THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

HER RIVAL.

AT LONG BRANCH, SEASON OF 1880.

"THE belle?" Tis hard to say; and yet
There is a Cuban here ——
"Hand some?" Well, yes. "Her style?"
Brunette—
The darling of her sphere.

I've watched her, and she never moves
But some man walks close by;
And yet there's no one whom she loves
Or hates ——. "The reason why?"

Just wait a little, *ma cherie;*
"Her manner is?" Neither grave
Nor gay. "The golden mean!" you say;
And yet the women rave ——

"In praise?" Ah no! One seldom hears
Her lauded by their lips;
Yet the sweet silence that she wears
Their malice doth eclipse.

"Brilliant?" At times. This nut-brown maid
Shines brightest when she meets
Her match. Thus outlight oft, 'tis said,
Inspires the doughtiest feats.

"Her style of beaus?" Both young and old
Yield fealty to her sway;
Blonde beauty, with his beard of gold,
And ugliness in gray.

Last night we sat 'neath the summer moon,
And her breath was like the rose;
And odors as sweet as buds in June
Follow her where she goes.

"I love her?" Truly, that I do.
'Tis not long since I spoke
My love. I don't mind this to you:
It ended all in smoke!

What, crying? "Has her?" Then I fear
I've carried the jest too far;
No rival is she of yours, my dear—
And her name is just—Cigar!

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

CRUSOEING.

Some Instances of Where It Has Not Been so Pleasant as It is Set Down in Romance.

THE delights of solitude have been fervidly extolled by writers who took good care to keep themselves within hail of the busy hum of men; but its fancied charms have soon palled upon unfortunates condemned to a silent life, either by their own whim, the tyranny of others, or circumstances over which nobody had any control.

Alexander Selkirk tried the experiment of living in solitary independence of his own option and under very favorable conditions. The island whereon he elected to abide was one of the fairest spots upon earth, blessed with a delicious climate and grateful soil. He was well provided with clothes to cover him, arms to protect him, books and tobacco to solace him. His larder was well supplied with kid-flesh, fish, seal and sea-lion meat, which he could season to his liking with pimento-pepper; while cabbages, turnips, radishes, parsnips, purslain, parsley and water-cress were at his command. Still it took eight months to reconcile Selkirk to his self-elected lot, and after enduring it for four years, he gladly bade adieu to his Eveless paradise.

A YOUTHFUL CRUSOE.

Three weeks' experience of Crusoeing sufficed to bring an unwilling solitarian to death's door, but he was a mere lad, wanting three years to be out of his teens, when getting separated from his messmates, while seeking wood and water on one of the Gallipagos Islands, he lost himself in the forest. After passing an uncomfortable night there, daylight saw Lord roving in quest of what he might devour, and finding nothing save a big snake, unavailable for staying his appetite; and when night came round again, he was still wandering in a maze of trees, weary with walking, and faint for lack of food; fearing to sleep on the ground lest he should intrude upon the privacy of some deadly serpent. This difficulty he surmounted by climbing a tall tree, and roosting in its branches, unaware that he had a fellow-lodger in a big owl, until, on leaving his airy chamber in the morning, he knocked the bird down, and turned the accident to account by breakfasting upon the owl, without any further preparation than stripping it of its feathers.

That night Lord was out of the wood, but was not much better off, for, sleeping at the foot of a mountain, he was drenched with rain, and when morning broke was in anything but a condition for climbing. Climb the mountain, however, he did; from the summit beholding the bay in which his whaler had been, but was not. He saw a brig there, but she was making her way out. Madly he dashed down the mountain to gain the beach all too late, and become oblivious of his disappointment by going off in a dead faint. When he recovered his senses hunger got the better of despair, its pangs being none the less bitter from the knowledge that there was abundance of food in the waters washing his prison, and that he had neither hook to bait or bait to hook, and must, perforce, live as best he might upon berries and seal-flesh.

So the dismal days dragged on, the only event breaking their monotonous misery being Lord's nearly coming to grief altogether in grappling with a great seal, rolling into the sea with it, and scrambling out alone as quickly as his weakness allowed. After this bout he contrived to crawl up the mountain again, and to his joy descried a large ship making for the island. The sight gave him new strength, and he managed to get down to to the beach just as she entered the harbor. Soon a boat was lowered, and he knew no more, until his eyes opened upon a little crowd of friendly faces. He cried out for water, and drank till he swooned again, when kindly arms carried him to the boat, and he was soon safe in the care of the famous explorer of the seas, Captain Cook.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

In 1818, an American sailor was taken off a desolate rock in the South Seas by a boat's crew belonging to her H. M. S. Queen Charlotte, whose attention had been drawn to the spot by the smoke of a seaweed fire. He had, three years before, been left there with three companions, all of whom had quickly succumbed, while he had lived on, sustaining life by feeding upon the flesh of birds, and drinking their blood.

