fashion and patronage, and consequently the general public had always regarded him through the wrong end of life's telescope, whereby his person and skill had appeared of indifferent make.

Thus for 30 years or more he had trudged his weary journey, proving himself of infinite value to the needy, and acknowledging with an uncomplaining propriety of his fate, but with a pride that showed his indifference to fashionable approbation. He met disdain with contempt; and, although he was loser thereby, had the conscious self-satisfaction of an independent spirit. Perhaps, morally speaking, he was in the right; but in those days of fawning and flattery, the ransom he sought was as unattainable to him as the Lord Mayorship would have been.

As for his person, he was tall and lank, with a somewhat ponderous Roman nose, lips that fell, by long practice, at the corners, and pent-house brows which thatched his eyes but poorly, for the water would often gleam ungrudgingly from the trials of poverty and care, and lightened the gloom of his existence with unglorious spirit; but one blank night the flame of her little life shot up brilliantly for a moment and then guttered into darkness, though the poor child was sorely stricken for the tired traveler she was leaving behind. And he, simple practitioner, bowed his fading head to fate, and to his gloomy den and exercise room, towards childless alone and sorrowful.

But one day, when he had passed his 60th year, a patient of his, an old woman, died, and in the bounty of his ancient heart he took a forlorn little grandson of hers to his own home, and swore solemnly to foster this stripling of 3 years old and bring him up as his own child.

And he kept to his word, and for three more years now had reared the minute adoption with a zeal and tenderness befitting his noble nature. For hours would he sit in his moldy old study, feigning to be absorbed in some moth-eaten volume, but in reality watching and enjoying the gambols of the child, and when some of his whimsical and unbecoming antics were going on, he would rise and enter the room with a hundred infantine whims which went direct to the sunny heart of the observer. With his own hands would he direct the baby's meals, and when his old housekeeper, Betsy, had put him to bed, he would creep upstairs for a goodnight kiss or a playful wrestle, in which the little arms always came off victorious. Then would he retire to his gloomy den and exercise his wits in the resolving of some intricate problem, which last habit had happily absorbed many an hour of his tedious life.

The good Doctor had, in truth, planned and consummated no glorious additions to science by this habit of his; but he had at least gained greater riches by the way, and these were some valuable things at home, the most precious of which shall recompense thee. "Pooh, pooh, Doctor!" answers the young fellow, "I am 'f' faith no mercenary creditor; thou shalt have time to collect thy rents."

"No time," says the other, miserably enough, "can restore me what I have lost; thou art young, boy, but I shall not live to see thee, and some valuable things at home, the most precious of which shall recompense thee." "Pooh, pooh, Doctor!" answers the young fellow, "I am 'f' faith no mercenary creditor; thou shalt have time to collect thy rents."

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OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.

Old maids are useful. They cook, sew, and take care of the nurse sick people, and generally the piano. Old bachelors are useful. They do not even know how to nail or split wood.

Old maids are amiable. If any thing done that requires pain and kindness of heart, a single one sure to be the one to do it. Old bachelors are ill-natured, spiteful, snub children, despise babies, and young mothers, and are usually employed in seeing that people take good care of themselves. They have not a moment to give to anyone else.

Old maids are nice looking. They are young for their years. Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism, and their knees, bald heads, and mouth turned down at the corners. Old maids can make a house a little room, and cook dinner for ten or eleven on the gas-jet in half an hour, besides making all the wardrobes. Old bachelors need an tailor, waiters, cooks, distant relatives and hotel landlords to keep comfortable. When old maids they lie up their heads in pocket-knives, and their hearts in drawers and trunks, and their feet in shoes and stockings. When old bachelors are to go to bed and send for the doctor, they have a consultation; a man-of-war of black bottles; all the amiable ried men who belong to the club; up with them at night, besides a nurse; they telegraph to their relatives and do their best to impress their will on the ideas that their doctor has.

Old maids are modest. They are young for their years. Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism, and their knees, bald heads, and mouth turned down at the corners. Old maids can make a house a little room, and cook dinner for ten or eleven on the gas-jet in half an hour, besides making all the wardrobes. Old bachelors need an tailor, waiters, cooks, distant relatives and hotel landlords to keep comfortable. When old maids they lie up their heads in pocket-knives, and their hearts in drawers and trunks, and their feet in shoes and stockings. When old bachelors are to go to bed and send for the doctor, they have a consultation; a man-of-war of black bottles; all the amiable ried men who belong to the club; up with them at night, besides a nurse; they telegraph to their relatives and do their best to impress their will on the ideas that their doctor has.

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OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.

Old maids are useful. They cook, sew, and take care of the nurse sick people, and generally the piano. Old bachelors are useful. They do not even know how to nail or split wood.

Old maids are amiable. If any thing done that requires pain and kindness of heart, a single one sure to be the one to do it. Old bachelors are ill-natured, spiteful, snub children, despise babies, and young mothers, and are usually employed in seeing that people take good care of themselves. They have not a moment to give to anyone else.

Old maids are nice looking. They are young for their years. Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism, and their knees, bald heads, and mouth turned down at the corners. Old maids can make a house a little room, and cook dinner for ten or eleven on the gas-jet in half an hour, besides making all the wardrobes. Old bachelors need an tailor, waiters, cooks, distant relatives and hotel landlords to keep comfortable. When old maids they lie up their heads in pocket-knives, and their hearts in drawers and trunks, and their feet in shoes and stockings. When old bachelors are to go to bed and send for the doctor, they have a consultation; a man-of-war of black bottles; all the amiable ried men who belong to the club; up with them at night, besides a nurse; they telegraph to their relatives and do their best to impress their will on the ideas that their doctor has.

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