THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

"I HAD sooner be cursed than kiss'd"—I didn't kn—w well what I meant,
But I turn'd my face from him, an' he turn'd his face an' he went.

And then he sent me a letter: "I've gotten my work to do;
You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you:
I'm sorry for all the quarrel, an' sorry for what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go to-night by the boat."

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea:
An' I felt I had been to blame—he was always kind to me.
"Wait a little, my lass, I assure it'll all come right"—
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

—From Tennyson's New Volume.

HOW CONJURERS OPERATE.

An Ex-Professor Exposes the Secrets of the Trade.

THE inexhaustible bottle, which produces different liquors, and apparently in endless quantity, was first made popular in this country by Prof. Anderson, and since his day has been exhibited by very many "magicians." Of late years, it has been sold in the toy-shops, and the public have learned that its effect is due in part to a well-known principle in physics, and in part to the wine glasses used, which are made so as to contain, at most, not more than a thimbleful. The trick having become common and generally understood, conjurers began to look about for a means whereby something similar in effect might be produced, but by altogether dissimilar means. The result is a bottle-trick in which lager-beer is furnished in sufficient quantity to satisfy the thirst of a large audience. It is a very effective trick, and to it one well-known performer almost entirely owes his success. It is only suitable for public exhibition, however, as the beer is pumped up from beneath the stage, and passes through rubber tubing, concealed in the dress of the performer, to the bottle held in the hand. The connection with the stage is made by means of a hollow boot-heel, and during the progress of the trick, the performer is unable to move.

Senor Patrizio, one of the cleverest conjurers that ever visited our shores, but whose imperfect knowledge of our language was a bar to his success, made quite a hit in this trick, and spurred the ambition of the amateurs. One of these gentlemen, a fellow-countryman of Patrizio, and a recognized "society-man," by dint of much persuasion and many dollars induced the senor to give him the secret of the trick.

This once secured, he was anxious to show his accomplishments to his friends. He ordered the necessary apparatus, hired the Union League Theater, and issued invitations for a "swell" entertainment. He did not consider it worth while to rehearse. Not he! Such unnecessary labor might be well enough for "professionals," but not for one of his transcendent genius. On the night of the entertainment, his assistant was taken ill, and the Colonel—for he was a military man as well as a conjurer—was forced to call in the aid of Mr. D— who had for many years assisted Robert Heller. This latter gentleman, called on so suddenly, could not be expected to understand the Colonel's little peculiarities; but, nevertheless, managed to carry him tolerably well through the performance, until the "inexhaustible bottle," the event of the evening was reached.

"Now, zen, ladees and gentlemens, since you 'ave been so kind-er as to honor me wiz your praisance to-ernight, I shall ask-er zat you-er vill joiner me in a glass-er of champagne."

By this time he was greatly excited. He was about to convince the "best people" of New York, *le dessis du panier*, that he was the peer of any conjurer who ever trod the boards. He took his position near a table; his heel was screwed to the stage by the man below, who was in charge of the pump, and the assistant entered with a tray of goblets.

"Now-er, zen," cried the Colonel, "for ze-er champagne."

He gave the signal, and the man at the pump began to send up the liquor. The colonel held the mouth of the bottle over a goblet, but, strange to say, nothing came forth. He stamped on the stage with the foot that was free, and faster and faster the man plied the pump. Still no liquor. The Colonel grew more and more excited.

"See what is ze mattair," he said in an "aside" to his assistant, who placed the goblets on the table and hurried off the stage. Everything appeared to be all right, and Mr. D— had just returned to his position on the stage when there came a hissing noise, as of escaping steam, and the next moment the gallant Colonel was drenched from head to foot with champagne. It poured from his sleeves, trickled down his back, and streamed forth from his trowsers-leg. In vain he attempted to stem the torrent; he was fixed immovably to the stage, screwed into position, and the more he exerted himself to get free, the more furiously the pump was worked. The Colonel had kept his word, for here was champagne in abundance, and amid the screams and applause of the delighted audience, and the "curses loud and deep" of the disgusted performer, the curtain fell.

