THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE WINDMILL.

Behold, a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, the wheat and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling aloft my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off from the threshing-floors
In barns with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master the miller stands
And feeds me with his hands,
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

—*H. W. Longfellow, in Youth's Companion.*

LIKE A WOMAN.

This photograph? Well, I hardly know how to answer you. I do not know her name. I only saw her once in my life, then only for a little time, and the chances are I shall never see her again. Strange that a woman, a perfect stranger, should give me her photograph? It does sound strange. How did I get it? Thereon hangs a tale. I will tell you it. It points a moral, is characteristic of a woman, and furnishes me with a pleasant reminiscence of a too fleeting visit to the Scottish Highlands.

It was two years ago—the summer holidays. I had spent them with my wife's brother, George Nettleford. We had put into execution a long-cherished scheme, and been up to the Highlands.

One day the sun was setting as we reached the top of an ascent it had cost us some pains to climb. Sitting on the bank by the roadside, under the shadow of a mighty tree, we doffed our hats, so that the gentle breeze might cool our heated brows. On a sudden we heard quite close to us loud cries and shouts, as of some one in distress or danger.

"What's that?" said I to George.

"Sounds as though something was the matter with some one," said he, getting up and looking over the hedge. I rose and joined him.

"Why," exclaimed George, "there's a lad drowning in the pool."

So it seemed. The bank on the other side of the hedge sank in a sharp descent some thirty feet or more. A little to the left was a stream or piece of water of some sort. Generally it was quite narrow—narrower than this room; you might have jumped across it—but in one place it widened out into a tiny lake or pond, tolerably deep apparently; for somewhere about the center was a little boy trying hard to keep himself afloat, and making a terrible hullabaloo.

Without a word we got over the hedge and ran down the bank. Calling to the youngster to keep still, I ran into the water to help him. It might have been deep enough to drown him, but it barely came up to my shoulders; and when I had once hold of him, it was easy enough to pull him out, and he was little damaged; for when I had got him out he stood bolt upright on the bank, looking at me with large round eyes.

"You're not drowned?" I said, smiling at his solemn expression.

He shook his head gravely without a word. He was a queer-looking child, quite a little one, scarcely more than ten years old. So far, I had kept my hand upon his collar, thinking he might fall down, or faint, or something; but relieved of any such fears, I took it away. No sooner did I do so than, without a sign of any such intention, he was off like a dart, up the bank, through the hedge, and out of sight.

"Well, said George, laughing, "there's gratitude for you."

"Yes," said I, a little nettled, "he might have said thank you."

"Or told you how much further we have to go," growled George.

"I've got a ducking for my pains," I continued, thinking somewhat ruefully of my knickerbocker suit—a recent purchase.

"That won't matter," quoth George, unsympathetically; "you'll soon get dry."

We climbed up the bank, and continued our journey, talking and laughing over our wayside adventure. After a time we struck upon a charming country inn, shrined in a glorious sweet-smelling frame of honeysuckle and red roses. We entered together. The very sight of the bar was enough to do one good. Behind the counter sat a female, looking quite the lady, about thirty-five or so, in widow's cap and weeds. She rose at our entrance.

"We want two beds," I said, coming to the point at once.

"We can offer you none," she replied, civilly, but anything but warmly; "we are already overcrowded. We have no accommodation of any sort to give you."

"Then where shall we find another inn?"

"The next inn is about"—she paused—"eight or nine miles farther on." She might as well have said eight or nine hundred.

Out we staggered from that delicious bar into the gathering night. There was a man, a laborer of some sort, standing in the bar; and as we went out, I noticed him lean over and whisper to the hostess. As we went, however, wearily dragging our legs along, some one came running after us. It was a girl, apparently a servant girl, young, pretty and neatly dressed. She seemed in a great flurry.

"Please, sir," she said, stopping us, "I've brought a message. Mistress says you're to come back at once. And she wished me to say she is very sorry, but she did not know you."

Know me! Of course not. How was she to, seeing she had never seen me before, nor I her? The ignorance was mutual.

"Let's go," said George, cutting further conversation short.

When we reached the inn, the hostess bowed. "I am sorry, sir," she said, in a stately way, "to have sent you away, but I did not know you."

Did not know me? What did she mean by she did not know me? Of course she did not know me. How was she to? But I had no time for reflection. The servant showed us into an inner room, the neatest, coziest, prettiest little room I do believe I ever saw. George threw himself on the sofa; while I sat on a chair, my feet apart, my hands on my knees, staring into vacancy, feeling a little mystified.

In a few minutes the servant returned. "Please, will you step this way, sir?" said she to me.

George was asleep on the sofa, and did not notice her entrance.

I followed her up stairs; we were evidently among the bed rooms. She stopped at a door, and opening it showed me in. It was a sleeping apartment, quite small, but so neat, and clean and pretty, so unlike the usual thing you expect in hotels and inns, that I looked on the servant in amaze. There were a suit of clothes laid out on the bed, black and seeming quite new, and a clean, white shirt hanging on a chair; a collar, necktie and socks on the seat; and a pair of slippers on the floor.

"Mistress," said my guide, with just enough of the Doric to be agreeable, "wishes you to change your clothes, or else you will get cold."

"What," I inquired, "is your mistress' name?"

"Mrs. Mac"—something in three syllables, but what I could not catch. She then withdrew.

Taking off my drenched suit, I first had a thorough good wash, and then put on the clothes provided. I then went down stairs again, and found my Phillis waiting at the foot to guide me into the parlor, where I found George still sleeping. I woke him and told him of my luck.

"Well," said he, "she's a pleasant sort of a landlady. She seems to have taken a fancy to you."