THE FLEMISH CRUSOE.

The find of the Queen Charlotte's men was not so surprising as that of the Flemish seaman Pickman, when in 1616, his ship grounded near a small island-rock between Scotland and Ireland. Some of his men going in search of eggs, come upon a black hairy creature, who by signs entreated them to come to close acquaintance; and finding the strange object to be really a man, they took him on board with them to tell the skipper his story. It was a melancholy one. He and two others, occupants of the passage-boat between England and Ireland, had been captured, and afterward cast off, by a French privateer. Having nothing eatable, save a little sugar, with them, one of the three soon died of starvation, the others lived to be driven on the island, where they built a hut out of what was left of the boat, and for six weeks lived upon sea-mews, sea-dogs, eggs and water. Then the partners in misfortune parted company, one of them disappearing, leaving his forlorn friend in utter ignorance of his fate; he could only surmise that he had fallen into the sea while searching for eggs. Months passed, and the poor fellow lost all hope of deliverance. Winter came, and found him clothesless. Compelled to keep within the hut for days together he only kept starvation at bay by catching sea-mews, as hungry as himself, by sticks thrust through the openings in the hovel's walls. So he kept himself alive, until the accidental advent of the Londoa-bound Flemish timber-ship released him from his dreary durance.

THE STORY OF JORGENSON.

Less happy was the ending of a wonderful adventure that befel Hans Jorgenson, a Swedish whaler belonging to the White Wave, a Californian schooner employed in seal and other fishing in the North Pacific. On September 18, 1879, the schooner being within sight of the Aleutian Islands, a boat was sent on shore for water, the crew consisting of Hans Jorgenson and two other seamen. Hans, having his rifle with him, had no sooner landed than he went off in search of game, and, as he took no heed of the signal of recall, his mates returned to the ship without him. A furious gale sprang up, and for four days it was impossible for the White Wave to come anywhere near the island. At the end of that time a landing was effected, and Jorgenson was found to be alive certainly, but most strangely altered in appearance. The spare Swede of five feet seven, with a bald pate and a thin straw-colored mustache, was transformed into a man apparently six feet high, so stout that his clothes would scarcely contain him, with his head and face covered with a crop of fluffy hair, and seemingly ten years older than the Jorgenson who had been left behind but four days before.

His explanation of the mystery did did not make the matter more intelligible. Having started some wild animals, he followed the chase, all unsuccessfully, for miles before thinking of returning to the boat. When he did think of it, he began to look about him, and was mightily surprised with his surroundings. The country was bleak and barren, nothing but volcanic rocks, without a single tree or shrub. Here and there were rents in the earth, at the dark bottom of which small but rapid streamlets sped tortuously along through masses of lichen, while heavy volumes of steam, impregnating the air with sulphurous odor, rose from other ravines; giving the Swede the impression that he was looking upon a piece of the earth as it must have been before ever a living creature put foot thereon.

Finding that his shipmates had departed without him, Jorgenson camped out for the night. In the morning he sought for something to breakfast upon; a fruitless quest taking him to the top of a hill, when, falling backward, he rolled down a gulch on the land side, the stock of his rifle striking against and breaking one of a number of pebble-like objects, which examination showed to be a thin shell of lime or sulphur or something, he could not tell exactly what, covering a quantity of jelly of a light rose-color, composed of an infinity of minute cells, through which stretched a number of flossy ligaments. Taking a small quantity on his finger, he applied his tongue to it and swallowed some, but was so disgusted with the taste that he pitched the shell away, and went back to his post, to watch for the White Wave. After watching for some hours the hungry fellow fell into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by a sensation similar to that he had experienced years before when pulled, half-drowned, out of one of his native fjords; but his hunger had gone, he felt refreshed, and found he could walk without fatigue, and naturally gave the nauseous jelly the credit of it.

Next day he visited the gulch again, and took another taste of the jelly; again came a deep sleep, from which he awoke, as before, free from hunger or weariness; but to his astonishment his clothes had become so tight that he could hardly move in them, his seaboots seemed a few sizes too small, and the sleeves of his knitted jacket were almost up to his elbows. Stooping to pick up his rifle, he found that too had shrunk, or rather that he himself had stretched and grown under the influence of the wonderful food, and that his physical powers had increased with his bulk. While testing the latter by flinging the pieces of rock into the sea, Jorgenson beheld the White Wave bearing down the coast, signaling with the small brass piece she carried. He replied with his rifle, and after filling his pockets with the mysterious pebbles, made for the beach, and soon was welcomed by his puzzled mess-mates.

