

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

H. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

There is scarcely any thing more unfortunate for a man than the absence of loving women around his childhood and youth. Mark Ripon had never known such women, and I offer this fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.

He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtergate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of his native city, and had been adopted by the institution.

Wholesome food, stout clothing and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth £50,000.

But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the veriest pauper. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed him with a mother's love. He had no home, no mother, and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his chagrin and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and, like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own ideas was a fresh confirmation of it.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as an elderly old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd, and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only compassion his boyhood had ever known, and his godfather. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, though, as the latter grew up to manhood, he gave him a great deal of anxiety. For George preferred the society of women, and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.

One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a vestry meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and as his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angry and doubtfully at the pretty face lighted by his favorite's smile. "You are a very handsome young man, but I do not like to see you with a woman like that. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Malley had been to him.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay his expenses if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's Bank, and preferred a home." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark felt the generosity of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded all his advice and entreaties.

He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who, in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a power which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom, and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.

epile of the cold, patiently waited. After an interval of two hours Mrs. Downes's carriage returned, the same gentleman put her carefully into it, and she must have driven at once home, for when Mark passed the house she was sitting in her plain merino dress at the window, nursing his nameless child. She ran to the door and begged him to come, but Mark was full of his discovery, and answered, gruffly, "Ask George to come to me after dinner; I have something to tell him."

George heard what his godfather had to say, with a face half angry and half incredulous. "It must have been my wife's sister," he said.

Mark laughed scornfully at such a defense, and, moreover, stoutly asserted that it was Mrs. Downes, and not Mrs. Downes's sister. "Come on Thursday, and see for yourself, George."

"If I do, godfather, it will not be because I suspect my wife, but because I am sure to prove you wrong."

Still George thought it singular that he could not by the most adroit questioning get from his wife any allusion to these mysterious visits. At length he said, "Emma, I will ask for Thursday afternoon, and we will go to Aldborough Woods, and see the holly and mistletoe for Christmas. What do you say?"

"I can't go Thursday, George, dear; I have so much to do."

"What have you to do?"

"More than I can tell you. Is it not near Christmas, and does not that imply all sorts of housekeeping duties?"

"But will you go with my wife, dear?"

"No, I can't go, I have lost the wish to go now." "No; both were silent, and the evening was not a pleasant one. All the next day he told himself that he would not go and watch his wife Thursday; yet when the day came he was sitting with his godfather at the window. At the usual hour the carriage arrived, and Mrs. Downes, with her hair as elaborately dressed as if she was going to a state dinner at the bishop's palace, ran down the steps, and was soon driven rapidly away.

"Well, godfather," he said, pleasantly, "that is Emma, certainly, and she is a very nice girl, but I am sure she has some good reason for what she is doing. I believe I will wait until she tells me."

"Don't be such a fool, George; go and question the servants."

After a little reflection, George crossed to his own house and rang the bell. The housemaid seemed surprised at his appearance, and when he asked where his mistress was, said she had not seen her since she had taken her orders for dinner. Then George went up to the nursery. "Where is your mistress, Ann?"

"Is she not in the parlour, sir?"

"You know she is not. Where did she go in the carriage?"

"Indeed, sir, it is my business to mind the children; the mistress knows her own affairs, without the likes of me meddling in them."

He turned round impatiently, went back to Mark Ripon, and got an accurate description of the house to which she had traced Mrs. George, and in half an hour the half-curious and half-angry husband stopped at the pretty cottage. All was quiet about it, there was no appearance of company, it looked almost deserted in his wintry garden.

An exceedingly lovely woman, though evidently in frail and failing health, opened the door for him, saying in an inquiring voice, "You want the signor, sir?"

At the age of 15, the heart of Goethe began to flutter with the emotions of love. A merry life he and Gretchen led in picnics and pleasure boats, but his passion was turned to melancholy when he found that the girl's affection for him was merely that of a sister. He suffered greatly at the destruction of his first romance, but pride came to his aid, and he threw himself into study, which filled him with a new ambition.

