THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

—The *Saturday Review* says that "in the region of pure mathematics the late Professor Clifford was one of the first five or six original thinkers in Europe. As an expounder to unscientific people of the foundations of science and philosophy he was almost without a rival."

—Mr. Matthew Arnold, when elected to the chair of poetry in Oxford University, remarked, with characteristic irony, how pleased he was to be a professor, and to enjoy the same title borne by those distinguished men, Professor Pepper, Professor Beckwith, the swimmer, and Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North.

—A Philadelphia lady is the owner of a valuable relic in the shape of a manuscript copy of Wesley's Hymns in the handwriting of their author. The book descended to this lady from her grandfather, to whom it was given in partial payment of a debt by the son of the man who printed the first edition of the hymns.

—Judge Hilton of New York has purchased for $15,000 "A Visit to the Baby," by Munkacsy, painter of the picture known as "Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters," and considered by many the finest work exhibited in the Champ de Mars last year. Both works will soon be in New York, the latter having been purchased for the Lenox Museum.

—Charles Dickens the second promises to do honor to the family name. He manages one of the largest printing-offices in London or in Europe. He has very successfully published the *London Dictionary*, and the *Guide to London*, and is now preparing a *Dictionary of the Thames*. He inherits his father's love for printing-offices and newspapers.

—A notable performance of "As You Like It" will be given at Manchester, England, soon, for the benefit of the widow and children of Charles Calvert. Helen Fawcit, who was a celebrated actress over a generation ago, appears as *Rosalind*, Tom Taylor as *Adam*, Alma Tadema, *Le Beau*, Linsley Lambourne as *Charles the Wrestler*, and Lewis Wingfield as *Orlando*.

—Mr. George W. Cable, the writer of "Creole Stories," is a native of New Orleans, and is now 35. His first connection with print was in a reportorial capacity with the New Orleans *Picayune*. *Scribner's Monthly* announces his new novel, "The Grandissimes," for serial publication during the year beginning with the November number. The scene of this story is laid in New Orleans about the time of the Cession of 1803, and the theme cluster around an hereditary feud between two old Creole families.

—A fresh description of Charles Reade says that he is big and manly looking, not fat, but large-framed and muscular. He is very fond of physical exercise, such as rowing, riding, cricket, swimming, and, notwithstanding his hair is grizzled, his stalwart body shows no signs of decay. He is neat, though careless in dress, and resembles, with his ruddy face, easy gait, and unconventional manner, a prosperous farmer. He likes congenial company, but not formal society, which, as a rule, he takes pains to avoid. He enjoys himself with a lot of good fellows and lively actresses over pipes and a bowl of punch, but is not dissipated nor sensual. He has a wholesome degree of animalism, as most of his countrymen have, but he takes all his pleasures in moderation. He is a bachelor, but has a spacious, pleasant house in the suburbs of London.

Science and Industry.

—During the past three years 132 American railroads, covering nearly 17,000 miles, and representing an invested capital of $728,463,000, have been sold under foreclosure.

—The counties of Rock, Dane and Jefferson, Wisconsin, are the principal areas for the raising of tobacco in that State, and the little village of Edgerton has become an important market for the produce.

—In the silk factories of Italy 120,428 women are employed, besides 26,976 in cotton, and 13,707 in tobacco factories. There are 9,177 manufacturing establishments of all kinds in the kingdom, employing 332,018 laborers, 188,486 of whom are women.

—In Baltimore there are 40 peach-packing establishments. Few, if any, of these houses employ a less number of hands than 200, while several of them reach 800 or 1,000, and these are exclusive of those engaged in the manufacture of tin cans and the packing-cases.

—In order to keep their butter over the period of low prices and the hot weather, California dairymen seal up their product in tin cans, and sink them in the bottoms of cold streams. Butter made in April comes out in October in good order, and continues to keep fresh in the cool weather of winter. Forty-four-pound cans are commonly used.

—The percentage of merchandise shipped from New York to the various Western cities for the last two years has been carefully ascertained by Commissioner Fink. The figures show the relative standing of the cities named as distributing points, the order being as follows: 1, Chicago; 2, Cincinnati; 3, Pittsburg; 4, St. Louis; 5, Cleveland; 6, Detroit; 7, Buffalo.

—According to a German paper, a discovery has just been made at Lyons, whereby a silken appearance may be given to flax fibers. After chemical treatment of flax yarn, it is dipped into a liquid preparation from silk waste, which leaves a silken coating upon it, and in regard to fineness, elasticity and gloss, the material is said to be perfect as a substitute for silk.

—A preservative wrapping-paper has recently been patented, which is claimed to protect cloths, furs, etc., from mildew and the ravages of moths. The paper is made from rags and Manila rope or Manila paper, and is saturated with a mixture of the oil remaining from the distillation of coal-tar naphtha, with certain proportions of carbolic acid, phenol, coal tar, and refined petroleum. After saturation, the paper is pressed, cooled, and dried in the air.