Should our readers discredit this strange tale, which reads like a forecastle yarn it must be confessed, here is the sad end of it, "literally transcribed," says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, from the log of the White Wave: "October 3, 1879—Lat. 57.47 N., Long. 144.10 W. Jorgenson is dead and I don't know what to make of it. Ever since he came aboard from the island his health has been good, but the remarkable swellin' have gone on until yesterday we were obliged to bring him up on deck, as he had grow'd so that I was afeared we should not be able to get through the companion-way. I was sitting beside him when he died, and had just ask him how do you feel now. He said all over pins and needles like. I said no pains besides? He said no, but I feel like as if everything was a stretching and growing inside of me. Guess I'm poisoned. I said I guess so, too. Just then I hear a crack inside of him, then another and another, three in all. He clasped his hands to his heart, his chest, his stumick, gave one groan and died."—*All-the-Year-Round*

The Maxim Electric Light—Edison Outdone.

THE New York *Evening Post* says: A reporter yesterday questioned Prof. Barker, of Philadelphia, concerning his opinion of the value of the new Maxim light from incandescent carbon. Prof. Barker said: "There is no doubt in my mind or in that of Profs. Morton and Draper as to the value of Mr. Maxim's remarkable discovery. For years I have been an admirer of Edison's search for the true solution of the electric light problem, and I can testify to his unremitting energy and the exhaustive nature of his search. But another man found it.

"I do not say that Maxim is a better electrician than Edison, but he has invented a lamp which surpasses, I believe, even Edison's dreams. Last week Professor Draper got several of Maxim's lamps and invited Professor Morton and me to go to his (Draper's) laboratory to test them. Edison had also been asked to send a few lamps, but wrote that an accident had happened to his machinery which would prevent him from doing so. He wrote, however, in answer to a question put by Professor Draper, that the highest light which he could get out of his most improved lamps was a fifty-candle light. And from experiments which we have made with Edison's lamp we know that his lamp, run at that intensity, will not last for more than an hour.

"We took these lamps of Maxim's and began our experiments. As substitutes for gas burners of full power they were perfect. We then began increasing the intensity until we ran one lamp for twenty-four hours at an intensity equal to that of six hundred and fifty candles, or the light given out by forty gas burners. The lamp was as good apparently when we finished as when we began. This in my opinion was the most remarkable performance of an incandescent lamp ever made. Edison has a good generator, but his lamp was old twenty years ago. The hydro-carbon atmosphere of Maxim's lamp is new.

"ARE you really so stupid, Matildy, or do you act that way for effect?" said a Galveston lady to her servant. "No, mam," was the reply, "I'd like mightily to be a deceitful niggah, but I hain't got de sense."

AN advertisement reads that public speakers should use expectorant. At least those who expect to rent should use it.

From Prosperity to the Penitentiary.

THE Scranton (Pa.) correspondent of the New York *Times* writes: A dramatic scene was witnessed in court here this afternoon when P. K. Bargar, the former trusted manager of Mr. John Jermyn's extensive coal works, was called for sentence on the charge of forgery and embezzlement, of which he had been found guilty on five counts. There are also five indictments against him for larceny, but they were not tried at the present term. In bringing in their verdict for forgery, the jury accompanied it with a recommendation to the mercy of the Court. The high social standing of the prisoner, who owned one of the handsomest homes in Jermyn, a thriving town near the head of the Lackawana Valley, and named after the prosecutor in the present cause, caused a great commotion in the community at the time of his arrest, a year ago, and few were willing to believe him guilty of embezzling the funds of his confiding employer. He had been in Mr. Jermyn's employ seventeen years, superintended a Sunday-school, and was looked up to by everybody in the neighborhood as a model man, whose sobriety, industry and sterling worth elevated him to a position of competence and respect. About a year ago, however, Mr. Jermyn had his suspicions aroused concerning certain entries and alterations made in the books of which Bargar had charge. Tracing the matter closer he discovered the names of men who had never worked for him entered upon the payroll. He traced this system back for several years, and in his search was surprised to ascertain that his old books were missing. He finally found them in an unused garret of his store, and when brought to light they revealed a state of affairs against Bargar such as was shown by the entries already examined. It was ascertained that in various ways, such as false entries, drawing pay for men who never worked, and so on, Bargar had within five years embezzled $50,000 of his employer's money. His son, a young man of great promise, was in court this afternoon when Bargar was called for sentence. The room was well filled, and there was a full bench, including Presiding Judge Handley, Judge Hand and two associates. There was a death-like stillness after District Attorney Simrell called Peter K. Bargar forward to receive sentence. The prisoner approached slowly. He is a man of fine appearance, portly frame, handsome face and brown hair just dashed with gray. He would pass anywhere for a wealthy banker or a man of prosperous business ventures. He appeared to feel the full weight of his disgrace as he stood bowed before the Court. John Jermyn, the prosecutor, a man who has risen out of the depths of obscurity to the proud position of a successful coal operator and a millionaire, sat in the background. He really looked as though he felt for the crushed culprit upon whom sentence was about to be pronounced. The motion for a new trial, which was argued so ably a few minutes before by the Hon. F. W. Gunster for the defense, and Judge Jessup, of Montrose, for the Commonwealth, had just been overruled. Mr. Gunster reminded the Court that the jury had recommended his client to mercy. The Judge asked Bargar how old he was, and on answering that he was fifty, was asked whether he had anything to say as to why sentence should not be passed upon him. He replied: "I have nothing to say, your Honor." Judge Handley then pronounced the sentence, saying that it was to be regretted that a gentleman of Bargar's age and standing in the community should be called upon to answer in a case of this nature, which the law of Pennsylvania recognized to be as serious as murder in the second degree. No man who was engaged in a great enterprise was safe if those he was compelled to trust betrayed and robbed him systematically. The most solvent men and firms in the country would soon become bankrupt if those whom they placed in positions of confidence practiced false entries and abstracted their earnings in such large amounts. The sentence of the court, therefore, was that P. K. Bargar pay the costs of prosecution, a fine of $500, and endure a period of imprisonment at separate and solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary, at Philadelphia, for a period of eight years and four calendar months. Bargar was pale as death and appeared to be unconscious as the Deputy Sheriff led him away. The severity of the sentence was unexpected, and there was a sensation in the court-room as soon as it was pronounced. There was a look of extreme anguish in the prisoner's eyes as he looked towards his son, a well-dressed and handsome young man, who sat just outside the railing and appeared to be very much distressed. The case has been somewhat celebrated in this section, and in one way or another has engaged the attention of the courts for more than a year.

