THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

N. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

—Mark Twain has returned from Europe.

—Clara Morris has accepted a drama by Edgar Fawcett, the poet.

—Miss Braddon, the well known novelist, was the only representative of feminine literature on the English Reception Committee at the recent Congress of Authors in London.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in spite of his 70 years, is incessantly busy; he writes as much as ever, and is as interested in his duties at the Medical School. It is hinted that he intends to publish another volume.

—Prof. Louth of Munich has published a book to prove that a hieroglyphical inscription on a monument discovered in lower Egypt by Mariette Bey shows that the monument was erected by Moses.

—William and Mary Howitt first introduced Scandinavian literature to English readers. They translated several books from the Swedish to their own tongue. Frederika Bremer was their intimate friend. William Howitt left an autobiography, which will be prepared for publication at once by his widow, now nearly 80 years of age.

—M. Thiers left his unpublished manuscripts in the care of the Bank of England—the only author ever thus cared for by a great financial institution. The "paper" of authors is generally found outside of banks. One of the manuscripts relates to the personal transactions of Thiers in the Government of Louis Philippe; with it was sent a money deposit in prevision of the impending events, which soon followed. Another, relating to the part played by M. Thiers from 1870 to 1877, was forwarded by his wife, immediately after his death, to avoid seizure by the Broglie cabinet.

—Of any two men in the world, the ex and present English Premier are least alike. History never brought into nearer or stronger juxtaposition two eminent men so absolutely opposed to each other in ways of thought and manner of speech. Mr. Gladstone is intense, earnest, thorough. Lord Beaconsfield is indifferent, polite, superficial. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, would as readily have placed a penny on the income tax as made a joke. Beaconsfield does either as chance befalls, and with an equally light heart. While you hear that Gladstone has made a great speech, you never hear that adjective in connection with Disraeli's addresses. His speeches are "clever," never great. Perhaps the adjectives desbribe the men—the one great with the force of high moral character and a ponderous intellect; the other clever only in the sense that cleverness is superlative.

[With a Copy of Emerson's Poems.]

Here is no milk for babes within this flask;
No childish corals in this casket lie;
This music will not serve for lullaby,
Nor this spell open when a fool shall ask.
Th' elixir 'tis to thrill a hero's task
And level with a god's to lift his eye;
And gems are these surpass what princes buy,
And scorn to deck the brow that wears a mask.

This melody is of the eternal song
Wherewith the earth was builded and the stars—
So high it soars, so near and deep it swells.
The genius of this spell is wrought so strong
As only they that think may pass its bars;
Wise souls, pure hearts, drink life from these clear wells.

—*Springfield Republican.*

Science and Industry.

—France sold England 21,380 tons of potatoes last year.

—More than half the extent of mileage in the American railway system is in the Western States and Territories, but three-fourths of the ownership is in the Middle and New England States.

—Last year there were only 21 strikes in all France, against 277 in Great Britain. The connection is obvious between this fact and the difference between the present industrial condition of the two countries.

—The United States raises about 580,000,000 bushels of grain more than the entire products of France, Germany and Austria, and if we could always be sure of a profitable market for our grain we could easily double the aggregate.

—The importation of horses from Canada to the United States has increased thirtyfold in the last four years, from 214 horses with a value of $28,955 in 1876 to 6,632 in 1879, valued at $491,235.

—The Toronto *Mail* claims that Canada possesses mineral wealth equal to any country in the world, and it rejoices to see evidences that increased attention is being given to mining operations, especially of gold and silver.

—The number of immigrants arriving at New York in August was 12,130, being about 5,000 in excess of the number for the corresponding month a year ago, and being a larger increase than in any other month in 1879.

—The cost of building in Chicago today, says the *Tribune*, is 20 to 25 per cent. higher than it was six months ago. Bricks are worth nearly twice as much now as they were then and wages have advanced 50 cents a day for bricklayers, and 50 to 75 for unskilled workers.

—A Frenchman claims to have discovered in two natural substances, inexhaustible in nature, the means of lighting and maintaining a fire without wood or coal; a fire instantaneously lighted and extinguished, causing no dust, smoke, or trouble, costing one-tenth of ordinary fuel, and everlasting.

—A new thing in the hen line is a disinfecting artificial egg, the product of a Yankee inventor. It is made of sulphur, carbolic acid and oil of cedar, compressed, the properties being brought out by the heat from the hen's body. It is death on hen-lice. The same mixture is made in sticks for swings in bird-cages, to keep them clear of insects. The device is selling heavily in both forms.

—The principal industry of the town of West Falmouth, Mass., is the tying of business tags with bits of strings, by which the tags may be attached to articles which require to be labeled. A correspondent writing from that village says: These strings are given out by the 1,000, with a corresponding number of tags, and are paid for at the rate of 12 to 17 cents a thousand. Young children tie with their mothers, and even old men, and it is the great source for pin money in the community.

School and Church.

—Bishop Peck is visiting the Methodist Churches in Minnesota and Dakota.