It seems that, in the excitement of the moment, the Colonel forgot to turn on the tap which regulated the flow of the wine into the bottle, and when the rubber-tubing could hold no mo e, it burst.

The moral of which is: never attempt a trick until you have rehearsed it.

An audience is always pleased when they are offered, some refreshment, whether in the shape of bonbons from a hat, wine from an "inexhaustible bottle," or coffee produced from white beans. Knowing this, the elder Herrman, during his first engagement in this country—about 1850, I think—introduced a very taking trick, which he christened Matabout Mocha.

His programme at the time was what is popularly known as an "Eastern" one, and was supposed to consist exclusively of the tricks exhibited by the much-bepuffed Indian jugglers: hence the name.

In introducing the trick, the performer shows two boxes, one containing bits of black muslin of about an inch square, and the other pieces of white paper. Then he hands out for examination two large colored glass or China jars. "I have here two large jars," he says, "of Bohemian glass, made in Williamsburgh. They are the only remaining two of a dozen which I once owned. Don't drop them, for you might break them, and to break a dozen doesn't do."

The examination completed, he proceeds to fill one jar with the bits of rags, and the other with the pieces of paper. Then, he rolls two newspapers into cylindrical shapes, remarking, as he pins them to preserve their form, "With a pin—so. Though it is needless to remark that we never sew with a pin." With these paper cylinders he covers the jars, and on removing the covers, a moment later, he pours from one jar boiling coffee, with the remark, "No grounds for complaint here," and from the other hot milk—"The milk of human kindness as extracted from the daily press." The coffee is then served up to the audience, and the trick never fails to bring this "music to the player's ears"—applause.

As with almost every other trick, there are several ways of doing it. One is to pump the coffee and milk up from beneath the stage while the jars are resting on the table. By far the best way, and certainly the most simple, is the following, which I have used for years without ever having it fail me. Have two cylindrical tin cans, made of such size that they will go easily inside the jars, but will not quite reach the bottom. In one end there is a large hole cut, which is fitted with a cork; the other end overlaps a trifle, so that when the can is inside the jar, the overlapping end will rest on the edge of the jar, and support the cylinder. On the outside of one of these cans bits of the muslin are pasted, and on the other pieces of the paper. When about to exhibit the trick, the cans are filled, one with coffee, the other with milk, and placed inside the boxes containing the muslin and paper. In showing the contents of the boxes, the performer passes rapidly through the audience, scattering muslin and paper among them, but without allowing them to examine for themselves. When he takes the jars to fill them, he actually does do so at first, but pours their contents back again, as if to convince the audience that they are really full. The second time, however, he pulls the corks out of the cans, claps the jars over them, and then quickly reversing them, and heaping a quantity of the muslin or paper, as it may be, on the overlapping ends, shows them to the audience who imagine they see them filled, the one with muslin, the other with paper. The newspaper covers which are placed over the jars are merely to hide the cans as they are withdrawn; but they must be neatly handled, or the whole trick may be spoiled. The performer should stand with his right side to a table, on which is placed one of the boxes, say of muslin; as he removes the cover with his right hand, that hand must be brought, quite naturally, over the box, into which the can must be allowed to drop. At the same moment the left hand, holding the jar, must be extended toward the audience, who are naturally attracted to it, and the newspaper cover must be crumpled up and thrown on the stage.

As a pretty wind-up for this trick, let me suggest the following: Have a large cup, in the shape of a coffee cup, made of tin and painted white, so as to resemble china. In the center of this cup must be a partition. To one side of this partition, in the bottom, cut a large hole, and let the other side be filled with tiny bits of paper. The cup is set in a very deep saucer, and after the performer has helped the audience, he pours out a cup for himself, using this trick cup. Of course, the coffee runs out into the saucer, but as it stands well up the stage, the audience do not see this. When the cup is apparently full, the performer walks down to the foot-lights, indulges in a little pantomime to convey the idea that he is about to drink the health of his audience, and then suddenly throws the contents of the cup toward them, which to their astonishment, is not coffee, but a shower of paper.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

An Italian Nobleman as a Waiter.

