THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

"NAY, I'LL STAY WITH THE LAD."

[In Hutton seam, No. 3, they saw two bodies, father and son, clasped together. One of the explorers knew the man, and knew that after the explosion he had been asked by one of the men afterwards rescued to go along with him to another part of the workings, and the father replied, "Nay, I'll stay with the lad." It was the belief of the explorers that these both died, with one or two others near, from the after damp. They were lying peacefully, having made pillows of their jackets and clothes.—*Daily News.*

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad:"
Down in the deep, black seam,
Huddled together, dying and dead,
Far from the day-world overhead,
Face to face, by a sudden fate,
With a horror of night precipitate;
Hidden away from the merciful sun,
The death and the burial all in one,
By their fitties cut off in vain,
More than a battle counts its slain;
Huddled together, man and horse,
In the grip of the fire-damp's watchful force—
Unsung heroes of simple mold,
All unchanged from the race of old,
To the golden truths, with a martyr's cry,
Out of the depth's they testify:
And never has rede been read, I deem,
Nobler than that in the deep, black seam,
Of Love and Courage, the message sad—
Only, "Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad:"
Down in the deep, black seam,
They found him living, and strong, and sound,
In spite of the terror underground;
And they bade him come and live again
In the light bright haunts of living men,
And once more look the sun in the face
And gladden in earth's beloved embrace.
But he looked at his young boy, dead or dying,
In the midst of the shattered fragments lying—
Dying or dead—but powerless to move
At the help of man, or the voice of Love.
And self lay dead where the child must die,
And he let deliverance pass him by;
He saw his duty set straight before
In the love that liveth for evermore,
And he put the proffered freedom behind,
With never a thought of self in mind;
And, to life or to death run the trackless stream,
He stayed with him in the deep, black seam,
And to prayer and warning one answer had,
A brave one—"Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad:"
Down in the deep, black seam,
Once again was the story told
Old as Honor, as Poesy old;
And the rugged miner, whose cares might be
Something unknown to you or me,
Rather than leave his bey below,
Alone in the grip of the lurking foe,
Chose to die with him there and then,
Rather than live with his fellow-men;
Smoothed the pillow the child beneath,
Turned with him to the void of Death,
And to all mankind, in its strong self-love,
Taught the unself proclaimed above;
And whate'er his sin, and whate'er his sorrow,
Crave the night without earthly morrow—
Went to his Maker straight and free,
And pleaded his plea courageously:
For his boy he lived, for his boy he died;
And the two together, side by side,
Before the divine, eternal throne
Had nothing to plead but their love alone—
And there, perchance, from the answer prove
That the greatest wisdom of all is Love.
Self! be hushed, while in places high
The many pass thoughts of others by—
Let others starve and let others bear
The woes that beset us everywhere—
So the great be but free from the curse of dearth,
So the great but gather the fruit of the earth,
So property flourish, and riches thrive,
And keep but the worldling's life alive,
What is it to them that these grave things be?
That those sights are given to who will see?
While wealth may prosper, social dream,
Life's moral is told in the deep, black seam;
And angels rejoice in that answer glad,
And human—"Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

—*Herman Merivale, in London Spectator.*

HOW TOMMY WAS LOST.

"QUATHY ith dead, I gueth, for I thowed a sthick at her an' sthe didn't sthir a bit," lisped five-year-old Rob, pointing with his chubby hand toward a log where Quashy, a large white hen, lay stiff and stark. Rob, in his short trousers and striped waist, of which last only a very narrow strip was visible above his waistband, looked for all the world like a little old Dutchman. His stiff hair, too, hung straight down to his eyebrows in a perfectly natural "bang."

"Tommy killed her, that's sure," piped a voice from the hay-rick close by.

If Rob, in his sturdy shortness, looked like a "Mynheer," then Dick, with his long legs dangling from the end of the hay-rick, where he sat both whistling and whittling, might be a fair type of the Yankee.

"Oh, Tom, how bad you be," and Milly shook her almost four-year-old curls sadly over such extreme wickedness, and went on with her burr-basket making.