—The Congregational Church at Dummerston, Vt., achieved its centennial August 18.

—Rev. Dr. David Swing is talked of for the pastorate of Unity Church, Chicago.

—Bishop Quintard of Tennessee has issued an appeal for contributions for the relief of Memphis.

—Mrs. Higginson, a sister of Prof. Agassiz, has 25 kindergartens under her charge at Boston.

—The New Hampshire Legislature has passed an act taxing church property on all sums exceeding $10,000.

—The Tennessee University of Knoxville is about to have endowed a chair of Athletics and Gymnastics.

—The degree of D. D. has been conferred upon 65 clergymen this summer by the colleges of the country.

—According to the list in the Year-Book of Education for 1878, there are not far from 4,000 private educational institutions in the United States.

—In every Italian school, public or private, girls are taught to sew and embroider, and as soon as they can take their dresses to school to make them there.

—Iowa has four Methodist Episcopal Conferences—the Iowa, Upper Iowa, Northwest Iowa, and Des Moines. They embrace about 600 clergymen and nearly 100,000 communicants.

—Robert College, an American missionary institution in Constantinople, has graduated a large class. Ten young men delivered orations in English, French, Turkish, and Bulgarian. President Washburne stated that, despite the disturbed condition of the country the past two or three years, the college had a larger number of students than in previous years.

—The final decision of the German Government on the religious questions at issue with the Vatican has been communicated to the latter. It is that all of the exiled clergy who ask permission will be allowed to return to Germany; the May laws will be tacitly suspended, provided the clergy obey the common law; and all fresh nominations are to be submitted to the Government. The Pope is satisfied with these terms.

Foreign Notes.

—Leopold III., King of the Belgians, is said to be a modest, kindly, timid personage, who would blush to hear his own magnificent titles and distinctions read.

—Ninety persons exercising trades and professions in Great Britain have incomes exceeding $250,000. About three thousand have incomes between $25,000 and $250,000.

—So great have been the changes since the establishment of the Republic in France that many young ladies of high family and brilliant prospects are studying in convents to qualify themselves for governesses.

—Mrs. Guinness recently gave a ball in London at a cost of $20,000. Mantel pieces of stephanotis, banks of gardenia, and blocks of ice into which flowers were frozen were among the decorations.

—Queen Victoria has sent to the ex-Empress Eugenie a frame made of violets in amethysts for the last photograph of the late Prince Imperial. The garland is surmounted by an eagle, which holds in its talons a three-colored streamer, on which is written in golden letters the motto, "Not lost, but gone before."

—The ex-Empress Eugenie has just purchased of Baron Sessler-Herzinger the Castle of Wasserburg, Upper Syria. The front contains 122 windows, and the building is over 400 years old. She will have the ex-Khedive of Egypt as a neighbor, if he succeeds in buying of Moritz Von Bartmann his Castle of Prank.

—Holloway, the English pill manufacturer, is to build a college near London for the higher education of women, at a cost of $1,250,000, and endow it with half as much more. The way in which he became able to do so much good was by spending about $4,000,000 in advertising during the past 30 years.

—The *Official Journal* of St. Petersburg says that in Russia, in the month of June, there were altogether 3,500 fires, which caused a loss of property to the extent of over twelve millions of roubles; 508 of the fires were from incendiarism, 930 from neglect, 310 from lightning, and in 1,752 cases the cause was unknown.

—The three agricultural colleges proper of France are, Grand Jouan, Grignon, and Montpelier. They have 169 students; the expenses of the establishments are 698,000 francs, yearly, against which there is to be written off the one-half for receipts. The students, if meritorious, alternate their residence at these institutions, and so acquire a knowledge of farming practices in different regions.

Odds and Ends.

—We know of but one thing that ever reached the age of Methuselah, and that is a circus joke.

—Brooklyn *Eagle's* answer to correspondents: "Don't ask her to release you from the engagement. Eat onions."

—The New Orleans *Picayune* has concluded that "the chromo that comes with a package of tea is less a work of art than is the stuff called tea."

—This is the way the Chinese sing it:

Mi call billie Buttlecup, dee billie Buttlecup,
Allee same mi no mevel tell why;
But still mi call Buttlecup, poo billie Buttlecup,
Sweet billie Buttlecup mi.