A year later he arrived in Leipzig to commence his collegiate life. He joined the family of an inn-keeper and fell in love with the lively daughter. The portrait of Gretchen was very pleasing. They saw each other daily, and in private theatricals played the lovers. Imagine this fantastic youth indulging in the boyish caprice of tormenting his beloved. He teased her with trifles and idle suspicions; was jealous without cause, till at last her endurance was exhausted. No sooner was he aware of this than he repented and tried to recover the jewel, but in vain. So fell away the blossoms of love. His mobile nature soon dried the tears wrung from him by the loss of Gretchen.

He resided in Strassburg in 1770; the one spot above all others of special interest, as the home of Frederika. From the first hour this bright young creature bounded into Goethe's presence the two hearts rushed into one. Gayly passed the days, the youngsters hourly falling deeper and deeper in love. But the social disparity was great, and although love in no wise troubled itself about station, there is quite a different solicitude felt by approaching marriage. Goethe was called to leave Strassburg to leave Frederika. With a touching sentiment he bore away a sprig of jessamine which, in days gone by, had been touched by the white hands of the peasant-girl, and placed it in his pocket-book as a souvenir!

In the spring of 1772 he arrived at Wetzlar, with the arrow in his breast, and the image of the last beloved could only be banished by the presence of another girl. He met a young woman, but soon found that as she was betrothed to another, she could give him nothing but friendship. Hence the situation was full of danger; there was no safety but in flight. So, bidding adieu to this romance, he devoted himself to law, literature and painting.

Anna Elizabeth Schopenhauer, immortalized as "Lili," was the daughter of a banker in Frankfurt, and this child of 16 next ensnared the heart of Goethe. She was confessedly a coquette, and served her admirer as he served poor Gretchen. Disparity of station again arose as a barrier, and the betrothal was broken off. The lover was once more free, but not happy, and quitted forever the paternal roof.

In November, 1776, Goethe, aged 26, arrived in the little City of Weimar. His heart was still trembling from the late agonies; and hence was more liable to the invasion of a new idol. Hilbertine had been captivated by a young girl; now he is fascinated by a woman—a woman of rank, elegance and culture; who made herself necessary to him, made her love an aim, and continued to keep him in the pleasant fever of hope. Charlotte von Stein was mistress of herself, and Goethe's passion for her excited sympathy without a word of blame. The quiet influence of the Frau von Stein is visible in all his alterations. At last he said, "I will give up this vain love—I will be lord over myself." Leaving this woman as an image which pursued him, he plunged into the destiny of to-morrow—saying "Who knows whether he is not to be mourning wakes us to new joys; the evening brings us the hope of new pleasures."

One day in the autumn of 1788 Goethe was accosted by a bright looking girl, by name Christine Vulpius. Her naive and gaily completely fascinated the poet, and she became the mistress of his affections. One would fain pass over this episode, but it is too generally known to be ignored, and suggests a tragedy which finally resulted in marriage.

The death of the wife Christine was the saddest event of his life. She who for eight and twenty years, had loved and believed in him, had taken from him without making him deeply feel the loss. In a letter to Zetter, the words were these: "When I tell thee, that my dear little wife has left me, thou wilt know what that means."

As the years increased Goethe worked harder. There was abundant life in his head and heart; but he had scarcely a wrinkle of age; whose larger brow had still a flashing splendor. In the seventy-fourth year of his age, he had youth enough to love—and it was thought he would marry the Fraulein von Lewezow, but the ridicule of friends withheld him.

On the widow of his son, devoted herself to cheer his last days. When the final darkness came, she sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers, until the sleep in which a life glided from the world. Goethe lived and loved no more.

**A Bird's Courtship and Death.**

Do birds have a language of their own, and have they any of the emotions of humans?

