THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA

CLOTHED IN WHITE.

Clothed in white—a happy child at play,
Her face all radiant as the hues of morning—
With fairy step she trod:
A creature lovely as the flowers of May,
Who could bewitch us with her childish scorning,
Or rule us with a nod.

Clothed in white—with blossoms in her hair.
A maiden whom to love appeared a duty—
A spell around her hung;
A sense of all that Nature makes most fair,
That filled with rapture all who watched her beauty,
Or heard her silver tongue.

Clothed in white—she heard the wedding-chime,
Blushing beneath her crown of orange-flowers,
As her soft answer flows
Like music, with no prescience of the time
When o'er her life, which love so fondly dowers,
The shadowy grave will close.

Clothed in white—her form we seem to see
Shine in the glory of a new existence,
Defying Time and night,
And from all earth-born memories set free:
While we, like travelers toiling in the distance,
Yearn for the coming light.

—Joseph Verey.

BOBBY SHAFTO.

THAT was not his real name, you know; but only a name given him by Ada and me. His real name was Percy Dana—named for our father. Percy's father was Father Willard's dearest friend; and when he died, Percy came to live with us in our dear old Gloucester home by the sea.

The large stone house, with its vine-covered walls, its wide, sunny windows looking toward the ocean—how plainly I can see it to-night, as I sit lonely, listening to the dreary November rain. A picture of home on such a night as this comes to me now. I see my father sitting in his large easy-chair, drawn close to the hearth. There is an open Bible on his knees, and he is reading in a low voice to mother, who sits at his right hand, quietly knitting. There is a pleasant fire in the ample fireplace and the hickory logs burn and crackle cheerfully. Percy is sitting with Ada at the old round table, reading. I am studying my "Virgil;" but I look up occasionally at the bright young faces that I love so dearly. Percy is strong and tall and comely. His face is not handsome, but it is a fine face. The mouth indicates gentleness and is a pleasant mouth to look at; but the eyes, under a broad white forehead, are Percy's chief claim to beauty. No one could ever tell their color, for it was ever changing—now from hazel to gray, and now from gray to black. I was always glad when Percy laughed or smiled; for when in repose his eyes were the saddest I have ever seen in a human countenance.

It was on the evening of which I have spoken that we first tried the opera of "Bobby Shafto." Ada and Percy had finished their reading, and I my lesson, when Ada proposed we should look over some music which Uncle Will had sent us from New York. Among the collection we found this pretty opera. Ada took it to the piano and tried parts of it here and there; and then, turning to Percy and me, said:

"Why can we not give it? Percy, you shall be Bobby Shafto, and you, Helen, shall be the heroine."

But I said, quickly: "Oh! no, Ada, I am taller and older than Percy, and have not half so sweet a voice as your own." And so the matter was decided.

We gave it one November evening, in the great oak parlors. Some of the Gloucester boys and girls came up to assist us; and we were listened to by a large and delighted company of old and young.

After the supper was over and neighbors and friends had all left us, we gathered around the fire, to talk over the events of the night. Ada's cheeks were still glowing and her fair, sweet eyes were bright, as she sat on a stool at our feet, looking dreamily into the fire.

"I was very proud of you to-night, little Ada," said Percy; "and in the character of Bobby Shafto, I pitied myself when I was obliged to go to sea and leave you."

Ada looked up then, and her face was very fair and girlish in the firelight. "Oh! but, Percy, I did really have to cry when the tidings came: 'Bobby Shafto's lost at sea!' It all seemed so real. And when they came with the glad song 'Bobby Shafto's found at sea!' I was so glad I nearly forgot to sing. We will always call you Bobby Shafto from this night, I think; but I will never dare have you go on the water again, for fear you would never, never come back."

As I looked down at Ada, I saw that her eyes were full of tears. Percy regarded her for a moment with a look full of gentleness, and said:

"Ada, the good Father will watch over us on sea, as on land," and then, as the hours waned, he kissed us good-night; but he kissed Ada with exceeding tenderness, and let his hand rest a moment caressingly upon her bowed head.

A little later, and we stood, with our arms around each other, looking out into the night. The sea lay calm, a ribbon of moon-light gilding its dark, mysterious bosom; and we could hear the quiet washing of the waves upon the beach. All was still, serene; and as we looked something of the peace of the night stole into our hearts, and then we went quietly to rest.

* * * * *

To-night I cannot help thinking of the past. The wind whistles through the leafless trees outside, and the rain beats persistently against the window-panes. I draw my chair closer to the open grate, and I think of another day—a day in rose-wreathed June.

