THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

THE DAWN WILL COME.

The night may be dreary and somber and sad,
And swiftly may speed the wild rack in the sky;
The ocean may roar on the wave-beaten shore,
But the dawn of the bright golden morning is nigh!

The tempest may gather and thunder may roll,
And the frighted birds hide from the lightning's sheen;
But far in the east, from its slumbers released,
The dawn of the bright golden morning is seen!

The bitterest sorrow may gather around,
And banish the smile to give place to a tear;
But time will relieve all who tremble and grieve,
For the dawn of the sweet-smiling morning is near!

Then do not despair, O ye weary and sad,
For Joy will disperse e'en the shade of a sigh;
Bright days will come back, and the night and the rack
Will flee when the dawn of the morning is nigh!

—Edward Grenford.

ORIENTAL JUGGELRY.

The narrow, shaded streets of an Oriental city, thronged by crowds of sedate-looking men, with long beards and turbaned heads, though seldom showing a woman or child to vary the monotony, look odd enough to unaccustomed eyes. Still more strange seem the huge gates that lead to private dwellings; for the gates are always closed, and the houses, with their high, narrow windows, appear to have been built backwards, facing inward on a court, instead of toward the street. These courts are adorned with bright, tropical flowers and cool fountains, and they form the usual lounging-places of households, where indolent nabobs retire from the noise and dust of the outer world to enjoy, in the society of the family, the quiet and repose in which orientals so especially delight. The father is generally too dignified or too listless to care for amusements; but his lively wives and children indulge in various exciting pastimes. Music and dancing, fencing, leaping and other feats of agility, and, above all, juggleries, serve to entertain the secluded household; and actors in all these sports can be readily obtained by calling in one of the bands of traveling jugglers met at every turn in the large cities of the East. For there is never a wedding nor a funeral, a feast nor a fast, the consecration of a priest nor the crowning of a king, where these "magicians," as they call themselves, are not found. Even on the public thoroughfares, they will sit and wait for an audience, droning their peculiar music, or throwing out something to attract attention. Scarcely can one pass without stopping to notice weird faces and fantastic decorations; and, as one trick follows another, each more wonderful than the last, every pedestrian becomes a patron, helping to fill the pockets of these dexterous knaves. They are believed by their countrymen to possess supernatural powers, to act under the influence of evil spirits, and to be able, by a mere glance of the eye, to make well people sick and sick people well without so much as touching them. Of course, you know that this is not really true of them, and that their marvelous performances are only seeming, not real, miracles; but the exhibitions of their art are strangely fascinating, nevertheless.

On one occasion, quite a famous band of Indian jugglers was in attendance at a great national festival; and, for their use, beautifully decorated booths and tents had been erected, and supplied with tanks of water for the numerous ceremonial ablutions for which the Hindoos are famous. Before eating, before sleeping, before praying, as an "open sesame" alike to palace, theater and temple, as part and parcel of their religion, their business and their pleasures, come always and everywhere the inevitable bath and shaving of the head. And these jugglers, one could see at a glance, came always to the arena fresh from their ablutions and robed in snow-white muslin.

The first trick at the festival I have mentioned was known as the "bamboo-trick," and, though repeated several times, the audience did not seem to weary of it. Amid the beating of tom-toms and the music of many instruments, the jugglers smoothed a place on the hard, dry sand of the arena. We were invited to examine the ground, but we could find nothing like an opening, nor even that the soil had been recently dug up, nor did we discover any concealed apparatus of any sort. Presently, a large basket of coarse wicker-work was laid down and carelessly covered with a little square of gauze flannel. Both basket and flannel were passed around, so that all who chose might satisfy themselves that these articles were quite empty; while in the single waist-cloth and transparent muslin jacket, of which the dress of each actor was composed, no large article could have been concealed. Yet, five minutes later, when the basket was lifted, there appeared growing in the hard, sandy bed a flourishing bamboo plant, more than a foot in height! When the basket had been raised the second time, the tree was three feet high, and in twenty minutes more our wondering eyes beheld a live twelve-foot bamboo clothed with verdure, while from its top blossoms and fruit budded out luxuriantly! One of the conjurers then drew from his mouth some twenty yards of strong silk cord, which he adroitly knotted, and attached to half a dozen hooks that had been drawn from the same roomy place. By the aid of these he gathered the bamboo fruit, and then, without once having left the arena, he passed it around to be handled and tasted by all who wished.

Another of the conjurers took from a tiny bag a single handful of paddy, which is rice with the husk still on. He first lightened the soil of about two square feet of the floor with a two-pronged fork, and scattered on it the handful of paddy; then pouring on it a cup of water, he said:

"Now you will please to wait until my crop grows, and see whether I am not the best farmer you know."