WHEN in the White Mountains, last September, I wrote to the *Times* of the student waiters at the New Hampshire hotels, and praised their ability to conquer false pride in their efforts to earn the means to continue their education. A Washington hotel offers a similar example now in the person of a young Italian of a noble family, who speaks, reads and writes eleven languages, who, owing to his father's loss of fortune and his own consequent poverty, has accepted gladly the position of second waiter in this hotel, where he was a guest when he first came to Washington, less than a year ago. There are several responsible gentlemen, who have seen his papers, who have told me his story. He himself never alludes to the subject of his changed position, nor tries in any way to attract attention or excite sympathy. He simply attends to his very embarrassing duties of receiving and seating the guests in the large dining-room, and whenever he has a moment's leisure he is studying English, which is the one language of importance in which he is deficient. I understand that his knowledge of European Continental tongues has caused the promise to be given him that as soon as he can write English with ease he shall have a place as translator in the State Department. It is in order to earn means of support while studying English that he has taken the place at the hotel. Gentlemen belonging to the legation of his country spoke to the landlord of his reverses and determination to earn a living, and secured a place for him. As many foreigners board at the hotel, it is an advantage to have some one in the establishment who speaks other languages besides English. This young man speaks, reads and writes Latin, Greek and Russian as well as more modern tongues.—*Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

A Discordant Organ.

THE attempt to introduce an organ into the Presbyterian Church at Toronto gave rise to a violent row. The question of instrumental music in the worship had been discussed for years, and recently a majority of the session voted to permit the use of a small cabinet organ in the weekly singing school in the basement only. The opponents of the measure regarded this as the beginning of an abomination, which would next be carried into the Sunday services, and the other members became greatly excited. Brother McMichael, the chorister, ordered the organ sent to the church, but when it arrived the sexton refused to open the door, and several young men carried it in surreptitiously by a back way. The music circle met that evening. The Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick occupied the chair, and made a short address to the effect that even an organ might be sanctified for religious purposes. Then the practice of a psalm for the ensuing Sunday was begun, with an organ accompaniment. Only a single verse had been sung when the venerable Brother Bain, a trustee, entered at the head of a party of anti-instrument men, and ordered them to carry out the organ. The young men of the circle rushed forward, and a scrimmage ensued; but the old men were stalwarts, and the organ was thrown into the street.

A Sultan's Self-Sacrifice.

SIDI MULEY HASSAN, the Sultan of Morocco, has set a touching example of retrenchment to his subjects. Having completely drained the Imperial Treasury during his efforts to suppress the rebellion that raged throughout his dominions last summer, he has just cut down the State expenses by some sweeping measures, the first of which was the reduction of his own domestic establishment to about one-half of its normal strength. He dismissed, at a blow, 200 of his wives, bestowing their hands upon distinguished officers of his army, whose pay, in consideration of the high favor thus conferred, he docked some five-and-twenty per cent. A pleasing feature of this arrangement is the fact that his Majesty has made his matrimonial dispositions in such sort that all his older moieties have got new husbands, while he has reserved the younger ones to gladden his own hearth. Muley Hassan's popularity has been increased to such an extent by this self-sacrifice on his part that, a few days ago, as he rode from the palace to the chief mosque he was greeted with enthusiastic acclamation by the whole male population of Fez, his capital.

A Hundred and Twenty-two Rats in One Trap.

UNCLE AARON lived near Hartford, and was a matter-of-fact man. His barn and out-houses fairly swarmed with rats, and Uncle Aaron was telling a friend from another town who was visiting at his house how he was troubled by rats and how he had seen a hundred at least at a time. The friend laughingly told him a hundred was a good many rats, and begged him to take off a few.

Uncle Aaron replied to the effect that he was fixing a trap, and if his friend would wait a few days he would convince him he was not lying.