"What's Tom been a-doing now that's bad? You think I am always doing something," came half petulantly from dreamy-eyed Tom, lying at full length under an oak tree, where he had been watching the glimmer of the sky through the leaves for the last half hour.

"Dear me, how innercent some folks are," said Dick, who was nine, and two years Tom's senior, and whose advanced age made him think himself a privileged censor. "Quashy is dead, and it's plain enough who killed her. Wasn't you just tearing mad the other day when she scratched up your precious flower-bed, and didn't you say she ought to be hung?"

Tom was fully aroused now, and sat upright with his gray eyes wide open.

"Me kill Quashy! You know I wouldn't do it. If I did say she ought to be hung, I didn't mean nothing—I was so sorry about the flowers. I'm always getting 'cused of something I didn't think of;" and he looked at Dick indignantly.

"Oh! no, you never do nothing—you didn't lose that nice book all full of pictures of animals, all along of watching in the woods to see if a woodchuck was like the one in the book; and who broke the bread-knife a-digging up wild plants, and put caterpillars in mother's best bonnet box to see if they'd come out butterflies, and who let teenty Mary fall out of the chair and almost break her neck?" Dick stopped to take breath.

To be taunted with letting "teenty" Mary fall—one of the darling twins, and so very precious in Tom's sight—this quite broke his heart, to say nothing of the other misdeeds that Dick had arrayed like a "Day of Judgment" before him.

"O, Dick, I didn't go to do it, she just jumped so quick when I wasn't looking. But it's no use. I'm always doing something I don't mean to. I am a great bother. I wish I could live all alone by myself. I'll go away off where there ain't no folks, and then I shan't bother nobody," and he threw himself on the ground and cried.

Milly witnessed Tom's outburst with baby wonder in her blue eyes, and Rob, tugging the white hen along, didn't mind much about it, but Dick rather enjoyed this tempest of his own raising, and went on whistling as he followed Milly, Rob and the dead hen into the house.

Mrs. Wirt had just laid the twins, Maud and Mary, fast asleep into their wide crib in the cool sitting-room in the middle of the house or houses, for the original house had been quite lost in the porches, Ls and lean-tos which had been added from time to time.

As the children came bustling in, Mrs. Wirt looked up with a gentle "Now, little folks, don't wake the babies, for I've such heaps of work to do this afternoon."

"Look, mother, Quathy 'ith killed."

"And Tommy cried 'cause Dickey said he killed it," put in sober Milly.

"Oh, Quashy has been ailing for two or three days, and so she is dead. Dick, you shouldn't hector Tommy so; he's careless, and 'his head is too far off,' as Dutch Fritz says, but he isn't cruel, and I fear you are. Milly, tell Tommy to come to me," and Mrs. Wirt went about her work. Milly did not find Tom under the tree, and meeting her two large brothers coming from the hay-field, she learned of them that Tom had been seen going into the house; so she went to pick wild asters by the brook, and thought no more of Tommy and his troubles. Mrs. Wirt quite forgot the grieved child, too; for a neighbor came in to get her recipe for blackberry shrub, and after the neighbor left, down in the half underground milk-room, working over the morning's churning and settling a dozen difficult questions in her domestic world, she neither thought again of Tommy's woes nor saw the clouds coming up that suddenly darkened the whole sky and ended in a tempest of wind and rain.

They were all gathering at the supper table as the rain began to pour in torrents; and Father Wirt, looking up and down the long table, asked, in his cheery way:

"Are all of us here, mother?"

Whether or not they were all there, the table was pretty well filled, for there were two German farm-hands, the large Wirt boys, Charles and Will, the girls of eleven and thirteen, Jane and Mercy, and Agnes, just the age of Jane (a cousin's orphaned daughter, for Mrs. Wirt, having so many, didn't mind taking in one more), then there were Rob, Milly and the twins, one tied in its high chair beside the father, the other at its mother's left side, while at Mrs. Wirt's right hand sat lame Betsey, the sewing woman from the large city fifty miles away, who had her vacation and country air at the farm every summer, and yet there were two vacant seats—Tom and Dick were not there.