He turned a basket over his little plantation, and sang a simple air, so sweet and plaintive that we were not surprised when a bird seemed to answer his call. He lifted the basket, and sure enough, there were the rice-plants, grown six inches high in as many minutes, and in their midst a nest of real live rice-birds, and mother and four nestlings! The old bird fluttered and flapped her wings, as if frightened, then cooed softly to her little ones, and folded over them her downy wings. Meanwhile the basket had been lying side ways on the floor where the juggler had thrown it a few minutes before. Now he picked it up without leaving his seat, and carelessly replaced it over the rice-plants and birds. Yet the next time this mysterious basket was raised nothing was to be seen but a pair of deadly sun-snakes, writhing and twisting themselves as if in a frenzy at having been pinned in such close quarters. They darted their forked tongues and snapped their fiery eyes at one and another of the spectators nearest them, to the small terror of all. But the conjurer had only to wave a tiny silver wand, and, in a droning, caressing voice, to speak to the serpents, when they sprang into his arms, one coiling itself about his neck, the other kissing his very lips and the tip of his tongue, and then hiding its hideous form in his bosom.

The wonderful power these conjurers gain over dumb animals is well proved by the tricks they perform with tortoises, perhaps the most sluggish and unpromising subjects that could be chosen. A juggler produces from the bosom of his muslin vest eight or ten tortoises; some full grown, the others in various stages between babyhood and youth. Having placed them all on the floor in a heap, he gently strikes his cymbal, when the tortoises begin at once to disentangle themselves, and to file into a long line, in the order of their sizes, the largest being at the head of the column and the baby-tortoise bringing up the rear. Around and around the small soldiers march, moving faster or slower to keep time with the music, and halting the very instant it stops. Then, in obedience to half a dozen words of command spoken by the master, the whole company put themselves into position for getting upon a table some ten inches high. And queer enough they look, as each, with his mouth, lays hold of the hinder part of the shell of the one before him. When all are ready, the leader puts out a paw, the juggler lays hold of it and helps him to get up on the table, where the knowing tortoise sturdily plants himself, until the entire column has gained the top. Their spirits seeming to rise in proportion to their elevation, the tortoises turn to dancing, tumbling, fighting mimic battles with tiny wooden swords, and performing a variety of antics as wonderful as ludicrous. They end the series of maneuvers by this very queer one: Putting their outstretched heads close together for a moment, as if in consultation, the entire band convert themselves into a pyramid in the center of the table, the largest tortoises uniting to form the base, while the little one at the top then dances a regular four-footed jig. As soon as the tiny Terpsichorean stops the tortoises at the bottom crawl away in opposite directions, then off go the next, and so on, till of this whole living structure only the top one remains. The little fellow glances around with a bewildered air, and then runs to his master for protection.

Another trick was performed on the occasion referred to. A tall, muscular man threw himself on his back, with both feet pointing upward; and, at a single bound, a ten-year-old lad, clothed in long, tight drawers of silver sheen, a conical cap and silvery wings, leaped upon the upturned soles and began to smoke a cheroot. Then entered a coolie, upon whose shoulders, head and arms one saw only wooden buckets. These were of the lightest construction, and all of different sizes; and the coolie piled them up by the side of the man and boy. The lad, reaching over, seized the top one, which was the largest of the pile, and nimbly as a cat he placed himself upon it, the top of the bucket being turned downward, and resting on the man's feet. The second bucket was secured in the same way and put upon the first; the third had to be handed to him by one of the attendants, as it was too far off to be reached by the little fellow, but he readily placed it in position upon the second, stepping with all ease upon it; and so he went on until he had used the entire heap. There were a dozen in all, I should think; and the wee knight, seated on this queer pile of buckets, looked, at that dizzy height, more like a shining statue of ebony and silver than a real live boy. Suddenly the man at the bottom gave a dreadful yell and leaped out of the arena at a bound, while the buckets fell pell-mell in every direction; but out of this chaos rose the graceful little gymnast, not only unhurt, but evidently quite amused at the looks of consternation on every face but his own. Bowing gracefully he disappeared, followed by shouts of applause.

More wonderful still, a juggler will appear to kill his son, cutting off the legs and arms with a sword, and throwing a piece of blanket over the remains. At the same time he plants a melon-seed in a flower-pot filled with earth. Presently, on lifting the blanket, the body has vanished, and a large melon occupies the place on the ground where the flower-pot had been. After the melon has been looked at and handled by all who wish, the blanket is again thrown over it. On being lifted, a few minutes later, the melon is gone, but the boy, who had seemed to be killed, and whose body had been so terribly cut to pieces, sits there alive and well, without a wound.—*Fanny Roper Feudge, in St. Nicholas.*

A Letter from General Melikoff.

