

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

TILLY.

"Asked Tilly?" "Yes, actually. I heard him myself. Did you ever?"

Miss Rosie Green, for all answer, looked unutterable things. Miss Fosse Green took off her sunshade and fanned herself vigorously with it. She looked warm; her face was flushed with feeling no less than with the weather. She and her sister were no longer as youthful as their names suggested. Moreover, irritability brings out the lines and wrinkles of a face, and it is unquestionable writing that to be passed over for a slip of the tongue or a hasty face, not one's own flesh and blood at that.

"It's all pa's fault," Miss Rosie pursued, presently. "He does spoil that girl so abominably. There will be no enduring her presently."

"I shouldn't be one bit surprised if Mr. Leonard makes so much of her just to please pa. Men are so time-serving. Of course it's to his interest to keep in pa's good books."

"There they go now!" cried Miss Rosie in an excited whisper, flying to the window, and peeping through a crack in the shutter.

"For goodness' sake, don't give her the satisfaction of seeing you look at her."

"I don't care whether she sees me or not—not a rush. That old pink calico on me! I do think she might have had the decency to make herself look respectable, riding out with pa's young man."

"Pa's young man! What a way to put it!"

"Well, isn't he, for the present? He's reading medicine in pa's office, I'm sure, and he takes the messages that are left, and tells pa afterward. For my part, I think he is bound to be civil to pa's daughters."

"Well, he is civil to one of them." "Yes. That's the worst of the way pa treats Tilly. It's real unjust to us. Hateful little piece!"

A case of cruel step-sisters, you are thinking. However, there was no tie of blood or of marriage in this instance. Dr. Green had adopted Tilly, brought her up with him when he moved to Woodbridge 12 years ago. She was a mere baby then, and his wife was still living, and cared for the child as her own. She was a motherly soul, and loved babies. Her own girls had left infancy half a score of years behind them. Since her death life had not been so smooth for Tilly. Perhaps she and Green's girls would have been kind to another person in the same situation, but they certainly made life a burden to their little adopted sister. There is no accounting for likes and dislikes. It did not prove Tilly morally deficient because she aroused the worst feelings in Rosie's and Posie's natures. It is an unpleasant mystery why certain anti-social natures should be subjected to certain exasperating frictions. There are those whom it sets wild to feel the down of the peach. Others bite through the skin with unalloyed enjoyment.

Mr. Leonard—she hoped to be Dr. Leonard this time—next year drove a fast horse to a shining yellow buggy. It was a bright day, and he had a pretty girl beside him. His spirits rose to the level of the occasion. Tilly and he laughed and talked in a way that would have driven Miss Posie frantic. I specify Miss Posie, because her sister had acquired two or three years' additional resignation, which to bear the ill of spinsterhood; wall-flowering had become almost a second nature. But Tilly laughed on regardless. She was happy. John Leonard was the handsomest, the best-mannered, the best-dressed young man she had ever known, and she was willing to believe anything of an auspicious fate.

John Leonard compared her meanwhile to a wild rose, her bloom was so exquisite, her whole effect so dainty. Her large dark eyes were wonderfully bright and shining. I am afraid she was quite unaware how much they avowed as she raised them to John's face now and again. Prudence should have kept them averted.

"Burned my finger to-day," she said, displaying it, "taking the baked custard out of the oven."

"Why, the poor little finger! And such a beautiful one, after all."

"Do you think so? Pa likes it."

"Yes. So did my mother. She always considered it an especial treat. I was a tender-hearted chap. It made me unhappy because I hated it; it seemed ungrateful."

Tilly thought this a delightful trait.

"Sifted my custard, after all."

"It's so hard to think up new kinds of desserts."

"And a great waste of brains."

"Perhaps it is. I often wish I had more time for improving my mind."

"You should take the time," dogmatized John. He had had it on his mind to say this. It struck him that Tilly's education was so triflingly neglected. She wrote a wretched, scarcely literary hand; she stumbled in reading along an ordinary newspaper paragraph; she had once committed herself to the opinion that Vienna was in France. It was strange that beauty could be so illiterate—strange, and so shame. The poor child was kept during from morning till night, cooking, sweeping, dusting. Why didn't those two sisters of hers put their shoulders to the household wheel? It was all they were good for. Some one had said that Tilly was not old Green's own child. The more fool she to wear herself out in his service; but women were apt to be fool things who would save themselves to death for any man who gave them a kind word. At least so his mother had always said. And old Green was certainly affectionate enough to the girl. Poor little thing, who could help being good to her? All this, while he kept her from morning till night, cooking, sweeping, dusting. Nor was that the last drive they took together. He asked her all the often when he saw it made the "wicked sisters," as he dubbed them, angry. As it proved, he asked Tilly far oftener than was good for her. This was only an episode with him; with Tilly it was the most real experience of her life. John Leonard seldom talked of his plans, but she had mapped out his career for him. When he graduated in medicine he should become her father's partner, and finally relieve her father—and then—Tilly always herself shared these airy castles with John.