"Don't talk nonsense," I retorted, thinking of Kate and my family of seven.

"I hope," said he, "among her other kindnesses, she won't forget to let us have some supper."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a tap at the door, and in came Phillis. "Please sir," said that admirable young person, "mistress says may I lay the table for supper?"

"Give your mistress my compliments," replied George, with assumed dignity—"Mr. Nettleford's compliments, and say with the greatest pleasure."

She did not give her mistress his compliments, at least not then; but without a word or a smile laid it there and then, covering it with a snow white table cloth, and laying it in that charming air of home-like comfort that pervaded everything.

In the morning we overslept ourselves, and after breakfast began seriously to consider the cost of our entertainment. We rang the bell, and in came the landlady. We rose, as she entered, and bowed, which courtesy she gracefully returned.

"We shall be much obliged," I said, "if you will let us have our bill."

"Bill!" she said, drawing herself upright. "Do you wish to insult me, sir?"

Insult her! "Insult you!" I said, "but surely this is an inn?"

"Yes," returned she, with something of wounded dignity; "this is an inn, but not to you whatefer."

"Not to us!" I exclaimed, amazed; while George, I fancy, began to take her for a lunatic.

"Do you think," she burst out, "I would take money from the man who saved my child?"

Saved her child! In an instant it flashed across me, the youngster floundering in the pool, and how the young rogue had run away.

"Was—was that your son in the pool?" I asked, beginning to understand her.

"Ay, it was Alec," she said, "my only son mirofer."

"But," I asked, "how did you know it was I who ——"

"Donald Macneil"—or some such name—"told me he was near by, and saw it all."

I remembered the laboring man in the bar, and how he had whispered to her when we went out; he, I presumed, was Donald Macneil.

Well, she would not take a farthing, and we could hardly press her. She, such a strange sort of woman, cold and proud as a Roman mother; no wonder her son was such a queer young fish. It appeared she had not only turned out of her own sitting-room, but out of her own bed-room, too, to make room for us. Where she slept, I have no idea. In the bar, possibly, which, by-the-by, would not have been so bad after all.

Before we went, we asked her for her photograph, which she gave us; and there it is. It is not a bad likeness; but it hardly does her justice; it does not give you the proud set of her features; and in a photograph you cannot get the full expression of the eyes.

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

"Where's the moral?"

"The moral is, never neglect to do a good action when you can; you never know how soon you may be repaid."

"And the characteristic of a woman?"

"It seems to me, sir, the whole thing was characteristic—was just like a woman."—*Philadelphia Post.*

Legal Papers in Rhyme.

A suit for breach of promise of marriage, which presents some novel features, has just been brought in the Brooklyn City Court by Miss Arabella Parthenia Featherstone against J. Uriah Allibone, the damages being laid at $10,000. Miss Featherstone is an orphan, about thirty years of age, and lives with an uncle near Allentown, Pa She alleges that on July 21, 1879, Allibone, who was spending his vacation in the neighborhood, asked her to become his wife. She consented, and fixed November 23 as the wedding day. In the meantime, however, Allibone was married to another woman. The peculiarity of the papers in the suit is that the complaint, the answer, and even the affidavits are all in rhyme. The complaint begins thus:

"The plaintiff, in seeking redress for her woes,
Comes into court and respectfully shows,"

and after setting forth the circumstances on which the action is based, closes as follows—asking for damages:

"Ten thousand is the sum,
Though it would not requite me,
'Twill teach Uriah, any way,
How much it cost to slight me."

The affidavit to the complaint is as follows:

"Arabella Parthenia Featherstone,
The plaintiff, being duly sworn,
Says: 'I have read the facts above,
The same are true of my knowledge born,
Save the defendant's vows of love:
And as to those I do declare
I did believe him—that I swear.'"

The answer denies the allegations of the complaint, and the defendant declares that

—"He no promise of marriage has broken,
As never such subject was dreamed of or spoken."

He also says that the plaintiff represented herself to be engaged to marry one James R. Vedder. His affidavit is unique:

"Kings County—Allibone, J. U.,
First being sworn in manner due,
Says the answer above is true."

The lawyers in the case declare that the complaint and answer are strictly legal.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Wrecked by the Fifteen Puzzle.

They were two young men from the country, and they drove up to the Post-office corner this morning, attracted by a large crowd which had collected to hear a street-corner vender of the Gem Puzzle explain to the gaping spectators how the puzzle could be done "just as e-a-s-y as falling off a log." They concluded to purchase one, and did so, but were so impatient to try and work out the confounded thing that they commenced moving the blocks as they drove down K street. Long and patiently they wrestled with it, and had got the numbers all in place with the exception of the 13, 14 and 15. Suddenly the man who was driving imagined he had discovered a move to bring everything out all right, and in his excitement and eagerness to show his companion how to make the move dropped the reins. The team started. The man who held the blocks was thrown out into the mud, his blocks flew in all directions, and the horses were only checked by running into a buggy, which latter vehicle was damaged to the extent of about thirty dollars worth, a bill the country youths agreed to settle before the owner of the buggy allowed them to depart.—*Cor. Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Rhoda Broughton has a two-volume novel in press.

Mark Twain has given up the lecture field on account of his health.

Mr. Edison, it is reported, is going to California to try a new process of extracting gold.

Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitman) is lecturing in Philadelphia on the decorative arts.

G. W. Cable, the author of "The Grandissimes," in *Scribner's* is a cotton-broker at New Orleans.

General Lew Wallace, Governor of New Mexico, is writing a novel, the scene of which is laid in Damascus.

Senator-elect Mahone, of Virginia, weighs only ninety pounds, beating Hon. Alexander Stephens by a few ounces.