—Holes in hard steel may be made with nitric acid. To apply it, cover the steel plate, at the place where you wish the hole, with a thick layer of wax; when cold make a hole in the wax of the size you want the hole in the plate, then put on one or more drops of strong nitric acid, leave it on for some time, wash off with water, and if not eaten through, apply other drops of the same liquid, and continue this until the plate is perforated.

School and Church.

—The Presbyterian pastors of Rochester, N. Y., have taken up a warfare against Sunday papers.

—The Atlanta University has tendered 14 free scholarships to the colored people of Georgia.

—It is said that of the 11 churches in Duluth, Minn., more than one-half are unused for religious purposes.

—The colored Baptists of Alabama have for the past year sustained a theological and normal school at Selma, with 252 students, without incurring debt, and have also paid $1,000 on their grounds and buildings.

—The Rev. Mr. Ross of East Williams, Ont., has forbidden the Freemasons to approach the communion table in his church, on the ground that at Masonic funerals the name of Christ is not used in prayer.

—President Brower of the New York State Teachers' Association asserts with great good sense that the teacher who does not by precept and example impart moral instruction to his pupils should be held to have failed essentially in the proper discharge of his duties.

—The State Normal School, recently endowed and organized by the Texas Legislature, will give free tuition to 74 pupils. So small a number for so large a State, will doubtless make great competition among those ambitious of graduating from this college.

—The children of the very poor and of those who live only by wages will not be called upon to pay school fees under the new system in Belgium. The annual remuneration of those persons who give religious instruction in the Communal Primary schools has been fixed at 100 francs for each class.

—One of London's greatest Catholic preachers, Monsignor Capel, the Catesby of "Lothair," will embark from England soon for a tour in this country and Canada. He hopes to return with money sufficient to extricate him from the pecuniary embarrassments into which he plunged himself to establish the Catholic University at Kensington.

Foreign Notes.

—The Archduchess Marie Christine, in addition to her other accomplishments, occupies herself with wood-carving.

—The Communists shipped back from Caledonia to Paris complain bitterly of the treatment inflicted on them by the MacMahon authorities. They were ill-fed, overworked, and constantly exposed to the burning sun.

—Dr. Petersen, a German tourist, lately reached the highest point of the Jungfrau, 12,828 feet. He was rewarded by an hour of clear sky. He declared that he could see the whole chain of the Alps, from the furthest Tyrol to Dauphine, including Mont Blanc and the other southern giants.

—The present theatrical wonder of Paris is "The Black Venus," a play representing the adventures of a traveler in Africa. The quantity and gorgeousness of the costumes and scenery are unprecedented on the stage; but the most striking feature is a caravan, in which more than a hundred African beasts, from the zebra to the elephant, are introduced.

—Even in plodding Holland public men enjoying unlimited confidence sometimes turn out defaulters. This has been the case with Dirk Mul, banker, of Winschoten; but the Dutch do not yet take such doings coolly, and all Mul's windows were smashed, and his brother, a goldsmith, underwent the vicarious sacrifice of having his store sacked.

—Lionel Tennyson, son of the poet, is to succeed to the Lincolnshire estate of his uncle, the Rev. Charles Turner, whose surname he will consequently assume. He is the Laureate's younger son, and he married the daughter of another poet, Frederick Locker, in the Abbey, about two years ago. His father lately refused to take the property with the condition of changing his name to Turner.

—The royal family of Spain have spent the summer in the Guadarrama Mountains, 3,800 feet above the level of the sea. It was bought from monks by Philip V., the Bourbon Prince who undertook to perpetuate the Hapsburg dynasty in Spain as heir of his grandmother, Maria Theresa. Philip V. built here a palace, and laid out gardens in imitation of Versailles, employing his time from 1719 to 1740 with such disregard of the cost that the gardens alone caused an outlay of $45,000,000. It return for this expense the King had, as he was heard to say, the satisfaction of a habitation higher in air than any other sovereign in Europe.

—When the present Pope was a Cardinal he cherished the idea of publishing a Catholic journal that should be an organ for his church, and that could be read by all the people of Europe and America in their mother language. Since his elevation to the Pontificate, he has exerted himself to start this newspaper, and now announces that its first number will be issued next month. It will be printed in seven different languages; it will discuss the political and economical questions of the day, and officially represent the opinions of the Holy See. The compositors are to be the deaf and dumb pupils in the asylums of Rome. Alimonde will be the general Superintendent, and the Pope is anxious that a Cardinal should be at the head of the editorial department. The novel paper will start with 42,000 subscribers. Very few of this number are Italians.