—The boy who substituted a living for a dead hornet in the collection of a near-sighted entomologist and then asked the man of science to show him where the insect's sting is located, should be held responsible for any irreligious sentiments the victim may advance.—*Boston Post.*

—It was at Lexington, the dedicatory battle of the Revolution, where the embattled farmer stood and "fired the shot heard round the world." An humble man in Rhode Island has made nearly as much noise by simply waving a shotgun which he didn't fire and which, for all we know, was not even loaded.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

—"Do you know D——?" inquired a perspiring leading citizen of another on C Street this morning. Sam D——?" "Yes. Friend o' yours, ain't he?" "Well, not very particular—good barroom friend, you understand." "Would you indorse a note for him?" For a reply the leading citizen drew out a police whistle and blew it—*Virginia Enterprise.*

—Said old Mr. Wiseowl: "There is a passage of scriptur', brutherin, thet's impressed me much, very much; I've thought on't and thought on't, and I'm alluz thinkin' on't. I disremember jest whar it is, and ez fur thet matter, jest what it is, but you carn't tell how much uv a sollis it is to me on my journey through this vale o' tears."—*Boston Transcript.*

—An exchange says Pennsylvania Dutch girls make good preserves, but it doesn't say how much sugar you take to pound of Dutch girl, nor how long you let 'em boil. We have seen Dutch girls so well preserved that they were not compelled to resort to the counterfeit contrivances and artifices of the modiste, dentist, et. al. The recipe for preserving Dutch girls should be published.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Timber is so scarce in some parts of Nebraska, that an ingenious farmer grafted all the telegraph poles along his quarter section, and such is the fertility of the soil and the vitalizing power of the atmosphere in that country, that in two years he had a full bearing orchard. But it didn't do him much good, for every night the telegraph operators at Omaha and Lincoln stole his apples by telegraph, and had the colic just as naturally as any boy that ever climbed a fence.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Two solemn men—they strangers were—
Had sat in silence till
One said "I had a grandsire, sir,
That fell at Bunker Hill."

The other said, "I want to know—
How did the martyr fall?
Did British saber lay him low,
Or was he struck by ball?"

The answer came—"It was last May
He went to Boston town;
While on the hill his crutch gave way—
That let the old man down."

Then said the other, "Uncle Bill
Is thought a man of mark;
He didn't fall at Bunker Hill,
But he was in the Ark—"

"Oh pshaw!" the listener broke in,
"That beats all things in nature!"
But his only answer was a grin
And—"Ansas Legislature!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

MY FRIEND'S HUSBAND.

Not mine—no, indeed; my husband is so different that I may write a paper some time just to tell how good he is, but this article is about another woman's husband. John and I have just returned from a visit to some dear friends of mine, and their experience of life's little trials has been of such a kind, and yet so unlike one to the other, that I have a great desire to tell some one all about it.

"But why not tell every body?" said John, when I told him my desire. And so I send this to the *Christian Union*, with the hope that there may be some among its readers still young and clear-sighted enough to profit by a bad example. I do not mean that there is no possibility of improvement in those who have reached middle life. Surely I would not thus cut off my own possibilities for daily growth in the knowledge of good, but it remains true that if a man or woman has lived to the age of 40 years in the unconscious indulgence of petty selfishness, the probabilities are against sufficient clearness and range of mental vision to take in one's entire self. Or, if such vision is granted by divine inspiration, the sight of a soul encrusted with neglected opportunities for a daily giving of one's self away, after the pattern of the Great Master, must be full of pain.

The friend of whom I wish to speak, like many another loving wife, palliates all her husband's shortcomings with the oft-repeated excuse, "O, it is just his way," an excuse against which I wish vehemently to protest. As if any one had a right to make himself disagreeable to all around him simply because he was indulging in his own particular disagreeableness, and not another's.

But "his way" in this case meant nothing unpleasant in manner. It was simply that kind of selfishness which, through inability or unwillingness to put itself in the place of another, always judges from its own standpoint.

Of my friend herself, I will only say that she has been married 25 years, and that she went, at her marriage, from a home in this city to a large farm in the country. Though her city home had been a humble one, yet certain things had seemed so much a matter of course and so entirely a necessity that it never occurred to her to doubt their continuance after marriage.

Among these, I may mention her attendance at church, her ability, in a small way, to assist others, and, especially, her love of cleanliness and order in all her household arrangements. I have often wondered if the grace that conquered resentment when she found that it was "too much trouble" to harness the horse and take her to church on Sunday mornings was not a better gift to her than she could have obtained in the public worship which she so much enjoyed. The distance was so great as to prevent her walking over the rough roads except in the very best of weather, and yet the desire to bring up her children in the church often induced her to lead the little ones the whole distance, though the weary feet of the mother would gladly have found their rest at home. I do not say that her husband always refused to accompany her. He did refuse to attend church, but the horses were at her service when there happened to be one gentle enough to trust to her driving, or when "the hired man" could spare his valuable time, or he himself would drive if he "felt like it," but *her* feelings were rarely consulted.

It was the same with regard to money. If it had happened to be perfectly convenient for him, he would have been glad to supply her with all she could spend. But he was what, in common parlance, is called "land poor." His large farm was far from bringing him in a large income; and, in the constant endeavor to enrich the land, he found no time to cultivate the mind or soul, and neither time nor money to give to those who were poorer than himself. That his pigs should be the fattest in the market, he would spend all that was necessary; but to pay his wife's pew rent seemed a burden too great to be borne. No fruits were to be found upon his table, because it "did not pay" to raise them, the health and pleasure of wife and children not being considered a profitable investment.

