

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.
A FAMOUS SPT.

Carl Schumlester, the Chief of the Secret Police of Napoleon First.

About an hour's walk from Strasbourg, east of the village of Ilkirch, lies a domain known as Meinau, now desolate and in ruins, but once celebrated for its grandeur. A proud castle with stately Greek portals, stood within the lovely park, and the wonderful gardens filled with rare plants arrested the eyes of the traveler. The owner of all this had furnished the palace with every thing that was beautiful and artistic, and all the talents of the stonemasons of the continent. And to whom did it belong, you ask? A man whose name disturbed and alarmed half Europe—Carl Louis Schumlester, the head spy and chief of the secret police of Napoleon First.

He was the grandson of a Polish noble who, having killed his opponent in a duel, fled the country, went to France, and lived in a small village as a teacher. He gave no name, and the peasants called him Schumlester or schoolmaster, and that name was handed down to son and grandson. The son married well and prospered, and the grandson, at an early age, in his haste to become rich, became a smuggler, then abandoning that profession, he became a merchant, and finally a general. He was intrusted by him with the transportation of a battalion over the Rhine, and for which successful operation Savary gained the notice of Napoleon, and then his advancement. From this time Schumlester was brought into intimate relations with the French Government, and in the affair of the unhappy Duc d'Angouleme, but it was in the year 1805, in the war with Austria, that he became prominently known. When Napoleon was in Strasbourg, he obtained audience with him and begged Napoleon to accept his services as spy.

"What credentials have you?" asked Napoleon, gruffly.
"None, except my own," waving him with a contemptuous gesture, and walking to the parapet.
As the Emperor stepped behind the wall, Schumlester quickly changed his costume and came forward completely altered in appearance. As the Emperor saw this strange person approaching him, he said, angrily:

"Who are you, how came you here unannounced?"
"Sire, forgive me that I did not go away," I am Schumlester."
Napoleon was won by this strategy and took him into his service as chief spy. Schumlester left Strasbourg and went to the commander of the Austrian forces, the unfortunate Baron Mack, and winning his confidence was installed as spy. Through the information that he gave all the military plans of the Austrian army were made. He was called "Delphic oracle," and was trusted blindly with the deepest secrets that were not confided to the other officers of the corps. And not alone Mack, but the other Austrian Generals were completely deceived by him. He was allowed every freedom, went among the troops, passed the sentinels, visited the camps, and profited by all this freedom without the least mistrust being felt against him. He continued these practices until he was finally arrested as a spy, shortly after the capture of Ulm, and brought to Vienna, and upon the advance of the French transported to Konigsgratz. In his trial his defense was that he had betrayed the truth, and without doubt he did give them information, for he was as willing to serve one as the other, only holding to the winning side. At any rate he played his role with the greatest tact and cunning, and must have had some claim to their consideration, else they would have hung him then and there instead of taking him to Konigsgratz for trial. He certainly understood masquerading, walked through a group of the escorting soldiery bowing on all sides, who let him pass without a question, never dreaming that the stranger was Schumlester. Regarded without suspicion, he begged his way back to Vienna, went directly to his old protector, Savary, who was then general commissary of the French army police in Vienna. Here he remained until the departure of the French army, then was again arrested by the Austrians, and only escaped with his life through the diplomatic intercession of the French Government.

After this, in the war of France with Prussia we find him by the side of his friend Savary, and through his coolness and courage he saved the General's little corps from being taken by a strong Prussian division. He had dropped his name as Schumlester, and was then M. de Charles, also M. de Meinau, and riding in front of the corps with four cavalrymen through the city of Weimar, called upon them to surrender to the "advance guard of a great army," and the strong guard of Prussians stationed in the vicinity, fearing to be overpowered by Savary's corps, quickly retreated. From this moment his name was made. Napoleon took him into his private service and gave him the most difficult missions. In 1807 when Savary was Governor of Konigsberg, M. de Charles was prefect of the same, and in the war with Austria in 1809 he was war commissary. But during the battle of Wagram, the Austrians were upon his track, and he found himself in the garden of a peasant's house and a detachment of Austrian troops approaching to capture him. Hastily changing his clothes and the expression of his face he met them on the stairs as an old surgeon with a case of surgical instruments and a basin in his hands.