—A new feature in London society is the employment of paid amateur performers at private entertainments. "You go to one house," says a monthly magazine, "and listen to a young man pleasantly warbling at the piano to a hushed crowd, and your hostess tells you in a whisper that he is very much in request and that she pays him 10 guineas for his three songs. The next evening you are at dinner, and there, opposite you, is the young man, whom, in the simplicity of your heart you regarded as an ordinary professional vocalist, and you find that he is an officer retired from service, and the nephew of a Bishop. At a third house you meet a mediæval designer; at a fourth, a comic entertainer; at a fifth, a reader; at a sixth, an amateur actor, and so on—all young men of the most irreproachable connections, all 'in society,' and all who receive payment in solid cash for their services."

Odds and Ends.

—Woman are archers by nature. The bent of their inclinations is to bend beaux.

—You may brush, you may crush your old coat if you will, but the smell of the camphor will cling to it still.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* says that people who lived in the dark ages had a habit of going to bed early.

—The man who frequently remarks that all things are for the best, generally regards himself as one of the best.

—The dullest times are between seasons, when the girls have nothing to wear. When it is too cool for a summer rig and too warm for a fall suit.

—The Philadelphia *Chronicle-Herald* thinks that the young woman who wears a cloak to hide a lover's arm around her waist should be arrested for carrying an arm concealed.

—The season is approaching when the man who has toiled hard all summer, lived close and saved a few dollars, will be warned that it is his duty to whack up with some poor man who worked when he pleased and lived as high as he could.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A big nose may indicate a liberal heart to some, says the Detroit *Free Press*, but to others it is a token that there was material left after nature got the man's feet in shape and she put it in the nose to save it.

—They were up among the mountains in Pennsylvania. "How grand it is!" said Miss Enthusiast. "I see nothing to admire," replied Miss Blase; "I have been in Switzerland." Her companion was almost crushed, but she said, pleadingly, "I have never been in Switzerland, and this looks so fine to me. I hope you won't mind."—*Forney's Progress.*

An English Tramp.

One bright, sunny June day I overtook a gentleman to whom pace seemed of no consequence whatever. "Good morning, sir," said he. I responded accordingly. "On the peg, sir, like myself?" continued he, quickening his pace. "Yes," I replied, mentally, however, disavowing the "like myself" part of the sentence. "Fine day for walking, sir!" he continued, keeping just a yard or so behind, to which I assented. "Going far, sir?" after a pause. "To Folkestone," I replied. "So am I, sir," said he. I quickened my step a little, so did he; neither of us spoke for some minutes, until we approached the well known Maypole Inn. "Werry thirsty work this, sir," said he looking wistfully at the snug little hostelry, outside of which, on a bench, burly rustics were quaffing tempting pots of ale. Perhaps he'll stop here, I thought, if I give him a pint. So I turned in, ordered a pint for him and a glass for myself, drank my glass, paid for both, and turned out again into the sun. I bid him "Good morning and a pleasant journey," congratulating myself upon my escape from his company. I had gone but a few yards when I heard: "All right, sir, I'm a-comin';" and, looking back, saw my friend wiping his mouth on his sleeve, and hurrying after me as if I were his master and he my valet. I was evidently going to be saddled by this "old man of the road," but I tried another dodge. Pretending that I intended to visit a romantic spot lying off the high road, I dived down a by-lane, wishing my companion a second "good morning," and leaving him on the high road. By doing this, and reappearing on the road at a point half a mile further on, I hoped that he would abandon his idea of making me his traveling companion, would stop and pursue his path at his own pace. In this, however, I was deceived, for, on rejoining the road at least half an hour later on, I perceived him calmly seated on a milestone as if waiting for me. A smile of recognition lit up his ugly face, and he hopped down, again to trudge along behind me. At mid-day I halted for lunch. Into the inn with me came my companion. He was so ragged and weather-stained, and looked so wistfully at my plate of bread and cold meat, that I had no heart to keep him any longer at a distance, so I ordered a portion for him. How that tramp did dispose of the cold beef and the bread and the pickles, not to mention draughts of porter which would have rendered me utterly incapable of further exertion under a hot sun! "The best feed, sir, I've had for many a day, and God bless you for it," were the first words he uttered as he brushed away the last lingering crumb from his beard. "Well," I said, "you're quite welcome," and lighting my pipe left the room for a prowl about the premises, as is my not-to-be-constrained wont when at mine inn on a walking trip. I strolled about for some minutes, ruminating on the decay of past grandeur which still lingered in the vast outhouses and stabling of the old hostelry, and returned to finish my ale, pay the landlord, and resume my journey. Judge of my intense rage and mortification, when I found that my knapsack, which, very unlike an old traveler, I had left on the parlor table, had been completely emptied of its contents. Instead of them appeared the remains of our lunch and a dirty wooden comforter. Similarly, my tramp friend had disappeared, and, as I had remarked the wooden comforter before as being a prominent feature in his attire, I immediately arrived at the conclusion that he was the perpetrator of the outrage. Calculating afterward, I made out that my *Autolycus* had fleeced me of several pints of beer, a good two shillings worth of bread and meat, not a little tobacco, and the contents of my knapsack. More carefully than ever did I avoid tramps for the future.—*All the Year Round.*

Francis Bacon and His Warts.