Judge Jere. Black is noted for his wonderful memory. He wears a sandy-colored wig, and has a fashion, in talking, of twisting a silver tobacco box in his hand.

Prof. John Fiske, the critic and lecturer, is from Connecticut, a large, tall man, with dark curling hair and a thick red beard, with a pale face and gold-rimmed spectacles.

Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Harvard University, now at the full age of three-score years and ten, was such a Samson in his youth that a farmer once offered him extra wages if he would enter the harvest-field.

George Punchard, author of "History of Congregationalism," in his earlier years a minister, and for ten years one of the editors and publishers of the *Traveller*, died recently in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Miss Ella Sherman, the pretty young third daughter of the General, is to be married early in May to Lieutenant Thackara, of the navy. The wedding is to be celebrated at General Sherman's house in Washington.

The Scandinavians in Paris gave a grand banquet in honor of Nordenskjold, Arctic explorer, and his Lieutenant, Pollander. Two hundred and twenty persons were present, including Prince Oscar and Christine Nilsson.

Joaquin Miller's real name is Cincinnatus Heine Miller. His father was a "Westward ho-er," always moving west, and he kept following Greeley's famous advice until he got to Oregon and could go no further unless he swam.

David Davis is a great reader, and as a Circuit Judge in his early days used to carry his saddle-bags full of historical and biographical works. His favorite novel is "David Copperfield," though he has a fondness for Thackeray and Walter Scott.

A book-store salesman hears some laughable mistakes. One day a lady comes in and asks for Dickens' "David Copperhead," another for the "Schonberg Cotton Factory," a third asks for some history of the French Revolution which will tell her about "Robert Speer guillotining the grid-irons," while a fourth wants "Madam Ramcat's Memoirs" of Napoleon.

Mr. James Parton, who has written some of the best and most successful of American biographies, says that an industrious and capable writer can, during his best years, earn $7,000 or $8,000 a year, but that no man should adopt literature as a profession unless he has a fortune, or can live comfortably on $2,000 a year. Mr. Parton's first book was the "*Life of Horace Greeley*," of which 40,000 copies were sold. Since then he has published a dozen other works, all of which have been very popular. Several of his shorter biographical sketches first appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, commencing about fifteen years ago.

The Banker's Daughter—A Pennsylvania Love Story.

Kate Boas is a banker's daughter. Nature gave her good looks, and her father's million enabled her to add such accomplishments and adornments as made her one of the foremost young women in the mining districts of Pennsylvania. She was modest and quiet, did not make a display of fine dress, and in no way seemed to be spoiled by wealth and flattery. It was thought that she mistrusted the sincerity of her admirers, and was fearful of fortune hunters, for she avoided association with gentlemen as far as she could politely. The fact is now public that she never gave up the love of the sweetheart of her school days, when she was a comparatively poor girl, and he was too heedlessly boyish to couple love and money in his calculations. Her choice, however, was not that of her father's, and she obediently married a man whom she did not love. That was seven years ago. Now she is in an asylum for the insane, and her husband sued for a divorce and obtained it yesterday. It is in the testimony in this suit that the extraordinary story is told.

Kate Boas went home from school with her heart pledged to her lover; but she soon found that her father was of a different mind. A. F. Boas had grown enormously in wealth, while the young man's father, a contractor, had been unfortunate. Mr. Boas forbade her to countenance the suit of a poor man's son, and she was obedient, though she was revengefully repellant to other suitors. She spent her winters here in Reading at her home, and her summers at her father's country house at Wormelsdorf, twenty miles distant. The young heiress became almost a recluse, but she did not let anybody know the reason. In everything else her father gave her the utmost freedom; but in the matter of a husband he not only denied her the man of her liking, but finally chose one for her. This was Dr. Beaver, who lived close by the Boas residence at Wormelsdorf, and belonged to a wealthy family. Kate married Dr. Beaver. He was in all respects worthy of her. There was a grand wedding and an extended bridal tour. The husband was successful in his profession, the wife became a leader in fashionable society, and a daughter was born.

Dr. Beaver excitedly entered the office of the prosecuting attorney of this county, William M. Goodman, one day, and asked for help to expose and punish a faithless wife. He believed that Kate had a lover other than himself, and wanted the means of learning the truth. Detectives were placed at his service, and it was not long before he was prepared to plainly accuse his wife. He hid a witness in his office, and then sent for her. She came without knowing what she was to hear, and the blunt accusation of having held clandestine meetings with her lover was like a blow in the face.

"Whoever says that lies," she indignantly replied.

"Did you never write to him?" he asked.

"Never since I left school."

"Have you not written to him within three or four weeks?"

"No."

Then he put before her the proof of her falsity—a letter which she had sent by a housemaid to the lover, but which the detectives had intercepted. In it she said: "Who could imagine that such a drama was being enacted here in real life?" The doctor said that they would have to separate. She wept, and begged of him not to drive her out.

"Let me remain as your housekeeper," she cried, "if not as your wife."

Her prayer for forgiveness was in vain. Her husband covertly ascertained that the witness had heard all she had said, and then dismissed her. He permitted her to stay in the house.

but no longer as his wife. She would not go to her father for comfort, for he already had, through failure in business, as much trouble as he could bear, and she dared not see or send to her lover. She was informed that her husband had begun proceedings for divorce. She made no defense, and said that she would confess to her father. The aged and broken-down man went to her, responsive to a message, and heard from her own lips how wretchedly the wedlock of his planning had turned out.