This was a long, long while ago—before the war, almost; accurately, at the very breaking out of the war. Those drives occurred during the April and May when the first regiments were put in the field. At first John Leonard, who was an Englishman, escaped the war

fever. Let these brothers fight out their own family quarrels. But gradually the soul of the war clarsion "passed into his blood." He must have a hand in this himself. A man must be drilled somewhere. So he coolly informed Dr. Green one day that he had enlisted, he was going to fight for his shoulder-straps. "As for my diploma, I'll wait awhile for that."

The Doctor told him he was mad, and urged him at least to wait a year. But much recked John; it is a waste of words to answer a young man except according to his folly. John was an ardent soldier by this time. He had come to America to seek his fortune; perhaps the way to it lay along the path of glory.

When he came to bid Tilly good-by, she burst out crying. That settled the question as to their manner of farewell. He took her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly. This was decidedly wrong, although it implied, although they were only affectionate, brotherly kisses. Miss Rosie came in as he released her. "Well, Matilda Green!" she cried, with an intonation that meant any thing but well. But Tilly was too heart-broken to extenuate her conduct. She left that to John, who said, good-naturedly, "You'll give me a kiss, won't you, Miss Rosie? Remember you may never see me again."

And he actually kissed her too. He wanted to put it out of her power to tease poor Tilly. She had been guilty of the same impropriety herself.

For Tilly was wretched, wretched, after being gone. But she was buoyed up by hopes and visions. She had a brave picture, too, of John, which he sent her when he was made a Lieutenant. Oh, how proud she was when that came! She felt that she was fighting the battles of her country.

She never forgot that speech of John's about improving her mind. She tried hard to do so. Her favorite method was the composition of letters to John, which were never sent, in the course of which she would laboriously hunt out in the dictionary nearly all the words she wanted to use, to insure their correct spelling. She also endeavored to read time to read each light literature as was contained in the weekly paper of the household. She read the love stories, to be sure, with an especial zest apart from their purpose as educators. They struck a kindred chord.

One day John Leonard received in camp a copy of this same paper—the Woodbridge News. It contained a marked paragraph. "Good gracious!" he said, reading it, "old Green's dead. How fearfully sudden!"

His particular chum, Lieutenant Phil Ross, was standing by. This gentleman was a comorian of facts—a trait which the thoughtless are apt to confound with curiosity; but I contend that there is a difference between inquisitiveness and acquisitiveness. Mr. Ross stretched out his hand for the paper.

"Old Green? Hum! ah, yes—Dr. Green! By Jove! Philbrick Green, formerly of Greenbrier, New York." I knew the man. I had from Greenbrier written to him, and he had written to me. "Woodbridge, Rockland County, Pennsylvania." An excellent place to be buried alive in. Been in Woodbridge, eh? What ever took you there?"

"I studied medicine in Dr. Green's office. There was an excellent opening for a country practice."

"I got to see; he had two daughters—Rosie and Posie."

"Three."

"The third was only an adopted daughter. She accounts for my interest in him. Her mother was a distant cousin of mine. Left a widow with three children; utterly destitute. Sewing, and her little Tilly, and offered to take her off her hands. She agreed, rather than let the child starve. The Green moved away shortly afterward. The last time I was in Greenbrier (I run up there every summer to see my mother) I found that my cousin had died, and his wife was very young. Her other children had died meanwhile, and she had set her heart on reclaiming Tilly. Her husband had made inquiries for Dr. Green, but to no purpose. He had made two or three moves since leaving Greenbrier, and no one knew where he had moved to last. My aunt was fretting herself sick. I can't say that I pitied her as much as though she had not given up her child of her own free will, to begin with. It always seemed an unmotherly thing to me. And here I have suddenly unearthed the girl!"

"Luckily enough for her," John optimistically remarked. "Posie will have a life of it, I dare say. They'll have it all their own way now, and a very unpleasant way it is, as I happen to know."

"Had old Green, as you call him, any money?"