The British Ministry.

WHAT is called the Ministry has never been recognized by law, but grew out of the custom of a few of the Privy or King's Council meeting in the Royal Cabinet and assuming the power of advising the Crown on important measures of Government. The real name of what we call the Ministry is the Cabinet, or Cabinet Council, as the history of its origin implies. The only council required by law is the Privy Council, and when official announcement is made of the members of the Cabinet they are announced simply as members of that Council appointed to fill certain offices. The Privy Council of England is coeval with its monarchy, but as the custom of confiding advice and counsel to the Cabinet has grown, its powers have largely diminished, and the whole Council has not been convened since 1839. The Privy Councillors are appointed, without limit to their number, by the Sovereign, and they may be dismissed, or the Council may be dissolved, at the royal pleasure. No qualification is necessary except that they shall be native-born subjects of Great Britain, and a disability in this respect may be removed by an act of Parliament, as it was in the cases of Prince Albert and the King of the Belgians. The Privy Council consists of the members of the royal family, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Cabinet Ministers *ex officio*, the Lord Chancellor, the chief officers of the royal household, the Judges of the Courts of Equity, the Chief Justices of the Courts of Common Law, the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Judges, the Judge Advocate, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Ambassadors and the chief Ministers Plenipotentiary, the Governors of the chief Colonies, the Commander-in-Chief, the Vice-President of the Committee of Council for Education, and such others as the Crown may appoint. A Privy Councillor is styled Right Honorable, and takes precedence of all baronets, knights and younger sons of viscounts and barons. It was in the reign of Henry VI. that the King's Council first assumed the name of Privy Council, and it was also during the minority of that King that a select council gradually emerged from the larger body, which ultimately resulted in the modern Cabinet. In earlier times it was wholly subservient to the will of the Monarch, and was often the instrument of unconstitutional and arbitrary proceedings. Since the Revolution it has lost much of its dignity, and now the only relic of its authority in criminal matters is its power of taking examinations and issuing commitments for treason. It still, however, continues to exercise an original jurisdiction in advising the Crown concerning the grants of charters, and it has assumed exclusive appellate jurisdiction over the colonies and dependencies of the Crown. Theoretically the Privy Council retains its ancient supremacy, and in a constitutional point of view is presumed to be the only legal and responsible council of the Crown. The Ministry proper, or rather those members of the Cabinet, constitute the chief members of the Administration. The practice of consulting a few members of the Privy Council had existed, as has been said, for a long period, but the first allusion to the Cabinet council occurs in the reign of Charles I. It was extremely unpopular at first, and it was not till 1783 that it was regulated by those rules which it now enforces. Formerly the King met with the Ministry; but at the accession of George I., the first Hanoverian prince on the throne of England, the practice was discontinued, merely because he was unable to speak or understand the English language. The free and unrestrained discussion of measures in his absence proved so beneficial that the old practice has never been revived. Before that time the Cabinet was not necessarily composed of men of similar judgment and principles, and at times there were in the same board Whigs and Tories, and High-Churchmen and Dissenters, and it was no uncommon thing for colleagues to take opposite sides in Parliament. But since 1812 it has been an established principle that all Cabinets are to be constructed on some basis of political union agreed upon by the members when they accept office. It is also distinctly understood that members are jointly and personally responsible for each other's acts, and that on the resignation of the Prime Minister his colleagues shall resign also. It is, of course, well known that the Crown, in organizing a Cabinet, only appoints the Premier, and that the other members are selected by him, and always, except in rare cases, without dictation from the Crown. The first instance of the resignation of a Prime Minister resulting from an adverse vote of the Commons was in the case of Sir Robert Walpole; and the resignation of the Ministry of Lord North, under George III., was the first instance of a simultaneous change of the whole Administration in deference to the opinion of the Commons. From that time, however, a change of Ministry has been simultaneous and complete. The number of those constituting the Cabinet is indefinite. The members who ex-officio constitute the Cabinet are the Prime Minister (or First Lord of the Treasury), the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of State for Home Department, the Secretary of State for Colonies, the Secretary of State for War, the Secretary of State for India, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the President of the Board of Trade, and sometimes the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the First Commissioner of Works, the President of the Local Government Board, the Postmaster-General, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Like the Cabinet, the office of Prime Minister is unknown to the law and Constitution. He is simply the member of the Cabinet who especially possesses the confidence of the Crown, and may be either a Peer or a Commoner. Lord Rockingham in 1765, the Duke of Portland in 1782, and Mr. Addington in 1812 had never held any office when they were appointed Prime Ministers. Lord Bute became Premier before he had even spoken in Parliament, and Mr. Pitt was Prime Minister at the age of twenty-four. Before 1806 the Premiership was occasionally held in connection with the office of Chancellor of of the Exchequer, or Secretary of State, or Lord Chancellor, but it is now invariably held in connection with the office of the First Lord of the Treasury.—*W. T. Davis, in Harper's Magazine.*