The testimony given before the referee, Simon P. O'Reilly, was convincing enough; but it hardly degraded the case to the level of ordinary divorce proceedings. However, the professional spies swore that Kate and her lover met frequently; but her own servants described his visit to the house in her husband's absence. A rear gate had been fixed so that he could open it from the outside; certain signals had been agreed on to indicate danger and safety, notes had been sent to and fro frequently, and he had all but lived in the house while the doctor was away on a fishing excursion. One witness described the wife as slipping out from the presence of her husband in the parlor, lifting her silk train as she tripped over the dew of the garden grass, and meeting her lover for a sentimental exchange of words in the shadow of a back fence. Another told of her jealousy on hearing a rumor that he was paying court to a girl; and it seems that it was her dread of his marrying anybody else, rather than any purpose or idea of being untrue to her own vows, that made her cling to him. She always spoke most respectfully of her husband, and praised him for his kindness and generosity.

She once told the story of her school-day romance to a friend as an occurrence long past, but added, impulsively, "I love him to this day." A passage in one of her letters to him, however, indicates that she had rejected a proposal to elope. "May God bless and reward you for your devotion," she wrote, "for I never can." and the last four words were underscored.

The lawsuit, ended yesterday in Dr. Beaver securing the divorce, made the matter known to everybody. Kate kept herself out of sight, as though crushed by shame. But she could not hide from herself, and, to deaden her feeling, she took to drugging herself with opium. Her reason was soon destroyed, and she was taken to the Danville Insane Asylum.—*Reading (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

Business Success.

Among the rare bits of wordly wisdom uttered by Major Eastburn, one of the former magnates of State street, whose familiar face and form as he stood at his office door at noonday will be recalled by many, none may be more profitably considered at the present time than his comment on making haste to be rich. "I've stood here on State street," said he, "for forty years, and I have seen men accumulate fortunes by speculation, and I've seen these fortunes disappear I have seen men go up in worldly wealth, and go down, and I've always noticed that those persons who were content with slow gains and six per cent. interest came out ahead in the long run." The greatest of proverbial philosophers has also said. "A faithful man shall abound with blessings, but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent;" and again, "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." He hastens best who hastens slowly; not lazily, for there must be work, backed by energy, perseverance, intelligent self-denial and thorough business habits. Believers in business impossibilities are not as numerous as formerly. For years we seemed to be living in the atmosphere of venture and great undertakings, and our whole industry was tinged with the unearthly light, but of late years we have been suffering from a collapse of these great hollow ideas, and there is hope for a return of the staple prosperity of earlier times.

The past six years of depression has solidified all branches of business. Prudence and economy is now the motto of the successful merchant. The misfortunes of the past did not come for naught. It is a delusion to suppose that success is attained by any kind of patent process. Books are sometimes advertised with such taking titles as "The Secret of Success," "The Road to Wealth," etc., but they make the path of success no plainer or easier for those who are looking for a short road to wealth, power, honor and influence. These come only of years of intelligent labor and devotion to business, prudence, economy, honest dealing, courage and preseverance. He that would have true and lasting success must deserve it. A fortune won by blunder or accident, by short cuts, by strategy, or close bargains, is not success, and is likely to leave its possessor as quickly as it came. Success must be conquered in a legitimate way. The man who enters business only for plunder and gain, with no thought of his reputation or character, is not a good business man, and is never regarded by his fellows as a successful man. The truth is that real success does not mean wealth, social position or political honors alone. To these must be added honesty, a heartfelt consideration for others, civility, promptitude of thought and action, intelligence, sobriety and every manly virtue.

The truly successful business man is one who is complete in everything that belongs to his calling. He has a thorough knowledge of what has been done in his business, and applies this knowledge with untiring diligence to the undertakings before him. He watches and studies the markets, knowing how much is produced of the commodity in which he deals and the amount consumed; he is prompt in decision and execution, truthful in word and conduct, and keeps his credit unimpaired. In all that he does he commands the respect and confidence of all with whom he deals, and maintains a high and noble character before the world, which is beyond all price. The principal of the "survival of the fittest" is nowhere more applicable than in business matters. The unworthy and incapable are sure in the long run to sink to their proper level.—*American Manufacturer and Exporter.*

* * *

Kitty Kildey was ill, at Stony Creek Valley, Pa., and the country doctors failed to cure her or to find out what ailed her. John McClain has the reputation in that region of superstition of being a successful antagonist of witches. He examined Kitty as an expert and declared that she had been put under a spell by Mrs. Boyer, an old German neighbor. He gave the girl some medicine, and she immediately recovered. But it was not long before she was similarly ill again. and this time McClain said that the effectual way of relieving her was to kill Mrs. Boyer, which he undertook to do by filling a bottle with a decoction of herbs and breaking it with a hammer. Mrs. Boyer did not die, however, and has had McClain and the Kildeys prosecuted for slander.

* * *

Grandy Teague, of Carthage, N. C., was buried at the foot of an old oak that had apparently been dead for several years. The limbs and twigs all fell off, and nothing but the body was left standing as a landmark in the old Phillips churchyard. After Grandy's burial the tree came to life, flourished, and is three feet in diameter at the base, having as fine limbs and boughs as it ever bore.

HUMOROUS.

The rooster crows when the egg is incubated, because he knows the hen likes to have her lay set to music.

"Now this is what I call business," remarked a Brooklyn undertaker, as an unfortunate gentlemen stepped into his store and died.

The Mule Puzzle.—Draw a circle fifteen feet in diameter, place a mule in the center, and walk around him without getting out of the circle.

A hen's brain isn't very large, but it is large enough to comprehend the fact that she never was the mother of an Easter egg, and that if she was it would not hatch painted chickens.