"Should say he had. I hope he has left Tilly her share of it. She will get nothing by favor from those two close-fisted old boys that does not come to her by right."

"I'll write to her mother this very day."

"And I'll write to Tilly," John added.

He wrote to the mother too; he seemed anxious, as Phil said, to have his finger in every crack of the pie. That Phil waived his rights of previous acquaintance, and permitted his friend to make the disclosures to Mrs. Eaton, Phil contenting himself with inclosing a few lines to his cousin—in endorsing John's moral character—in that young man's words.

Spidly came the answer. A very incoherent, agitated, short little note from Tilly, so badly penned and expressed as to be almost illegible and unintelligible. But John made out from it that she was very unhappy, and would have any change with joy. Mrs. Eaton's misgiving was blotted with words. She had evidently a talent for letter-writing; that is, for the writing of letters considered as essays. This one invoked blessings upon John's head. It referred to the writer's past sorrowful life. It was a drive.

She always had that whining way about her. "Mrs. Eaton consented, after perusing it." "Coddles her miseries, you know."

Not long afterward arrived the news that Tilly had gone to her mother in Greenbrier. John breathed a sigh of relief. He had learned that Dr. Green had died intestate. His property had gone to his legal heirs. It would have been hard lines for Tilly, slaving all the rest of her days for those hard task-mistresses, the "wicked sisters." The life-long bondage seemed inevitable to John's excited imagination.

So several months passed. Then John applied for leave, on his doctor's advice, who said he needed rest. It was a problem where to spend it. He had no mother or sisters to hasten to who would receive him with open arms, and make each day be at home a holiday. He had distant relatives in England, none in this country. He would have gone to Woodbridge, as he

ing the nearest approach to home, had Dr. Green and Tilly still been there. He would like to see Tilly. She had cried when he had bidden her good-by. He did not think that any one else had shed tears for his sake since. Poor little Tilly! Pretty little Tilly! He had a great desire to go to Greenbrier and see her. He wanted to find out whether she would be glad to see him.

He went to Greenbrier. He found the decent, tidy little brick house where the Eatons lived. He was shown into a dark little parlor. The woman who admitted him went up stairs to tell Miss Eaton that he was there. John thought she must be in her stocking-feet. And when Tilly came down to him she appeared to have on list shoes. Every thing about the house was muffled. "Mother has a dreadful headache," Tilly explained; "she suffers terribly with neuralgia."

It was impossible not to see that Tilly was extremely agitated. The hand she gave to John was like ice, and trembled to his touch. He almost seated her, still holding her hand, and she looking up at him with the old wistful look in her eyes. John was touched. He always liked Tilly. And, poor little soul, how this was! Was it possible that she had only exchanged one kind of bondage for another?

She went out to the front door with him when he left, and he saw then in the daylight how pale she had grown. The little wild rose had lost her bloom. He asked her to take a drive with him for the sake of the fresh air. "You look as though you needed the fresh air."

"Yes, I do not get out often; mother is so ailing."

On the evening of his last day in Greenbrier he made up his mind that he would see her to marry him. He had very little doubt of her answer, poor foolish child; for his own part, he fancied he was in love with her. At all events he ought to be in love with some one by this time. Tilly was almost the only girl he had ever known well.

But fate interfered with his intention. Mrs. Eaton was so ill that Tilly could not be spared from her side for more than five minutes. She came down just to say good-by to John resolved that he would write instead. He told Tilly he would write. "And take care of yourself," he added. She did not cry this time. Persons who take an extreme view of human maladies would perhaps have said that she looked simply broken-hearted.

John did write, it was a different sort of letter from the one he had planned. On his return to camp he was confronted by a crisis in his life. A gay party from Washington came down to dance and flirt in the tented field in lieu of the conventional ball-room. Of this number was Miss Gale, who, if it were not for her hair, would have been an adopt in both dancing and flirting. A society girl par excellence, but the first of the type who had crossed John Leonard's path. She had cultivated fascination to the full extent of her powers, and John fell an easy victim to her charms. He had a very bright hair, and her skin was whiter and redder, and her eyebrows darkened. John was innocent as a babe about these matters. To him Miss Gale was radiant in all the fresh beauty of young womanhood. Tilly? She faded in his thought by contrast into such a mere dull little creature.

Still bewitched, he became engaged to Maud. She reasoned that she might do worse. She had weathered a good many Washington campaigns now, young as she looked. Still bewitched, he would have married her had not fate intervened. Had he done so, he would infallibly have had a young wife in his golden dream; but he would doubtless have survived his disillusion, just as other men and women have done before him. He might have found comfort in the reflection that he was no more wretched than other men who like him had married for love.