Burdette, of the *Hawkeye*, has received the following characteristic letter from General Melikoff. In explanation of the familiar style in which the letter is couched, says the New York *Graphic*, it should be said that Burdette and the Russian factotum once spent six months together in jail at Honolulu on a trumped-up charge of having attempted to assassinate Queen Emma by suddenly pounding a Chinese gong at her bedroom door at midnight. They both got off at last on a plea of habitual lying and emotional insanity:

"My Dear Robbie: Your favor of the 2d with enclosure of fifteen dollars is at hand. I am eternally obliged and will hand it to you the first time I meet you in St. Petersburg. Such a time as we had yesterday morning at the Winter Palace. The Czar got out of bed on the wrong side, and was as cross as two sticks. Nothing pleased him, and toward noon he began sinking so rapidly that the court physician was summoned. He talked with His Majesty a few moments and then said to me confidentially, 'He needs excitement; he lacks his usual stimulant. When was he last shot at?' I said, 'Nearly three weeks ago.' The physician shook his head and said it was enough to kill him; and instructed me to do something. So I fixed it all up, and when the Czar was coming down the front stairs I sprung out from behind a door and hit him an awful clip with a bolster. Somebody else hit him in the face with a snow ball, we threw him through the glass doors of the conservatory, poured a tub of ice water over him, fired a shotgun behind his head, split his coat down the back, emptied a can of kerosene on his head, kicked him down the kitchen stairs, and blacked his eye with a pair of brass knuckles. It would just have done you good to see how the old man brightened up. 'Ah,' he said, rubbing his hands cheerfully while the doctor was pasting court plaster all over him, and a couple of attendants were pulling slivers out of his back, 'Ah,' he said, smiling upon us, 'this is something like living. Meliky, dear, cut somebody's head off and we'll go in to breakfast.' Eggs are cheap and butter is scarce. We haven't had any rain for nearly two weeks. Love to your brother John and come and see me some time. Ever yours."

A Night Light.

A simple way to produce an illuminating composition is thus described in *Industry:* Cleanse oyster shells by well washing, expose them to a red heat for half an hour, separate the cleansed parts, and put into a crucible in alternate layers with sulphur; now expose the vessel to a red heat for an hour at least. When cold break the mass, and separate the whitest parts for use. If inclosed in a bottle the figures of a watch may be distinguished by its aid. To renew the luminosity of the mass place the bottle each day in the sun, or in strong daylight; or burn a strip of magnesium wire close to the bottle. The sulphide of lime will thus absorb light, which will again be available at night time.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Ralph Waldo Emerson keeps cows and sells milk to Concord housekeepers.

A new play by Joaquin Miller, called "Home, Sweet Home," has been performed in Providence, R. I.

At a late sale in Paris, a book by a modern binder, Trautz-Bauzonnet, a master of the art of inlaying, sold for $3,200, of which at least $2,200 was paid in respect of the binding.

Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake has written an essay on "The Disadvantages of Being Pretty." Most girls are good-natured and willing to put up with the disadvantages.—*Boston Post.*

It is understood that Mr. J. Eliot Cabot, who has been for some years Mr. Emerson's confidential literary adviser, will be intrusted with his unpublished papers, and will have authority to write his life.

Paul Bartlett, aged fifteen, has sent a bust of his grandmother to the Paris salon. The jury of nine of the most eminent sculptors of France accepted it, and sent to the boy their personal felicitations.

Mrs. Burnett, the author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" "Haworth's," etc., is so interested in and fond of her own creations that she talks of them as personal friends. The hero of "Haworth's" is her great favorite.

Mrs. Ex-President Tyler, according to a paragraph in the Philadelphia *Press*, is now an inmate of a convent in Georgetown. For some years she resided at the Louise Home—an institution for ladies who were in times past in positions of affluence and influence.

The widow of Mr. McGahan, the well-known special war correspondent, is engaged upon a Russian translation of the poems and stories of Edgar Allen Poe. The work, which will fill three volumes, will appear in the course of a few months. Mrs. McGahan is a Russian lady.

Nordenskjold is about middle height, his head is almost square and high, his nose is straight and aquiline, his hair is short, strong and fawn-colored, or drab, and his complexion would be a German blonde if it had not absorbed the gold which ought to burnish his hair.

A Wordsworth club is in process of formation in England. Its object is the investigation of the text and chronology of the poems and of the localities with which they are associated. It is proposed to hold an annual meeting, in order to explore and study the scenery described in the poems.

Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, the authoress, is now on a visit to Rome with her husband, who is the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Mrs. Craik is described in a letter to the *Evening Post* as "a not elderly, but more than middle-aged woman, thoroughly English in her appearance. She is not handsome, but has loving gray eyes, and dresses plainly in black silk or velvet. She lives about ten miles from London, and will soon return thither, but both she and her husband are so pleased with Rome that they say it shall not be their last visit."

Miss Neilson, who has been playing one of the most successful engagements in her professional career, will, it is said, be worth nearly $1,000,000 at the end of this season. The present engagement will net her about $60,000. Her profits in this country are all invested in American securities. Miss Neilson is the wealthiest actress of the time. Indeed, it may be doubted if any actress who ever trod the stage has so large an income from investments as she has. Next to Miss Neilson, probably Miss Crabtree ("Lotta") is the richest lady in the dramatic profession.