His horses must have rest; but a holiday, or any social recreation, for himself or his wife was quite unnecessary.

But even these things were more excusable than the neglect of the commonest comforts of the household. For the first 10 years of her married life my friend managed to possess her soul in patience without a drain to her kitchen sink. Barns were built with fine cellars and cisterns, but every drop of water that came to the house for the supply of a large family must be brought from a distance, and, after it had passed through the wash-tub and the sink, it must be poured beneath the kitchen windows, there to give back its fragrance in the heat of summer, and to form a mound of ice in the cold of winter.

But when, at length, prosperity had so far attended them as to warrant the building of a fine new house, the days of such trials seemed over to my friend. Imagine, then, her dismay at finding the very same condition of things, with a slight difference in two particulars:

The supply of water was several rods farther from the house, and underneath the kitchen windows was a *tub* to receive the drainage, to be emptied when it was entirely convenient for the men of the household, and otherwise to overflow and cause a running stream of foul water around the doors.

And then—well, I don't know what happened then, but that is 15 years ago, and a tub is there still! For, as my friend merrily said, "men may come and men may go, but tubs stay there forever." Men of all trades have been called to the farm to keep barns in repair, and cattle well housed, and laborers are always at hand, yet, in 15 years, one day's work could not be spared to dig a drain and lay a pipe a few rods! And this is the last half of the nineteenth century, when every paper one takes up is full of sanitary measures relating to this very thing. But what can be expected of a man who is too poor even to subscribe for a weekly paper, while a daily would be quite out of the question? As his wife argues, he is too poor not to take one in these days of great improvements.

I will say nothing of broken door-bells left unhung for four years, or latches off for as many more, for these are only among numberless minor matters which have brought to my friend great inconvenience and weariness, but untold patience and sweetness. To me, her husband seems unutterably selfish; to her, he is simply of so different a nature that he does not realize how much a woman's comfort depends upon such things. I can not tell her what I can say here—that he ought to realize it: that his love should teach him to consult her pleasure if his intellect does not lay hold of the reasons for her desires; that, though his caresses may imply love, they will not buy shoes for the children, nor give them the benefits of cultivated society; that, though money can not take the place of love, a little would sometimes be an acceptable proof of it.

For it is just here that the selfishness lies. He will give her every thing that she wishes, if the desire happens also to be in the line of his own perceptions, but that she should have an individual want passes his comprehension. Satisfied with her society himself, and with the active life of the farm, he can not understand the need in her of any woman's society beyond the kitchen maids. Fortunately for her, she has proved herself so valuable a friend that people are not willing to give her up to solitude.

I could the more easily forgive this man if he were of dull intellect and slow comprehension in other respects, but, on the contrary, though lacking in culture, he is, in most matters, a man of quick perception, clear thought, and sound judgment, and withal, of a sweet disposition, if that can be called sweet which is merely neither sour nor sharp. His children are fond of him, and his wife loves him.

In times of great trouble or illness he is the anxious, watchful husband and father, for he seems to love tenderly that which is a part of himself.

Yet, because wife and children are a part of himself, they must think his thoughts and rest satisfied with his decisions, though they may be made without the least reference to any individuality but his own.

I do not wish to speak without that charity that "thinketh no evil," but, since life is so made up of these little things, I can not help wishing, for her sake, that my friend's husband would pay a little attention to that other clause in the same verse, "Love seeketh not her own." Unfortunately this man, not the only one of his class, really thinks that he is doing "the very best he can."

John says I am making this article too long, and perhaps I am, though I have not said a word about the experience of another friend, an experience resulting from a kind of selfishness which is, I think, more common among women than men. I must not, however, say a word or I shall want to tell the whole story. But the portrait I have sketched here, though drawn from life, might, I am sorry to say, serve equally well with slight changes as a model for several others besides my friend's husband, even in my own limited observation.

And the pity of it is, that they will fail to recognize their own portrait; while the best of it is, that those of us who see in it even the faintest likeness to ourselves, will strive all the more earnestly to get away from the shadow of self into the love that "looks also on the things of others."—*Priscilla Alden, in the Christian Union.*

A Remarkable Detroit Woman.