Supper was nearly finished when Dick, drenched to the skin, burst in, exclaiming:

"Has anyone seen Tom? I have looked all about the barns and sheds; and he's so afraid of thunder-storms, too."

"I gueth he'th runned away; thaid he would," up spoke matter-of-fact Rob.

A laugh greeted this speech from all save Dick, who began to cry. A few questions put the father and mother in possession of all the particulars of Tommy's "tantrum," as Dick called it.

"O he's in the house somewhere, you may be sure," suggested lame Betsey, and set off herself to search for him. The rest followed her example, and for once in their six-months' lives the twins were forgotten and left alone cooing at each other across the table, while the family left no part of the rambling old house unsearched. Lame Betsey, remembering Ginevra, looked into all the boxes and chests either locked or unlocked.

Missing some of Tommy's little belongings from their usual places, Mrs. Wirt returned to the twins and, calling Mr. Wirt, said, with a mixture of anxiety and amusement: "The queer child! he has surely run away, and all of us must start right off to find him, for the shower is about over, and it will soon be dark."

But as she prepared herself to go, and sent the men and boys off, she thought with dismay of the many roads on that wild lakeside—roads that branched off in every direction and ended in deep woods or snake-haunted morasses. Dick, whose uneasy conscience sorely troubled him, remembered the little caves on the lake shore which he and Tommy had dug out in the sand-knob and roofed with boards the last time they had a holiday at the lake, and perhaps little Crusoe had gone there to live by himself, so, while the others were inquiring at the scattered fruit-farms along the various roads, Mrs. Wirt and Dick rode to the lake three miles away. As long as Dick lived he never forgot that sad ride under the showery trees, for Mrs. Wirt's few words, sorrowfully spoken, in regard to the care that should be taken not to wound the sensitive feelings of dear ones, or of any one however lowly, made a deep impression on thoughtless Dick.

They reached the lakeside and found empty caves. No answer came to their repeated cries of "Tommy," "Tommy," save the sullen dash of the waves on the yellow sand.

"It was quite dark when Mrs. Wirt and Dick reached home, only to find the others returned with no news of the missing child. The kind-hearted, outlandish neighbors—Danes, Swedes, French and Germans—had gathered at the house with dogs and lanterns to aid in the search.

We will leave them while they are preparing for a night hunt in the woods, and follow the fortunes of the little wanderer.

Children, insane people, and a few other folks, only look at one side of a question, and Tom, when he slipped into the house and ran to his little room on the first floor, thought of nothing but getting away where he should "bother nobody." Having a vague idea that people always carried a bundle or something when they ran away, he tied up his little best suit and a few toys in a handkerchief, not forgetting a few slices of bread and some matches from the pantry near by. No one was looking as he ran through the orchard, across the road and out into the open meadow. He felt safe when he reached the wooded sand-knobs, for he had thought of those little caves by the lake, not so far from home but that he could go there once in a while to see the twins and all the rest. Orchids, asters and bright orange or pink asclepias tempted him from the path, and, gathering flowers and watching birds, squirrels and rabbits, he forgot for the time that he had any other object than to amuse himself with the frisky pranks of his beloved wild animals. He was getting weary, so he climbed a high hill to see if he were not very near the lake. Reaching the top, he could see nothing but still higher knobs around him. He sat down to rest, and felt a cool breeze on his hot face, and that was the last he knew until he felt some one touching his shoulder and heard the words: "Wake up little fellow—you'll be as wet as a drowned rat in a twinkling." A big drop of rain fell in his face as he opened his eyes and saw a tall, bent man with sunken eyes and bearded face standing over him.

"Oh, Ben, is't you—I'm going to the lake. It isn't far now, I guess?"