A lady who lives on Olive Street relates the following: A few days since there fell in front of her window a tree a "chippy" or ground bird, such as chatter about the parks and streets. It seemed weary and crippled. She picked it up, carried it in the house, fed it from her own mouth and at night placed it in the cage with her canary. The canary at once bestowed upon the newcomer all the attention of a mother, and nestled beside the little stranger during the night. In the morning the lady placed the chippy in the window so that it might have the privilege of regaining its freedom. It plumed its tiny wings and went away. The canary mourned during the day as if he had lost his mate. In the evening the chippy came back and perched upon the window. The saff was raised and it flew in and nestled upon the cage; the canary at once struck up his liveliest notes and seemed gratified. This was repeated two or three times in the day, going each morning, and returning in the evening. One day it went away and did not come back. The canary drooped, and the next day fell dead from his perch in the sunshine that played over his gilded cage in the window. That night the chippy returned, and during the evening it moulted over its dear companion. In the morning it clung to the cage until it was turned out. For a few days the empty cage was hung in the window, and on each succeeding evening the chippy returned and chirped as if it was grief-stricken. The next day a note of a tube rose in the bill, dropped it in the cage, flew away and never came back.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

It is said Mgr. Capel will lecture in the United States.

## LUXURY IN THE TROPICS.

An Englishman's Palace in the Suburbs of Mexico cost a long time ago, and was as many more in Buildings and Furniture.

(Correspondence of the New York Times.) An Englishman named Barron went to Mexico one day, a long time ago, and opened a bank. He made money, grew rich, and died. His son went on with the business, grew richer, and died, too. The grandson, who is still living, kept on with the business and grew richer than any of the rest of them. He was more sensible than any of his ancestors, for, when he raked together so much money as he wanted, he went back to England, where he could enjoy it. Before he left, however, he built and furnished the most elegant establishment in Mexico, if not the finest on the American continent. This is saying a good deal, for there are a great many very respectable residences in the United States. But any of them had better take thought before it puts itself in comparison with this Englishman's country seat in semi-civilized Mexico. This wealthy gentleman, who makes occasional visits to see how his business is thriving, also owns a handsome city residence in the Mexican capital. It stands in a very conspicuous place, and its outer walls are covered with the Minton tiles with which New York ornaments her mansions. The country residence, which is not dignified by a name, is two or three miles out of the city, on a little elevation, where the trees are green from the 1st of January till the 1st of December, and where a bouquet of roses and violets and hyacinths may be gathered in the garden on any February morning.

All the small articles of value in the house having been either locked up or taken away, I had no difficulty in getting a note from Mr. Barron's agent to the administrator, admitting me to the place, and one morning a party of Americans entered two or three of the wretched Mexican huts and drove out. We drove, that is, very nearly out to the place. The house being set on a hill, and a number of the horses refusing to climb the hill, we walked the remainder of the way.

THE GROUNDS that surround this house are as nicely laid out and kept as any part of Central Park. Life-size statues peep at you through the branches of the green trees; the walks wind through little green valleys, turn unexpectedly past miniature cascades, and lead to rustic seats, cool groves, and the most steeply shelving of the hills, such as the low lands of the coast, on the mountain sides, under the hot tropical sun, in the cold winds of the North, and in the temperate zones. There were enough American trees to make the place look like a Hudson River summer residence, and enough palms and other tropical trees to give it the appearance of a Cuban hacienda. Flowers were in bloom everywhere, the most brilliant and delicate and beautiful flowers of the tropics. It might have passed for the Garden of Eden if any of the Adam family had appeared among the bushes. There were walks made of shells and pebbles and stones, and high alcoves, the one on the edge of the hill and looking off to the southward, the two great Mexican volcanoes could plainly be seen—Popocatepetl and Ixtaccuhal.

One of the party got the muscles of his lower jaw in a terrible tangle trying to pronounce the names, so we christened them Tom and Jerry. Some of the party wanted to call them Moody and Sankey, but the more serious of us could not consent to this. Tom is the highest mountain in America, and its summit is always covered with snow. Jerry is pretty high, too, but not quite as high as Tom. They are both very successful as high hills, but volcanoes they are not. They look from here, in this clear, rare atmosphere, as if they were three or four miles away—one is 60, the other 80. They make a very nice background for a gentleman's yard.