Bobby Shafto, as Ada and I had continued to call Percy, had been studying civil engineering, and he had accepted a profitable engagement, which would take him to a far-off city in South America. We all protested against a venture which would separate us so widely; but, finally, father said, if it was for Percy's best interest, he should be glad for him, and for his sake submit resignedly to his loss from our hearth and home. He was to have gone on the very day of which I have spoken; but the gentleman in whose employ he was and who was to have accompanied him was taken suddenly ill; and so we were all glad that the day of parting was, at least, postponed. In the early morning of that day Percy and Ada went together once more down to the beach. I stood and watched them as they walked away. A soft south wind was blowing, and it played gently with Ada's fleecy curls. The morning was sweet-scented and sunlit. By the time they had returned, however, clouds had risen, full of threatening. But in Bobby Shafto's eyes there was "a light that never was on land or sea," and it seemed as if Ada's sweet face had stolen some of the morning's rosy light.

The key to the secret was Bobby Shafto's little gold ring on my sister's fair, small hand.

I had scarcely congratulated them on their escape from the rain, which now began to fall in heavy sheets, when our attention was arrested by the loud ringing of the bell. In answering the summons we found three sailors at the door, who asked for the loan of our boats. A pleasure-party had gone out of the harbor early that morning, and, as some anxiety was felt by their friends for their safety since the storm had so suddenly overtaken them, they had volunteered to go out in quest of them. Their errand was fully told. Percy left the house, and soon returned with a strong pair of oars and dressed ready to breast the tempest. He offered to accompany them and render whatever assistance he could.

Laying my hand upon his arm, I said:

"Percy! Percy! Must you, will you go and risk a life so dear to us all?"

But Ada clung to him, weeping, and with plaintive entreaty besought him not to venture out on the angry sea.

Kissing her quietly, he said, with an air of unwonted composure, trust and faith: "God will take care of me, little Ada. And now, good-bye."

Ada, still detaining him, said: "No, no! Not good-bye, Bobby Shafto. Say *Auf wiederschen*, Percy."

"*Auf wiederschen*," he called back, in a brave, cheery voice, as he waved his hand and was gone.

The storm grew louder and fiercer! the waves dashed high on the rocks; and thick darkness, almost like that of midnight, closed in upon us. Father sat with his head bowed, and we knew that he was praying. Mother and Ada and I stood with our faces pressed against the window panes, an agony of suspense in our hearts which found expression only in our haggard faces.

At length the day died, and the darkness of night fell over the face of earth and sea like a veil of mourning.

The old clock which stood in the corner, and which had kept up its ceaseless, somber tick! tick! during these long hours of silence and unspoken fears and forebodings, struck the hour of twelve, when the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. Then came a knock at the door. To the almost frantic demand of father, "Where is my boy?" the response which came from the lips of the strong men who stood before him was mingled with sobs of sympathy and sorrow.

"The boat was overturned when we were not far from the shore, and we all struck out for the beach. We thought Percy, as he was an expert swimmer, was just behind us; but on reaching land, he was nowhere to be seen. We called but there came no answer. And we all plunged back into the sea; but our search was vain. Perchance he reached the shore further down the harbor."

It was some such message as this they brought us. I remember only its sad import; for Ada turned to me with a cry of agony, exclaiming, as she threw herself into my arms: Bobby Shafto's lost at sea!"

"But, darling," said I, "don't you remember the after-words of the song—'Bobby Shafto's *found* at sea'? God willing, the morning shall bring *our* Bobby Shafto back to us again."

In the gray of the early dawn Ada was gone, and we found her kneeling beside our loved, lost Percy. His brave young face was upturned to the morning sun. The ebbing tide played about his feet and the soft wind gently lifted his fair hair from a brow upon which death had set his remorseless signet.

There was a restful peace upon the dear, boyish face, and we knew that, as for Bobby Shafto, "God had taken care of him."

* * * * *

The fire burns low, the lights grow dim and to my lonely heart comes a whisper, "*Auf wiederschen*." They were the last words on Ada's lips, for she soon went to meet Bobby Shafto. It was hard for my rebellious heart to trust in those days. It seemed a strange, cruel Providence that should call our dear Percy out on the treacherous waves, and take him from us in the flush of his bright young life. And when Ada, my sister, left me, my cup of bitterness was full. But God knew best. He took them to Himself.

And so to-night, with chastened heart and with faith and hope, I catch a glimpse of the faces of the dear departed ones, and, reaching forth my hands to the sweet vision, I echo back to them their words of parting: "*Auf wiederschen*"—Good-by till we meet again, in the land "that is fairer than day."—*Annie Friend, in N. Y. Independent.*

Characteristics of New Zealand.