The man laughed. "Too far for you to-night, I reckon. Come along, my shanty is down here in the hollow." Tom followed him, for he had no fear of the rough-looking man, having seen him occasionally at the farm after milk and eggs. Tom opened his heart and told him about his trials at home and his plan to live all by himself where he could "bother nobody."

"Did you have big brothers, Ben, who used to come down on you and tell you everything you'd did that was wrong, to make you feel bad, and was you always doing something you didn't mean to, and so you just come off to live by yourself all alone?"

A wild, pained look came into Ben's face, but he took the boy's hand gently, for he felt a strange kinship with the grieved little heart, saying hoarsely:

"I have no brothers—no nothing—I hate everybody, and no one cares for me. There, come in out of the rain."

In the cabin Tom was at first so awed by the tempest with its vivid lightning and heavy thunder claps that he scarcely noticed the desolate, smoke-begrimed room, but seated on a stool at Ben's uninviting supper-table, or rough stand, a sense of loneliness crept over him. Bright, happy faces had always made a part of his evening meal, and thinking of them he could not eat.

"Is it so awful nice, Ben, to live all alone?" and looking up into Ben's haggard face the child choked with tears.

"Nice enough for me, little boy. You wouldn't like it—you'd want your mamma," and Ben chuckled. "There'll be a precious time at the farm when it comes dark and one of the chickens is missing."

"O! what a bad boy I am to frighten mother so. O! I must go right home. It isn't far, is it?" and Tom, seeing the other side of the question, was wild with grief over his wickedness.

"It's good four miles, and you could never find the way; wait and we'll see," and Ben cleared away the supper, apparently heedless or the child's sobs of woe.

At the farm the lanterns were lighted, and several parties were just starting out in various directions, when a strange voice was heard at the front door, where Lame Betsey had sat looking into the deepening darkness as if her eyes were magnets that must draw the child home.

"Can I see Mr. Wirt?" were the words heard through the open doors.

Lame Betsey was not called to answer Ben's request, for it was his wild form that stood at the door, before the whole family had gathered there.

"My child! you have seen him?" and Mrs. Wirt was at Ben's side with his hand in hers.

"Yes, madam; he is with me. He stopped out there in the orchard and sent me to ask you to take him back, and he will never run away again."

A great shout went up from all those throats, the big brothers laughed to hide their tears, and Dick turned three somersaults in reaching the orchard, while quiet Father Wirt exclaimed, "Thank God!" "Thank God!" Tom was not scolded; he was hugged and kissed and cried over by each in turn, but he could not speak for penitent tears. "Now," said Mrs. Wirt, when they returned to the kitchen, "you two wet mortals sit right there until I get you some dry clothes and a good warm supper."

"O, madam, don't mind me, I shall get wet again going back," and Ben rose as if to go.

"Going back! Just as if you would leave us to-night—and you have saved my child from wandering, and starving, perhaps, in those wild woods; no, I must have you to-night under our own roof."

Strange to say, Ben did stay under that roof that night, and a great many nights besides; for Mrs. Wirt found so many things that needed to be done, and was so sure that Ben could do them better than any one else, that he was obliged to stop and do them, or act rudely to a lady, and Ben was too polite to do that.

His ragged, patched clothes were gradually exchanged for better ones; he began to love the Wirts, and through them to think better of his kind generally. Mrs. Wirt had learned or knew by instinct that to make one feel at home he must be made to feel that he is needed, so before long she declared that the house must have another L to make it proportioned right, and Ben, with a carpenter to assist, was set to work at once to build a room for himself and one for Tom to keep his pet birds and flowers in.

If at any time Ben showed a wandering spirit Mrs. Wirt had only to say: "O, Ben, what if that strange Tom should run away once more!" and he felt that he was needed and was content; but Tom never ran away again.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Up to Snuff.