There is in this city, says the *Detroit Free Press*, a woman whose physical endurance is remarkable. She is not stout, or even a strong-looking woman. On the contrary, she seems rather frail. She is afflicted, too, with a cough, which, of course, does not increase the appearance of robustness and endurance. But these drawbacks do not seem to diminish her pluck or energy. On the contrary, they are obstacles which make her achievements all the more marvelous and admirable. She is a widow with seven children, nearly all of whom depend upon her to provide for them. She can rise every morning and with what is left of yesterday's dinner get breakfast for them, dressing some of them while the others are making ready for their day's occupation. After breakfast she will stand over a wash-tub 11 hours, wash and hang out on the line 144 pieces in 44 consecutive quarters of an hour, getting dinner for six hungry children in 15 minutes, and tea for seven in seven minutes. She will then put four children to bed inside of one-fourth of an hour. She will starch and sprinkle six dozen pieces in six dozen minutes, mend the heels of three pairs of stockings in three-fourths of an hour, and patch the knees of two pairs of breeches in two half hours and reseat another pair in half that time. At this point her struggles against her overwhelming desire to sleep and her anxiety to finish a dress that she may have something decent to wear the following Sunday are calculated to arouse the sympathy of the most indifferent and melt the hardest heart. During any time remaining after her successful struggles with her drowsiness she will lie down and rest, unless some of the children wake her with their colic or their croup, or their cries for water. Her staggering about in a half-unconscious state, sodden with sleep and fatigue, herself occasionally coughing five times in five minutes, trying to wait on two children at once, is probably the most exciting feature of the performance. In spite of these interruptions she will rise the next morning and iron at the rate of six dozen pieces in six dozen quarter hours, with breakfast, dinner and supper, and getting children in and out of bed, as before. In the evening she will take 7,000 stitches in 8,000 seconds on her new dress, and, if necessary, watch the croup twelve quarter hours without cessation. In connection with these remarkable feats she will be assisted by her eldest daughter, aged seventeen, who will stand behind the counter, and show 600 women in 600 minutes every thing she has for sale, without sitting down or losing her temper during the whole time. The Detroit champion woman claims that this performance of her daughter will create unbounded enthusiasm, and although it has not up to date been the source of an unlimited revenue, under public auspices she hopes it will be more remunerative. In addition to these unprecedented attractions, the eldest son of this remarkable family will stand for 17 hours on the front platform of a "bobtail" car, the temperature varying from 97 deg. to 11 deg. below zero. In this situation he will drive a balky horse, make change 12 times in three minutes, count 25 passengers, save three boys from being run over in as many minutes, listen to 60 oaths in 60 minutes for not knowing without being told where a passenger wants to stop, light his lamp, eat three meals out of a tin bucket on the platform, lash 15 boys in 15 minutes for hanging on behind, and then be docked 60c. in less than 60 seconds for shortage in the money box. It will be seen from the above that this widow is a very worthy woman, and in every way deserving of the kind attention and sympathies of the people of this city, who are noted for their benevolence and their interest in those who are manfully or womanfully struggling for success in the world.

His Wish.

He stepped into a green grocer's yesterday morning with a vacant, weary, careworn look on his face.

"Do you want some potatoes?"

"I never eat them. I can't remember exactly what I came in for."

"Perhaps you want some coffee?"

"Ain't it funny I can't remember?" remarked the stranger, as he scratched his chin with the back of his hand, and scanned every thing behind the counter, in a wild but ineffectual effort to brush up his memory.

"Do you want milk?"

"No, that ain't it."

"Is it macaroni, mustard, chow-chow, soap or wine-jelly?"

"None of them, sir."

"Possibly you want a small measure of beets?"

"Indeed I do not." Then his eyes sparkled and he said:

"I have it now. I remember what I came in for: it all comes back to me like a dream of love."

"What do you want?"

"Well, now, it's as plain as day. Wasn't it funny I didn't think of it before?"

"It was rather strange; but what will you have?"

"You won't get mad, will you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. I just stepped in here to ask you if you'll scratch my back a little for me. I have prickle heat."—*Binghamton Republican.*

—A richly ornamented garter is one of the regulation presents to a German royal bride, and an illustrated German paper depicts such an article given to the Empress 50 years ago.

THE STEAM THRASHER.

Extract from the Letter of a Boston Girl, Who Married a Kansas Farmer, to Her Mother Down East.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

The dreaded day is past and our thrashing is done, and a load is lifted from me. Only think of a gang of sixteen ravenous men filing into our little house! You remember I wrote you of Mr. Le Bar, who was almost ruined by the cyclone—losing house, crops and tools, and leaving his wife with a broken arm? It was his machine that came to do our thrashing. It seems that the engine was not destroyed, but was out of the track of the whirlwind on another part of his farm; so the separator was the only thing lost, and this he has replaced. We have heard his whistle on different farms around us, morning and evening, for two or three weeks. They do very rapid work, which is the attraction to most people, although they are compelled to have a larger gang than with other machines. A horse-power can not maintain the even movement required. The tired horses lag behind as they revolve around the driver, who promptly sends that long, frontier blacksnake of a whip with a crack over their straining shoulders. They start again with a spring, and the machine rattles away for a minute or two, then gradually the measured beat and thud within the vibrating thresher becomes fainter as the horses again try to ease their tired limbs. With steam-power all this is obviated. The engineer sets the gauge as he wishes to thrash—rapidly or slowly. It all depends on the condition of the grain. With strong, even movements, the powerful engine draws the long band over the wheels and pulleys that start the machine, each man leaps or walks to his place, and the work begins.