"We are looking for a spy; who is up stairs; have you seen him?" they asked, with a menacing look.
"That one up there is almost gone," nodding towards the ceiling, and the Austrians, thinking the lines had been laid down. The soldiers climbed up the stairs, and Schumlester again escaped.

We next find him acting as Police Prefect and also a courier playing more the role of a courier than a Government official. Through him Napoleon knew all the habits and words of the life of a Prince. Then in 1814 his star was again dim, and he hid himself until the return of Napoleon from Elba, when he took up his residence near Paris on one of his estates. Here he lived until the second taking of Paris, and then was arrested by the Prussians and taken to Fort Weisel. Here his life was saved on the plea that as Prefect of Konigsberg he had shown such consideration and humanity to the people, and

his administration had been so just a one! After his release he disappeared from the political horizon. With Napoleon's fall his star went down. Napoleon's value of his services and the estimation in which he held him may be seen by the following anecdote:
The Emperor one day was very grateful for some services rendered and asked him if he had no favor to ask of him in return.
"Sire," said Schumlester, "I have one favor to beg—give me the 'Croix.'"
"Non, Charles, no," answered Napoleon: "ask me for a million and you shall have it, but never the Legion d'Honneur."
And the Emperor kept his word; he loaded him with wealth, and his possessions were valued from 1814 to 1817 at over ten millions. Toward the latter part of his life he seemed to be remorseful and unhappy, and died in 1853, at Meinau, where he lived very quietly, with none of the splendor of former days, and his money and possessions went to the winds. He lived a lonely life, and a favorite companion in his travels was a fat black poodle. One day he was surprised by an acquaintance in his house who was astonished to find that the celebrated poodle was a thin black dog whom Schumlester, when he had papers of importance or contraband articles to transport over the frontier, dressed up in the skin of a poodle. Surely his ingenuity was won!

As the Emperor stepped behind the wall, Schumlester quickly changed his costume and came forward completely altered in appearance. As the Emperor saw this strange person approaching him, he said, angrily:

The Late Gen. Richard Taylor.

Gen. Richard Taylor, who died in this city a few days since, was one of the best generals in the Confederate army during the late war. He was also a fine scholar, and a brilliant man in society—a high conversationalist, witty with a rare power of adapting himself to the circumstances and company of the moment. To men of a younger generation he was particularly charming. When the faster members of the Prince of Wales's set would meet at the Marlborough, he would discuss coaches with Lord Carington, cock-pheasants with Lord Aylesford, and the latest horse-race with Lord Charles Beresford. In the Park, with the Princess and children, his manner was redolent of antique chivalry. At the Turf Club he would arrange handicaps with Admiral Rous, and help Lord Rosebery make his book for the Newmarket meeting. At the Athenaeum he would discuss general literature with Sir Charles Dilke, and at the United States service would discuss military tactics with Sir Garnet Wolesey and Lord Napier of Magdala. Nothing came amiss to him. George Otto Trevelyan, nephew of Lord Macaulay, read his articles in the *North American Review*, and said there was in him the stuff of a great military writer. Statesmen listened with delight to his dissertations on the American Constitution. Von Moltke himself gave him in his honor the dinner at which he met Prince Bismarck. Everywhere he spread about him the charm of his personality, and nothing distinguished him from the crowd of *vacanciers* more than that his conversation was never forced or out of place, never labored or prepared beforehand, welling up naturally from the stores of a naturally rich mind.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A Colored Lawyer's Life.