Fashion Notes.

BONNET strings are a yard long.

White jet is as fashionable as ever.

Light-colored cloths are preferred for jackets.

Deep fur collars and cuffs will be favored this winter.

Full lace frills are much used for trimming dresses.

Cloaks have gay linings of plush in red or old gold color.

Muffs of envelope or pocket shape, trimmed with lace, are new.

The variety of feathers used in millinery is almost unlimited.

Small round capes of cloth, heavily beaded, will be popular this winter.

Large hair-pins of gilt and smaller pins of gilt, silver or pearl, with oval heads, are stuck here and there among the trimmings on bonnets.

Plush is produced in all colors and all widths—seal-skin plush, tiger-spotted plush, black plush, striped plush, smooth plush and rough plush.

Combinations of materials—such as satins and plush, velvet and plush, or plush and beaver—are used on bonnets; but the same color is preserved, though various shades of it may be used.

Children still wear bangs on the forehead, while the back hair is long and flowing; larger girls wear Marguerite braids, or else braided loops, with either a bang or natural waves in front.

The fancy for sticking gilt ornaments—such as daggers, large-headed pins, long hair-pins and Japanese fans—through the hair, after the manner of the Japanese women, is adopted by our fashionable ladies.

Many of the elegant silk dolmans which have appeared since the cold weather began are lined with leopard-skin and trimmed with a deep border and collar of the same costly fur, which is among the most fashionable this season.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

A Sad Disappointment.

THE hero of the story is a gallant Captain who rules the water. He and several companions were standing on the pavement conversing about futures, freight, etc., when his nautical eye was rivited on a shining object on the sidewalk near his foot. It was, indeed, a small bonanza in the shape of a silver quarter. The Captain did not call out: "Hello, shipmates, I have found a quarter; have any of you boys dropped it?" Not much; but he quietly put his foot on the coin. Then he called the attention of the crowd to a distant flight of pelicans, and while they were looking away he stooped down quietly and, without being observed by anybody, he gathered in that quarter. Then he whispered in a joyous whisper to a confidential friend: "Don't say anything to the rest of the boys. I've found a quarter. Let's take a stroll into a saloon." And they slid off sideways, unobserved, into a banquet hall. They wiped their mouths, and the hardy mariner went into his clothes for his quarter, and it was gone, but on the floor glittered another quarter. Then a change came o'er the table of his thoughts. It flashed over him in a second that there was a hole in his pocket; that the quarter on which he had "set 'em up" was really his own, and that besides that quarter about three dollars in change was missing. Then he perceived how premature was his joy over the windfall. There are some griefs too sacred to be tampered with, and this is one of them. The occurrence was intended to be kept a profound secret, but, like the three dollars, it leaked out, and you hear it on the street, but he don't hear any tidings of the rest of the wealth, and there was no insurance on it.—*Galveston News.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

IT is reported that Mr. Andrew D. White is writing a life of Thomas Jefferson.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is so ill that she writes while lying on her back. She is writing a new novel.

THE United States Government will soon publish the "Records of the War," a work filling nearly seventy-seven thousand octavo pages.

Scribner's Monthly has made such a success with its English edition that the Harpers have taken the hint and are about to follow suit.