The only men who ever hang to a New Year's diary are the chaps who lend money to their friends. They must have some sort of a book to write down names and amounts in.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Female printers pop the question to the male typos by simply handing them an interrogation point, (?). If the latter intend to embrace the opportunity and accept, they return a brace, thus ⏞, but if they wish to decline and dash the cup of happiness from the fair one's lips, they hand over a —.—*N. O. Picayune.*

What need is there to worry and fret,
And vainly try more trouble to borrow,
When we know that after the sun has set
To-day will be yesterday to-morrow.
—*Boston Transcript.*

But if there's a note that's due, you bet
You'd better remember it while you may;
For it's important you shouldn't forget
To-day was to-morrow yesterday.
—*American Queen.*

"I will bet ten dollars," the commercial traveler shouted, with rising temper, "that I did it this morning in twenty minutes." "I don't doubt that," the fat passenger replied, sadly, "but I will bet you twenty dollars that nobody saw you do it." And did it ever occur to you, dear reader, that that is the way the puzzle usually has been solved?—*Hawkeye.*

A poor but good-looking girl on the West Side,—having married an old man whose wealth was only exceeded by the redness of his nose, was the victim of a cruel pun the other evening. She had asked the old man for five hundred dollars with which to buy a spring hat, and, on his making some excuse for not producing the amount, began to weep large salt tears. "Bawling won't do any good," he said, with a brutal smile. "This is not the first financial cry, sis, that I have passed through."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Good-night song of the Limekiln Club:

Brudders, now dat we mus' part,
Let us gently say "Good-night!"
It am better to be good
Dan to jaw aroun' an fight.

As we go our varus way,
Let us dodge all sorts of sin;
If we meet a man of woe
Let us gently take him in.

De world am big enuff fur all,
No use crowdin' any one;
Take de road an' walk along,
Till yer days of life am' dun,
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Duel to the Death.

A sickening account of a duel in Morocco is given by a correspondent of the *Republique Francaise.* Two young men of noble birth were paying their attentions to the daughter of a neighboring chief, and as she showed equal favor to each of them, it was arranged, by mutual consent, that they should meet in single combat and fight a duel to the death. The conditions of the duel were that they should meet on horseback, each of the combatants being armed with a rifle, a revolver and a hunting knife. They were placed a hundred yards apart, and, upon a signal given by one of the seconds, they set their horses at full gallop and rushed at each other. For a few moments the spectators could see nothing but a cloud of dust, from out of which were heard two successive reports of a rifle, and then a third, followed by the neighing of a horse. When the dust had cleared away, a shocking sight met the gaze of the spectators; one of the combatants, concealed behind his dead horse, was taking aim at his adversary, who still remained in the saddle. The latter spurred his horse and made it rear, the noble beast receiving in his chest the bullet meant for his master. The rider, as soon as he was dismounted, rushed forward to grapple with his adversary, but a second shot fractured his left shoulder. Nevertheless, he retained sufficient strength to discharge two chambers of his revolver, both shots taking effect. A hand-to-hand combat then ensued, the two adversaries, neither of whom was able to stand, stabbing each other repeatedly. When the seconds and spectators at last interfered the two were picked up dead—one with his teeth firmly set in his adversary's cheek, while the latter's hand was thrust into a gaping wound in the other's chest.

The Saddest Phase of Life in the Gold and Silver-Mining Regions.

The saddest phase of this coast—probably of all gold and silver-mining regions—is the absence of homes. We mean real homes, whose founder laid the first hearthstone and made the first clearing with the thought that on that spot he was to do his life's work, and there, at last, amid familiar scenes, sink into that sleep that is final. The absence of this disposition has made nomads of the men of this coast. They came here originally with the thought that in a little while they would return and make the home of their future in the lands of their birth. Could the air-castles which have been erected in thought by men on this coast, while lying in bunks in rude cabins, or in blankets around camp-fires, be woven into a picture, what a city it would make. But the years have stolen by; except in isolated cases, the bewitching dreams have never been realized, and while the hoped-for homes were never builded back in the land of childhood, neither, alas, have they been builded here. We do not mean to say that there are not plenty of families living in what they call homes. But those who have homes which were created with the expectation that they would be permanent, that in and about them was to be hoarded the gathered treasures of a life time, are very few. This might, perhaps, be expected here in the desert, but the same is true of California, especially in the country. As a rule, the farm-houses of California and their surroundings are a perpetual sign of "For Sale." On many of those farms men and families have lived for a quarter of a century, and still it has never been home in any rightful sense of the word. There has never been a time that the husband and father has not intended to sell out in the course of a few months and never a time that the family has not hoped he would.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

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Consular reports from Salonica, Turkey, declare that, with the exception of the towns and the immediate vicinity, the country is in the hands of the brigands. Thirteen distinct bands are enumerated, containing in all about 150 men of various creeds and nationalities—Greeks, Lutzo-Wallachs, Bulgarians, Albanians and Turkish deserters. At a certain time some of the bands received subsidies from Athens, and professed to be the representatives of Hellenic aspiration, but of late they have divested themselves of this semi-political character, and play the part of simple brigands, levying blackmail from Mussulmans and Christians indiscriminately. The brigands avoid, as much as possible, all conflict with the military forces, but they have no fear of the local police or civil authorities, who are too often, it is said, in league with the chiefs.

What To Do in Emergencies.

Dr. Norman Bridge delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture, yesterday evening, to a large audience in the Lower Farwell Hall, having for his subject, "What to Do in Emergencies in the Absence of a Physician," which he treated in a colloquial way, thus making his remarks all the more appreciable to those who heard them.

The trouble in connection with emergencies was that people would insist in managing them in an unphilosophical way. The things which even the doctor could do in such cases were very few, and the necessity of summoning him was not so great as was many times imagined. The things to be accomplished lay in the way of aiding the process of Nature, while those which people were in the habit of doing were frequently directly to the contrary. In many cases Nature supplied abundant means for a remedy, and all that was necessary was for the bystanders to keep their hands off from a suddenly sick person.