HUMOROUS.

Think thrice before you drink twice.

Foot Notes—Those of squeaky boots.

Forced politeness—Bowing to necessity.

Why should a circus rider never be put in charge of the Weather Bureau? Give it up? Because he often makes a backward spring.—*Graphic.*

He who fails and runs away, may have to pay another day; but he who creditors defies, may stay at home and compromise.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Cincinnati lovers don't say, "My sweet little rosebud" or "My own darling sugar-plum," but it's "You sweet little ham."—*Chicago Truth.*

My dear boy, allwuss keep sumthing in reserve. The man who kan jump six inches further than he ever haz jumpt, iz a hard customer to beat.—*J. Billings.*

Household decoration makes great progress in tenement quarters. We note that old hats have taken the place of cast-off clothing in broken window panes.—*Puck.*

Patience on a monument, smiling at grief, is not more beautiful than the spectacle of an amateur fisherman standing in mud, with a breast full of hope inspired by a nibbling minnow tickling the tail of a worm on his hook. —*N. O. Picayune.*

The reason why women have little or no success at fishing is because but a few of them possess nerve enough to hold the worm between their teeth so that they can use both hands in getting the hook out of their back hair.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

William Hulme, of England, left, for educational purposes in 1691, property worth $200, which is now valued at $3,500,000. We would like to be educated on that fund. We wouldn't care to take the full course, we'd just like to learn how to spend it.—*Hawkeye.*

Phonetic Spelling:

1 ort 2 B 2 Ys, U C,
2 sit upon a B Z B;
4 he will sting B 4 U no
A lōlr place, and hurt U so
U'll hir, poor un 4 2 n S,
F 'twas a pin on which U s8.

—*Puck.*

A Frenchman who is just beginning to venture to handle the English tongue for himself called at a livery stable for a carry-all to go to a funeral in a suburban town the other day, and this is what he made of it: I vants two horses and a alcohol to visit my aunt in Shewitt City. He is dead!" He was accommodated.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: "I hev tuk your paper for leven yeres, but if you kant spel enny better than you have been doin fur the las to munths you may jes stoppit.' *Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Russian Superstition.

Witchcraft in Russia is a profitable occupation, but accompanied by great dangers. Last year, near the city of Tikhvin, a woman was burned as a witch. Now, in the city of Saratoff, a whole peasant family is to be tried for the murder of a sorcerer. The circumstances of the case are these: A peasant known to be a sorcerer was invited to a wedding ceremony, and treated with the utmost attention, in order to dispose him in favor of the young couple. The conjurer, however, looked dissatisfied, and when the young pair were lying at his feet supplicating his mercy, the mother of the bride instantly began to cry out as one possessed with an evil spirit. This was looked upon as a bad sign for the newly-wedded couple, and their relatives fell on the sorcerer, killed him on the spot, and mutilated his body so shockingly that it could hardly be identified.

"A Pleasant Girl."

A traveler in Norway, last summer, came to a village early one morning, and was struck by the air of gloom which pervaded the street. Unable to speak a word of the language, he could not ask the cause of this, and concluded that some sickness or financial trouble had fallen upon the community. As the day wore towards noon, however, the houses were closed, shop-windows were covered, all trade and business ceased. It was a death, then? Presently he saw the people gathering for the funeral. There were the village officials, the noblemen from the neighboring chateau, and apparently every man, woman and child in the village. It must be some dignitary of the church who was dead, or some county official. As he stood watching the crowds passing down the little rocky street, he caught sight of the face of a German known to him. He beckoned to him.

"The town has lost some great magnate, apparently?" he said.

"Ah, no. It is only a young maiden who is dead. No. She was not beautiful nor rich. But oh, such a pleasant girl, monsieur! All the world seems darker now that she is dead!"

It is a singular fact that, when we reach middle life and look back, it is not the beautiful, nor the brilliant, nor the famous people whom we have known, that we remember with the keenest regret; but some simple, sincere, "pleasant" soul, whom we treated as an every-day matter while she was with us.

Go into a family, or a social circle, or even into a ball-room, and the woman who has the most friends there, as a rule, is not the belle, nor the wit, nor the heiress, nor the beauty; but some homely, charming little body, whose fine tact and warm heart never allow her to say a wrong word in a wrong place.

The "pleasant women" are the attraction that everywhere holds society and homes together. Any woman, however poor or ugly, may be one of them; but she must first be candid, honorable, unselfish and loving. If she is these, the world will be better and happier for every day of her life, and as in the case of this poor Norwegian, it will "seem darker when she is dead." —*Youth's Companion.*

Kentucky Blue-Grass Lawns.