Francis Bacon supplies a very effective piece of evidence as to the influence of the imagination on external growths which seem to have their origin in deficient vitality of certain parts of the external surface of the body, as warts, wens, and the like. Bacon did not, however, treat the evidence afforded in his own case with the acumen which might have been expected from the inductive philosopher. "I had from my childhood," he says, "a wart upon one of my fingers; afterward, when I was about 16 years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts—at least 100 in a month's space. The English Ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition" (a statement which must be taken *cum grano*), "told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side; and among the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat toward the sun, upon a post of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was that within five weeks' space all the warts were quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company. But at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Glass Beads.

Among the most curious examples of persistence in art are the well known Aggry beads, which occur everywhere in Africa, and in many parts of Asia. Similar beads are still made for the purpose of barter by glass makers in England and Italy; yet they appear among the oldest remains in many widely separated places. Mr. Nesbitt considers them Phœnician, and supposes they were made for purposes of barter with uncivilized nations such as the ancient Britons. Glass beads of extreme hardness have been found in British graves; and, on analysis, were found to be composed and colored in the same manner as those of undoubted Egyptian origin. The usual type is large, not round, but spindle-shaped, and marked with alternate intended bands of red and blue, the colors being seperated by a narrow white line. These beads are found in England, on the Gold Coast, in India and Gemany, in Italy and Egypt. They are particularly common in the cities along the Rhine. The oldest specimens must be Egyptian: but in all probability, the pattern was continued in many distinct manufactories at many different periods.—*Saturday Review.*

—For cold meat turnovers, make the dough as for soda biscuit, roll thin and cut round as large as you like. In this put any kind of cold fresh meat or game chopped fine and well seasoned with catsup and sweet herbs, moistened well with melted butter and cream. Lay the meat on one side, turn over the other and pinch down the edges. They can be baked in the oven or fried in hot lard like doughnuts, and are very good hot or cold. Salt and pepper to the taste. These are very nice for picnics and should be baked, as they keep fresher than those fried in lard.

—The munificence of the Duke of Norfolk as a Catholic is wonderful. It is calculated that within the past 10 years he has applied over a million dollars to his religion. He has just undertaken to defray the cost of a new church at Sheffield, and is about to build another at the east end of London.

TWO FATAL MISHAPS.

An Engineer Driven From His Locomotive by Fear.

Rowell and Merritt Easy to Handle—Fanny Witt.

[From the New York Sun, Sept 25.]

The beautiful chapel that Mrs. Elbert Brinkerhoff recently built as an addition to the Presbyterian Church in Englewood, N. J., in memory of her father, the late Col. Washington C. Vermilye, was filled with a mournful assemblage from Brooklyn, New York, and Englewood, yesterday afternoon. In front of the pulpit rested a coffin containing the remains of Miss Mary K. Bussing, who was killed by a locomotive of the Northern Railroad of New Jersey on Monday afternoon while returning along the track with two companions from a ferngathering excursion. On the coffin-lid rested a pillow of white flowers marked "Rest," and a large floral cross. The pall depending to the floor was fringed with flowers and green leaves. A table at the foot of the coffin was heaped with floral designs and loose flowers. During the service, conducted by the Rev. Henry M. Booth, the family, consisting of the dead girl's father, Robert S. Bussing, formerly of Brooklyn, her mother, a brother and two younger sisters, sat in a side room. A quartette, composed of four of her personal friends, sang hymns that she had expressed a preference for. Mr. Booth announced that the body would be taken to Greenwood cemetery for burial at 10 o'clock this morning.

The young people of the neighborhood had intended to make a surprise party at Miss Bussing's house last evening on the occasion of her birthday. Instead, they organized into watching parties to remain in the chapel with the body during the night. Many went forward after the service to look at the remains. The face, which was inclined to the right and rested on a bed of white flowers, was very natural and peaceful in expression.

John Peterson, the engineer, whose locomotive killed Miss Bussing, saw her and her two companions as they attempted to cross on the plank lying between the two rails, and leading over the little trestlework bridge. He was running at the rate of 35 miles an hour. The girls had time to cross the bridge, and it was not his duty, he said, to stop the train until he saw Miss Bussing fall. At this time she had only about four feet to go to arrive on firm ground, where she could leap to one side of the track. Peterson reversed his engine and applied the air-brakes. "She's up, Jack," shouted the fireman in his ear.

From the place where he stood after applying the brakes the upper works of the locomotive hid the girl from his view. He leaned to the left when he heard the words of the fireman, and as he looked out of the cab window on that side he saw her fall again. The engine was yet reversed, and the breakers were rapidly bringing the train to a stop.

"It is too late," was his only response to the fireman. Miss Bussing, as she fell the second time, was partly on firm ground. She threw herself to one side, so that her body and left arm were beyond the track. Peterson says that he shall never to his dying day forget the face as she was drawn unconscious from under the train.