An interesting event, says the Boston Journal, took place last Saturday, when A. H. Grimke, Esq., a well known colored lawyer of this city, was united in marriage to Miss Sarah E. Stanley, the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman of Wisconsin, and a lady of Caucasian blood. The ceremony took place at the residence of Mrs. Charles F. Curtis, Mount Vernon Street, in this city, the Rev. C. A. Bartol officiating. The company assembled was select, and of the highest character. Mr. Grimke has had an eventful life. He was born in South Carolina, and till the Emancipation Proclamation was a slave, when, through the intervention of friends, he was sent North to be educated. He graduated from Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, and from the Harvard Law School, where he took high rank. From the Law School he entered the office of William L. Bowditch, Esq., but now has an office of his own. He is a gentleman of the finest literary tastes and qualifications, and the lady he has married is one every way qualified by birth and endowment to be his partner and coadjutor in the noblest of professions, the companionship of any man. Mr. and Mrs. Grimke have the warm friendship of a circle of friends moving in the best ranks of Boston society. It is rare that we chronicle the intermarriage of the races represented by the contracting parties, and we do not record the parallel of the above record, so far as the social circumstances attending it are concerned.

Staging in the Pyrenees.

In the Pyrenees there is an interesting stage-line between two villages, one on each side of a mountain 16,000 feet high. The coach has proceeded a little distance, and the driver, who is part of the ascent the conductor begs the passengers to get out so as to ease the horses; they are even requested to push behind and help the poor animals to drag the huge vehicle uphill. When at last the summit is reached each traveler, wiping from his forehead drops of sweat as big as kidney-beans, congratulates himself on the breezy ride down the steep slopes of the descent which awaits him. There is where he fools himself, for the conductor, with a sweet smile, begs the gentlemen to be kind enough to hang on to the coach behind and act the part of a Westinghouse air-brake, or else the horses may be injured. In this manner the terminus of the line is reached, the passengers having pushed the coach all the way up one side of the mountain and held it back all the way down the other. In spite of this there is a rush for places on the stage daily, as there has been for half a century.

An exceedingly handsome pair of oysters (Arcaea exoleta) in the grounds of Baron Rothschild at Ferrieres, "perfect in health and symmetry," were four years ago "the most unguilely plants of the whole collection, being marked in their branches, and of irregular growth." A writer in the *Gardener's Chronicle* explains that this remarkable transformation is the result of heroic use of the knife—"pruning to pyramidal shape, cutting to within a foot or two of the main stem."

SENATOR WADE HARTON looks strong and bluff, in spite of his recent sufferings.

SURPRISING RUNNING.

Going from Paris to Moscow in Less than Fourteen Days.
[From the Boston Journal.]
The feats of the postmen, though surprising enough, are cast into the shade by the recorded exploits of Ernest Mennen, a Norwegian sailor in the English Navy, early in the present century. Although for a long time known to his shipmates as an extraordinary runner, he first attracted public attention by running from London to Portsmouth, a distance of 73 miles, in nine hours, on a wager that he could not accomplish the feat in 10 hours, and soon after he ran from London to Liverpool, 150 miles in 32 hours. Mennen did not quit the sea until he had distinguished himself in the battle of Navarino, in 1827, but shortly after that date he became a land runner. After winning a number of local matches he was induced to undertake the great feat of running from Paris to Moscow. He started from the Place Vendome at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of June 11, 1831, and entered the Kremlin at 10 o'clock a. m. of June 26, having accomplished a distance of 1,760 miles in 13 days and 18 hours.

This feat, as might be supposed, created a decided sensation throughout Europe, and the employment of Mennen as a courier extraordinary by Kings and Princes became a popular amusement in European courts. He ran from country to country, and from court to court, bearing messages of congratulation, condolence, or dispatches of greater importance, and whenever matched against the regular mounted couriers, easily succeeded in beating them. He always carried with him a map, a compass, and as many biscuits and ounces of raspberry sirup as there were to be days occupied on the journey. In winter he took with him a pair of long, slender, narrow shoes, and when traveling he always chose the most direct line, turning out neither for mountains nor rivers, but climbing the one and swimming the other. He never walked, but invariably ran, keeping up a long, swinging lunge for hours at a time, without rest. His only refreshment was one biscuit and an ounce of raspberry sirup per day, and he would travel 10 to 15 miles each in 24 hours. These rests he took while standing and leaning against a tree or other object of support. At such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept, and after such a nap, he would pursue his way, apparently as refreshed as though he had slept for hours.