THE Town Council of Edinburgh, Scotland, intend to expend the sum of $6,000 in placing statuettes of the characters in the "Waverly Novels" in the thirty empty niches of the Scott Monument.

THE inventory of the estate of the late Mary Shields, recently filed in the office of the Register of Wills, at Philadelphia, shows that her property is valued at $934,990.23, nearly all in personal effects. By her will nearly the whole of this amount is bequeathed to charitable institutions.

ALEXANDER MOUTON, ex-Governor of Louisiana, is the oldest United States Senator now living, having served in that body under the Administration of General Jackson. Although an octogenarian he retains his faculties, mental and physical, in a remarkable degree, except his vision, which is somewhat impaired.

AT the funeral of Lucretia Mott, the informal religious manners of the Quakers were preserved. No speakers were chosen beforehand. The family and friends gathered in her house, and sat awhile in silence. Then Deborah Wharton arose and delivered a eulogy, and was followed by Dr. Furness in a similar address. Both were neighbors.

GARIBALDI has declined Tennyson's invitation to winter with him in the Isle of Wight. The poet laureate intends now to winter in London, where he has arrived, and may be often seen eating his chop and drinking his accustomed pint of "double" in the old-fashioned hostelry he has made his own in the classic purlieus of Fleet street, close by the Middle Temple.

MISS MABLE MAY, a young English lady of rare character and accomplishments, will be the companion and assistant of Mrs. General Garfield in the White House. She is a woman of unusual mental and moral stamina. Last year she was a teacher in Mrs. Westfall's Seminary, in Dayton, and won the respect and esteem of all who were fortunate enough to form her acquaintance.

HUMOROUS.

ALL the dogs of war that are let slip are not West Pointers.

WHEN Brutus and Cassius were boys the girls used to say that Brute was such a nice fellow, but they preferred Cash. The girls haven't changed one bit.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

"OH, DEAR!" exclaimed Penniman, "I wish I could excel in something! I do believe, if I should kill a man, it wouldn't be anything but murder in the second degree!"—*Boston Transcript.*

A NORTH CAROLINAN who kissed a woman against her consent was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and all the women in the State want the law that punished him repealed.—*Boston Post.*

AT the Social Science Congress, in Edinburgh, "Mrs. Duncan McLaren protested against the custody of children being considered as a minor matter." Pray, what is it, then?—*Albany Law Journal.*

OLD age is almost invariably accompanied by a prominent chin.—*Phrenological Journal.* True, but if you had attended many of the political meetings this fall you would have been convinced that some urchins are nearly all chin.—*Graphic.*

CORNELL has graduated a lady architect, said to be an exceedingly bright student and confidently expected to make a mark in the profession. Still, who wants a house with twenty-seven closets and no smoking-room but the back yard?—*St Louis Chronicle.*

HE was a seedy-looking customer, and the worst bore in Galveston, but he was as bold as a lion. He walked right up to a newly-elected candidate and said: "I want you to lend me five dollars for political service rendered you during the election." "Why, you never came near me during the election." "That's just what I mean." He got a nickel, and said that he was doing better than he expected, now the business season is over.—*Galveston News.*

The Terrible Roman Fever---The Perniciosa.

Even in the earliest days it was the custom to wish a "good" August and to make presents and to give dinners and entertainments. The reasons—for there is a method in all these madnesses—is that August is the most unhealthy month in the year in Rome. If you escape the fevers until then, you can rarely escape them in August, unless unheard-of precautions are taken, of which you soon get tired. As rest, sleep and good wine are the surest preventives of Roman fever, the August gifts usually take the form of poultry and wine. If you can eat well, sleep well and drink well and never go into the open air while there is a ray of sun, you may escape the fever. But eat irregularly, and drink poor wine and go out during the hot hours, and sooner or later you will be seized with fever, and Roman fever is not easily forgotten. It begins with a shivering fit that shakes the very room in which the victim lies, nor can the heaping on of eider-down quilts and pillows stop it. It sometimes continues for hours. The teeth chatter, and you feel as if suddenly cast naked on an iceberg. When the shivering fit ceases the fever commences, and after that comes a profuse perspiration. The more you perspire the better, for if the patient does not perspire he is suffering from the worst kind of Roman fever, called the "perniciosa," whose very name makes Romans quake with terror, for it carries one off in a couple of hours. Native Romans think nothing of these fevers; they do not even call in a doctor if all goes on well; that is, if the perspiration comes out all right. They know exactly what to do, and the fevers have no more effect on them than that of keeping them in bed during the actual feverishness. Between the spells, which return very regularly, they eat, drink, work, walk and go to theaters as if nothing was the matter with them; and will sometimes continue thus for more than eighteen months. They look as yellow as the lemons, the juice of which they drink, but that is all. With Americans and English, however, the case is different. In the first place we begin by being very frightened, and the quinine has not the same effect on us as it has upon the Romans. Our stomachs reject it after a very few doses, much to the doctor's dismay. A couple of feverish attacks reduce us to a state of prostration. We are unable to lift a handkerchief. The dreaded "perniciosa" soon makes its appearance, unless we can be removed to better air, when the fever disappears as if by enchantment. At the first sign of a Roman fever, therefore, every American should leave Rome immediately, if only for Frascati, Albano or any of the other summer resorts which are at the gates of Rome. Doctors send away patients in their beds, if they are too weak to be removed otherwise.—*The Hour.*

The Patient Sick Man.