I HAVE been quite interested recently in New Zealand, in a geological sense, and have been quite surprised to find out what an attractive place in some respects it is. It is about the size of England, and has little pieces of all parts of the world huddled together within its boundaries. It has mountains wrapped in snow and infested with glaciers like the Alps (one peak, Mount Cook, rises over 18,000 feet above the level of the sea); it has a temperate zone of charming plains, valleys and table lands; it has the barren and rocky hills of Maine; it has the dismal swamp of Florida; it has tropical forests, including the luxuriant and graceful fern tree and cabbage palm, large inland lakes and noble rivers; it has volcanic mountains vomiting fire and lava, geysers like those of Iceland, hot springs and warm lakes, and it has, besides, features peculiar to itself—wild and deep gorges make an impassable division between some districts—immense rolling plains covered with waving ferns; on one side Australia, the largest island in the world (about the size of the United States); on the other the lovely islands of the South Sea, the most beautiful region on the globe, coral bound and ocean born, vividly colored, affording subsistance without labor, with a delicious, dreamy languor in the air and a low monotone of surf, hinting vague remembrances of the throbbing vibrating ocean heart from which they sprang.

Coal is found in New Zealand in abundance, also limestone, silver, copper, tin and iron, gold-bearing quartz reefs, gold fields and golden sand which has been carried down by the rivers to the sea, and with every tide thrown back upon the shore, so rich is the deposit, making literal the expression, "golden sands of the seashore." Heaps of gold are sometimes found lying among the rocks or loosely covered with earth (gold was discovered in 1852, and since that time £26,000,000 have been exported up to 1874). Snakes do not exist. Over 100 years ago Captain Cook visited the island. He found no animals except a rat and a green lizard. He left a number which multiplied rapidly. Birds existed and still exist in great numbers.—*Mrs. S. H. Ballard, in the N. Y. Graphic.*

Coming Dispatches.

CHINA and Russia are going to war. *Puck* says we may now expect to have dispatches something after this style:

"CHINA WALLZE.—Me meetee heapee Lussian tloops; me knockee 'em all into a clockee hattee.

"CHING CHOLAR, Bossee General."

The corresponding Russian dispatch would be as follows:

"CHINAWICH WALLOWITCH.—The Celestialowich troopsokoff were lastoski hightovich knockedimoff higheroski than a kiteovitch.

"OILYMARGARINEOVSKI TRAINOILOVITCH,
"Major-General and Second Deputy Czar."

AT Scarlettstown, Pa., a young man tried to prevent his father from chastising a little girl, when father and son clinched in a hard tussle for muscular supremacy. The pugilists rolled into a mill-race and fought in the water for some minutes. Having ended the struggle at last, the father packed up a few duds and left for the West. The son also packed his trunk and left for parts unknown.

AN editor who thinks that he knows all about farming says in speaking about strawberries that the best way to raise them is with a spoon.

THE world may owe you a living, but you must collect your own bills.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

LORD BYRON'S writing-desk, with several autograph inscriptions, and his Lordship's name inside, recently sold in London for £70.

A NUMBER of Russian scholars are at work on a series of histories of the world's literatures, to appear in St. Petersburg the present year.

MISS ALCOTT, of Concord, does not take kindly to being lionized by summer visitors, and when she sees them coming slips quietly out of the back door, as Hawthorne used to do.

LONGFELLOW'S "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" have been translated into Bohemian, and a second edition of the Bohemian translation of Shakespeare's "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice" has appeared.

MISS MARY ANDERSON gave 238 performances during her dramatic season, which began September 8, 1879, at Utica, N. Y., and ended May 8, 1880, at Portland, Me. The total receipts were $242,619. Miss Anderson's profits amount to $75,000.

M. RENAN has been quite a lion in London. He does not speak English well, but his wife does, who is a niece of Ary Scheffer. The evening after his first lecture he took an early tea with Tennyson, at the latter's house in Upper Belgrave street.

BARON GUSTAV HEINE, the brother of the poet, declares that, in consequence of a wish expressed by their dead mother, the diaries of his brother will never be printed. It is thought that the literary and political loss to the world from this decision is probably very great.

"IN one way," says the London *Academy*, "Bunyan must ever be the chief wonder of our literature. No one has done so much with so little help from predecessors or contemporaries. To one book—the Bible—he was profoundly indebted in several senses; but few other works can be mentioned as seriously affecting or informing him. He may have taken an idea or two from Fox's 'Book of Martyrs;' but on the whole Fox probably did him more harm than good. The Bible was, in fact, his library."

MR. BRET HARTE said at the Royal Academy dinner that he presumed he was selected to reply to the toast of "Literature" as a native of a country which reads more English books and pays less for them than any other Nation. "I recognize," he added, "your appreciation of what is said to be distinctive American literature—a literature which laughs with the American skies, and is by turns as surprising and as extravagant as the American weather. Indeed, I am not certain that these cyclones of American humor that cross the Atlantic are not as providential as the American storms that mitigate the austere monotony of the English climate. For it has been settled by your reviewers that American literature is American humor, and that this American humor is a kind of laughable impropriety, more or less scantily clothed in words. It has been settled that you are a sober people, and that nobody in America takes life seriously—not even a highwayman—and that our literature is a reflex of our life. But I think that a majority of this Academy are kind enough to recognize some principles of art underlying this characteristic."