How to secure a good stand of blue-grass on the lawn is an interesting question to many farmers and villagers. Everybody knows what a splendid lawn blue-grass makes—in fact, that it is the only grass fit for a lawn. I have seen many persons stop and gaze in wonder and admiration at the beautiful green carpet spread over our lawn, where two years before were only weeds and brush. Last year one of these admirers, tempted by its beauty, called on me "to learn what magic I used to transform the wilderness into a garden." He informed me that he had been striving for five years to make the blue-grass grow on his own lawn—had sown pecks of seed, and all he had to show was a few straggling patches of blue-grass, red-top and clover; the remainder weeds and bare ground. I enlightened him, and this spring he joyfully informs me that his lawn is nearly complete, and will be perfect after this year.

Let us suppose your lawn is in very bad condition—covered with weeds, timothy or prairie grass. The first thing in order is to break it up and thoroughly pulverize with the harrow. Having made it level and smooth as possible, go where there is a patch of blue-grass—you may have to go a long distance, but no matter; I went eight miles for ours—and get a load of sods. Cut them about two inches thick. When you get them home, take a piece of plank and a sharp spade, lay the sods on the plank and cut them into pieces about four inches square. Draw a line across your lawn and plant the pieces of sod one to four feet apart each way, according to your supply of sod, putting them just below the level of the surface and pressing each piece firmly down with the foot. Now sow a light sprinkling of rye over all, and roll with a heavy roller. If you have no roller, go over it with a garden rake and smooth it down. Should the ground happen to be very dry, pour a little water on each sod as you plant it.

In a month or six weeks the grass and rye will be high enough to mow, or a few sheep or calves may be turned on to graze it down. The trampling of sheep or calves will cause the blue-grass to spread much faster than the mowing. The chief object to be kept in view is—keep everything down! If you allow weeds or anything to grow over four inches high the blue-grass will cease to spread. Two years of close grazing or mowing will give the blue-grass entire possession, and kill out everything else.—*Cor. Examiner and Chronicle.*

The Dignity of Housekeeping.

Where is there any station higher than the ordering of the house? While the husband has to vex himself with outward matters, while he has wealth to gather and secure, while perhaps he takes part in the administration of the State, and everywhere depends on circumstances: ruling nothing, I may say, while he conceives that he is ruling much; compelled to be but politic where he would willingly be reasonable, to dissemble where he would be open, to be false where he would be upright; while thus for the sake of an object which he never reaches he must every moment sacrifice the first of objects, harmony with himself, a reasonable housewife is actually governing in the interior of her family; has the comfort and activity of every person in it to provide for, and make possible.

What is the highest happiness of mortals if not to execute what we consider right and good, to be really masters of the means conducive to our aims? And where should or can our nearest aims be but in the interior of our homes? All those indispensable and still to be renewed supplies, where do we expect, do we require to find them, if not in the place where we rise and where we go to sleep, where kitchen and cellar, and every species of accommodation for ourselves and ours is to be always ready? What unvarying activity is needed to conduct this constantly-recurring series in unbroken living order! How few are the men to whom it is given to return regularly like a star, to command their day as they command their night; to form for themselves their household instruments, to sow and to reap, to gain and to expend, and to travel around their circle with perpetual success and peace and love!

It is when a woman has attained this inward mastery that she truly makes the husband whom she loves a master; her attention will acquire all sorts of knowledge; her activity will turn them all to profit. Thus is she dependent upon no one; and she procures her husband genuine independence, that which is interior and domestic; whatever he possesses, he beholds secured; what he earns, well employed; and thus he can direct his mind to lofty objects, and if fortune favors, he may act in the State the same character which so well becomes his wife at home.—*Gothe's "Wilhelm Meister."*

A Philadelphia street-car driver is trying to drive four hundred consecutive days of sixteen hours each. He has now driven a little over a year, not losing a day. The experiment he has thus far tried is a curious one, especially as most drivers do not work more than five days in the week, and it is exceptional to work more than six.

Politics on Bob-Tail Creek.

"I'll tell ye what this 'ere Crowbar City needs an' must hev," said Slathers Johnson, as he mounted a barrel and looked around on the miners. "We want a City Government—a Common Council—a body to make ordinances an' enforce 'em—a—a——"

The rest of his speech was drowned by the cheers of the crowd. It was in '56, and Crowbar City was a collection of shanties and huts on Bob-Tail Creek, in Nevada. We were doing well enough, and the camp was very peaceful and quiet. Slathers Johnson was the laziest miner in the camp, but was looked up to as a great politician. Back in the States he had been Constable, Overseer of Highways, Tax Collector, School Inspector, and so on, but yet his hankering was not satisfied.

It was finally decided that Crowbar City be divided into eight wards, and that each ward be entitled to one Alderman, while a Mayor, Treasurer and Clerk should be elected at large. There were about four huts or tents to a ward, with a constituency of from five to eight persons for each Alderman.

"How shall we purceed to elect?" blandly inquired Slathers, as he remounted the barrel.

There was dead silence for a minute, and then Raccoon Bill, of the bloody Sixth Ward, threw his old hat on the ground, pulled his shooter and kindly inquired:

"Ar' thar' any buzzard here from my ward who don't think I'd make a howlin' old Alderman? If thar' ar', let him edge up this way far about ten seconds!"