**THE HOUSE** itself is very broad and very deep and very low. The first story is surrounded by a broad veranda. The second story has a little veranda in front of most of the windows of the second story. The house is built of stone, and covers considerably more ground than our City-hall. We went up half a dozen broad stone steps, crossed the veranda, and were received at the big front door by the administrator, who, not being able to speak English, wisely said nothing. I could not read our note of introduction, but he recognized the signature and smiled, and we were ushered into the grand hall. Marble statues and statuettes lined the broad entry on both sides, and the floor was made of marble tiles in gay colors. We were taken first into a room to the right of the hall—a room about the size of the Governor's room in the City-hall—filled with

**FAMILY PORTRAITS.** In one corner, near a window, hung the newest and brightest picture of them all, a full-length portrait of a lad of 16 or 17, the heir to the Barron cash and the Barron houses. The present proprietor, a gentleman past the middle age, looked out of a doorway from a room, or in any of a dozen or more corresponding rooms on the ground floor, but what there was of the heavy and costly old English fashion; mahogany sofas that would weigh a ton, and polished tables that shone like mirrors. This room, in size and furniture, was very much like all the rooms on that side of the lower part of the house, and there were at least 12 or 15 of them all hung with beautiful paintings, so full that the walls could hardly be seen. The Mexicans never can bring themselves to regard the ground floor as the place for their own use, and their occupation of servants, and all the choice things are kept up-stairs. What use these lower rooms were put to when the house was occupied, it would be hard to conjecture. They were far too fine for the servants, but not nearly as elegant as the upper rooms. There were

**PAINTINGS** by Raphael and Michael Angelo and other foreign gentlemen who are said to have been very strong on canvas; but an artistic description of them by a person who would rather see a bright chromo than a smoked Raphael would perhaps not be of any permanent value. I confess, however, to a strong liking for some of the frames. Many of them were beautifully carved, and the gilding was as fresh as if just laid on—much fresher than the pictures. It was said that half a dozen of these pictures could be selected, any one of which was worth more than the whole of the furniture on the grounds and every thing else about the place. With an even choice, however,

I should take the house. The rear part of the other side of the ground floor was composed of kitchen and a room for servants and a large dining-room, large enough for a regiment to sit down to dinner; but most of its furniture had been taken away. The front part of this other side was divided into several large rooms devoted entirely to amusements. There were billiard-rooms and bowling-alleys and roulette-wheels and all sorts of games, all ready for somebody to play. These rooms were all furnished in elegant style, and everything was tipped with silver. We could not get any of the tips off.

The solemn guide took us up stairs into another large hall, with more marble statues, and more pictures, and more chandeliers. Here the things began to grow interesting. Down-stairs every thing was in a style of old-fashioned taste. The furniture upstairs, the furniture looked as if it might have come from Paris within a month. Everything was bright and costly and handy. The first room we entered up-stairs was

**ONE OF THE PARLORS**—a room so long that objects at the other end looked small. This room was furnished in the Mexican style, which has an idea that the more furniture and marble that can be crowded in the better. The furniture was upholstered in pink satin, with richly carved frames. There were so many statues and bronze clocks and marble-topped tables, that it was hard to walk through the room without knocking some of them over. The whole place glistened like a fairy palace. The door led into another parlor fully as large and quite as elegant. It was a place where the Duke of Buckingham might say good morning to the Prince of Wales, and ask him to stay to dinner. We went through more sleeping-rooms than any of us cared to count, all furnished differently, as far as granite and marble. Two or three of them were particularly large and grand. Plenty of things have slept in those quarters. So have I. There were bath-rooms, the tubs lined with handsome blue and white tiles, and a stream of sparkling water constantly running through them; a large library, well filled with the best of English and Spanish books; and two or three nurseries, with padded carpets, the lower part of the walls lined with stuffed velvet, so that when the little ducks tripped and fell they would not bump their noses.