In 1833 he started from Munich at 1 p. m. June 6, with dispatches from the King of Bavaria to his son Otto, King of Greece. These dispatches were delivered at Nauplia at 9 a. m. July 1, or seven days sooner than if they had been sent by the regular post. In 1836, while in the employ of the British East India Company, Mennen was charged with the conveying of dispatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through Central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in 59 days, or in one-third of the time made by the swiftest caravan. On this wonderful journey he made his way across terrible hordes, and with the conveying of dispatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through Central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in 59 days, or in one-third of the time made by the swiftest caravan. On this wonderful journey he made his way across terrible hordes, and with the conveying of dispatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through Central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in 59 days, or in one-third of the time made by the swiftest caravan.

At last the project was broached to Mennen to explore the Nile and attempt to solve the most interesting geographical problem of the age—the discovery of the source of that great river. He set out from Silesia on May 11, 1842, and ran to Jerusalem, and thence to Cairo and up the western bank of the river into Upper Egypt. Here, just outside of the village of Syane, he was seen to stop and rest, leaning against a palm tree, with his face covered by a handkerchief. He remained in that position, person tried to wake him, but they tried in vain, for he was dead. He was buried at the foot of the tree, and it was years before his friends in Europe knew what fate had befallen him.

Sleep—Sleeplessness.

Although every one is familiar with sleep, and knows it to be a period of perfect repose, it is only within the present generation that any considerable progress has been made in the study of the physiology of the phenomena. Forty years ago the question: "What is Sleep?" would have proved almost unanswerable. A writer on physiology in 1835, says, speaking of the phenomena of sleep: "Of this phenomena we frankly confess we can assign no physical cause that is satisfactory." He adds: "The only cause of sleep which we are enabled to assign is so limited that we can not assign a precise physical cause for the natural kinds of sleeping and waking, nor for their regular periods of return." Since then, much has been accomplished; and we may at length attempt to point out adequate physical causes of those interesting phenomena with which countless generations have been familiar.
During sleep, the action of the lungs, the heart, and the stomach still continues, but in each case more slowly than during the waking hours. One great organ, and only one, appears at first sight to be completely torpid—namely, the brain. It is thoroughly sound healthy and awake, the sleeper seems sunk in absolute dreamless unconsciousness, the brain appears wholly and entirely inactive. This is, however, not altogether the case. The difference between this and the other great organs of the body is one of degree only, not of kind. The brain does not cease its functions entirely. During life, in fact, that is, in motion, there is a complete cessation of action on the part of any one of the great organs of the body means the stoppage of all the others and the dissolution of the system. The brain therefore, notwithstanding the lethargy and unconsciousness in which it appears to be plunged, exerts still a large amount of force. That fact, however, being admitted, it is nevertheless plain that the brain is the organ chiefly affected, and the one therefore which demands special study, if we would understand the phenomena of sleep.
Experiments have accordingly been conducted with this object. Advantage has been taken of the necessity of transpiring in the case of human beings, and dogs also and other animals have had portions of the skull removed, and in each instance glass has been used instead of the usual gold plate to replace the bone. By this means the various changes in the appearance of the brain have been accurately observed. During the waking hours, the brain is seen to be full of blood, and presses with such force against the skull, inasmuch that in those cases in which the portion of bone removed had not been replaced by any other substance, the brain protruded considerably. Similar experiments made in France, some fifteen or twenty years since, it was observed that in the state of profound sleep