On Tuesday afternoon, the day after the killing of Miss Bussing, as Peterson was running the same locomotive, No. 2, toward Jersey City, a child about two years old ran out from behind some bushes near Tyler Park in front of the locomotive. The child was instantly killed. In this place there was no possibility of stopping the train in time to prevent the accident. Peterson stopped it, however, as soon as he could and the body was picked up and sent home. When the train arrived at the depot, Peterson, with tears in his eyes, leaped down from the locomotive and said that, come what might, he would never climb into it again. He seemed to think that there was some fatality about it for him. The railroad officials, after examining into the two cases, decided that he had not been at all blameworthy. They urged him to resume his charge of the locomotive, but he declared that he would not do so.

"I will run a freight train," he said, "or take any other position you may choose to give me on the road, but I dare not enter that engine again."

Another passenger locomotive will be put under his charge.

The Summer Climate of India.

A missionary's wife writes from India: I remember seeing a fantastic limning by Gustave Dore, representing Tophet. The fire burst from the mouth of huge caverns, and every thing had a molten and red hot appearance. India at present is very much in this condition. The hot winds blow uninterruptedly from four to eight hours daily as from a fiery furnace. The fiercely blazing sun scorches and burns every thing in the most uncompromising manner. The earth has an oveny appearance, and is cracked open in large fissures with the intense heat, and scorches the feet even through thick-soled boots. The miserable trees look unhappy and hang their poor wilted leaflets. There is not a spear of grass visible. Folks outdoors drag their weary lengths along as though each were dragging a ball and chain. They seem to have no ambition on earth but to drop down and die quietly in some shady nook. The roads are some inches deep in dust and the air is filled with it, so that breathing is difficult and painful. There are no vegetables nor any fruits. Wells and tanks and cisterns are low, and the water muddy and unhealthy. Indoors the furniture burns the body through the clothing. The sun glares into ever crack and crevice so persistently that blinds and shades, and thick curtains can hardly darken a room sufficiently. Every outside door is closed tightly from early morning until after sundown to keep out the heat. The air becomes stagnant and suffocating. A little relief is obtainable from the punkah, a large fan suspended from the ceiling, and worked by a servant from the outside. The man whose business it is to keep it swinging sometimes falls asleep, and then the air seems to press upon one at the rate of a thousand pounds to the square inch. Breathing is next to impossible.

At night there is still less comfort to be had. The bed is hotter than the body. We sprinkle the bed first and then jump in, but it is dry and hot again in less than no time. We sprinkle the floor and furniture and do every thing imaginable to cool the sleeping room, but all uselessly. It is like trying to sleep in a well-heated oven. Although we may long to renounce the flesh and sit in our bones, still we know that both flesh and clothes are absolutely necessary to protect the body from the hot air. How superlatively happy must those be who live in a cold climate! What would I not give for a breath of cool air from the Adirondacks, or for a plunge into the surf at Newport, or for a walk on the strand, or even a distant glimpse of the sea?

—To make breakfast biscuit, take a piece of risen bread dough and work into it one beaten egg and a tablespoonful of butter, or lard and butter mixed. When these ingredients are thoroughly amalgamated, flour your hands and make into balls the size of an egg. Rub a tin baking pan over with butter, and set them in a quick oven for 20 minutes, when they will be ready for the table. Always break them open, for to cut them would make them tough.

A MASSACHUSETTS man recently offered a school prize for the best essay on "Honesty." Of the 23 responses received, a large proportion had been stolen, and one, a poem, was stolen entire.

PEDESTRIANS' PECULIARITIES.

Their Conduct Under Training and in a Race—How Weston Spoils His Chances—Rowell and Merritt Easy to Handle—Fanny Witt.

[From the New York Sun.]

The characteristics of the men are fully revealed during a six days' walk, especially to their trainers and attendants. The fearful strain on the body, of course, has a powerful effect on the mind, and a man's peculiarities come to the surface. Rowell is considered by his trainers and attendants, who have no inclination to talk much about him, as a good man to handle. He knows that his trainer has better judgment in the walk than he, and he relies upon it and obeys him pretty well. He is sometimes rather notional about his diet, and what he wishes is not always the best for him, but his spite is vented in growling. What he particularly enjoys is the rubbing down he receives when he rests, and he makes his willing attendants work over him vigorously. In direct contrast is Hazael—the worst man in the world to handle, say all trainers who know him. His intellect is not as good as his legs, and he makes up in obstinacy what he lacks in intellect. On Thursday he suddenly entered his tent, swore roundly at his trainer and asked for a drink. Some lemonade was handed him. He tasted it, threw it to the floor, and demanded beer.

"'Ere you sit, 'a-swillin' of beer," he said to his trainer, "hand Hi can't 'ave a drop. A nice trainer you hare. Gi'e me some beer, or Hi won't go hanother mile."