Taking up such emergencies in the order of their frequency of occurrence, he spoke first of the simple accident of fainting. As a matter of fact, a simple fainting fit was merely the result of a temporary cessation of the flow of blood to the brain, and no one ever died of it. In a few moments the blood ran back to the brain again and the fit was over. And yet people did all kinds of ridiculous things to the patient, lifting him up and throwing cold water into his face, the former process really tending to retard the cure, while the latter made no difference either way. The patient should be allowed to lie on the ground as he fell, the horizontal position being most favorable to the return of the blood to the brain. If the recovery did not soon occur the feet might be raised, by which means the blood would be sent from the extremities, and the patient would recover almost immediately. Occasionally a person who was sick at the time of the fainting would die under the fit, but the raising him up and applications of cold water would only have a tendency to make him die all the quicker.

Children in convulsions, a form of sickness which, by reason of its dreadful appearance, frightened the friends of the patients, were subjected to all sorts of foolish treatment; were plunged into hot baths, dashed with cold water, shaken, flagellated, and not unfrequently dosed with medicine. In 999 out of 1,000 cases the convulsion is an epileptic fit, which lasts generally about three minutes, and in which it was very unusual for a patient to die. Occasionally, where there is disease of the brain, the fit might last an hour or more, or he might die; but the recovery of the patient in any case would not be hastened by the adoption of any of the treatment alluded to. At the end of the fit the sufferer usually fell into a deep slumber, and nothing should be done to interfere with this means taken by Nature to aid the recovery of the patient. The same statement applied to the hysterical fit, which was a matter of no consequence, because it never killed anybody; and even in the apoplectic fit nothing could be done further than to keep the patient's mouth clear, so that breathing might not be impeded, and to prevent him from hurting himself or other people from doing so.

In cases where children suffered from concussions people were afraid to let the sufferers go to sleep. The knock on the head which the child received in the fall produced certain injuries in the brain, and Nature's process for curing them was to let the parts rest, and this caused the desire to sleep to arise after such an accident. This desire should always be gratified, the child being placed in as favorable conditions to a good sound sleep as soon as possible.

On the subject of hemorrhage the doctor explained that it was necessary for people to tell by the pulse whether the patient was in danger or not. The normal rate of the pulse was from seventy to eighty beats a minute; if a patient bled extensively the pulse ran up as high as from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty beats a minute, which indicated that the patient was in danger. The easiest way to check the bleeding was to apply pressure at the point where the blood was flowing from the external injury. A handkerchief or a finger plunged into the wound could always accomplish this. It was a good thing, too, to elevate the limb where the cut or bruise was, as that brought the attraction of gravitation to the aid. Applications of cold water, which contracted the blood-vessels and retarded the flow of blood, were also beneficial. How to dress a serious wound was also a matter which puzzled people a great deal. The best thing to apply was hot water, which gave the injured parts the best opportunity of recovery which they could have: The water should always be at a temperature somewhat higher than that of the blood—say from ninety-eight to one hundred degrees.

The emergency of great pain was one which often occurred to children, and under circumstances which might lead to the destruction of some of the senses. One of the most common pains was that which occurred in the ear, the best means of alleviating which was the application of hot water. A constant stream of hot water should be poured into the child's ear by means of a syringe or a teaspoon, and it would soon stop the pain. The child should then be allowed to rest, and if the pain occurred again, the same treatment should be repeated. Earache should never be disregarded, as it was quite likely to result in loss of hearing. Heat was the most useful of all simple agents to stop pain. Fomentations should be applied as hot as possible, and a common wringing-machine was a very useful help in handling the cloths just taken from the intensely hot water. The person handling the cloths for the patient might not be able easily to stand their heat, but a patient suffering from the colic, for instance, would welcome them heated almost up to the scalding point.

In speaking of medicines, the lecturer recommended Dover's powders and paregoric as simple forms of the opiate which could be safely used in the family, especially the former, which was less dangerous than any others of this class of medicines.

In the case of poisoning, he recommended the application of an emetic, and the giving of quantities of water, by which means the poison would be diluted and its effect greatly weakened. The simplest way to produce vomiting was to thrust the middle finger down the throat of the patient and tickle it until vomiting was produced; of emetics none was more simple and efficacious than a tablespoonful of table mustard mixed in a pint of hot water. In cases of poisoning by any of the various forms of opium, the best antidote was strong coffee in copious quantities. Here, too, was the only case in which the patient should not be allowed to sleep. He should be walked up and down, and kept by every available means from relapsing into slumber from which it might be impossible to awaken him.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A PARAGRAPH went the rounds of the English newspapers last winter about a pheasant having been shot that had a wooden leg. Now the sequel is being published. It is to the effect that a London surgeon, taking his holiday in the country, found a pheasant caught by one leg in a trap. The bones were completely smashed and the leg bleeding. Taking his case of pocket instruments the surgeon carefully amputated the leg, and then made a neat little artificial leg, fastened it to the stump and released the bird.

Our Young Readers.

JAMIE, THE GENTLEMAN.

THERE's a dear little ten-year-old down the street,
With eyes so merry and smile so sweet
I love to stay him whenever we meet;
And I call him Jamie, the gentleman.

His home is of poverty, gloomy and bare,
His mother is old with want and care—
There's little to eat and little to wear
In the home of Jamie, the gentleman.

He never complains—though his clothes be old,
No dismal whinings at hunger or cold;
For a cheerful heart that is better than gold
Has brave little Jamie, the gentleman.

His standing at school is always ten—
"For diligent boys make wise, great men,
And I'm bound to be famous some day, and then"—
Proudly says Jamie, the gentleman.