No one edged, and Raccoon Bill was declared the unanimous choice of the electors of his ward. Several others elected themselves in the same off-hand manner, and there was no trouble until Blue Clay Smith said he thought he could represent the Eighth Ward about as well as any other resident vulture. If not, why not? Three resident vultures at once stepped forward to contest his election, and there was a four-handed fight which lasted ten minutes and decided the election in favor of Cross-Eyed Turner, of Ohio. Slathers was then elected Mayor by acclamation, as were also the other general officers, and the largest hut in town was cleaned out for a meeting of the Common Council.

The eight Aldermen sat on the ground in a circle, and the Mayor sat in the center on a bag of meal, and opened the session by saying:

"Has any Alderman any motion to make?"

"I 'spose a moshun that this 'ere honorable body purvide itself with a bar'l of whisky at the expense of the city would be in order," remarked the Alderman from the Third.

"Not by a durned sight!" bawled one of the crowd at the door.

"Order! order! or I'll bust a dozen heads out there!" shouted the Mayor.

"See here, old hoss, hain't you puttin' on a heap of style fur the first meetin'?" asked the Alderman from the Sixth, as he leaned forward.

"There's a moshun pendin'!" answered the Alderman from the Third.

"Which 'ere moshun is as follers?" remarked the Alderman from the First, as he hit the chap from the Sixth on the ear.

There was a little performance of "eight rounds 'round and the Mayor in the middle," and it was fifteen minutes before order was restored. Then the Alderman from the Fourth shoved his bitten finger into his pocket and said:

"My constituents, who ar' among the heaviest taxpayers in the city, believe that the price of washin' is too blamed high, an' they demand——"

"When did you ever have an washin' done?" interrupted the Alderman from the Seventh.

"Git the drop on him, Bill!" yelled a man at the door.

"Order! The Mayor commands order!" shouted Slathers.

Three shots were fired, four or five Aldermen knocked down, and when the cyclone passed everybody had his shooter on his knee.

"When interrupted, we war' about to take up the order of unfinished business," remarked the Mayor, as he nursed his bitten ear.

"I move that we adjourn!"

"Adjourn be blowed!"

"Question!"

"Ayes and noes!"

"Order!"

"Some onery coon out thar has kicked my dog!" said the Mayor, as the yelps of a canine rose above all other sounds.

"Sot down, you old he-wolf!" yelled some one, and at that the light was upset and the circus began. We locked the door on the crowd and got under cover of the rocks, but that house couldn't hold 'em. In five minutes they were fighting all over town, and every ward had a rally and a knock-down. It was four weeks before all the bullets were dug out and the broken heads healed up. Slathers lost an ear and two fingers, and his farewell message was brief. He wrote:

"Aldermen: Fame is a mockery, office is degradin', and I resign in favor of any coyote you kin agree on. Romans, farewell. I came, I saw, and got chawed!"

But Crowbar City had had enough of politics.—*Detroit Free Press.*

National Costumes to Be Seen at Castle Garden.

One thing that strikes the observer contemplating the immigrants as they arrive at Castle Garden is the fondness for vivid colors evinced by the people of the Old World. The national costumes that formerly gave such a picturesque appearance to the immigrants, and marked each people distinctively, are disappearing. From Germany, Holland, England, Sweden and Ireland come now about the same general style of garments, varied simply in cut and color, all bearing a close resemblance to the general fashion of raiment worn here. Yet, occasionally, one still encounters groups from countries more remote or farther in the rear of the universal progress toward assimilation who are well worthy of attention and remark. A party of Icelandic men, six in number, arrived here not long ago, whose garb would have been a prize for a side-show. Their pantaloons of dark gray frieze extended up to their arm-pits. Their vests and coats just met the upper edge of the pantaloons, and from each coat dangled between the shoulders of its wearer a pair of the funniest, most ridiculous and diminutive tails it is possible to imagine. Big silver buttons, that had been bequeathed from father to son for many generations, studded the garments. The handsomest men's costumes worn by any immigrants are those of the Tyrolese, consisting of long stockings, velvet knee-breeches, embroidered vests, short cloaks, cone-shaped hats, adorned with feathers, etc. It is a dress that has been familiarized throughout the country by the many bands of Tyrolean singers who have "yodel-ed" all over the land, and one which, by its beauty, deserves to be retained. The women from the same country have brightly striped petticoats, sometimes with strips of gold or silver lace, that make a very bright and pleasing show. Almost always both men and women have finely developed, handsome forms, which their costume displays to the best advantage. Their faces are generally very good—the women often very pretty—and of all immigrants they are among the cleanest and neatest.