the brain became pale and ceased to protrude through the opening in the skull, or to press against the glass, as the case might be. It thus became evident that the unconsciousness of sleep resulted from a large diminution in the active circulation in the brain. And was further proved by the wire required for proper experiment, and was observed to give evidence of dreaming, by movements of the limbs—barking in the case of dogs, or speaking in the case of human beings—increased. This proving that the partial activity of the senses, faculties during sleep, which we call dreaming, is really a partial resumption of the normal waking circulation of blood through the brain. In other words, when a person dreams, his sleep is not sound. He is partially awake. The curious feature in dreaming is that certain faculties being dormant, fail to control the imagination; the consequence being that the most absurd and impossible remembrances tagged together in perplexing confusion. The imputing of any thing serious to dreams is therefore mere idle folly. Whatever over-stimulates the circulation of the brain causes imperfect sleep, if not absolute sleeplessness.

Although sleep is a natural and involuntary state, it may be greatly promoted by maintaining a good state of health; by daily open air exercise, or by riding or sailing with the face exposed to the air; by having the stomach free from a heavy meal, or any indigestible substance; and by the mind being undisturbed with cares. Over fatigue, indulgence in food or drink beyond what nature requires, and over proper exercise and mental disquietude, are all causes of sleeplessness. Breathing in a confined or overheated apartment is also a not unusual cause of broken slumber. The temperature most suitable for sleep is about 60 degrees, which gives the sensation of neither heat nor cold, and admits of a moderate amount of bedclothes being worn. Those who are habitually bad sleepers, resort to various expedients to secure the blessing of repose. One of the most successful plans consists in mentally repeating a familiar poem or psalm, so as to alter the train of thought, and lull the consciousness.

It is well ascertained that sleep best comes at the extremities; the feet sleep first, and then the rest of the person. On this account, in order to fall asleep, we require not only to compose the thinking faculties, but to keep the feet still. The feet must also have an agreeable warmth. With a consciousness of this fact, the North American Indians and others who are in the habit of bivouacking in the open air when on distant expeditions, sleep with their feet towards a fire which they kindle for the purpose.
Certain drugs act as an opiate and produce sleep, when ordinary means fail; but these should never be taken unless by medical sanction. The practice of taking the most deleterious and health; and if persevered in, is ruinous to the constitution. Coffee and other beverages act variously on different individuals. They exhilarate some, and others they send to sleep. Tea usually acts as an exhilarant, by stimulating the nervous system, and should not be taken less than four hours before going to bed.

While it is ascertained that sleep is connected with the state of the brain, there remains the extraordinary fact that some persons possess the power of summoning sleep by an effort of the will. Napoleon Bonaparte is known to have possessed this faculty. During his campaigns, when no regular repose could be taken, he embraced opportunities of sleeping for a quarter of an hour, or some other short period, and waking up exactly when the assigned period had expired. This subjection of sleep to the action of the will is in practice comparatively rare. More commonly, habit and predisposing conditions, such as darkness and quietude, and other favorable occasions, however, when owing to great fatigue, for example, an uncontrollable heaviness and drowsiness will cause a man to drop to sleep in a moment, even in the most uncomfortable positions and amid light and noise. But an attentive consideration of this invincible drowsiness, due to long or over-fatigue, throws great light on the primary cause of healthy sleep and of the periods of its return. We begin to perceive that the diminished pressure of blood in the brain is after all only a leading and important symptom of a general physical state; and in bringing about the condition of altered and lessened activity of the organs which we observe during the period of sleep, some one organ must assume the initiative. And reflection assures us that this physical first cause is the nerve-force of the body which, centered in the brain, controls the whole system. Sleep is the means by which this force is recruited, no more of the force being expended than what is necessary to maintain the involuntary muscular movements of the lungs, the heart, and the stomach.