But the keeper was resolute. Then old George began to coax, and at length he promised to do five miles fast if they'd give him a bottle of beer. It was agreed to, and the queer pedestrian soon after astonished every one by a five-mile burst of speed that was wonderful.

Weston's irritability in a walk is proverbial. He will not have a trainer and will not be dictated to. He regulates his own diet and times for sleeping, or, rather, disarranges them. What the result of all this is every one knows. The present walk is a sample.

"If Weston would be properly handled," said Fred Englehardt, whose judicious training has pulled Hart through an up-hill race, "he would be one of the best men in the world. No man was in finer condition than he on Monday when he started, and there was no reason why he should not win the race. He threw it away by his foolishness. No man can handle himself in such a contest. At the end of 24 hours his mind is in no condition to judge correctly what is best for him. Look at my black Dan there. He is just like a kittten. In a race he has no mind of his own. Not the least. He eats what I tell him, sleeps when I tell him, walks when I tell him. He doesn't know when he goes on the track whether he is to run or walk, how far he is to go, or when to stop. I give him his signals and he obeys them. Look at him now, after falling down in a colic and straining his ankle. I tell you a man to win must make a machine of himself, and let some one run him."

John Ennis is not a good man to handle. He has too many ideas of his own, and when he gets weary and sick is too apt to take things into his own hands and run the machine himself. But he tries to obey his trainer, and in the main succeeds.

"George," said Guyon's trainer, Smith, "George is not what I call the easiest man in the world to handle. But he isn't as bad as some. He never kicks about getting up, or about going on the track. He's the best I ever saw about that; but he is particular what he eats, and he growls heavy because he can't have just what he wants, and that ain't always the best thing for him to have. He minds what I tell him in every thing else first-rate."

Krohne's service in the Prussian army has been of good service to him. It has taught him to do as he is told, and in a walk he obeys every order of his trainer implicitly. "So does Merritt," said his trainer. "He is just right. I never handled a better man, and I've handled a good many. Tell him to go to sleep for twenty minutes, and he does it, and at the end of twenty minutes he's up and ready for the track. He never growls, never kicks, never thinks he knows more than his trainer. When a man knows more than his trainer, then it's time for him to get a new one."

Little Federmeyer's French attendant shrugs his shoulders at the thought of his man's peculiarities. There is some obstinacy and considerable peevishness, but the chiefest of faults is laziness. This desire to tarry awhile prevents Mr Ferdermeyer from being further on in his journey.

Norman Taylor deserves a word. "He's as stubborn as a mule," said his backer, "and gets the queerest notions in his head you ever knew. He's too eccentric to be pleasant. He's staying in the race just for fun. He knows he is no good at six days, but thinks he can make a great 24-hour record, and I think so, too."

The Care of Canaries.

So few understand the care of these birds that a few words about them will not come amiss to the bird lovers. Nearly every one has a bird of some kind hanging in the window, or indoors, and the same treatment will apply to all with the exception of seeds and food. The cause of most disease is colds, which are occasioned by either hanging a bird in a draught of air, near a loose-fitting window, or keeping him in a very hot room (sixty-five degrees is the proper temperature for a bird) through the day, and then in a cool one at night—a variation of, perhaps, 30 degrees in 24 hours. The best cure for the cold is to feed, in addition to their regular seed, rape and canary, and perhaps millet, a paste made from a hard-boiled egg and one pulverized cracker, thoroughly mixed together, using no water in mixing, the egg supplying sufficient moisture. Sometimes a bird seems hoarse, and apparently has lost his voice. This is occasioned by over-singing; a little pure rock-candy, not flavored, dissolved in the drinking-water, and a quantity of red pepper put into the paste described above, will usually effect a cure. If, however, the cold is allowed to remain for several days without attention or cure, it will pass rapidly from cold to asthma, and from that to gapes, which is best described by saying that the bird looks like a little puff ball, with a constant panting, and his bill almost constantly opening and shutting, as if to catch his breath. His food should be the same as described above. Also keep the bird warm and give, with his rape and canary, ripe plantain, if it can be had. Every morning he should have a small teaspoonful of warm bread and milk, and now and then a little bit of sponge-cake soaked in sherry wine. I hardly think it will make the bird intemperate, though if you have any scruples don't use the wine.

Asthma—for birds have this disease as well as the human race—generally yields to plantain and rape seed moistened with water as the sole food. Birds troubled with a looseness of the bowels can be greatly relieved by placing a rusty nail in their drinking water. Another excellent remedy will be found in common chalk; let a small piece be placed between the wires and do not feed them any green stuff. It is also well to scrape the chalk quite fine and scatter it with the sand in the bottom of the cage. Should the bird be troubled with costiveness, a piece of sweet apple, a little chickweed, lettuce, or any green food will usually afford relief. Most ailments of birds commence with a cold; keep them free from that and you will have healthy birds. Oftentimes a bird bristles up and sits moping upon the perch, with his head under his wing, and looks like a puff-ball. By watching him you can usually tell the cause and relieve him. The cause will be often found that the bird has been neglected and not fed properly or that sufficient water has not been given him. If, however, it should prove that the bird has plenty of food and is perfectly regular, then make a change in his food, taking away the seed and feeding the soft food as recommended for birds with colds, and perhaps a small piece of sweet apple.