The gayest-plumaged immigrant birds are the Finlanders. They wear mostly homespun materials, but gaudy with bright colors. Generally they come in colonies of forty or fifty persons, and when such a band arrives they seem to brighten all their surroundings. The women's dresses are like very fancy bathing suits of red, white and blue—no half tints or shades, but strong, pronounced colors—and their head gear consists of snowy white frilled mob caps. The fondness for color which distinguishes them is shown even in the dress of the men, who wear coat bindings of brilliant contrasting tints. On their heads the men wear colored caps of knitted wool, like the fishermen of Brittany. Finland babies are brought here slung conveniently in leathern bags on their mothers' backs, in just the same fashion that an Indian squaw carries her pappoose. They seem to be a serious, sedate sort of babies, weighted down by the depression that must assail a baby's mind when it finds itself slung about like a package in that extraordinary way. The last colony of Finlanders that came here, only a few weeks ago, all seemed well-to-do and brought with them from their home a sufficient quantity of dried meat, dried fish, and other edibles to last them until they reached their destination in Minnesota.

The Hollanders, frugal, industrious, and clean, come pretty well provided with money, as a rule, and are, apart from considerations of personal beauty, among the pleasantest to look at. One of the most curious distinctive peculiarities of the costume of their women is a strange sort of helmet, made of brass, silver, or gold, according to the wealth of the wearer, filagree work or exquisitely chased—a thin sheet of metal, closely fitting the head, and worn under a snowy linen cap. On each side the thing comes down on the temples in a sort of metallic curl. They all wear wooden shoes, and it is really amusing to see the children, even little toddlers just beginning to walk, clattering about easily and securely, in the clumsy sabots.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Population and Politics of Mexico.

It is amazing to see upon how small rations an Indian or half breed can thrive and do the hardest work. I saw at Vera Cruz half breeds working ten hours in the hold of a steamer packing away sugar and coffee, the thermometer standing at over 100 deg., and the men working harder than New York stevedores, yet their breakfast consisted of only *tortillas* and a cup of coffee. This ability to endure fatigue upon a very small amount of food makes the Indian an admirable soldier. He will make a forced march of two or three days almost without rations, and will then be as ready to fight as an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair. The Indians have another characteristic that makes them invaluable soldiers in a land like Mexico. They do not care whom they fight for, or for what principle they are led into battle, as long as they fight somebody, and in the revolutions they always join the party that wins as soon as the battle is over. General Grant tells a story of his experiences when a Lieutenant in the Mexican war. The American army defeated the Mexicans, and the defeated army being deprived of their arms, immediately became camp followers, Grant engaging a Mexican Captain as his body servant at $4 a month.

Next to the pure whites, these Indians are by far the best population that Mexico has. The inhabitants may be divided into three classes: First, whites descended from the original Spaniards, or from German, French or English ancestors; second, the pure Indians; and, third, the mestizos, or mixed race, who constitute the laboring class. Putting the present population of Mexico at 10,000,000, which is probably slightly under the real figure, those of pure European descent probably number 2,000,000, or twenty per cent. of the whole population; the Indians, 3,500,000, or thirty-five per cent., and the mestizos, 4,500,000, or forty-five per cent. These Indians belong to various tribes, and differ as much among themselves in habits, appearance, and their intellectual qualities as Anglo-Saxons and Latins. The Indians of the cities are a low, brutalized lot, constantly drunk, and only engaged in the lowest menial duties. In some parts of the country, however, as at Tlapacovan and Amatlan, they are hard-working, industrious people, neat in their dress and sober in their habits. In the mining districts they make by far the best miners, and command the best wages. The mestizos are the principal agricultural laborers, small shopkeepers and politicians. They are generally undersized, with copper-colored skins and straight hair. Without the energy of the pure white or the hard working application of the Indian, these mestizos have very little to recommend them. They are lazy, stupid, thievish in their propensities, and inordinately fond of pulque, which is, next to their love of revolutions, the greatest bane of the country. The wealthy landowners, merchants and bankers both in the cities and in the country, are almost altogether Imperialists. They were all in favor of Maximilian, and, looking down upon the mestizos, who are the politicians of the country, they refuse to take any part in the present Government. The Indians take no interest in politics unless there is some fighting to be done, and then they will, as mentioned before, fight with equal readiness upon either side. The mestizos, from whose ranks the Presidents and other political officers are mostly recruited, are, as a rule, "agin the Government," no matter what it may be. It is to the lazy, treacherous and, at the same time, uneasy nature of this class that the revolutions are mostly due. The mass of the people take no interest in politics, and never mention the Government except to abuse it. It is scarcely to be expected that much improvement will take place in this until the population increases, and perhaps the best thing that could happen to Mexico would be that she should lose the States nearest the border, and then there is a chance that the remainder might be able to uphold a good Government. The educational system is as good as that of the United States, and the smallest village has its public school. But education does not seem to do the children much good.—*Letter to N. Y. Sun.*

Hungarian Grass.