On waking, the eyes are opened, one rises, one walks and works, one eats and drinks; and especially—in some cases at all events—one thinks. Every case of these operations, more particularly thinking, involves an expenditure of nervous force, is a tax on the vital energy, and diminishes to that extent that fund of nervous force on which all the complicated functions of the body depend for their healthy exercise. After this great flow of and strain on the nervous force, there sets in an opposite and compensatory movement, an ebb and relaxation of nerve-force, and this produces the phenomena of sleep. Of course it is possible, by means of stimulants or excitement, to counteract this natural reaction of the system, and for a time to ward off its result. But that only amounts to saying that it is possible to live on one's capital instead of one's income. Nature in due time will take her revenge. To maintain health, the expenditure of nervous power during the waking hours must be balanced and compensated by an equivalent proportion of sleep. Consequently we find that since mental exertion is more than any other kind of exertion, of the brain the muscular exertion, even so must it be made up for by an increased amount of sleep.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A Long-Lep Secret.

A wealthy couple here had lived together in perfect peace for 41 years. While sitting in the parlor one evening, not long ago, the husband surprised his wife by saying, "I am going to tell you a secret you have never heard before." There was a brief pause, as the lady and a near relative who chanced to be present awaited the disclosure, and the husband continued: "Yes, you will be surprised to hear that I had another wife before I married you." Startled and aghast, the wife clasped her hands in suspense, and asked, "Am I not then your lawful wife?" "You are, my loved and lawful wife," was the prompt reply; "my first wife died four years before I came to Dubuque and met you." Then he related how he had married his first wife, and been summoned to his home to find her dead in childbirth. Then he went West and settled in Dubuque, where the second romance of his life commenced. Six years ago he received a letter from the woman who had nursed his first wife. She wrote that she was upon her deathbed, and could not rest until she had confessed her share in a base crime. The wife had died, but the son had survived, and through a large bribe proffered by the deceased woman's father, the nurse had been secured and the husband told that the child had died with its mother. This was the father-in-law, who was wealthy, but his daughter's death left him without an heir, and he took this means of supplying what fate had denied. With her last breath the nurse informed her employer that she had drugged the child to the gentleman in Dubuque, and immediately upon her death the father-in-law went West and offered a large bribe. This was refused, but the secret was kept. The son was a millionaire

Agriculture and Other Industries.

A division of labor is one of the natural laws of society. In agriculture it has not been so marked in the progress of civilization as in the mechanic arts, but even here it has been going on. "Since you have kept it from me so long, I would rather you had never revealed it." The excitement caused by the recent proof fatal. In two days the lady was dead.—*Dubuque Times*.

The Fidgets.

Nervous prostration, as a prolonged physical disorder, says the New York Times, is a complaint of comparatively recent date, but one much more prevalent than any one who has not looked into the matter can have any idea of. Years ago people were said to have the "fidgets," which, in some instances, which were passed under a longer name, though as a rule, what is known as nervous prostration is found in a more or less complete exhaustion of the system, rather than in easily excited displays of nervous action. By far the greater number of sufferers from this trouble in our own country are young women of good social position. In New York City at the present time there are hundreds of well-to-do women to whom life is a burden in consequence of nervous weakness. Seemingly slight bodily effort or trifling mental exertion proves to be a greater load than they can carry, and is followed by sleepless nights or extreme physical debility. And yet it is often the case that no outward indications exist of this inward trouble. The person so afflicted may apparently be strong and vigorous, and may have a most excellent appetite, and for these reasons they sometimes fail to receive the consideration which their actual condition entitles them to. On the other hand, the outward characteristics of the disease are so misleading that the work of impostors is made easy, and hence to that unhappy large class who dislike to be thought well it offers advantages which it is to be feared have not been passed by. As years ago, it was considered rather creditable than otherwise to have the gout, so for some time past, nervous prostration has been a fashionable complaint, taxing the patience and skill of those physicians whose practice is among the wealthy classes. There seems to be as yet no settled method of treatment, though one or two medical men might be named who have gained quite a reputation as specialists on account of their success in effecting cures. The disease itself is for the most part attributed to an ignorant violation of the ordinary laws of health at a time of life of the utmost importance, and to that mental depression which unmarried young women often experience in looking forward to a seemingly profligate future. It is a singular fact that working women and married women are but seldom sufferers from nervous prostration.

Bargaining a Governor-General.