"All right," answered his friend; "if you will catch anywhere near a hundred, just let me know."

Uncle Aaron, too, said: "All right," adding: "I'll let you know."

When his friend started for home the last thing he said was: "Be sure and let me know how many rats you catch. A hundred is a good many."

The trap Uncle Aaron was at work on was a sort of platform almost as large as a big barn door, and the plan was to weight it with heavy rocks, raise one end about three feet from the floor, and have it so rigged that the pull of a string would spring it and let it fall to the floor, making it decidedly uncomfortable for any living thing that might happen to be under it. After arranging it to his mind he began to bait it. He threw meal all around and under the trap, and went to a place conveniently near and watched things. He did not have to wait long before he counted at least twenty rats busily investigating that meal. But they did not go under the platform. This was kept up for several days, and after a while the patient watcher, who spent an hour or two every day in seeing them maneuver, had the satisfaction of seeing several of the rats venture under the trap. Then he knew his plan would be a succes. He could pull the string almost any time, of day, and catch a dozen or twenty, but he was "laying low" for a bigger haul. The upraised platform was no longer a terror to the animals. They took the bait from under it as readily as could be desired. Finally Uncle Aaron thought the time was ripe to pull the string. He had not baited it the night before, so the rodents would have a keen appetite when he sprinkled the cheese-crumbs and meal that morning. After doing this he took up his position and waited. First one rat—a sort of pioneer—came gliding out and began to partake of the feast. Next a pair came out; then three or four, then a dozen. They came from all directions. Uncle Aaron was actually trembling with excitement. He could hardly keep his hand from pulling the string. But he waited until the space under the platform seemed fairly alive with the creatures; and then—he pulled. Down went the heavy platform with a crash. A number of the rats were seen scampering off; but Uncle Aaron felt confident he had nailed some of 'em. As he came up he saw heads and tails protruding, and he thought he would give them all a good square chance to die before he raised the trap. He waited till night, and then he lifted it. He counted one hundred and twenty-two dead rats. He put them in a box and expressed them to his friend, accompanied by a note which read as follows:

"I take this method of letting you know how that barn-door trap worked. Count 'em and see for yourself. I'm going to bait the trap again to-morrow. Would you like to have me let you know how many I catch next time? A hundred is a good many, but a hundred and twenty-two rather beats it."—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

Things That Have Purpose.

"EVERYTHING without purpose is without beauty," says a sensible modern writer; "and although," she continues, "everything that has a purpose cannot, on the other hand, be called beautiful, yet appropriateness forms so large a share of beauty that everything which fulfills its own purpose well may be said to have some claim to beauty." In other words, purpose is absolutely essential to the beautiful, and even when associated with elements ugly in themselves, can consecrate them and glorify them as with a touch of light from above.

This is a truth of absolutely universal application, and one which runs through all the duties of life, all the achievements of man's skill, and all the products of his art. "What is it for?" "Why does it exist?"—these are questions which we may rightly ask, in noting every object which claims our attention; and we should put such questions in no spirit of materialism or low utility, but from a deep conception that in this world nothing was meant to have no purpose or service, in God's good plan. So far as we turn our forces to the making or enjoying of purposeless and valueless things, we maltreat and fritter away gifts which were meant to have the highest use.