Hungarian grass will grow on any soil of sufficient richness to raise good corn and potatoes, the richer the better, provided the manure has been applied to previous crops. Sow when the ground is warm and dry, or immediately after corn planting. If portions of the field are sown with a few days interval between, it will not be ready to cut all at once, which may prove a convenience in a large field. The ground before sowing should be thoroughly pulverized by harrowing, and made smooth and level, so that the small seed may not be buried too deep. Three pecks broadcast are enough for an acre. Cahoon's sower is well adapted to doing the work evenly. Cover the seed with a fine or smoothing harrow and then roll the surface. In two months the heads will appear, at which time, if intended for hay, it should be cut with a mowing machine. Two or three days may be required for thorough curing, including turning or shaking up before raking, and opening the cocks. Good land, well managed, will give two or three tons of good hay per acre. It is best as a fodder for cows. The crop is too dense in growth to sow clover or grass seed with it.

True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

Our Young Readers.

LOST.

Papa has lost his baby!
Where has his baby gone?
A ship went sailing seaward;
Has she been smuggled on?

Papa has lost his baby!
Where can his baby be?
Perhaps some wind has caught her
And whisked her up a tree.

Papa has lost his baby.
His baby a pretty laugh,
And all that broken prattle,
He understood but half.

What has become of baby?
Does any body know?
What cruel thing enticed her
To leave her papa so?

Why, she's become a lady,
A lady very grand,
With all the airs and graces
Of any in the land.

She don't care any longer
To sit in papa's lap,
Why, she has walked a fortnight,
And met with no mishap.

She don't want any riding,
To-day, on papa's knee,
To see her freight imaginary,
You'd think her some grandee.

So papa's lost his baby—
He feels it every hour,
But then you know it's certain
The bud must grow a flower.

That's what's become of baby,
Of papa's baby dear.
She's grown to be a lady,
And it's very, very queer.

—*Rev. W. W. Hallowell, Jr., in N. Y. Independent.*

HOW TOMMY TINGLE RAN AWAY.

"Come, Tommy, I want you to rock the cradle." Of course Tommy Tingle did not hear his mother's call, for he did not move.

"Tommy, do you hear me? I want you to rock the baby to sleep." Some evil spirit passed by at that moment, and left ugly marks on Tommy Tingle's face.

"Ye-es, I hear," he drawled.

"Well, come at once. Baby is crying, and I must finish this work before supper."

Another evil spirit came along, and I think he must have been Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer to the Great King of Badman's Land, for as Tommy turned into the house he knew something about him which ought to be calm and quiet was getting into a fearfully ruffled condition. How that "something" did boil and bubble and rage and dash and tear about, just like an angry little brook after it has fallen over a great rock.

Just as Tommy touched the cradle the Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer to the Great King of Badman's Land made another wild dash into the something, and in an instant it—well, it "slopped over."

"I don't see why a fellow can't be let alone. Don't want to be rocking babies and doing things all the time." Another turn by the Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer, and then another "slop over."

"I won't stand it! I'll run away! I've had enough of rocking babies, and bringing in wood and coal, and doing things, and I'll go away from them!" And so the Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer to the Great King of Badman's Land continued to stir the "something" in Tommy Tingle, and the "something" continued to "slop over" until there was a pretty mess of it.

At last the baby was fast asleep, and Tommy Tingle grasped his hat and—ran away. He rushed down the street like a wind-sprite, taking no notice of anything or anybody, until suddenly he found himself in a crowd gathered about the Opera House.

"Hullo! what's this?"

"See that rope stretched across the street?" said a street urchin at Tommy's elbow. "Yes," replied Tommy.

"Well, the man what shows trained birds in the Opera House to-night's goin' to give us a free show here in a minute." "Going to walk that rope?" asked Tommy.

"No, sir. Big bird goin' to wheel little bird 'cross the street on that rope in that little cart you see up there. There's the beauty."

Up from the crowd a long pole appeared, on which a little bird was raised to a perch that was underneath and attached to the "cart." Down went the pole, and soon it was seen again bearing a larger bird, which stepped clumsily from the pole to the rope. Taking a step or two, the large bird stretched its neck, and, taking hold of the "cart" with its beak, proceeded to push the tiny vehicle across the street on the rope-track. Half way across, and the bird-coachman seemed to lose his temper. Surely, something did not go smoothly, for the bird made a queer noise—a bird's way of "slopping over," perhaps—the cart tipped, and then was seen dangling from the rope wrong side up. Up came the pole again and took everything back to the starting point, and the second trial was successful. The crowd moved away, and in a few moments Tommy found himself at the gate of his own home again.

"Why, see here, Tommy Tingle!" said he to himself, "what are you here for? You've run away. Forgot *all about it*, thinkin' of that bird-show. Guess I'll wait now until to-morrow. It's most night, and I haven't time to find a place to stay, anyway."

A few hours later Tommy Tingle was in dreamland. He was running away. He did not know where he would go, or how he would get there; nor did he care much, if he could only find a place where boys are not asked to rock bab