A young man, in the full uniform of a Procurator's Secretary, called last week on the Governor-General of Charlow. Courteously saluting, said he, "I, the Procurator, beg your Excellency to be so good as to come at once to his office."
"Any thing very important?" was the answer.
"We are on the track of Prince Kraptina's murderer, and your Excellency's presence is most necessary."
"Good! I will ring and order the carriage."
"Pray do not trouble to do so. The Procurator has sent his own carriage for your Excellency that no time be lost; every thing depends on expedition."
The Governor and the young man got into the carriage, drove off, and have not since been seen! The Governor had himself fallen into the hands of the Nihilists.
The head of police has since got a letter from the captured Governor imploring him not to prosecute the search for Kraptina's assassin, as success in this direction would be followed by the loss of his (the Governor's) head, who is held as a hostage.—*London World*.

A Plant Without Stalk or Leaf.

There is a very big flower with a queer name, *Rafflesia arnoldii*; but the oddest thing about it is that it has neither stalk nor leaf. I don't mean a dead flower with the stalk and leaves plucked away, but a living and growing flower. The one I heard of measured three feet across, weighed ten pounds, and could hold about two gallons of water. It was found in the East Indian island of Sumatra, but I'm told that others of the same family have been seen in South America. These curious flowers grow upon the roots of other plants, sending up all on the roots, and spreading up like heads of cabbage.—*M. Nicholas for May*.

Among the Chinese medicines exhibited at the late Paris Exposition were the inside of a stag's horns as a remedy for bronchitis and rheumatism; dried toads for gonorrhoea; the dried and roasted larvae of grasshoppers for headache, and a glutinous decoction of donkey's skin, which is considered infallible for consumption. Another remedy for rheumatism was a powder prepared from elephant's skin. A stimulant shown was a tincture of scorpions, and a gelatinous decoction of the legs of a scorpion. A costly but efficacious tonic. There was beer's gall also, as a general antidote, and a jar half filled with flour, in which were a number of live loaves. When the flour became well soaked with the saliva, etc., of the toads, it was withdrawn, dried, and pounded into a powder. Its use is as a means of procuring vomiting with the view of restoring persons to convulsions, hysterics, or fainting fits.

The principal Italian journal of Milan describes Queen Victoria as "a most simple, unpretending, respectable-looking lady, attired in deepest mourning, too short and stout for royal dignity, but bearing a comely and dignified air of command." The features, somewhat drooping, are imparted with a saddened, pained expression, indicative of inward physical suffering rather than of mental sorrow, to which it has been ascribed. Her walk is that of a person more advanced in years than she is, and she advances slowly, her gait being unequal, like that of a person suffering from rheumatic pains; but there is no doubt but that air of distinction acquired by the habit of command, which renders it impossible to mistake the Queen for an ordinary person."

A Literary Character.

When Simpkins was invited to attend literary party, a few nights ago, he began studying the promises of poets, and familiar sayings in order to make a good impression on several ladies whom he expected to be present, as well as the general company. He had his route all laid out, so the showman said, and knew just where he was going to put in the phrases, which he had jotted down in a note-book, in case his memory should fail. He was late on purpose, and as his hostess welcomed him, he said:
"As Shakespeare remarks, 'It's better late than never—not to get around at all, you know,' and then he dropped down with a very red face to a neighbor and took a peep at his book to see what it was he wanted to say."
He was invited besides a fair lady, who began conversation by remarking that "The present age of poetry seems to appeal to the sentiments less than the passions, and the future, we should hope, would bring a more aesthetic taste."
"Yes, yes," said Simpkins. "I'm doubtfully the future will, for you know the saying is, 'Never too late to mend.' I don't know, but I never would like to put in a stitch in time saves nine. No, that isn't what I meant to say. Either, it's never too late to fix any thing, you see."