One of the prettiest parts of the whole place was the little family chapel, with seats for 20 or 30 persons. A beautiful painting of the Saviour was suspended over the altar; the seats were comfortably cushioned, and the walls were covered with crimson satin. Almost any body could pray in such a place.

The family not being at home, we were not invited to stay to dinner.

**"Just From Leadville."**

A conductor on the Michigan Central Road came across him the other day. The train, coming east, had just left Jackson, when the man from Leadville was discovered on the platform of the rear car. He seemed to have an object in being out there instead of in the car, but the conductor was deceived as to his motive. Conductors rarely ever get hold of the correct theory when they find a man with a long neck and a lean sachel sitting out on the rear platform.

"Trying to beat my way—great heavens! but how can you say that?" replied the man from Leadville to the conductor, who was deceived as to his motive. "No, sir—no! I came out here for fresh air. I've camped out so long that I'm sick as a horse the minute I feel a roof over my head. I'll be in a minute and pay my fare to Detroit. I'm going up there to engage seventeen hundred men to re-tune to Leadville with me."

The conductor suggested that he return the car and pay his fare at once. Michigan railroad conductors don't seem to care a clam-shell whether a passenger hails from Leadville or Bangtown.

"Pay my fare to once—of course I will!" replied the man from Leadville. "The owner of the Huckleberry mine wouldn't let me go well trying to beat a one-track railroad out of three or four dollars' fare. I'll be in there in just a minute—just as soon as the knawless fellows of the stumstick is kinder gone. You'd better go in and get change for a five hundred dollar bill, so as not to detain me."

The conductor went back through the cars, and returned. The owner of the Huckleberry mine was no longer on the platform, but was sound asleep in the center of one of the coaches.

"Pay my fare!" he shouted, as the conductor gave him a vigorous shaking up. "Do you charge me double fare because I own the biggest and richest silver mine in Leadville? Am I to be imposed on because I am about to engage thirteen hundred laborers in Detroit, at two dollars a day per man?"

"I want your fare," said the conductor.

"Want it twice over?"

"You haven't paid your fare yet, but you must or I shall put you off the train."

"I appeal to my fellow-passengers, I do!" exclaimed the man from Leadville; "even if I do own the Huckleberry mine, and a half interest in the Short-cake, I'm not to be swindled!"

## Concerning Anesthetics.

It is not merely pain as such which we seek to prevent by anesthesia, nor is it always well for a man to endure the pain of an operation because he feels that he can nerve himself to it without flinching. As Dr. Tidy well said in a paper he lately read before a medical society in London, anesthetics are given "to diminish nervous and mental tax," and this means a good deal more than the simple relief of bodily pain.

Anesthetics diminish this nervous and mental tax by allaying the apprehension and fear of an operation. The degree of this apprehension and the consequent harm it does vary much with different temperaments. Hence an anesthetic may be more needed by one person who is going to have a tooth pulled than by another who is going to have a leg cut off. In many cases the suffering from anticipation of the pain is far worse than the pain itself.

Moreover, the insensibility to pain during the operation also diminishes this nervous tax. It is sometimes said that "no one ever died of pain," but that is not true for people sometimes do die of pain. It must be borne in mind that, with advancing civilization, the nervous system becomes more sensitive to pain. The use of anesthetics is, therefore, more necessary among cultivated nations in this nineteenth century than it would have been among the less susceptible people of former times.

Again, anesthetics allow far more elaborate, prolonged, and careful operations to be performed than were formerly practicable, and the gain to the patient is often incalculable. When an operation had to be executed hurriedly, as from beginning to end the surgeon was compelled to make it as brief as possible, often at the inevitable sacrifice of precision and completeness.

Another advantage in the use of anesthetics is that their after-action diminishes the need there formerly was for the administration of opiates after the operation; and for giving opiates is a thing that obviates a resort to opiates is an important gain.