When John had been situated, however, when his regiment was ordered into battle—a battle which ended in victory for his side, but which left him in a condition hovering between life and death. He was desperately wounded; and—poor fellow!—when they first told him that the amputation of his right arm was unavoidable, it seemed to him that he would rather die outright. A cripple! maimed! He thought of Maud and her strong, bright beauty with a sickening sensation of faintness.

He lay at death's door for weeks. Part of the time he was too ill to recognize any one. Only the tenderest nursing, the most assiduous care, saved him. And when he finally opened his eyes to consciousness, upon what assiduous and tender nurse do you suppose they rested? It was incredible. Upon whom but gentle, care-worn, gazelle-eyed little Tilly! "How on earth—" began John, then dropped off to sleep again.

When he awoke a year or so since he had seen this dew-drenched rose. He had only written her one letter meanwhile, but that letter had been her heart's sustenance ever since. She had laid it away among certain other memories of hers—memories which retained their sweetness like withered sprigs of lavender.

He made up her mind that she would never see John again—that he had forgotten her. This was her presentiment. But she did not blame John because he had not proved all that she had once hoped he would; that had been her mistake, but a mistake which had been also her joy and her consolation. She called him her good angel. In the dear Hebrew phrase, he had come to her—as in truth every good friend comes to us—as an angel of God.

During this weary while her mother died. Tilly found herself without a tie in life. She might come and go as she pleased. There was a distinct desire in her loving heart to do the one work for an unemployed woman just then. But it was some little time before she gathered courage to carry out her wish to become a hospital nurse. The alarming first step once taken, she went on easily enough. And she found an immense pleasure in thus being of use—as a nurse, and of comfort to many suffering souls.

The Providence which direct's small matters as well as great, appointed her duties in a certain ward in a certain hospital, where she came upon John Leonard's white face one day, and she lay stretched on his cot of pain, and he reached out his hand to her, and she felt, as if she were back to back, and she felt as though this satisfaction more than compensated for all that she had suffered—loneliness, neglect, disappointment—in the past.

There was little romance about Maud Gale. She made some excuse for breaking her engagement as soon as she learned of John's misfortune. She had little faith in a one-armed man's being able to fight the battles of life successfully. And success meant to her more than affection; one might fall in love many times over.

John fortunately found that the cure for his disappointment lay in the nature of the disappointment itself. "So weak a thing! So weak a thing!" "So we come to the end. Tilly, continuing under the military regime of Gov. (Gen.) Mason. He was prominent among the early pioneers, having served in the war of the Conquest, but was astonished when commissioned Alcaide by Mason, for he knew nothing more of jurisprudence than the next farmer. He accepted the position, however, for the same reason that it was given him, to wit: he was the leading American of his neighborhood.

His decisions were not only remarkable for impartiality, but their originality surprised that of the decisions of Sancho Panza when Governor of the Island.

His library consisted of the "swearing book" and one volume bound in calf—supposed to be a law book—which he made a pretense of consulting on all occasions prior to rendering judgment, but he invariably announced that he found "no law exactly applicable to this case," etc.

On one occasion a native Californian who had maliciously shared the tail of a fine saddle-horse belonging to another, was arrested and brought before him for trial. The evidence was conclusive, and the Judge, after examining the volume bound in calf, announced, "I find no law exactly applicable to this case, but my judgment is that the defendant, in taking to the horse and horse, cows, colts and calves have to make a horse, so have tigers, lions and your young, for of the latter many are born in the United States every year."

During the past five years no less than 17 lions have seen the light of day, though only six reached years of maturity.

The details of their nursing are peculiar. The lioness is not approached until the cubs are fully three or four months old. They are then, by means of strategy, separated, and weaning commenced. A quart of milk, together with some bonnet, juicy cutlets and titties are given them daily until the seventh month, which is the critical period of cubs. If they get over that, they stand a fair chance of living a long time, though the period of tooth shedding, which generally occurs at 12 months, is attended with danger.

It is a known fact, that lions attached to traveling circuses, and proper care, are the most healthy and lively, and thrive better than those in zoological gardens. In this country a lion has been exhibited 35 years, and as far as could be judged was 15 years old when captured; so that he certainly was over 50 when he died. In eight out of ten cases congestion of the lungs carries them off.