Occasionally a canary is troubled with a kind of indigestion, which causes inflamation of the intestines, to which young birds are more especially subject. The symptoms are a swelling of the body, which, on blowing up the feathers, looks semi-transparent and full of red veins. The cause of this is generally an overdose of nutrition, or bad or stale food or water; the remedy, if any there be, is a spare diet with a little alum or salt in the drink; oat meal is good in this case; if the bowels should be much relaxed give bruised hemp and maw seed. Sometimes the feathers of the bird come off, then rub the bare parts with fresh lard. Yellow gall sometimes makes its appearance about the head and eyes; this is a small ulcer the size of a hemp seed. This must be carefully cut off with a sharp penknife and the place annointed with fresh butter; the bird should have fresh, nourishing food. Sneezing, often caused by an obstruction of the nostrils, may be cured by passing a very fine feather through them.

Most birds shed their feathers in the months of September and October; and, though it is perfectly natural for them to do so, the operation is accompanied by a slight disease. They should be fed on the soft paste; and, as they are not well covered with feathers, great care should be taken to keep them in a comfortably warm place, out of all draughts of air. With these precautions a bird will fully molt in from four to six weeks. Should a bird not shed his wing and tail feathers readily, it is well to pull them out—pulling, however, only one at a time.

When a bird loses its appetite, it is well to give them a little hemp seed, and all the millet seed a bird will eat. Fresh beefsteak is good for a bird, as also is mustard seed, and red peppers. Sometimes the cage is in a dark corner or dismal place; if so, move him into a bright, sunny place. It is cruel to birds to hang them where the sun does not reach them. Birds that sing at night should be moved to a dark place, or a cloth thrown over their cage until the light is put out, for if they sing all the day they need rest at night. Birds can be made companions of, and very tame if you feed them green hemp sprouts. It is a good idea to sow it in shallow earth and have it always for them. They will soon learn to come out of the cage after it, when they learn that by coming out they will be fed the green sprouts, for they are very fond of them. My bird is nearly 10 years old, and is a sweeter singer to-day than ever before; all owing to his good care, of course.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

A Doctor With Too Many Patients.

Prof. Virchow, the celebrated Berlin physiologist, went last spring to Asia Minor for the sake of rest and recreation, and passed a large part of his vacation at Hissarlik, on the invitation of Dr. Schliemann. On his arrival at Hissarlik he found several of the workingmen engaged at the excavations suffering from an obstinate fever, and, although it is long since he gave up practice, he took them under treatment. He cured them, and immediately his reputation as a magician was established there; and as there were many sick people everywhere in Asia Minor, and nowhere a doctor or an apothecary, the fame of the great magician spread with great rapidity from village to village. Every morning when Virchow left the little wooden shanty in which he slept he found first a few persons, then a crowd, and at last a mass of people encamped in front of the door, and waiting patiently, but with eager glances, for his appearance. To send them away was impossible, for they needed his help sorely, and they had often come from very long distances, on foot, on horseback, on camels, or carried on litters and in baskets. But to help them involved an almost complete sacrifice of rest and recreation, for they were many, and the consultation generally demanded the employment of two or three interpreters. The sacrifice was made, however, and it has an odd result. For the purpose of making some geological observations, Virchow had a hole dug in the bed of a dried-up river in the neighborhood, and people noticed that, until the hole filled up with water, the magician every day climbed down there and made some curious researches by means of a lighted candle. As soon as Virchow had left Hissarlik people assembled around the hole, lined its sides with neat brick work and marble, baptised it "Virchow's Well," and now, since the magician has gone, they bring their sick to his well to be cured by drinking its water and by ablutions.

The Most Married of Women.

Benjamin Abbott, one of our old citizens, died in this town Saturday last in the eighty-second year of his age. He was a nephew of the celebrated Rev. Benjamin Abbott, the great Methodist revivalist of the early part of this century, and came to this State from New Jersey when a young man, and settled in the "Neck," east of this town, where his active life was mostly spent. But the notable feature in Mr. Abbott's otherwise uneventful life is the remarkable fact of being the seventh husband of his widow, who survives him. This much-talked-of and much-published event (for it went the rounds of the press of the nation), when he for the second and she for the seventh time bowed before the altar of Hymen, occurred on June 30, 1875, he then being 78 and she 82 years old. Mrs. Abbott's history in the marital relations of life stands perhaps without a parallel in the records of the nation, and tradition has it there is to be yet another. It is currently stated without contradiction that some years ago she had a vision in which eight men stood before her in a peculiarly impressive manner which she has ever regarded as prophetic of the number of conquests she was to make. The eighth is just as likely and as reasonable as the seventh, and already public gossip is beginning to mark this and that man as the victim of next conquest. Her maiden name was Williams, and she has been successively Mrs. Traux, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Farrow, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Pratt, and Mrs. Abbott. In every instance, save the first, she has married widowers, some of them with a good number of children, and on one occasion in her early married life she went to the almshouse and took therefrom three children and raised them. She never had any children of her own. All her life has been spent in this vicinity, and all her husbands were buried by the same undertaker.—*Smyrna (Del.) Times.*