Not only our greatest deeds and our most prized possessions should have this element of purpose, but also our lesser actions and our most ordinary belongings. Indeed, it is in the ornaments of our houses—in the objects of art with which we like to surround ourselves, or in the many little luxuries which we gather about us and those whom we love—that we should most rigidly demand some salutary and healthful purpose. There is a genuine character in personal possessions, however ordinary, and in that character is no element more essential than the element of inherent purpose. That picture on the wall—what does it mean? was it chosen for any reason? does it represent a place or an act which suggests to the eye of the beholder some wholesome lesson, or presents to him a sight of that which is pure and wholesome? That parlor ornament—was it bought for any inherent and soundly pleasurable quality of its own, or was it selected merely because you wanted to buy something, and didn't see anything else that would answer better? That book—why is it numbered among your possessions? Is it because it helps you and instructs you, or because a book-agent at the door wearied you with his voluble persuasions? Questions like these are not likely to be asked too often, or pressed too strongly. Nor do they by any means exclude that which is simply beautiful. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," says one poet; "beauty is its own excuse for being," says another; and so a sea-shell or a flower has as true a purpose as an Alexandrine library or a hospital for the insane. But one is quite sure to find that those who most readily excuse their meaningless possessions on the score of the mere pleasure or beauty to be found in them, are the ones who most readily surround themselves with objects which are lacking in true beauty. A really beautiful thing speaks for itself, and tells its own story in unmistakable language. It needs no excuse from those who "just thought they would buy it; what was the harm?" or from those who "don't see but it is as good as a great many other things."

The rise of a nation's character is unerringly measured by the character of its products and possessions; and a nation's decline is unfailingly marked by the pleasure it takes in purposeless trifles or mere prettiness of detail. When its architecture, and its art, and all its achievements are purposeful, and have in them something to be told, a people is on the upward road. But when that people delights in whimsicalities and frivolities, in the eccentric and the startling, in the artful rather than the artistic, its doom is written on the wall, and it can be saved only as by fire. So it is, in a true sense, with the individual. He who does not have a why and a wherefore in the things he owns is not only missing the real enjoyment and service of life, is not only exerting upon others an influence which is the reverse of beneficial, but is also unconsciously betraying his own most serious defects, and showing to every thoughtful beholder that his life has entered upon a "decline and fall" not less true than that of the Roman Empire.—*S. S. Times.*

Swindling and the Swindled.

IT sometimes seems as though no other trait of our many-sided human nature was quite so magnificent in dimensions as its gullibility. It rises mountain-like among human attributes; it is all-embracing as the sea. Reasoning from general principles we should say that every man or woman in the present diffusion of knowledge would know, for example, that any nostrum which was advertised as the infallible panacea for a dozen diverse ailments was a humbug. But the serene assurance with which the "discoverer" of the latest remedy announces it as the certain cure of a hundred different diseases is as familiar as the appearance of a tramp at the kitchen door. The fact that he spends his thousands in advertising shows that he finds profit in the fraud. Men and women who have wit enough to make a living and keep a little money in their pockets swallow with child like confidence the yarns of the "Indian Doctor" on the fairgrounds, and buy his "rattlesnake oil" in the full persuasion that it will not only cure toothache and corns, but any other ailment that may intrude into the territory between toes and teeth. They would believe him if he claimed to select healthy snakes and try his oil out of the rattles only!

There is some excuse, though, for the weary procession of invalids which is forever traversing the long range of remedies, in hopes of hitting upon something in which they may find health hidden for them. No wonder they clutch at every straw. They are not the only people who would suffer if the fool-killer should make his rounds, nor the first ones. Somebody buys lots in paper cities, stock in paper railways, shares in paper mines, or so many people would not make a living in pushing that sort of "property" upon the market. The marvel is that they so often find their dupes, as their advertisements bear witness, among people who read the papers and might be supposed to know the ropes. But human nature likes to take risks, to walk on the outer edge of precipices, to dodge into range of the sharpshooters when it might just as well keep safely behind the breastworks. There is where the fool appears—and often a little of the knave. For the man who is so ready to send a dollar for a five dollar package of jewelry, the woman who is so quick to buy a table-cloth at half price of the peddler who could not sell it at half price, as she knows, unless he smuggled it or stole it, would do better to go into dry dock at once and give his or her moral character a thorough overhauling. The craft that has such shaky timber in its keel is likely to founder in a heavy sea. Of course neither the jewelry nor the table linen is what it pretends to be—it is an attempt to swindle you. But would it be any better if it were an attempt to make you partaker with a thief? It is a very good rule to look upon the offer of any property at half its market value as a euphemistic way the man has of saying that he is a rascal and suspects that there is something of the rascal in you.