"My mother shall rest her on cushions of down,
The finest lady in all the town,
And wear a velvet and satin gown"—
Thus dreams Jamie, the gentleman.

"Trust ever in God," and "Be brave and true"—
Jamie has chosen these precepts two;
Glorious mottoes for me and for you;
May God bless Jamie, the gentleman!

—Mabel C. Dowd, in Wide Awake.

"APRIL-FOOL!"

THERE was one boy in the Merrit Academy who never joined in any of the games; never went skating; never went swimming; never made a snow man or threw snow-balls; never came to the meetings of the debating society, where such questions as, "If a fellow ask a fellow for a bite of a fellow's apple, which is the politer way to give it to a fellow—to bite off a piece yourself, or let a fellow bite for himself?" were debated with much mock gravity and real fun.

He looked with horror on all kinds of fighting; had no admiration for great Generals; thought war should be abolished; shuddered at tales of cruelty and suffering; was constitutionally timid and extremely credulous; hated thunder and lightning; liked birds, flowers, pretty verses and fairy tales; believed in ghosts and supernatural beings; was very fair-haired, very blue-eyed, tall, slender, and was named Harold Lord. But after the first week or two of his attendance at school—he was a day scholar—his real name was never heard, for his school-mates, quickly finding out his peculiar characteristics, skillfully turned it into "Lady Harriet," and Lady Harriet he remained for many a long year. Of course, being so girlish in his appearance, ways and tastes, and of so reserved and gentle a disposition, the other boys rather looked down upon him, and, after the manner of boys, made him the subject of much chaff and many practical jokes; and so it came about when Charley Bennet and Ned Morningstar and Hen Rowe began on the afternoon of the 31st of March to talk about the 1st of April, they hit upon Lady Harriet as a boy who would make a capital "April-fool."

"We can have no end of fun with him," said Charley. "You know he lives all alone with his grandmother—"

"A Little Red Ridinghood," interrupted Hen Rowe.

"—down by the cedar woods," continued Bennet. "But the question now in order is, what kind of fun shall it be?"

"Dress up like Indians, and pretend you're goin' to scalp him," proposed little Al Smith, who had joined the party—a thing no other small boy in that establishment would have dared to do; but then Alfred, as his aunt called him—and a very cross old aunt she was, too—had no father nor mother, and was such a good-natured, willing, reliable young chap that his older school-mates made quite a pet of him, and allowed him many liberties they would have allowed to no one else in his class.

"Nonsense, Smithey," said Hen Rowe. "Ghosts is the thing;" and striking an attitude, he quoted:

"'I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires ....
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; fre-e-eze thy young blood;
Make thy—'"

"That's quite enough of that, Rowe," said Bennet. "A band of young desperadoes is my idea. The papers are full of 'em just now—fellows living in caves and other queer places, and robbing right and left (result of reading too many dime novels, heard the Professor say so this morning). Been 'round here, too; stole Uncle Jeff's calf day before yesterday; and his grandmother goes to sewing society to-morrow night."

"The calf's grandmother?" asked Hen Rowe.

"Didn't know you had any grandmother," said Bennet.

"Charley's hit on the very thing," declared Ned Morningstar. "We'll let three or four other fellows into the joke, and I'll be Captain, and we'll wear masks, and all the old clothes we can beg, borrow, or take, and get ourselves up prime as a No. 1 band of reg'lar young villains. Aha! your money or your life!" making a lunge at small Al.

"But you won't really hurt Lady Harriet?" said the little fellow, an anxious look coming into his soft brown eyes. "He's good to me, and gives me candy, and took me fishin' once."

"Took you fishin'!" repeated Charley Bennet, counterfeiting the greatest astonishment. "If he did, I'll bet he never let you catch a fish. He'd a-fainted when he saw it a-wriggling on the hook."

"He did, too," answered Al, stoutly. "I caught four, and six crabs, and he got eight," adding, frankly, "but he said he didn't like to catch them, only his grandmother said he must."

"Very reprehensible old lady," said Hen Rowe, gravely, "to allow her greediness for fish to trample on the softest feelings of her grandson's head—I mean heart. But don't be afraid, Smallbones"—stroking Al's dark curls—"we won't hurt him, not a bit; make your mind easy about that. He shall live to take you a-fishin' again."

"It does him good to wake him up once in awhile," added Ned Morningstar, "he's such a turtle. I think I see his face when we all shout 'April-fool'!"

At dusk the next evening, after Grandmother Lord had gone to the sewing society, six or seven dreadful-looking objects came splashing through the mud up the road which led to her cottage. They were dressed in uncouth garments of all sizes and colors. Hats, brimless, or with brims very much turned up or very much turned down, two flaming red turbans, and a round, handleless basket, through the open wicker-work of which the hair of the wearer straggled in the most outlandish and porcupinish manner, constituted their head-gear. The leader carried a gun. The others were armed with hatchets, knives and clubs. All their faces were hidden by paper masks painted in various colors. "This is the house," said one of them, in a voice that seemed to come out of the ground beneath his feet, as they ranged themselves on the front porch, and he rapped sharply on the door with the stick he carried. It opened, and there stood Lady Harriet, gazing out with horror-stricken eyes upon the motley gang. "Your money or your life!" demanded he of the gun, at the same time pointing the weapon at the trembling boy.

Lady Harriet turned pale, and shrank back. "I have no money," he said, in a faltering voice.

"Then we must have your life," was the gruff reply, "unless you consent to become one of us. Seize him and search him!"

"*Do* go away, and leave me alone," implored the boy, falling upon his knees and clasping his hands. "There is no use—making me—join your gang," he continued, with chattering teeth. "I—couldn't be a—a—what you are—to save—my life."