It may be said that there is a risk in the employment of anesthetics, but this is so insignificant when weighed against the benefits derived from them that it can not be seriously urged as an objection to their use. A sufficient reason why they should not be intrusted to ignorant or unskillful hands. It may be a question whether they should ever be administered except under the direction of a regular physician.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

**Advantages of Laying in Bed.**

Taking an occasional day in bed, simply on account of indolence, is however, a very simple and rudimentary notion of this glorious institution. Bed is the natural domicile of every man: "And born to lie, we lie we die."

Bavard, the French physiologist, maintained that man is an animal who exercises the thinking faculty best in a horizontal position. Thus, there are high artistic, social, and intellectual men connected with an occasional day in bed, which imperatively claim discussion. Brinley, the great engineer, when he was fairly bothered and puzzled by some tough problem, always bzzok himself to bed until he had solved it. Most people have a great kindness for Lord Melbourne, who, under the affectionation of frivolity, used to get up to brew and the Fathers and imperturbable good humor to bear with his wife, Lady Caroline, while the pretty Byron-struck termagant used to smash the drawing room furniture. His intimate friends would find the President continually taking his breakfast in bed, with letters and dispatches strewn all over the counterpane. The poets have been terrible fellows to get out of bed. I suppose it is because the visions of the day and of the night sweetly intermingled in his mind, and thought out his poems in bed. Poetry was a still worse fellow. When he had a fit of inspiration on him, he would keep the servants running about for him all through the night. He made amendments by the plenteousness of his "vaits."

We take a later instance. Bismarck says, according to Dr. Busch, that he was troubled with vertigo in 1861. He lay full length on the bed, and had to answer letters of a very desperate sort with a pencil. "He has given up some of his experiences when lying in bed. 'I used to lie awake full of all sorts of thoughts and troubles. Then Varzin would suddenly come up before me, perfectly distinct in the minutest particulars, like a great picture, with even all its colors fresh—the green trees, the sunshine on the stems, the blue sky above. I saw every individual there. I struggled to shake the thing off; and when at last I ceased to see it, other things would appear, and I would be so, and so on; but I fell overboard morning.'" Bismarck at Versailles used to lie in bed a great deal, "because he can not keep himself reasonably warm in any other way." I sympathize with Bismarck. Accept, Prince, the marks of my most distinguished consideration.—*London Society.*

**Not in the Bible.**

A resident on Brush Street who had a horse to sell was directed to a citizen of Ninth Avenue who wanted to buy, and after a little talk the two made a trade. The Ninth Avenue man gave an old horse and \$28 in cash for the other, and every thing seemed perfectly satisfactory. In a day or two, however, the Brush Street man returned and said: "Yes, and I made a trade the other day."

"You replied the other."

"You are a member of the church, I understand?"

"Well, that hope you traded with me has a spavin, and you never said a word about it. What sort of trickery is this for a Christian man to engage in?" The other entered the house without a word, but after a minute reappeared with the family bible and said: "Mr. Blank, here is my guide and consolation. I have read this book through and through, and if you will take it and find where a Christian man is required to point out spavins in a horse's trade, I'll buy you a better horse than you ever owned."

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"A HEARTY TROOP" is the title of a novel just published. We presume it is in two volumes, as twice one is two.

A CERTAIN Memphis male is so extraordinarily vicious that he is constantly kept placated with the warning "Beware His Hoels."

A CHICAGO Justice of the Peace has sent a circular to lawyers, soliciting business, and promising to conduct trials in the most accommodating manner. It reads thus: "If you are in my office with little case and money!"

Blades sing sweetest in springtime, when they are choosing mates. Before fall they will be fighting over a worm and picking each others' eyes out. Such is life.—*N. O. Pyrenne.*

No comedian can make as laughable a face as that made by the student boy, once he brings a jelly jar down from the closet-shelf and discovers it to be full of ten-penny nails.

"WHAT," asks a correspondent, "is the meaning of Shelley's 'Epidemiology'?" We are not perfectly certain, but it sounds wonderfully like the name of some new ague medicine.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

It is said to have been a school teacher, but he must have been a miserable one, for he has never been able to teach two young ladies how to shoo.