The amount of food given a lion is less than one would suppose, 13 pounds of beef a day, with bones ad libitum, being a fair allowance. When fed regularly they show little disposition to gloat themselves, and will rarely exceed 10 pounds, even though a chance be given them. The greatest care is exercised in keeping their cages clean, as they are constantly shedding their hair, an accumulation of which adhering to their food, and being swallowed, makes them sick.

The largest number of these animals are imported from the French province of Algeria. There is no affection in a lion; he knows his keeper and fears him, and will obey him, but there is no affection between them. The value of lions is varied, though a good pair will readily bring \$4,000, and the demand is constant. Rare animals are sought after by the various zoological institutions and menagerie owners, and in many instances they have paid fabulous prices for the more rare species. Tigers command about the same price as lions, but are comparatively scarce and not so popular as the lions.

Elephants always find a ready market, two or three being imported yearly for the purpose of traveling shows. One at \$6,000 to \$8,000. Even a dead elephant will find a ready buyer at from \$100 to \$300. The African specimens are the finest, being twice the size of their Indian brothers.

Giraffes are exceedingly rare in the United States, in nearly every case being able only to meet the voyage from the Cape to England or the continent. The voyage to this country enables them so that many die during the trip or immediately after landing here. The least cold sensibly hurts them. They are dainty feeders and much given to consuming cabbages. They are valued at from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a pair.

The rhinoceros and hippopotamus market is always an active one, as very few have ever reached this country alive. The bath of the latter renders his transportation almost impossible.

The South American monkey is always in demand, while those of Africa are almost entirely neglected. They are being dull and lazy and easily caught. The methods of catching them are numerous. In South America the natives fill gourds with rum, which the monkeys drink, and becoming totally unconscious under its effects are easily taken. In Africa wooden vessels are used, into which they are lured, and can not remove them. They range in value all the way from \$1 up to \$500.

Africa is the great stock farm for animals. The Boers, a hundred or two miles above the cape, are constantly catching animals, and find a ready market at Cape Town for them.

Stocks of animals and animal catchers are numerous and marvelous, but many of them are so tainted with exaggeration that it is asking too much of common sense readers to wade through them.—Harford Courier.

Beggars that Ride.

In San Antonio, Texas, the streets are narrow, winding, unpaved, and lined with low, thick-walled stone houses, having earthen floors and flat roofs. On some of the roofs bright flowers and feathery grasses wave. Along the narrow streets ride beggars mounted on shaggy little donkeys, and looking all around for somebody to give them alms.

These fellows are great brawny Mexicans, with fiery black eyes, which have a gully look in them and very quick to catch sight of money. If you toss a coin to one of these beggars—nothing less than a five-cent piece will do—he is sure to catch it in his hat, and from there it will slip into some pocket of his ragged clothes. Then he will grind, touch his forehead, and ride stolidly on. His horse, probably, is in the outskirts of the town, is called a "jaco," and is built with upright posts straddled, and bits of cloth, and all sorts of materials, and thatched with straw. It contains but little furniture, yet shelters heads of sweet-potatoes, garlic, and red-peppers.—St. Nicholas for June.

Dr. Netts of San Antonio, Texas, has a night-blooming cereus 14 feet high, and which has 35 buds.

A case of students of the University of Michigan has been caught at counterfeiting and systematized stealing.

The Alcaide of Santa Cruz.

Judge Blackburn was Alcaide of Santa Cruz, Monterey County, California, under the military regime of Gov. (Gen.) Mason. He was prominent among the early pioneers, having served in the war of the Conquest, but was astonished when commissioned Alcaide by Mason, for he knew nothing more of jurisprudence than the next farmer. He accepted the position, however, for the same reason that it was given him, to wit: he was the leading American of his neighborhood.

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A Novel Use for Murderers.

It has been often said that hanging is the worst use to which a man can be put. A peculiar social economist in Boston has advanced a novel proposition for dealing with murderers, who can be made, he thinks, to serve humanity far better than by execution. He deprecates ordinary capital punishment because it is a waste and destruction of valuable forces and energies which should be conserved. Alluding to the fact that a finger entirely severed from the hand is usually, or otherwise, may grow again if replaced in season, held in position, and skillfully treated, to the practice in surgery of skin-grafting, and to transfusion of blood from the strong to the weak, argues that a healthy eye could, with the observation of proper conditions, be engrafted on the mutilated and nerves that had been cut from a diseased or imperfect eye. Instead of sending a murderer to the gallows, he would turn him over to physicians and surgeons, if he were sound and vigorous, to be useful for the corporeal benefit of suffering humanity. He would give a couple of teeth, whatever they were, to the scalp, whatever might be made available to those who needed them, removing them under the influence of anesthetics. If the murderer should die, it would be no more than his doom, and he would be by his death a benefactor to the race, instead of, as now, a demoralizing example. How men of regular life would like to be furnished with criminals' fragments and features is a point he does not touch upon. He has not, probably, ever read about the story of the "Notary's Nose," and of the continual misadventures which befell him through the use of the features obtained from the arm of an eccentric water-carrier.—New York Times.