THERE are mean men in the world, men who would ruin another's chance of earning a livelihood, just for a joke. Mr. Garters is the victim of one of these men. Mr. Garters is a dealer in catarrh snuff which he peddles about in boxes. The snuff is a compound perfectly pleasant to take and very efficacious. The other day Mr. Garter called upon Squire Ink, the lawyer, who is very irascible and is a great sufferer from catarrh. He urged Squire Ink to try the snuff, assuring him that one application gives instant relief, and that it was so pleasant to take that one would never know he had tried it. After repeated assurance on this last point, Squire Ink consented to test the mixture, and Mr. Garters produced a box and said: "Take a very large pinch." That box had been tampered with by some fiend who had filled it with red pepper. Squire Ink obeyed. He took an enormous snuff of it. Then he sneezed. It wasn't a single sneeze, but a succession of awful "achoos" that seemed of sufficient violence to yank Squire Ink's head off. Tears flowed from his eyes, and when he would check the thing for a minute, it was only that it might commence again with redoubled power. Garters was awfully shocked. He patted Ink's back and said: "I never knew it affect anyone so before. I can take quantities of it. See here!" and he took an immense pinch. And then he went it: "Hutchakachoo-cachoo-cachoo-choo-choo!" and then the same thing over again. There they both stood and sneezed until they had almost loosened their hair at the roots and felt as though they had been through a thrashing-machine. Squire Ink was the first to get able to speak: "What does this mean, sir?" he yelled; "I—cachoo—I—I- don't kno—cachoooo!" replied Garters. "Don't know! Sir, I'll teach you to practice your infernal arts on me!" and he grabbed Garters and hurled him from the window, and then he seized the snuff, jumped out, and forced Garters to inhale a lot more of it. Then he left the unhappy Garters, and three policemen who came along picked him up. But he sneezed so that they couldn't hold him, and, when, after he had partly calmed down, they got him into a drug store, he sneezed six bottles off a shelf, and the next day while he was in bed at the hospital, he got a notice from Ink that he was sued for fifty thousand dollars damages.—*Boston Post.*

Adre's Prophetic Poem.

DURING the years 1779 and 1780 Andre was on duty in New York and took a leading part in the social life of that city. He accompanied Sir Henry Clinton at the capture of Stony Point, June 1, 1779, and wrote as aid-de-camp upon the glacis of Fort Lafayette the terms of capitulation conceded to the garrison. He kept a careful diary and frequently wrote squibs in prose and verse for the loyalist papers, and in August, 1780, composed at Elizabethtown a burlesque poem entitled "The Cow Chase," in three cantos, amounting to seventy quatrains. The subject was the attack made by General Wayne upon a block-house near Bull's Ferry, two or three miles below Fort Lee, in order to drive in some cattle from Bergen Neck. By a singular coincidence the last canto of this poem was printed in Rivington's *Gazette*, September 23, 1780, the day of the poet's capture at Tarrytown. The last stanza is as follows:

And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet.

It happened, singularly enough, that General Wayne was the commander of the post at Tappan at the time of Andre's execution. The original of the "Cow Chase," in Andre's autograph, is still preserved, and underneath the above quoted lines an American pen has added the coarse commentary:

When the epic strain was sung,
The poet by the neck was hung

A SMOKE-CONSUMING engine invented by a Cincinnati millionaire, is said to be a complete success. The peculiarity of the invention consists in a series of four arches of varying heights, built of fire-bricks and rising from the sides of the furnace to the bottom of the boiler, between the third and fourth arches is a large open heat-chamber. The coal is retained in the fire-bed, in front of the three arches, utill the oxygen and coal gases combine and pass under the arches all aflame into the heat-chamber, where they produce an intense head devoid of any smoke.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

CHICKENS need exercise quite as much as children, and will not thrive without it.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One teacupful of molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup sweet milk, one of shortening. Mix enough flour to make of right consistency.

WAFFLES.—One quart of sweet milk, warm, four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of salt, teacup of yeast, flour enough to make a stiff batter; let it rise three hours; bake in waffle irons.

BEEFSTEAK AND OYSTER PIE.—Beat the steak gently with a rolling-pin and season it with pepper and salt. Have ready a deep dish lined with not too rich a pastry. Put in the meat with layers of oysters, then the oyster liquor with a little mace and a teaspoonful of ketchup, cover with a top-crust, and bake. Veal may be used instead of beef if preferred.