"THAT'S better," groaned Mr. Spoopendyke, as his wife arranged the cool pillows under his head; "now I can die looking out upon the trees and sky," and Mr. Spoopendyke assumed a resigned expression of visage, and gazed out of the corner of one eye upon a bare ailanthus tree and a half-dozen telegraph wires.

"Oh! you won't die," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerfully. "You're only a little sick, and you'll get over it."

"That's all you know about it," snarled Mr. Spoopendyke. "To hear you talk one would think you only had to be fitted up with little beds and a bad smell to be a Government hospital. I'm down sick I tell ye, and I don't want any fooling about it."

"Well, well," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "don't excite yourself. Keep quiet and you'll get well."

"Much you'd care," muttered Mr. Spoopendyke, turning on his side and resting his cheek on his hand, an attitude generally assumed by martyred spirits on the approach of dissolution.

"Will you take your drops again, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It's time for them."

"No, I won't. They're nasty. I haven't had anything but drops for a week. From the way you administer drops one would think you was the trap-door of a hanging machine. Gimme some figs."

"But there ain't any figs, dear. I'll go and get you some," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"That's it," growled her husband. "You only want an excuse to leave me to die alone. Why haven't ye got some figs? You might know I'd want figs. Got any citron?"

"No, I haven't any citron, but I won't be more than a minute away, and I'll get you any fruit you want."

"Oh! yes. You'd get it, I have no doubt. What you want is a rail fence around and a gate off the hinges to be a dod gasted orchard. Fetch me some strawberries."

"Why, strawberries are out of season. There ain't any in the market now."

"I supposed you'd say that," moaned Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've always got some excuse. If I should die, you'd have an apology ready. Gimme something to take this taste out of my mouth."

"What would you like, my dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Soap, dod gast it. Gimme soap, if ye can't think of anything else," demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Mebbe you ain't got any soap. At least, you wouldn't have if I wanted it. Got any cherries?"

"No; they are out of season, too. There are some grapes in the closet."

"Don't want any measly grapes. If I can't have what I want, I don't want it. Where's those drops? Why don't you gimme my medicine? Going to let me die for want of a little attention? Want the life insurance, don't ye? Going to gimme those drops before the next election?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke ladled out the dose, half of which went down Mr. Spoopendyke's gullet and half over the front of his night-shirt.

"That's right," he howled. "Spill 'em. They're for external application. Put 'em anywhere. Pour 'em up the chimney," and Mr. Spoopendyke fired the spoon across the room.

"Have a piece of orange to take the taste away?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pleasantly.

"No, I won't," objected her spouse, "Gimme a piece of muskmelon."

"I don't believe they have muskmelons in November," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Of course they don't," responded Mr. Spoopendyke. "They don't have anything when I'm sick. It's a wonder they have houses. It's a miracle that they have beds. I'm astounded to think they have doctors and drug-stores. I've got to hurry up and die, or they won't have any undertakers, or coffins, or graves. Gimme a piece of orange, will ye? 'Spose I'm going to lie here and chaw on the taste of those drops for a month?"

"You'd like those grapes," suggested his wife.

"No, I wouldn't, either. What do you want me to eat 'em for? Got any interest in the grape trade? Got any commission on those grapes? Anybody pay ye to make me eat 'em? One would think you only wanted an iron arbor and four small boys climbing over you to be a grape vine. Where's my pill?"

"You took your pill, dear," replied his patient wife.

"Oh, of course! A pill is out of season now. Can't even have a pill when I feel like it," and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned in spirit and looked dismal. "Now, sit down and don't move. I want to sleep. Don't you make a bit of noise, if you want me to live."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke held her breath and never rustled a feather while her husband lay and glared out of the window for an hour and a half.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Alderman's Great Sorrow.

THERE is an Alderman in Detroit who knows a bale of hay when he sees it as well as any man living. He was passing up Michigan avenue the other day, when he came across a small group of friends. They had perhaps been waiting for him, knowing that he would pass that way about that hour. They were standing near a bale of hay marked "210 pounds," and beside the bale stood a flat-chested, slim-waisted, consumptive-looking youth of twenty summers, who kept spitting on his hands and saying he would shoulder the bale or die in the attempt.

"I've bet ten dollars that he can't," remarked one of the group to the Alderman, as he came to a halt.