The depredations of the "Ladies Deposit Company" upon the women of Boston illustrate the wonderful capacity of human nature for being imposed upon. That an adventuress without credentials or acquaintance could obtain hundreds of thousands of dollars under the crazy promise of paying eight per cent. interest a month on such deposits is most amazing. And in Boston of all places! The wonder is that people so credulous ever succeeded in getting any funds together, or keeping them long enough for this swindler to get hold of them. The audacity of the fraud, like the majesty of Niagara, grows upon us as we study it. It is quite probable, as reported, that some men slipped in their investments under cover of their wives' petticoats, trusting that the stream of investors would keep up long enough for them to get back their principal and something fat in the way of interest before the concern collapsed. They knew that was knavish at the time. That it was foolish, too, they can see now.

But the most of these victims deserve pity. Their experience strikingly enforces and emphasizes the preachment of *Good Company* a few months ago about the importance of teaching girls more about the principles of finance and the rules governing the judicious employment of funds. Any man at all versed in business methods would recognize at the first glance the radical impossibility of paying eight per cent. a month on deposits, the inherent rascality or insanity of any one who should promise to do it. It is cold comfort to these women now that they ought to have known as much. Others like them, though, ought to know as much hereafter; and will, if fathers and schools do their duty.—*Good Company*

A Poor Printer's Only Love.

A PORTION of the facts in regard to a romantic and tragic love affair have come to our knowledge through correspondence, and we are not aware that the story has yet been published in Eastern papers. About two years ago a young printer in Belfast, named Frederick Carter, married and went to Montana with his bride. There he obtained work in a printing office, and soon became the intimate friend of another compositor in the same place. Through Mr. and Mrs. Carter the printer friend (whose name we have not yet learned), began a correspondence with Mrs. Carter's sister, a young and good-looking lady named Mary Riggs, then residing in Belfast. Frequent letters were exchanged, and, though the young couple had never seen each other, they became more interested in one another. At last the compositor, who had saved money, proposed to marry Miss Riggs; she accepted, and he paid her fare to Montana, and spent considerable money for her outfit, furniture, etc. She went to that distant territory and the time was at once set for the marriage, but the young lady delayed; then a second date was fixed, but at last she told the young man that she did not like him and could not marry him. He was deeply in love with her, and his disappointment was so keen that he committed suicide by shooting.—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

HELIGOLAND is the most celebrated station in the world for studying the migration of birds. This little island is hardly a hundred acres in extent—an isolated, triangular rock of red sandstone, with perpendicular cliffs two or three hundred feet in height all round it. It is mostly cultivated, and its resident birds are hardly more than a dozen species; but in spring and autumn migrating birds make it a resting place, and these are watched for, and shot or trapped, by almost the whole population, and the results have been carefully chronicled for the last twenty-five years by Mr. Gatke, an experienced resident ornithologist. The amazing result is, that as many species of birds have been obtained in this minute islet as in any country in Europe; while the vast number of the migrating flocks is shown by the fact that 15,000 larks have sometimes been caught in one night.

"Catching Cold."

"CATCHING cold" does not usually occur in the coldest season of the year. Moist and chilly air is the source of nearly all the maladies that are produced by taking cold. This moist and chilly air causes not only the lesser ills of life, but those more serious maladies that end in death. Cold and dry air does no harm that art and care may not avert. We may control the lesser ills arising from catching cold, but cannot always limit the severity of many maladies they introduce.

An impression extensively prevails that "a cold" will run its course, do what one may. We never know at the outset of many maladies exactly what that course may be. What is taking cold? Heat is the positive condition and cold a negative. Catching cold then is losing heat. Exposure to a cold temperature removes heat from the body in which it has been made. Our clothing is not warm; it generates no heat, but simply retains the heat the body generates. As cold removes the heat, the arteries, veins and capillaries shrink and are no longer able to convey the vital fluid on its wonted rounds. Body heat is generated by the oxygen we inhale and absorb combining with the waste deposited in every section of the body. The arteries convey the blood to every tissue and deposit the heat it needs. Cold checks the normal flowing of the blood through the outer surface of the body and augments it at the inner organs. And as the oxygen is continually burning up the waste, the amount of heat in the inner tissues is constantly increasing and accumulating in the inner tissues, and ultimately invites the coming of inflammation.