American Pork in Bremen.

Mr. Wilson King, Consul at Bremen, in his dispatch to the Department of State, refers to the reports circulating in Europe relative to the diseased American pork. During 1878 more than 17,000,000 pounds of pork were imported into Bremen from America. Generally it arrived in excellent condition, the packages in good order, with an interest composed of 7 per cent. By the time he had got to 200,000 enormous sum: \$659,446,275,878,840, or a weight about 15,486,156,896 tons of silver. As it would double every 10 years for the succeeding 100 years, it is probable that the weight of silver at present would far exceed that of the whole earth.

Woman's Sympathy.

A joke is told on a certain gentleman which is too good to be lost. Our friend, who shall be nameless, purchased a pair of pants a few days ago, which, upon being tried on at home, he found to be too long. That night he remarked to his wife that he wished her to take off about an inch from each leg, which would make them the desired length. Being fond, as a good many wives are, of teasing her husband, the old lady, desiring to do as she should do anything of the kind, and he retired, finally, without having obtained a promise from her that she would attend to the matter. Soon after he had left for his room, however, she, as a matter of course, clipped off the superfluous inches, as she had been asked to do. The family is composed of six female members, in addition to the "good man," and it chanced that each one of the five, who were in adjoining rooms, including the mother of our friend, heard the dispute between man and wife about the pants, and, after the latter had taken out the required inch and retired, the old lady, desiring to "keep peace in the family," and not knowing what her daughter-in-law had done, cautiously slipped into the room and cut off another inch. In this way did each of the five ladies, unknown to the other, and all with the praiseworthy object of preventing any misunderstanding between the married couple, clip an inch from the legs of the gentleman's trousers. The following morning, all unconscious of what had taken place during the night, he rolled up his pants in a piece of paper and took them to the tailor to be shortened to the desired length. Upon a hasty glance the latter ventured the opinion that they were already rather short; but the owner was too well posted on that score, and insisted that they were fully an inch too long. The tailor had no more to say, and our friend retired. On the following Saturday he called for the pants and took them home, and the next morning, when he came to put himself inside of them, he was supremely disgusted at finding that the legs reached only a trifle below the knee. In other words, they had been altered to the fashion of a century ago, when knee-breeches were in vogue. He straightway accused the tailor of having ruined his pants, and, as his indignation was so great, he indulged in any thing but mild. His wife heard him and came to the rescue of the Knight of the Shears, explaining that she had taken an inch from each of the legs, and her acknowledgement was followed by that of each of the other five ladies, when it was discovered that altogether the legs had actually been shortened to the extent of seven inches.—Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle.

New Advice on an Old Subject.

I have been cleaning house, and as I always feel competent to instruct others in any thing I can do myself, I have concluded to tell the sisters how. Begin as early in the spring as possible; select a cold, windy day, as you will be less likely to have callers. Put on the best-looking dress you own. If a faded old wrapper with a few rents in it, all the better. Don't put on a collar or comb your hair, for you want things to correspond. Put on an old sun-bonnet, if you have one; if not, tie an old apron around your head, like a turban. Take up every carpet in the house the first thing, and hang them all out to dry, then the neighbors will see how many you have, and, perhaps, envy you. Next take out all the windows, and leave them out; then all the paws will know you are cleaning house.

Begin to wash the doors first; work hard and fast and when you get into a perspiration, clean the windows first. You may possibly take cold, but that will be nothing new; you always do take cold in house cleaning time.

If the children are troublesome, send them well, or, perhaps, whip them; they must be taught the importance of your work, and let them play with your neighbor's children, as your own she has not begun her spring cleaning.

Don't stop to cook a dinner; the rest of the family ought to be able to put up with a cold lunch if you can. Leave your husband to wait on the children while you go on with your work. You will only waste time by stopping to eat. Keep on working till you are too tired to stand.

Of course, your husband will grumble; they always do. Who ever saw a man who thought there was any need of a house being cleaned? He will probably go out evenings till you get the house in order; men are such unsympathetic creatures. Work away, and if you don't get sick before you get through you will finish it some time. Then you can