HUMOROUS.

A GREAT many men who start out to reform the world leave themselves off for the last job.—*Middletown Transcript.*

OLEOMARGARINE would often pass for butter were it not for the absence of hair. It's always bald-headed, and that gives it dead away.—*Waterloo Observer.*

THERE is said to be a newspaper published in Alaska which hasn't yet published a Presidential estimate, but the rumor stands sadly in need of confirmation.—*Albany Journal.*

MISS H. (who has chosen medicine as a profession) to Professor, who has given the class an ox's heart to dissect: "Oh! Professor, can't we have forks to handle it with?"—*Vassar Miscellany.*

VANDERBILT is worth over fifty millions. He can go to the first church strawberry festival of the season, treat half a dozen young ladies and have enough money left for next morning's marketing.—*Norristown Herald.*

IT'S quite time that ministers stopped asking, "Does death end all?" So far as we know it does. It at least puts an end to the fellow who tries to borrow money. And we're thankful for even so small a favor.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE new foundation of the Washington Monument will be laid in a few weeks, and the erection of the monument will be begun in 1999. It is confidently expected that the work will be completed by 3080.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

A BRIGHT son of a dyer in a Birmingham woolen factory went to New York a few years ago in the employ of L—— & T——. By attention to business he advanced from post to post, and now has the whole charge of the business and is a millionaire. What became of L—— & T—— is not stated. However, that has nothing to do with the moral.—*Danbury News.*

SUMMER time will come again,
With its softly-blowing zephyrs;
Lowing kine are in the fields;
Some are cows and some are heifers.
—Tennyson, when very young.

LILACS soon will shed their fragrance;
Snowballs, too, as round as bullets;
Cackling fowls are in the barnyard;
Some are hens and some are pullets.
—Yancob Strauss.

"GEM'LEN," said Brother Gordon, as he got his legs under him, "a pusson who labors under de ideah dat he am foolin' de world will sooner or later git the grand laff. A pusson can deceive de public for a few days, or a few weeks, but as soon as de fraud am exposed he am a gone coon. You may stand yer hats ober on yer ears, hang out yer brass watch-chains, an' puff away at yer cheap cigars, but de majority of men will see right frew you like a buzz-saw choppin' up cheese. What we am we am, an' let us b'ar in mind de solemn fack dat while skim milk has its value an' its uses, it won't make ice-cream nor deceive de babies."—*Free Press Limekiln Club.*

John Bright and American Poets.

THE purity of John Bright's English has often been a surprise to critical hearers, who knew that he had enjoyed in early life but limited advantages of education. Even Mr. Gladstone, with his University training and the literary pursuits of a long life, has not the command of such a pure and sinewy English style as that which marks the speeches of the Lancashire manufacturer, who never went to college or wrote a book. In an interview with an American friend recently, Mr. Bright referred to a habit which explains the origin of his good English style. He has always read, carefully, the best authors, and especially the poets. For many years he has read a poem every night before retiring. He added a remark complimentary to our American poets. Of late years, he said, his evening readings have been confined chiefly to American poets, among whom Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier and Lowell were foremost. English poets are too obscure and involved to be enjoyed, or to serve as models. Poetry, he thought, like all speech, should be intelligible, and leave no reader in doubt of its meaning. In this respect Americans are much superior to their English rivals.—*Youth's Companion.*

OUR ancestors, the monkeys, could'nt have been so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

Mark Twain Hears a Telephonic Conversation.

I CONSIDER that a conversation by telephone—when you are simply sitting by and not taking any part in that conversation—is one of the solemnest curiosities of this modern life. Yesterday I was writing a deep article on a sublime philosophical subject while such a conversation was going on in the room. I notice that one can always write best when somebody is talking through a telephone close by. Well, the thing began in this way. A member of our household came in and asked me to have our house put into communication with Mr. Bagley's, down-town. I have observed, in many cities, that the sex always shrink from calling up the central office themselves. I don't know why, but they do. So I touched the bell, and this talk ensued:

Central Office (gruffly)—"Hello!"

I.—"Is it the Central Office?"

C. O.—"Of course it is. What do you want?"

I.—"Will you switch me on to the Bagley's, please?"

C. O.—"All right. Just keep your ear to the telephone."

Then I heard *k-look, k-look, k'look—klook-klook-klook-look-look!* then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and finally a piping female voice: "Y-e-s?" (Rising inflection.) "Did you wish to speak to me?"

Without answering, I handed the telephone to the applicant, and sat down. Then followed the queerest of all the queer things in this world—a conversation with only one end to it. You hear questions asked; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamations of glad surprise, or sorrow, or dismay. You can't make head or tail of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following remarkable series of observations, all from the one tongue, and all shouted—for you can't ever persuade the sex to speak gently into a telephone:

"Yes? Why, how did *that* happen?"