When dinner was over, and the long file walked down the hill, I drew a deep breath of relief that one meal was past, and immediately began to arrange for a second one. When all was planned out, the table set, the room darkened and the floor sprinkled with water (for it was overpoweringly hot, 103° in the shade), I went through the garden under the cool shade of the peach trees, and stood by the grape-vines, looking at their work. The long black belt glistened in the sun as it swiftly flew back and forth; there was a bewildering amount of flying sheaves from the men on the stack; and the poor little Dutch shoemaker, who stood on the straw-stack taking care of the refuse as it was elevated and dropped at his feet, seemed almost overpowered by dust and heat. Gradually the machine stopped, and the four men who go with it began to loosen screws and change sieves before thrashing the oats.

Ti—— came up at this moment, saying that Mr. Grand, a comical little German, had come to him and said in a deep whisper, "Your wife is standin' under that peach-tree yonder!" He thought I wanted him for something, and came at once, but ran back immediately, for the black belt was moving with a long hiss. I followed more slowly until I stood by the engine. Mr. Le Bar is his own engineer. He is a pleasant man, very different from most of the people who surround us; tall and strong, with a twinkling eye that speaks for his good nature whenever he smiles. He greeted me pleasantly, and politely answered all my questions, which I suppose have been put to him by every one for whom he has thrashed. When he laughed or smiled, I was reminded of Romney Leigh, "with a mouth twice graver than his eyes!" The merry crows'-feet capered on his temples when I said something about my apprehension at the sight of every uncanny-looking cloud ever since the cyclone day. He shoved a huge stick into the glowing, roaring fire, shut the door, and, leaning his broad shoulder against the wheel of the engine, said: "Now, do you look at it so? It don't affect me a particle. I can snore through the worst gale that ever blew if my wife would let me! But she is just the opposite. She works herself into a fever at every cloud. Three times a week, on an average, she opens that cellar door and lays those children around it. What she means to do with them, in case it comes, I can't say; but it appears to be her intention to show them all in!" "Well, I can sympathize with her," I said, laughing. "If your arm had been broken you might not be so free from fear. How is her arm now?" "Gaining slowly," he answered, in sympathetic tones. "It is her right arm, and she will use it some. It was broken between the elbow and shoulder. Three of the children were at school, or we might have had more trouble than we did."

At this moment his eye wandered over the men at work beyond us, and again glowed with fun. I followed this glance and saw one of the young fellows dancing an awkward breakdown on the stack in an instant's pause of his work. "Come, Luke," roared one of the band-cutters, "we'd sooner hev them bundles than your dancin'. You can save that for that gal of yours." The men near them laughed, and Lucas fell to work in shamefaced silence. I often pity these people when they are assailed by others with rough jests. They might cover their retreat by a few light words if it only occurred to them to do so, but the majority suffer in awkward silence, though now and then a few bold spirits have courage enough to say, "Oh, you go 'long!" I stood a little longer, then turned to go up the hill, just as the four horses drew near with the water-cart "dripping with coolness."

I had the four men to take care of that night and the next morning.

I don't know when I have been so grateful as I was when Mr. LeBar told me that they would not be here for dinner. I mentally resolved that H. should eat bread and milk, and wandered down again to see the machine from my stand under the peach tree. There was something fascinating to me about it. The measured, roaring beat of the thrasher, the smooth, swiftly gliding belt, and the silent power of the engine, controlling all as the flow of bundles upon it. A little tremulous motion, like the rise and fall of the breath that gives us life, seemed to quiver through it as it did its work swiftly, for the men were in a hurry to leave for the "next job." On it went, until one sharp "toot" told the men to stop feeding, and it was curious to see the silent, busy gang, alert and active the instant before, drop on the ground, or lean heavily on their forks as they wiped their dripping foreheads and began to talk to each other. The little shoemaker on the stack leaned forward and cried, "Gim me that water bucket." One of the men elevated it on his pitchfork to the poor old man, who was choked with dust.

As the thrashers hurried their preparations for departure the hired hands slowly disappeared, each one passing me, and though I greeted them pleasantly enough, I was filled with the inhospitable thought, "How thankful I am you are not going up that hill after your dinner." The fire was raked out, while the separator started first. Then the water cart, and lastly the engine slowly disappeared around the hill, leaving a long, broad line of wilted grass where the hissing steam came rushing out of the boiler.

"Five hundred bushels," said the landlord; "we'll double that next year." "Alas!" came a voice from under the peach tree, "let some one else board the men."

—The expenditure of the London School Board this year is estimated at $3,000,000, involving a rate of 5 1-2 on the pound sterling.

FARM TOPICS.

SHELTER FOR ORCHARDS.

One of the most common errors into which horticultural writers of the present time fall consists in making general and sweeping rules from single observations. A correspondent of the *Gardener's Monthly* has come to the conclusion that shelter in a majority of cases is injurious to fruit trees. He seems to think that he has made a new discovery in which he differs from all writers and all previous teachings. He finds that his trees do better on exposed hills than in warm valleys. Now it happens that 50 years ago we published in full detail a series of observations showing that fruit trees, and especially half-tender ones like peaches, invariably succeeded better on elevations than in mucky valleys which promoted a rapid and succulent growth in summer and autumn, which was killed by the cold air which settled in those valleys, and the sharp frosts to which they were especially subjected. In other cases where circumstances and influences are reversed, this rule would not apply.