Exercising the body increases the action of the heat and the flowing of the blood, and so aids in generating body heat, and more or less repels the influence of cold. When in this condition, if exposure to cold occurs, the blood is suddenly lessened in its normal course through the skin and adjacent parts, and forced to accumulate in the inner tissues that soon become too full for healthy action.

The skin was intended to maintain a uniform temperature of the body, but as it is exposed to a great variety of temperatures it needs the aid of clothing enough to retain the heat actually generated. The skin is full of minute tubes. Every square inch contains 2,800 openings, the apertures of glands. The entire surface of the body contains 7,000,000 apertures, or nearly twenty-eight miles of tubing for draining purposes. They yield two pints of fluid a day, even when no moisture is perceived. If bodily exercise be excessive, the amount of perspiration is much increased. At this point if exposed to cold the skin contracts so as to resemble *goose-skin*, the pores are closed and perspiration is stopped at once.

To avoid the chills and results of taking cold, we must protect ourselves by sufficient clothing, by inhaling pure air and maintaining a uniform temperature in the body. Colds are not caused by any special temperature, but by vicissitudes of temperature. The results of catching cold everybody has more or less experienced. The sense of fullness and tightness in the nose and forehead, the usual sneezings, the watery eyes, the tickling of the throat, the feeling of laziness and discomfort—and then, after a few days have passed away, in uneasiness and tightness in the chest, hoarseness and irritation about the larynx—all these and other indications of having taken cold are experienced sooner or later by nearly all. If the results of having taken cold are not removed, the pulse becomes quick, the skin is dry and a general feeling of uneasiness is felt, and the sufferer begins to wonder how the complaint will end. Cold in the nasal cavities or coryza, distress in the head, inflammation in the throat, may slowly or rapidly succeed each other.

At the outset of the malady the lining membrane of the nose is dry, red and swollen, the voice is changed and smothered. And then, in place of dryness a watery fluid flows from the nose and frets and inflames the upper lip. The effort to remove this unusual secretion renders sore and painful the lower nose, and yet gives a certain amount of relief, lessens the fullness of the brow, the swelling of the mucous membrane of nasal cavities, diminishes the fullness of the nostrils, but the partial loss of taste and huskiness of voice remain, the watery secretion becomes thicker and tenacious and heals the irritated surface. The feeling of fullness and oppression, the uneasiness and irritability gradually pass away. If this is not the happy end, chronic catarrh may follow, or the results of having taken cold may assume other forms. Bronchitis, croup, diphtheria, inflammation of the lungs and pleura may appear.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Troubles of a Country Sexton.

CONSPICUOUS among those who congregate at the Postoffice of the quaint old town of A— to await the arrival of the morning mail is old J—, the village sexton, a man of ready wit, and overflowing with anecdotes of his rather gloomy profession. Like some men in other paths of life, he regards his calling with contempt, stoutly averring that almost any trade is preferable to it.

"You see, he said, one morning, pursuing his favorite topic, "the business don't pay, an' it never will. Some folks seem to think a grave-digger oughter work for nothing. Why, here, only a short time ago, I buried a woman, an' knowin' her husband was well fixed, I wasn't in no burry 'bout sendin' in my bill. Fact, nothin' was said 'bout it till we happened to meet one day in the store, an' then says he,

"'J—, how much do I owe ye."

"'Well,' says I, 'let me see. I hed to hire a man to do the diggin', 'cause the frost was in the ground; an' then I 'tended the funeral, as I guess I shell hev to charge yer as much as five dollars.'