Two Kentucky maidens have opened a blacksmithing shop, and it's an interesting sight to see a mule blash when the girls accidentally tickle him while putting on his new shoes.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A NATIVE of the Emerald Isle was asked the other day how he could tell a man was drunk. He answered: "Pat! Pat! Pat! 'Tis not after saying a man was drunk at all, without I saw him try to light his pipe at a pump."

A LARGE word is a dangerous thing in the mouth of a man who has never studied the dictionary, as, for instance, when a witness, pompous and self-contained, said of a prisoner that he "re-garded his character as wholly 'un-Bleasable'."

**So-Called Spirit Photographs.**

It may not be generally known that for the past two years spirit photographs have been taken in this city. Some of them certainly being extra-ordinary productions. The power granted by the inhabitants of the unseen world to reproduce their features on a camera is not given to every one, and in this section, so far, Miss Hedley, who runs a photograph gallery on Chestnut Street, is a monopoly of what is likely to turn out most lucrative business. Hearing of Miss Hedley's gift in this line, a citizen, being of a curious turn of mind, determined to see what there was in it. Visiting the gallery, he told the proprietress that he understood she took spirit photographs, and he wished to test her skill. "I am a teacher who can succeed," was Miss Hedley's response, "but we can try." "Would you allow me to pass my handkerchief over the glass before you prepare it for the camera?" demanded the citizen. "Oh, certainly, as many times as you wish." The visitor carefully rubbed the negative on both sides, after which he stood by while the collodion was put on, and when the glass was put in the camera he took his seat. The cap of the instrument was removed, and in a few minutes the picture was taken. On the negative being taken out and held up to the light, some faint forms around his chair were visible. "What are those marks on the glass?" asked the citizen. "Those are faces of some persons you will no doubt recognize when printed plain." "Well, when can I obtain a proof of the picture?" "Oh, by to-morrow." "No, I intend to have a proof while I wait, as I do not intend there shall be any hanging about this place." After waiting about two hours the proof was taken, dried, and placed on a card. It was then that he recognized in the most distinct manner the faces of his sister and child, who had died some time previous. Not wishing to be made the victim of an optical delusion, he put the card in his pocket, and, going home, showed it to his wife. She immediately recognized the faces on the print, and her husband then told her how it was taken. It was shown to friends of the family, who also recognized them.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Union.*

**Dear to Every Heart.**

Dr. Lillenthal recently stepped into a school room during a recitation in geography, and was invited by the teacher to ask the class a few questions. He courteously complied.

"What is the capital of Michigan?"

" Lansing," was the prompt answer.

"What is the largest city in Michigan?"

"Detroit."

"Where is the great University of Michigan located?"

"At Ann Arbor."

"What is the capital of Pennsylvania?"

"Harrisburg."

"What is the largest city in Pennsylvania?"

"Philadelphia."

"What building is there in Philadelphia that is dear to the heart of every patriotic American citizen?"

"That was a power, the class was troubled, but made no answer. The Doctor repeated the question.

"I know," said a little fellow on a back seat, as he stretched up his arm to the full length.

"Tell us what it is then, my boy," said the Doctor.

"The mint," was the confident answer.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

**Slavery in Egypt.**

The treaty which the Khedive made with England in August, 1877, fixed seven years as the limit during which slavery may still exist in Egypt, 12 years as the period for the Sudan. It remains to be seen whether at the expiration of these periods public opinion in Egypt will have gathered sufficiently to permit this reform. At present the domestic system of the west is unknown. All female servants are slaves, and as long as the harem system continues they could hardly be otherwise, while all male attendants in the harem are not only slaves but they have been cruelly mutilated. If you abolish slavery, you increase polygamy, say the Arabs. An Arab will take another wife if he can not buy a slave. Domestic slavery of some kind seems a necessity until education, contact with Europe, and an example in high places gradually change all the habits and traditions of the East.