"Why, he must be a fool!" replied the official, as he looked from the man to the hay.

"I can't, eh?" queried the consumptive. "You dasn't put up $10 that I can't shoulder this 'ere hay and carry it across the street and back."

Nothing but chain-lightning could have beat the movements of that Alderman in pulling out an "X" and placing it in the hands of a stakeholder. When all was ready the consumptive spit on his hands, shouldered the bale and took his walk. The end of the Alderman's tongue was in sight, and his eyes could have been stepped on as the dying youth returned to the curb, dropped the bale and took the money.

"Lemme see that hay!" whispered the official, as consciousness finally returned.

He walked up to the bale, gave it a heave, and it went rolling over. Then he picked it up and hefted it, got red clear back to the collar-button, and walked off without a word. The consumptive was only half a day fixing up the sham bale with sticks and papers and a little hay, and $10 is good pay for half a day's work.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ONE awful cold night—colder than two of the coldest nights consolidated—a hunter named Hosking built an extra big fire in his log cabin to keep warm, an' he kept a piling on the wood until the shanty was all ablaze, and when a few persons livin' round there saw the light, an' run to his assistance they saw Hosking a-sittin' in the midst of the flames a shiverin' an' a rubbin' of his hands as though he couldn't get warm; and when the shanty was all burned to ashes they found him in the ruins a-sittin' on a big hickory log frozen to death.—*Minnesota's Eli Perkins.*

MR. CARLYLE's present trouble is insomnia.

Our Young Readers.

MISS LOLLIPOP'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Little Miss Lollipop thought she must help
To wash up the dishes, and wipe up the shelf.
To brush off the table, and sweep up the floor,
And clean off the stains from the paint on the door.

She put on her apron and pulled up her sleeves—
She didn't want work that was only make-believe;
"For mousers who've got little children," said she
"Must have pittle housekeepers; dat's what I'll be."

Little Miss Lollipop went through the room,
Whisked the dust high with the edge of the broom,
Broke the poor cup which she dropped on the floor,
Left the paint twenty times worse than before.

Spattered and splashed—but O! how could I chide
The little heart swelling with sweet helpful pride?
"For how would my mousers be able," said she,
"To get free her work if she didn't have me?"

Dearer the love in the sunny blue eyes
Than the dust she is making which fadeth as it flies;
Better to miss the best cup on the shelf
Than chill the dear heart which is giving itself.

Dear little Lollipop! we are, like you,
Spoiling the work we are trying to do—
But surely the Father, who loves us, will heed,
And take, in His kindness, the will for the deed!—*Wide Awake.*

HOW CLARENCE SAT UP.

"I DON'T want to—I don't want to go to bed, said little Clarence, and he burst into an outright fit of crying as soon as his mother had said, "Come, my little son, it is quite bedtime, you must not sit up any longer."

"I wish there was no such thing as bed," sobbed Clarence. "I always hate to go to bed. I wish I were a man and I wouldn't ever go to bed if I didn't like; I would sit up all the time."

"Why, you foolish little boy, I guess you would soon be sorry enough if you really couldn't go to bed."

"No, mamma," urged the child, passionately. "I wouldn't be sorry a bit, I know I wouldn't; I know it would be just the nicest thing in the world."

Mamma paused a few minutes with the lamp in her hand, which she had taken to light him to his pleasant little room that opened out of her own, and where Clarence slept, because he was much younger than either of his brothers or sisters, and so he was the pet and darling of them all.

Mamma paused—what could she be thinking of? She never used to stop to think of things, after she started to put him to bed. Clarence looked up in her face. His surprise was greater still when he saw her slowly set the lamp down again upon the table. Her face was very calm, but a little grave.

"Well, Clarence," she said, "I am so tired of having you make this same trouble so often, when you are told to go to bed, that I have decided you shall do as you wish to-night. You need not go to bed."

"What, not at all?" exclaimed Clarence, in a tone of delight, "really true, mamma, do you mean I may set up all night, this once?"

"Yes, my son," said his mother, and she looked just as if she meant it. "You may sit up all night, since it is such a dreadful thing to go to bed."

"Oh, is n't it jolly! Thank you, thank you, mamma. And now, let me see, what shall I do first? Only to think what a grand old time I have to do everything in!"

So the little boy got out his box of water colors and occupied himself a long time in coloring some engravings which his mother had given for that purpose. When he grew tired of his pictures he took up a story book that he liked very much to read over and over again because the words were all short and the letters were very large and plain, and then the stories were so nice, that every time he read one over, it seem just as good as at the first.

While he was reading, his two sisters left the room, and as they did so they each stopped and kissed him good night. How queer it seemed to him to be sitting there reading, like a big man, after both his sisters had gone to bed. He reassured himself by a glance at his brothers, who were also reading. Indeed, he straightened himself considerably in his chair,