But the young desperadoes paid no attention to his entreaties, and while two of their number rifled his pockets the others, lighting a couple of lanterns they had brought with them, followed their leader on a tramp through the house with much noise and deep growling. On the return of the latter, the pocket-searchers presented the Captain with half a stick of peppermint candy, a penknife, a dime, a small book ("The Language of Flowers"), and some violets wrapped in a handkerchief.

"Prisoner," said the Captain, sternly—that is as sternly as the pebble he had under his tongue would allow—"if you make an attempt to escape, the consequences be on your own head. Right about face! March!"

And away they went, dragging poor Lady Harriet, begging and imploring to be set free, with them.

"Did you ever see any fellow so scared in all your life?" whispered Charley Bennet to Hen Rowe, as their victim began to cry and scream.

"Never," said Rowe. "I begin to feel sorry for him. But what a baby he is! Why don't he break and run? He can make good time with those long legs when he's a mind to."

"Halt!" cried the Captain, when they reached the cedar woods. "This has gone quite far enough. We want no cowards among us. Boy, you are—" And the mouths of his followers simultaneously opened for a tremendous shout, when—

"I perfectly agree with you," interrupted the prisoner, quickly, wresting himself at the same time with a dexterous movement from the grasp of the two boys who had held him; and then he went on in his usual soft voice and slow way: "I mean this joke's gone quite far enough. You came half an hour or so before I expected you, but I think we've all acted our parts first-rate. Good-evening, Captain Morningstar. Good-evening, desperadoes. Farewell, April-fools." And he turned and walked leisurely toward his home again.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Ned Morningstar, snatching off his mask and pulling a long face. "Somebody has—"

"Blundered," said Hen Rowe.

"Fools to the right of me,
Fools to the left of me,
Fools ev'ry side of me—
Oh, how they wondered!

But what's the use of being glum about it. I've an idea it serves us right. Three cheers for Lady Harriet. He's not such a fool as he looks."

"As we look, I think," said Roy Wheeler.

And then, like the jolly boys they really were, they gave the cheers with a will, and followed them up with a roar of laughter that wakened all the echoes for miles around.—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.*

Every-Day Heroism.

ONE of the Life-Saving Stations on the California coast has been officially named the "Maggy Geddes." A little girl of that name in San Antonio, aged nine years, seeing a playmate fall into a mill-race, leaped in, and, with great skill and coolness and after a desperate struggle, succeeded in swimming with her ashore.

Another little girl, a year younger, in one of our New England towns, sprang into the river a few days ago and rescued her baby brother from drowning, carrying him in her arms through the swift current, which reached her chin.

Now it was a graceful act of recognition to real heroism for the Government to give the name of little Maggy Geddes to a life-saving station, and it is right that these little heroines should be held up as examples of unselfish devotion to other girls and boys; always provided that the right lesson is drawn from their story.

Not many men, and very few children, ever have the chance to save another life at the risk of their own. Such supreme opportunities come but seldom. But every child should remember that just as much unselfishness, devotion and cool presence of mind can be shown in the little incessant matters of every day as go to make up some one great heroic deed.

In God's eye, it is not the size nor the dramatic effect of the action which counts, but its motive.

Many a young girl patiently bearing for years the cares of a disorganized household, or the peevishness of an invalid parent, or brother or sister; many a boy, bringing indomitable cheerfulness and love to the help of his tired mother—is entitled to more admiration and respect, and is just as heroic, as if in a spasmodic passion of courage they had momentarily faced death for those they loved.—*Youth's Companion.*

Beavers Coasting.

ONE of my friends in Iowa sends word that when her brother—now a General in the United States Army—was a boy, he was very fond of hunting, and a great favorit with the grown-up hunters. One of these took him on a bright moonlight night in winter to see a strange sight.

The pair crept through the cold, clear air to the home of some beavers. At the dam which the beavers had built, the moon was reflected from the ice with a great glare, and, in this light, the lookers-on saw the beavers have a splendid game of coasting down a long slide, from the top of the dam to the ice-covered stream below. The old beavers gave the young ones rides on their broad, flat tails; all slid down as gravely as judges, and then climbed up to have another. They kept it up until one of the watchers sneezed. At this, the beaver sentinels sounded the alarm, and then all was still—excepting that the lookers-on went away laughing heartily at what they had seen.—*St. Nicholas.*

Lively Law Proceedings.

A CARSON CITY (Nev.) paper reports the following lively law proceedings: Yesterday afternoon a young man came into Justice Cary's court room with the rim of his hat down over his eyes, and remarked, "Do you know me?" "I think," replied the Court, meekly, "that you are the chap I sentenced for stealing about a year ago." "That's just the hairpin I am," replied the other, "and here's twenty dollars for my fine." "But you served your term in jail," said the Judge, "and owe no fine." "That's all right, old boy; but I'm about to commit an assault and battery, and I guess I'll settle now. You're the man I propose [illegible] lick." "Oh, that's it!" rejoined the Court, pocketing the coin; "then you can start in, and we'll call it square." The young man advanced to the Court and let out his left. The Judge ducked his head, and, rising up, lifted the intruder in the eye with a right-hander and sent him over against the wall. In a moment the Court was climbing all over the man, and in about three minutes his face was hardly recognizable. The man begged the Court to let up, which he finally did. As the fellow was about to go out, Cary went after him with: "See here, young man; I don't think the fighting you did ought to be assessed at any more than two dollars and fifty cents—here's seventeen dollars and fifty cents in change. I ain't charging you anything for fighting, but just for my time. Next time I won't charge you a cent." The rough took the change and [illegible] next train for Virginia City.