THERE is such a thing as keeping more than a profitable number of cows or sheep upon a farm. A half dozen half starved cows will not yield as much milk as three that have all the food that they want. If there is no more stock than can be well kept the returns will be the greatest in money and also in the satisfaction of seeing the animals in a good, healthy condition—no small part of the income to one who loves to have good stock well kept upon his farm.

TO CURE THE TOOTHACHE.—We find this in a magazine. It is easy to try it, and if it is what it claims to be anybody with an aching tooth will thank us for printing it:—"The worst toothache, or neuralgia coming from the teeth, may be speedily ended by application of a small bit of clean cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia to the defective tooth. Sometimes the sufferer is prompted to momentary nervous laughter by the application; but the pain has disappeared.

PRESERVING GRAPES.—Spread the bunches—free from imperfect berries and carefully cut—thinly on shelves or tables for two or three days to dry up the stems a little. Then cut clean dry rye straw in a straw cutter about an inch long and cover the bottom of a box liberally with this; follow with a moderate layer of fruit, being careful that the bunches do not touch each other; cover with a layer of cut straw, and thus proceed, finishing off with a layer of straw. Place the boxes when filled in a cool, dry place and the grapes will remain fresh a long time."

TO PICKLE GREEN PEPPERS.—The bell pepper is best for pickling, and should be gathered quite young. Slit one side and take out the seeds and core, being very careful that you do not injure the peppers. Put them into boiling salt and water, changing the water every day for a week, and keep them closely covered in a warm place near the fire. Stir them several times a day. They will at first become yellow and then green. When they are a nice green, stuff them with chopped white cabbage that has been previously salted, horseradish scraped, and white mustard. Put them in jars, and pour cold vinegar over them, adding a small piece of alum.

RULE FOR HOP YEAST.—Pare and boil one dozen mealy potatoes; boil thirty minutes. When boiling, put in another kettle one handful of loose hops or two tablespoonfuls of pressed hops, and three quarts of cold water; cover and let boil. When the potatoes are cooked, drain off all the water and mash very fine, and strain the hop water boiling into the mashed potatoes. Stir well and add one-half cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of salt and one pint of flour; when the salt, sugar and flour are mixed, stir well and strain through a colander. Let it stand until blood warm, then stir in one cup or cake of yeast. Set to rise in a temperature of seventy-five degrees. When risen sufficiently, there will be a white coating on the surface. Keep in a stone jar or pot with a tight cover which should be firmly fastened. The yeast pot should be washed thoroughly and scalded, lest the yeast sour.

Picking and Packing Apples.

WINTER apples designed for long keeping should not be harvested until they have developed color and flavor natural to the ripe fruit. Many sorts may hang on the tree with benefit until there is danger of injury from frosts. Varieties that ripen irregularly ought to be gathered accordingly. It is a worse blunder to allow the fruit to remain until over-ripe than the other extreme of picking while immature.

Harvest apples in dry weather only, for fruit free from atmospheric moisture when taken from the tree, other things being equal, keeps longest. Always hand-pick apples which are to be stored, and be careful not to bruise or break the skin in subsequent handling. Secure the fruit from sun and storms until sorted. Many of our best pomologists have two sets of hands at time of harvest, one for gathering the apples and the other for sorting and packing immediately in barrels. Shake the barrels gently two or three times during the process of filling, to insure the apples packing closely; press the head heavily down and secure it tightly to avoid all movement of the fruit inside. Place the barrels in some dry, cool spot, and do not store in the cellar until the approach of freezing weather. Apples require to be kept in as low a temperature as may be and not freeze. The cellar or house employed for storing this fruit should be well ventilated. Until within a short time fruit growers have generally argued that apples should be stored in a dry place. Of late, advocates for a damp atmosphere have appeared. One of these, writing in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, gives his experience with apples stored in damp, dark cellars. These, he says, were brighter, firmer and less decayed than were those in dry cellars. Eighty barrels of russets, greenings and Baldwins in barrels not headed up and just above water on stones and timbers in a cellar with a spring, kept well. In the face of experiences similar to the one here cited the popular mode is storing late in dark, dry, airy cellars.—*N. Y. World.*

Lord Palmerston's Strange Marriage.