Pause.

"What did you say?"

Pause.

"Oh, no, I don't think it was."

Pause.

"*No!* Oh, no, I didn't mean *that*. I meant, put it in while it is still boiling, —or just before it *comes* to a boil."

Pause.

"*What?*"

Pause.

"I turned it over with a back stitch on the selvage edge."

Pause.

"Yes, I like that way, too; but I think it's better to baste it on with Valenciennes or bombazine, or something of that sort. It gives it such an air—and attracts so much notice."

Pause.

"It's forty-ninth Deuteronomy, sixty-fourth to ninety-seventh, inclusive. I think we ought all to read it often."

Pause.

"Perhaps so; I generally use a hairpin."

Pause.

"What did you say? [*Aside*] Children, do be quiet!"

Pause.

"*Oh!* B *Flat!* Dear me, thought you said it was the cat!"

Pause.

"Since *When?*"

Pause.

"Why, *I* never heard of it."

Pause.

"You astound me! It seems utterly impossible!"

"*Who* did?"

Pause.

"Good-ness gracious!"

Pause.

"Well what *is* this world coming to? Was it right in *church?*"

Pause.

"And was her *mother* there?"

Pause.

"Why, Mrs. Bagley, I should have died of humilation. What did they *do?*"

Long pause.

"I can't be perfectly sure, because I haven't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this: te-rolly-loll-loll, loll lolly-loll-loll, O tolly-loll-loll-*lee-ly-li-t*-do! And then *repeat*, you know."

Pause.

"Yes, I think it *is* very sweet—and very solemn and impressive, if you get the andantino and pianissimo right."

Pause.

"Oh, gum-drops, gum-drops! But I never allow them to eat striped candy. And of course they *can't* till they get their teeth, anyway."

Pause.

"*What?*"

Pause.

"Oh, not in the least—go right on. He's here writing—it doesn't bother *him*."

Pause.

"Oh, no, not at all; I *like* to talk—but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your affairs."

Pause.

"Visitors?"

Pause.

"No, we never use butter on them."

Pause.

"Yes, that is a very good way; but all the cook books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And *he* doesn't like them any way—especially canned."

Pause.

"Oh, I think that is too high for them; we have never paid over fifty cents a bunch."

Pause.

"*Must* you go? Well *good*-by."

Pause.

"Yes, I think so. *Good*-by."

Pause.

"Four o'clock, then—I'll be ready. *Good*-by."

Pause.

"Thank you ever so much. *Good*-by."

Pause.

"Oh, not at all! just as fresh. *Which?* Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that. *Good*-by."

[Hangs up the telephone and says, "Oh, it *does* tire a person's arm so!"]

A man delivers a single brutal "Good-by," and that is the end of it. Not so with the gentle sex—I say it in their praise; they cannot abide abruptness.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

What They Knew 4,000 Years Ago.

FROM one of these books, compiled after the manner of our modern encyclopædias, and the compilation of which is shown to have been made more than 2,000 years B. C., it has been ascertained, what has long been supposed, that Chaldea was the parent-land of astronomy; for it is found, from this compilation and from other bricks, that the Babylonians catalogued the stars, and distinguished and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constellations that form our present zodiac to show the course of the sun's path in the Heavens; divided time into weeks, months and years; that they divided the week, as we now have it, into seven days, six being days of labor and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which we have derived our word "Sabbath," and which day, as a day of rest from all labor of every kind they observed as rigorously as the Jew or the Puritan. The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were noted down, and a connection, as I have before stated, detected, as M. de Perville claims to have discovered, between the weather and the changes of the moon. They invented the sun-dial to mark the movements of the heavenly bodies, the water-clock to measure time, and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun, a fact they could only have known by the aid of telescopes, which it is supposed they possessed, from observations that they have noted down of the rising of Venus, and the fact that Layard found a crystal lens in the ruins of Nineveh. These "bricks" contain an account of the deluge, substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and land were then sold, leased and mortgaged, that money was loaned at interest, and that the market-gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares;" that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found; and, to connect this very remote civilization with the usages of to-day, I may, in conclusion, refer to one of the bricks of this library, in the form of a notice, which is to the effect, that visitors are requested to give to the librarian the number of the book they wish to consult, and that it will be brought to them; at the perusal of which one is disposed to fall back upon the explanation of Solomon that "There is nothing new under the sun."—*Chief Justice Daly in Popular Science Monthly for June.*

The Ghazis—Gallant Fanatics Who Seek Paradise on the Kaffir's Steel.