—For raisin cake, take one cup butter, one cup sour milk, one cup molasses, two cups sugar, three eggs, six cups flour, one teaspoonful soda, one cup raisins; spice to taste.

—Empress Eugenie is trying to find consolation in compiling a memoir of her dead son.

THE EDITOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

Publication Day in the Office of the "Gallowhill Gazette."

[From the Danbury News' Man's New Book.]

The editor sat down to his desk, and groaned inwardly, while he irritatingly clasped his head in his hands. Then he went at his books to make out bills for collection. There was an array of uncanceled figures in the columns that were most ungrateful to the casual glance but apples of ashes in the teeth of him who gave them a closer inspection. This party was out of town; or that one was to pay next month, or there was a counter-account from so-and-so; or what's his name wouldn't pay any; and so down one column after another, until Tom Griggs began to doubt if he could get bills enough for the desired amount, saying nothing at all of what he might collect on them. And while he was at this labor his muddled brain was tossed and convulsed by the cry of "copy," and the demands of visitors, and the queries of Phillips, the foreman, who never before—so it seemed to his half-distracted chief—was so densely helpless and ignorant as to-day. That nothing went right became apparent before the day had far gone. Correspondents disappointed "sorts" ran out, one galley was pied, and marvelous stupidity seemed to settle on the compositors. It seemed to the unhappy man as if visitors were never half so numerous. There was a man who had a farm to sell, and wanted fifty auction bills. He didn't have copy for the bill, not being used to such things; but he knew the printer could write it out in a jiffy. Tom complied. Next there were three women—a committee appointed by a church society to get posters for a strawberry festival, and also to get a notice in the paper. They had the copy for the poster—about enough for a small pamphlet—and seemed to show a determination to get it all on the bill in the biggest type in the office. After a prolonged struggle with them, he succeeded in getting their consent to reduce the amount of the matter. A full half-hour was used up with this party. They were succeeded by a lank individual of a dim religious aspect, and the escorter of a portmanteau. He dealt in a line of lithographs. Tom hastily but firmly assured him he did not want to buy, at the same time eyeing him with intense dislike. The man said he did not want him to buy any thing, he only wanted to show him some perfect gems of art. Tom said he didn't have time to look at them. The proprietor of the gems assured him it would not take a moment to see them, at the same time opening the portmanteau and taking out a cluster of wares. The victim felt like braining him, but hesitated an instant on the verge of the act, and in that instant he was lost. The gems were spread out upon his desk, over the copy, the bills, and the books, and the author of the horror was expatiating upon their merits, while his prey stared hopelessly at the sight. Fortunately, at this juncture, some one came in to see about an advertisement; whereupon the agent, with great forbearance, observed:

"My time is not very pressing. I'll wait until you get through with this gentleman."

"I shall have to use this desk, and must ask you to remove your property," said Tom, in desperation. "I do not want to buy the pictures, and I have no time to-day to look at them."

"Perhaps some of your employees would like to avail themselves of this opportunity to secure a few rare copies," he pleasantly suggested.

Tom shuddered. The time of every man in the office was precious.

"Copy," said Mr. Phillips.

The editor of the Gallowhill *Gazette* felt that his reason was leaving him.

"There is no time to attend to you," he savagely protested, glaring at the agent. "There is not a moment to spare here all day to-day."

The owner of the gems caught up his property, and departed, very much at loss to understand why a free and enlightened press should be cursed by a boorish management.

The half-stunned editor immediately after severally entertained the following parties:

A man with a Western paper containing a story of a suicide which occurred several months before, and had been seen by Mr. Griggs some forty odd times. He wanted the paper saved after the article had been used, and was some time getting away, owing to numerous injunctions to this end.

A woman with a poem, whom Tom thought to escape by telling her he would read it at another time, but ignobly failed, as the poem was an obituary to be published that week. In despair, he promised to print it, without more than a glance over its twelve verses. She said she would want five copies of the paper, and that, she supposed, would be compensation enough.

A man with a four-column newspaper article on the phenomenon of atmospherical influences on the Arizona cactus. He pronounced it the clearest and most logical exposition of this subject he had seen, and was very anxious to have it appear next day. Almost bereft of breath by this suggeston, Tom told him that the paper was