LORD PALMERSTON was already comparatively rich when the Queen politely but firmly commanded him to get married. Lord Melbourne (the Premier) was a confirmed widower; and if the Foreign Secretary continued a bachelor there would soon be a serious difficulty about the reception ambassadresses. "May it please your Majesty," said Lord Palmerston, "I should be only too happy to marry, if I knew any one who would have me." The Queen graciously replied that there need be no difficulty on that head, and if it were necessary she would take upon herself to find a lady both ready and willing to become Lady P. So Lady Cowper was sent for from Rome to reign for thirty years over the half of London society. It is said, by the way, that this lady decided her husband was to be Prime Minister long before the idea occurred to himself. It was a very happy match—indeed, a love match, for all that Lord Palmerston told the Queen.

LITTLE PAUL, clambering on his father's knee—"Pa, what is 'humbug?'" Father—"Why, what on earth do you want to know that for?" Paul—"I heard you say it to ma a minute ago." Father—"Yes, my son. Humbug is when your ma pretends she loves me and there are no buttons on the neck of my shirt."

—The druggist's apprentice during his master's absence became again voluble to the customer. Said the apprentice, half in soliloquy and half in narrative, "The drug business is terrific. These porous plasters. The old man has a national reputation for them. He makes 'em out of old sun-bonnets and glue—cuts up the sun-bonnets and smears on the glue; and when you get one of his plasters on your back it is there for life. There's a man comes in here most every day to swear at the old man because he put on one of our plasters for a lame back in 1848, time of the Mexican war, and, as he couldn't get it off, the skin grew over it like the bark of a tree, you know. That plaster has worked further and further in, until now its gone to his lungs, and it pulls at his left lung in a way to set him crazy. He is a very remarkable chemist—the old man. I do believe he could make paregoric out of umbrellas, and boil down an illustrated weekly paper into attar of roses. He has the blamedest ingenuity. You wouldn't believe."

—It is a pity, observes a late essayist, to destroy a romantic illusion, but I am sorry to say that a pretty cantiniere, or French "sutleress," has never been known in military history. She does not even march with the regiment, cracking jokes and singing songs. She is, on the contrary, a solid motherly old lady, who travels in a one-horse cart, with a sharp eye on her own liquor. She has often a beard as strong as that of the Colonel, and she is proud of it. She makes a comfortable thing of her canteen, but no cantiniere ever grew rich. The board of the under officers, which it comes under her province to provide, is supplied at a price fixed by the Colonel, and it does not leave a large margin of profit, as it is strictly proportioned to their pay. However, her trade is chiefly conducted on ready-money principles, and she does make something out of the officers' messes, especially on strangers' and festival days.

—It is a remarkable characteristic of the waiters in Paris restaurants that, no matter what you may ask for, even if it be a fried piece of the moon, they will invariably reply "Yes," and either bring it to you, or, on returning, assert with sorrow that unfortunately there is no more left. Mery, the well known author, tried this joke on once, and peremptorily ordered of a waiter a sphinx a la Marengo. "I am sorry to say we have no more, Monsieur," replied the garçon. "What! No more sphinx?" exclaimed Mery, feigning astonishment. The waiter lowered his voice, and murmured in a confidential whisper: "We have some more, Monsieur; but the truth is I should not care to serve them to you, as they are not quite fresh!"

—A horse at Faribault, Minn., turned loose in his master's dooryard, saw a basket hanging on a clothes pole about seven feet from the ground. It contained a pet cat belonging to the place. The horse walked over to the basket, put his nose up to investigate, and the cat put out her paw and gave the intruding nose a lively scratch. The horse turned around, looked back over his shoulder as though to take aim and measure the distance, kicked, and cat, basket and all shot into the air like a rocket. The horse watched the success of his shot, then gave a low whinny of delight, and walked away to feed.