THE word "Ghazi" has come to mean in Western eyes something very different from its legitimate signification. It originally meant a conqueror, or great hero, and in this sense it is used in modern Turkey. Osman Pasha was dubbed "Ghazi" when his splendid resistance to the Russians saved for a time the fate of his country, and the title is one held in the highest respect by Mohammedans. From "conqueror" the meaning has passed into lower grades, one of commonest being "a gallant soldier" (especially combating infidels); and at last, in the common course of events, it has been appropriated in the all-comprehensive vocabulary of the English language with a distinct and localized meaning. To us now a Ghazi is simply a man upon whom fanaticism has had so powerful an effect that all physical fear of death is swamped in his desire to take the life of a Kaffir, and, with his soul purified by the blood of the unbeliever, to be translated at once to Paradise. A true Ghazi counts no odds too great to face, no danger too menacing to be braved; the certainty of death only adds to his exultation, and, as in the case of other madmen, desperation and insensibility to consequences add enormously to his muscular powers and endurance. To kill such a man is sometimes so difficult a task at close quarters that our men have learned to respect their peculiar mode of fighting, and a rifle bullet at a fair distance checks the Ghazi's course before he can close upon his assailants with the terrible sharp knife he knows so well how to use. If every Afghan were a Ghazi, as I once said during the siege of Sherpur, our defenses would have been carried and enormous slaughter would have followed on both sides; but Ghazis are few and far between, though a spurious imitation is not uncommon. This imitation is often taken for the real article, whereas phang or some other stimulant is the motive power, and not desperate fanaticism. The misuse of the word "Ghazi" is strikingly seen in the accounts of the last war, forty years ago. We are told of bands of Ghazis, many thousand strong, harassing the retreating army and cutting off stragglers; and these Ghazis are always spoken of as being quite out of the control of Akbar-Khan. If they had been true Ghazis they would have made short work of our little army long before it reached the Khurd Cabul. * * * To see how thousands of Ghazis are always being spoken of, one would imagine they were a powerful clan, similar to the Ghilzais, Kohistans or Afridi; but practical acquaintance with the form fanaticism assumes about Cabul shows only too clearly that out of a crowd of 50,000 armed fanatics, such as lately held Cabul, not one in a hundred rises to the supreme rank of a Ghazi. They are not born and bred to the vocation; chance makes them what they are, and our men know that a stray spark of enthusiasm may kindle their fanaticism and send them into our midst. * * * The Ghazi is the creature of the moollah. The latter's eloquence is listened to by some more than usually susceptible villager, whose enthusiasm is aroused to fever heat by a glowing story of a Ghazi who went out into the infidel camp, cut down two or three Kaffirs and died the death of a martyr, his soul going straight to the laps of the houris, and his name living forever among his kindred. Shall he not emulate such a glorious example, so that his children and his children's children may hand down his name to all generations as a Ghazi Altah-din—a "Champion of the Faith?" The moollah's preaching has had its effect, and a Ghazi has been called into being. If a great jehad is being preached, that man will always be in the fore-front of the battle, and will probably carry the standard of his clan, blessed by the moollah who has aroused the tribesmen. But a few weeks ago the arch-moollah, Muski Alam, sent out his message from Sharkh, and how well it was responded to we are living witnesses. With Ghazis in their midst to lead the timorous, and moollahs always at hand to fan their fanaticism, Mohammed Jan's rabble did wonders. How the Ghazis acquitted themselves our men well know, many poor fellows to their cost. In the action in the Charden Valley the standard-bearers rushed in even when our cavalry charged, and no more reckless rush was ever made. Many went down, but about them were others equal in desperation. A trooper of the Ninth transfixed a man with his lance; the Ghazi wriggled up like an eel, grasped the lance with his left hand, and with one stroke of the knife cut through the lancer's hand and the tough shaft as it had been made of tinder. This is not romancing, the trooper is still living, but minus the fingers of his right hand: * * * With an army of such men against us, even our splendid arms and steady discipline might avail nothing. But the true Ghazi is a phenomenon—he, at least, deserves the scientific and sonorous title—and even Afghan fanaticism can not bring forth many, however great may be the eloquence of the moollahs.—*Cor. Indian Pioneer.*

HITHERTO when a professional diver went under water a tube has supplied him with air. But a Mr. Fleuss has patented a process by which an experienced diver can remain under water for hours, having within his helmet and dress a supply of compressed oxygen gas, diluted with nitrogen, which is naturally present in his lungs and in the diving dress when he assumes it. The exhaled carbonic acid being brought into contact with caustic soda, the deadly gas is transformed into simple carbonate of soda. It is asserted that numerous experiments and tests have conclusively proved that Mr. Fleuss's system is attended with no inconvenience, and the expense is one-half that of the old method. Mr. Fleuss is only twenty-eight. His process has been brought out since the Tay Bridge disaster.

A CONTEMPORARY prints a poem called "Gather Ripe Fruits, O Death." And that would be best. It is so now that the small boy gathers the fruits before they are ripe, and Oh Death gathers the small boy."

Frogs Considered from a Gastronomical Standpoint.

"WHAT are them?" asked a countryman, pointing to a heaped-up dish in a restaurant down town. "Looks like birds with their toes turned up. What *air* they?"