A GUIDE FROM APPLE BIN TO BOTTLE.

When a prime article in cider is desired for long keeping the first step towards its attainment is the production of a good article. October and November, according to climate, or when the autumn frosts have begun and the fruit is in all its ruddy perfection of ripeness, is the time to make it. A good cider apple is rather astringent in its properties of flesh and juice. The strongest cider furthermore is expressed, as a rule, from apples containing the least amount of juice. Champagne ciders are made from apples the juice of which contains the largest percentage of alcohol, as the Hessian, Virginia Crab and Campfield—this last, by the way, is the celebrated cider apple in New Jersey.

Apples should be sweated and permitted to dry somewhat before they are ground, the quality and strength of the cider being improved in consequence of the fruit having parted during this process with 6 or 8 per cent of water. The apples, cleared of leaves and defective fruit, are crushed and ground, according to the old or new process employed. The former is yet preferred by some, who argue that pomace which has been finely ground yields cloudy or muddy liquor. Cider-makers generally, however, use the newer process and largely employ in the press linen-cloth or gunny instead of straw. The pulp, if laid aside for twenty-four hours and turned occasionally to allow fermentation to set in before the juice is expressed, gains body, richness and color. By this exposure the aromatic oil contained in the seeds is extracted and, communicating its flavor to the mass, a fuller flavored beverage is the result.

The color of the juice may be changed by the management of the pomace. Different kinds of apples impart different flavors, but from any one kind two distinct sorts of cider can be manufactured, the one by expressing the juice before any change of color occurs from the exposure of the pulp to the atmosphere, and the other after this exposure. Champagne-cider makers cognizant of this fact press the pomace as soon as ground. Casks provided for receiving the juice must be sweet and clean. Those made of strong oak staves are recommended when new ones are to be employed; if second-handed ones are used whisky and other spirit casks are preferable. It is imperative that second-hand casks be cleansed of all impurities, which can be done with lime or wood-ashes and water. In addition to this thoroughly fumigate with matches of roll-brimstone dropped into the bung, afterwards rinsing with hot water and draining dry. Fill barrels thus prepared and set on blocks or skids with the bungs up where the temperature will not exceed 75 degrees Fahrenheit nor fall below 60 degrees.

The saccharine fermentation which will soon begin ought to be allowed to continue, with the bung loose, until the hissing sound occasioned by the escape of carbonic-acid gas shall cease. The cider is now ready for its first racking. Having drawn it off into clean barrels replace the bungs tightly for a few days, when they should be loosened that the cider may again ferment. The cider can then be racked a second time and the bungs securely closed. It designed for draught use keep it in a cool cellar; if designed for bottling (which is the surest means of preserving cider unchanged and indefinitely) draw it off and bottle in the early spring, *i. e.*, before the appearance of apple blossoms. Bottlers in the cities add ripening agents and refine cider with isinglass, fish sounds, &c., but well made cider, bottled at the right season, will prove satisfactory without these additions. In bottling let the corks be driven in tight and well secured by wire, after the style of those used in champagne bottles. Place the bottles on their sides in a cool, dark cellar.

Cider made as described, at the proper season of the year and from the right kind of apples, will when kept in tightly binged casks change but little, and that gradually. When bottled there is no change beyond a certain improvement which comes with age. But cider is seldom made with all the conditions fulfilled necessary to preserving it indefinitely, and various practices are perforce resorted to in order to arrest fermentation after the liquor has acquired the requisite degree of acidity. A very common one is exposing the cider at the time of its first racking to the influence of sulphurous acid gas. This is most readily accomplished by burning a sulphur-tipped stick or a strip of cotton cloth dipped in melted brimstone inside a cask partially filled with cider and shaking well so as to insure the gas being absorbed by the liquor before the cask is filled, the sulphur-covered stick or cloth being thrust burning into the bung-hole. The practice described gives way in some sections to the addition at the same stage in the process of cider-making of sulphurous acid gas, which, being a powerful disinfecting and antiseptic agent, retards to a remarkable degree not only the process of putrefaction but that of fermentation, and prevents the liquor from ever becoming vinegar. A large class of cider-drinkers disapprove of this mode of preservation, however, on the plea that it detracts from the flavor of the pure article. Others again, after cider has acquired the proper acidity for pleasant flavor, draw it off into clean barrels, adding to each one pound of white mustard seed.

Professional cider-makers have largely superseded sulphur vapor, mustard, etc., by the use of sulphite (not sulphate) of lime. This is employed in the proportion of one-eighth of an ounce of sulphite of lime to each gallon of cider after the fermentation has proceeded until the liquor has attained the required flavor, first mixing the powder in a quart or so of cider and then pouring it into the cask and giving it a thorough shaking. The sulphite of lime prevents the development of a rough, hard taste, but is liable to impart a slight sulphurous flavor to the cider, especially when supplied in two liberal quantities.