Then Simpkins crawled behind the stove and read all his phrases over again. When he emerged and joined a circle at a table he was caught between two young ladies, each of whom came in for a share of his attentions, until he said, "How happy could I be with either, if 't'other dear charmer was—was—if she'd go home."
And then Simpkins broke for the door as a horrified expression came over the young ladies' faces, and grasping his hat he rushed from the house and drove to a toothless child it is to have a—
— and then he fainted dead away.—*Old City Herald*.

Farmers' Mutual Insurance.

Forty years ago or more, in passing through Vermont, I observed on most of the buildings a card or label marked "mutual." On inquiring, I found the cost of insuring was very much less than with the stock companies. When I came West I often urged the farmers to form mutual insurance companies, and do their own insuring at their own cost, and receive all the benefits. We may reasonably infer that the stock companies make large profits, by the fine large blocks of buildings they have in our large cities, and the money they pay to loan; besides the large salaries they pay their officers, and their great number of agents, often falling and wronging their patrons out of the money. When these stock companies are sound and honest, the policy holders receive back losses, only 20 to 30 per cent. of the amount they pay out.
Five years ago last winter the farmers of Muscatine County, Iowa, formed a mutual insurance company, commencing in March, 1874, with only \$50,000 insured, which has since increased to \$200,000. This company consists of dwellings, barns and buildings, farm tools, produce, churches and schoolhouses, none of which shall be in city or village. When a loss occurs by fire or lightning, an assess ment is made to meet the loss. The Secretary does all the business, receiving \$1.50 for survey and policy of each insured, and making an assessment, and receipts. Besides the \$1.50, the policy holder pays one mill on the dollar at the time of insuring. To this date, over five years, we have met with three losses—total amount a little less than \$2,300, and the assessments amounted to 44 mills on the dollar, including the one mill first paid. Now farmers, took on this and see if you can not save money, and have your insurance done at home, and without loss by failure of companies. The loss by delinquents is very small—not over 2 to 4 per cent. on the amount to be collected.—*Cor. Country Gentleman*.

Crazed by Religious Excitement.

The Pocomet tragedy recalls the case of one Truman Phinney, a farmer of Geauga County, Ohio, who, 10 years ago, went crazy at a Methodist revival and became seized with the idea that the Lord had commanded him to kill his son. At 3 o'clock one morning his wife was aroused by her husband, who was engaged in the work of whetting the butcher-knife in a very diligent way. Having noticed that he was a little strange the day before she was alarmed, and asked what he was doing. At first he would not tell her, but at length, with great show of reluctance, he said that he had received a command from the Lord in order that the whole household might be saved his little son must be sacrificed, and he was getting ready to carry out the will of the Lord. The alarm of the mother was beyond description, but she kept perfectly cool and appeared to be greatly interested in what was going forward. At length she attempted to reason with him to put off the sacrifice for a time, but he would not consent to it. He said that now was the accepted time and the day of salvation. Finally she suggested that it would be proper to have a certain neighbor present, as he always took much interest in all that was going forward in the family, and was willing very pliant. To this Mr. Phinney consented, and with his wife went to invite the neighbor to the sacrifice. The neighbor came and succeeded in securing Phinney before he completed his bloody work. He was taken to the Cleveland Insane Asylum, where he died some years later.

The very newest stockings are in solid colors in silk, ribbed, ribbed and open worked. The rib form stripes that run up and down to the ankle, and over the instep, and above the ankle they are laid across, which rounds the lower part of the leg as it rises above the foot. The colors are pink, blue, garnet, striped white, and black. A striped white and black stocking is handsomely embroidered in brown; midway between the top and the instep is a band of brown; at the top is lace edging. Another style has the instep and heel in dark red, and the other part of the foot, as well as the top of the stocking, is gray. A beautiful cream-colored silk stocking has an embroidery representing a black and white domino. A pair of Hild thread stockings is embroidered in green, with tall grass and small flowers on the instep and sides.

A ROACH POWDER highly recommended by the *Sanitifer* for relieving the head made by mixing equal parts of powdered borax, Persian insect powder, and powdered colchynth. Just how it acts is not stated, but probably it makes the insects sneeze to death.