"Frogs, sah," answered the polite waiter; "very nice dish, sah! gentlemen very fond of them."

"Frogs! good gracious! Not the kind we have in our pond to home! Why, me and Maria would starve afore we'd tech one."

So ignorance tears down in a moment what science has been years in discovering, and no amount of gastronomical skill will prevail on the prejudiced rustics to taste one of his neighbors of the pond. "Ef the critters were fit to eat," he remarks, in a disparaging tone, while he orders a pound of fresh pork, which he disposes of with "bon appetit."

The man of taste and culture who has learned the value of brain food comes in presently, and orders a dozen of the piping pond-larks, and when they are brought to him, hot, crisp, delicate, with that dainty rosiness of flesh which the professor of cookery knows is their perquisite, he eats them all with the immense satisfaction of an artist in comestibles. Frogs as an edible, in Detroit alone, form an industry for a large class of people, and a special item on the bills of fare at hotels and restaurants, the largest of the last-mentioned establishments showing an average purchase of ten thousand dozen during the seven months of their popularity. Unlike oysters, they are good during all seasons, but in the winter months frog fishing is abandoned.

They are caught along the river and Lake St. Clair shore in nets, but in the marshes they are speared. As soon as caught they are skinned, and the refuse parts thrown away; the largest frogs are kept alive and taken in crates of a peculiar construction to Chicago, Cincinnati and New York. All the hotels to which driving and pleasure parties resort make a specialty of them as a favorite dish. Early in the spring the frog-catcher gets twenty-five cents to thirty cents a dozen for them, but later in the season they are as low as ten cents a dozen. They retail at much higher prices, as the dealer assumes the risk of fluctuations in the market. From twenty to seventy-five dozen will occasionally be ordered for parties at private houses, and fancy prices range as high as seventy-five cents or one dollar a dozen.

The French lady who, when invited to partake of an English dish with which she was not familiar, answered, "I eat only my acquaintance," showed a true appreciation of the æsthetic side of eating. To eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience' sake may be very satisfactory to the cook, but if our food does not assimilate with our brain forces, then we have a discordant system, and life is not worth living. The higher the order of food that we eat, the more perfect will our digestion be. The frog sits kindly on our stomachs; it is a creature of immense resources; it can charm a neighborhood with its concert powers or furnish a medical college with a valuable subject for a vivisection, and in the materia medica it is an important anti-scorbutic. The study of the circulation of the blood finds a model in the cold fluid of Mr. Frog as observed through his delicate tissues of transparent fiber. There are frogs and frogs! the spring frog, wood frog, marsh frog, shad frog, and our own majestic bull-frog, which may be justly termed the king-frog of the Ranian dominion, and is set down in natural history as the tailless Batrachian, a rather grand nomenclature for so frisky a tadpole. This denizen of our ponds possesses a voice about a hundred times as big as himself; the only approach to it in size and volume is that of the blacksmith frog of Rio Janeiro, whose music resembles an anvil chorus. The trapicho, or sugar miller of Peru, has a tone like the grating of the sugar mills in that country. In England and Scotland the frogs are red, but they are disdained as an article of food.

The genuine frog-eater is a Frenchman, but all through Southern Europe the flesh is esteemed a delicacy. In Vienna froggeries abound, where the animals are fed and fattened for market, and take their turn with snails on the bill of fare. In this country we use only the hind legs, but in Germany the muscular parts are freely eaten. In the West Indies the climate seems to have changed the flesh into fowl, as it more strongly resembles spring chicken, is firmer and of a more succulent, delicious flavor, in addition to which it is cooked in the native wines and spices until it is a dish fit for the gods. The species is known as the grunting, and is six or eight inches long. It is a high-flyer, jumping five-barred gates with ease. It is also capable of domestication, and is gifted with a certain quick intelligence.

As pot-pies, stews and chowders they are a failure. The only legitimate way to cook a frog is to fry him brown in sweet table butter. As a preliminary he must be dipped in a batter of cracker dust, which should adhere closely when cooked, forming a dainty cracknel of a golden brown color, with a crisp tang to it when submitted to the teeth. The tender juices thus retained lose none of their delicate flavor, and the dainty morsel needs no condiments to give it an additional zest. Next to the pleasures of sitting on the borders of a frog-pond at eventide and listening to their sweet, melancholy ch-r-r-r-k is that of reviewing a plate heaped high with the mementoes of a finished feast—the bones of the "Frog that would a wooing go," and a goodly portion of his kindred.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