—Whenever you find a man about whom you know little oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure he is not a married man; for the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

—A number of sparrows wanted a drink of clear water. It was too far from the swampy margin of the bank of a stream to allow them to reach it readily, but weeds grew thickly along the edge. Four sparrows settled on one of these weeds, one above the other, and their weight bent it over half-way to the water. A fifth lighted farther up and bent it further down. Then a sixth settled near the end, and the whole stalk came down level with the surface, and they drank their fill without difficulty or having to wade through the muddy margin of the pond.

—A novel way of catching a swarm of bees was unintentionally tried at Decatur, Mich. Harry Shoulters ran to them with a green bough in his hand. The queen bee poised herself over it, and then alighted on Harry's hat, and in a twinkling the whole swarm gathered about his head and completely covered him over. So closely were they knit together that Shoulters could scarcely breathe. A box was procured and Shoulters's head poked into it, and gradually the bees worked off and were safely hived.

—The sentinel in George L. Bushong's store on Indiana Avenue, Indianapolis, is a bantam rooster. The storeroom is something in the shape of an L, opening on two streets, and an unobstructed view of the whole place is not possible. But the rooster is watchful, and no one, not even a dog, can enter either door without the chicken signaling an alarm.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tinsley were divorced years ago, at Columbus, Ind. Both made subsequent matrimonial ventures, he taking four wives in succession, and she two husbands. At length, both being free, they discussed their varied experience, admitted that neither had been happy since they parted, and finally were reunited

—A good prophet—100 per cent.

THE Watch on the Rhine—Guarding a watermelon patch.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A COUPLE of Galveston negroes were talking politics. One of them asked Uncle Mose: "I say, Mose, what's de meanin' of a silber-tongued orator? I has read dat spression in de paper, and it socter stumped me." Old Mose, who never failed to answer any question ever asked him, responded at once: "A silber-tongued orator is one who neber goes back on his word when he promises you a silber half dollar for votin' for him." "Dat ar species is mighty skurse in Galveston—dat's all I's got ter say."—*Galveston News.*

A BIZZYBODDY iz like a setter pup, he plunges his noze into everything, and hunts for things just az sharp whare they ain't az whare they are likely to be.—*Josh Billings.*

THE man on the fence expects to save himself by a hedge.—*N. O. Picayune.*

GRATE talkers are like bi-stepping horses. They will trot all day in a door-yard, and not git out av it.—*Josh Billings.*

THE funniest man in all the town
He thought himself, did Mr. Brown.

While at the club one night he saw
A new silk tile upon the floor,

And winking to the crowd so slick
He gave the hat a gentle kick;

And then another, just to show
That wit from empty heads can flow.

All caught the humor of his fun—
To kick the hat they vied each one.

But when leave-takings came, broad smiles
All wore while putting on their tiles.

Save Mr. Brown, whose mirth was flown—
The hat so crushed, was all his own.

"I ASSURE you, gentlemen," said the convict upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests, I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.—*Boston Transcript.*

[Marietta Register.]
Ohio at Work.

Our State having secured the highest honor of the late convention—the nominee for President—we must begin the work of electing the native to the presidency. Lest this prove too much for those engaged in it, the following from Mr. T. Triem, our popular druggist, will afford a suggestion of relief: I take pleasure in adding to the numerous testimonials regarding the efficacy of Hamburg Drops. I sell largely of the remedy; it gives better satisfaction than any other medicine. So many remarkable cures by its use have come to my notice that I deem it a duty to testify in its behalf.

—A boarding-house keeper's tree—'Ash.

[Weekly Globe, Boston.]
Boston Police Memoranda.

Geo. E. Savory, Esq., Asst. Police Clerk, refers to a case of agonizing sciatic suffering of frequent occurrence, and which was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in less than half an hour.

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing, get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.—*Chronicle.*

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