While connoisseurs are quick to detect these and similar appliances, and consider the pure juice of the apple, untampered with, the only prime cider, the methods described afford, according to the testimony of many farmers, a beverage which is very acceptable if not in the highest degree excellent.—*New York World.*

—A copper belt some two miles long and from 100 to 200 feet wide has been discovered about the middle of the southern part of Maine, directly on the coast. Some 20 miles to the northeast of this copper belt silver has been found in flakes, masses and filaments

AN EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE.

Commander Cameron's Account of the Most Civilized Race in Central Africa.

[From the London Times.]

At the meeting of the British Association at Sheffield on August 23, the well known African explorer, Commander Cameron, who was received with applause, apologized for not having his paper prepared, but he did not believe, in detailing the manners and customs of the people of Urua, in Central Africa, this would be a drawback. Urua was one of the largest native States in Africa. It was bounded on the east by Tanganyika, on the north by independent tribes in Manguenua, on the west by Ulunda, and on the south by mountains south of the lake of Bangweolo. The Great Chief was Kasongo, and the race was perhaps the most civilized in Central Africa. The Chief claimed Divine honors. On his death all his wives save one were slaughtered at the grave, and the one whose life was not taken was handed over to the Chief's successor. The spirit of the deceased Prince was supposed to pass into the body of the successor. The center of the religion of the people was an idol, which was held in great reverence.

The idol was placed in the midst of a dense jungle, and it had for wife one of the sisters of the reigning sovereign. Under the principal Chief were smaller Chiefs, who collected and paid over to the sovereign tribute. He had seen this tribute come in, and some of it must have come from distant parts of the country. There was a numerous class of wizards in the country who did a large trade in idols and charms. Many of the wizards were ventriloquists, and in this way the idols were made to give answers to the questions put to them. Caste was very clearly defined in the race. None dare sit down in the presence of the Chief without permission, which was very seldom granted. In one case where, in the traveler's presence, a native had neglected etiquette, severe punishment was about to be inflicted, but the traveler saved the offender.

Authority was maintained by mutilation. Hands, feet, ears, noses, were mutilated, and the natives did not seem to mind it much. One woman had cut off her own ears. This woman was one of Kasongo's wives; he had about 1,000 of them. She asked permission to mutilate herself, and she did it at once. The body guard of the Chief was composed to a great extent of mutilated people, whose affection for the Chief seemed in no way decreased; indeed, it would appear that mutilation strengthened their regard for their Chief. [A laugh.] The name of the idol was Kungwe a Ranza, and profound reverence was shown to it. Fire was obtained by friction from a fire block, and in one case a Chief used the skin bone of one of the other Chiefs who had been conquered. The dress of the people was very simple, consisting of an apron. Members of the royal family wore three large skins, and junior members of the family wore aprons of green monkey skins.

The hair dressing of this people was curious, varying more with districts than with rank. In some cases it was worked up into four ring plaits crossed at the top of the head like a crown, and surrounded at the bottom with a band of cowries or other shells. Skewers were inserted in the hair, one end of which could be used in tattooing. The people were not a hairy race, but they managed to grow their beards long, and plaited them like a Chinaman's pigtail, usually putting at the end of each a lump of mud to weight it. Some of the beards reached to the waists. The women, not having beards to amuse themselves with, were tattooed extensively. Tattooing usually commenced at the age of seven, and might be completed about the age of twelve or fourteen, which was the time for marriage. Beautiful patterns were used, and the tattooing was done in raised cuts. Sometimes a husband, when he was displeased with his wife, cut off these raised pieces, and the woman could not appear in public again; she was not received into society until she was restooed. [Laughter.]

He saw one of their weddings, which was very curious. The festivities lasted several days. A ring was formed of the natives, two men with big drums being in the middle. The drums were played and the people round danced. The bride was brought out, dressed in feathers and other finery, on the shoulders of two or three women; she was taken into the middle of the ring, and was jumped up and down on the shoulders of the women. The bride threw shells and beads about, for which there was a scramble, as the possession of them was supposed to confer luck. Ultimately the husband came into the ring, and putting the bride under his arm carried her off. [Laughter.] The means of communication was by drum signals. They had a call on the drum, for every body's name, and they could ask questions and convey intelligence over hundreds of miles, and receive answers almost immediately. In war messages were constantly sent enormous distances to bring up reinforcements or to stop their coming. The mass of the people lived in huts on dry land, but there were one or two exceptions to this. He saw two lakes on which people were living in huts. In one case the people had covered over the long grass growing in the water with earth, and on that had built their huts; in the other the huts were built on piles. The language of the country belonged to the same broad family which stretched across the large belt of Africa traversed by him, and the grammar was on the same principles as the grammar of the Swaeli. [Cheers.]

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