A "SPRING-STYLE" circular with a number of new forms of the duplex tickets which are now very widely used, has been issued. Besides ordinary tickets to be given by conductors, these specimens include half-fare tickets, special excursion tickets, receipts to commuters who have left their tickets at home, stop-over checks and others of the many forms required in the daily business of a railroad. In all these are preserved the special principle of the duplex ticket, the two halves, one to be given to the passenger and returned to the company, the other to be retained by the conductor, the two forming mutual checks and vouchers. Among the new applications of the principles are a baggage and freight check for the Pittsburgh Southern, showing nature of articles, amount paid, etc., and the shipper's half forming a check or receipt to be delivered on receipt of the goods at destination. Another is a grain warehouse check for the Lake Shore Road, which must be extremely convenient where a large business is done. On it the warehouseman can punch off in a minute the date, kind and amount of grain received, to be entered afterward at his leisure on the books, while the shipper exchanges his half-check for a receipt, and it forms a voucher for the warehouse books. These duplex tickets, in some of their forms, are now in use on roads all over the United States and Canada.

THE new "compromise" metals, of which so much was heard a few months ago, are to have a trial at the Mint. The Director of the Mint is to have coined four hundred specimens each of the "stella," the metric silver dollar, and the "goloid" dollar. These are specimens of a reform coinage recommended by Alexander H. Stephens and invented by Dr. Hubbard, of Philadelphia.

Our Young Readers.

CONSTANCY.

LITTLE BESS looked at her dolly one day,
Said: "Dolly, they wish me to give you away;
They say you are old, and I know it's quite true;
But, dolly, dear dolly, I can't part from you.

"Your color has faded, your nose is quite gone,
Yet I love you as well as the day you were born;
You've great cracks on your face, and scarcely a hair,
Yet, dolly, my dear, to me you are fair.

"Though you're hurt, darling dolly, too often, I fear,
But you are so brave that you won't shed a tear;
And although you've one arm, one leg and no nose,
You're dearer to me because of your woes.

"But what was the hardest and cruelest thing
Was that father once called you a horrid old thing;
He said, 'What a battered and wretched old fright!
Do take her away, pray, out of my sight.'

"And, dolly, he said that a new doll he'd buy;
To find me a nice one he really would try;
She would have two legs, and more than one arm;
I am sure that papa did not mean any harm.

"Pray what would they all say if I asked mamma
To go out and buy me a nice new papa,
Because father dear is old, bald and gray?
I should like very much to hear what he'd say."

—Harper's Young People.

THE STORY OF LIZBETH AND THE BABY.

ONE Monday morning last June I drew the chair up to my office desk, and prepared to begin my week's work. First, I opened and read the letters—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—O! too many to count; then I cut open all the newspapers—there were enough to paper the front of the building; and at last I came to a strange round parcel, and wondering what could be in that, I took off the pink string and wrappings that surrounded it, when out rolled a tin mustard box, with four holes punched in the lid. What to make of this I didn't know. I tried to twist off the cover, but it would not stir. Then I rapped it gently with a ruler, when, all of a sudden—pop! off came the lid, and out sprang a wad of cotton wool, and a queer little drab and yellow thing, three or four inches long, that squatted down among the papers. Four small legs, a big tail, a head with six horns, and a coat of many colors that seemed to be all of it. I waited for it to move, but it kept still, so very still that I thought it must be dead, so I gave it a poke with my pen handle, when "*Ptsch!*" away it ran, like a mouse, over papers and letters, down to the carpet, across the floor, and into a dark corner behind the safe.

Thus was I introduced to "Lizbeth," the horned lizard, or horned toad, which my friend, the Professor, had sent me from Colorado.

I carried her home with me that night, and in a few days she came to be looked upon as one of the family. She took possession of one of the broad window-seats in the library, where she had a cigar-box for her house and a hickory twig for furniture. Here she spent most of her time. In the morning she lay in the sunshine, or clung to the window-sill to look out at the ailantus-tree opposite. She showed only one bad trait—she would not eat, and for five weeks she was never known to take any food or drink. But this didn't trouble her as much as it did the rest of us. She continued to look plump, and the Professor tells me that she could have fasted for six months without starving. One night I put four beetles in the cigar-box with her, fastening down the cover; in the morning they were gone, and from that time she had a good appetite, and devoted most of her waking hours to appeasing it with such flies, ants or beetles, as came within reach of her. I once counted fifty flies that went into her mouth within as many minutes.

And she always was ready for contributions of insects, but they must be alive. If you took a fly by one wing and held it, buzzing, two or three inches from her mouth, suddenly out flashed a small stubby tongue, with a sort of mucilage on the end of it, and before you knew just what had happened, the fly was swallowed.

Lizbeth soon learned to recognize the members of the family, and would often follow us from room to room. She showed intelligence in many ways; we taught her several tricks, such as lying on her back as if dead, and sitting on her haunches with back against an inkstand, and demurely holding a tooth-pick in one of her small hands, and when hungry for a meal, she would come to us with open mouth, as a sign of readiness. She was always pleased to have her neck scratched, or to be held in one's hand, when she would snuggle down into the warm palm and go to sleep.

One day in September, three months after