"'F-i-v-e d-o-l-l-a-r-s!" says he. 'Why, man alive, I could 'a just druv clean over to M—, nigh on to eight mile away, an' hed the job done for half that.'

"An' then there was a man last year, over here a little out o' town. He hed his wife die, an' knowing me, he sent for me to bury her, 'cause he knowed I'd do the job up in good style. Well, I took charge of the funeral, an' then hed the grave rounded up an' turfed over, so's to look snug and comfterble like. I didn't send in no bill nor think o' dunnin' till I met the man at town-meetin' in the winter.

"'Hullo, J—,' says he, 'how much must I pay you for that little service you done me last fall?'

"An' I says to him, says I, 'Well, now, I most generly charges five dollars for such a job when I goes out o' town, but secin's you're an old friend, I sha'n't charge yer but four.'

"Ye jest oughter seen him start. I thought he was goin' ter take the head clean off er me.

"'I'll pay yer this time,' says he, 'but I tell yer what, Mr. J—, if ever I hev another wife die, I'll cart her off in a wheelbarrow 'fore I'll pay such a price as that to hev her put underground.'"—*Harper's Drawer.*

MR. D. WHITING, of Riverside, Cal., is enclosing 1,500 acres of land with a stockade, and proposes importing one hundred pairs of ostriches from South Africa, worth from $250 to $500 a bird. Ostriches breed at four years of age, and will produce four broods a year each averaging twenty chicks. At eight months the feathers of a bird become worth five dollars, and as it grows older, attain a value of over $100. It is said that it costs no more to keep an ostrich than a sheep.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE is a regularly ordained deacon in the Church of England.

PROF. GRAY, of telephonic fame, has accepted the chair of Dynamic Electricity at Oberlin College.

MISS MARY BEEBE, the singer, is to be married. She does not want to be Beebe any longer.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH does all her summer writing in a garden. It is a sort of Garden of E. D. E. N.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. DANA, of the New York *Sun*, says that of our American poets Emerson and Walt Whitman will have the most enduring fame.

THE editor of the London *Times* paid £1,000 for the privilege of publishing selected chapters from Lord Beaconsfield's new romance a few days before the work appeared.

MRS. BAYARD TAYLOR is busily engaged in translating the prose works of her late husband into German. Mr. Taylor, not without honor in his own country, ranked high in Europe, and his reputation as a poet is fixed. It is said no one ever approached him in England as a translator of "Faust."

MISS JENNIE HOGAN is creating somewhat of a sensation in Washington as an inspirational poet. She hails from Vermont, is a brunette of ordinary height, small features, and a face with a bright expression, though she is not pretty. She gives exhibitions of her talent and rhymes on the slightest pretext.

MR. ALEXANDER EDWIN SWEET, the humorist of the Galveston *News*, is a native of St. John, N. B., educated in Germany, where he married his wife, and is about forty years of age. He fought in the war on the Confederate side of the lines, and after it was over studied law. He sports a beard, a mustache and a cane, wears good clothes and a stand-up collar. Nature has been kind to him, and his face gives a stranger no inkling of the terrible things he is capable of in the sketch line.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HUMOROUS.

THE cream of a joke should never be sour.

MOTTO for the commercial traders—don't loose your "grip."

BASE-BALL clubs cannot expect fair play in foul weather.

THE health of an oyster is ruined by being too much in the sun.

IT will take a deal of polish to make a rough young man shine in society.

"SHRIMP pink" is a new and fashionable color. It goes very well with crawfish green and pollywog brown.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BRIDGET, a good girl, who did not encumber the kitchen with "steady company," asked permission to go to a wake, which was granted. A few days later she called for her money; she was going to leave. The mistress was sorry to hear it, and asked if she was displeased with anything. "No, I'm not," and with some hesitancy added, "I'm going to marry the corpse's husband; he told me I was the life of the wake."—*Harper's Drawer.*

A BOY was down on a Galveston wharf fishing, not far from a venerable disciple of Isaak Walton. They had been there several hours without catching anything. The bait of the old man, however, was eaten off about once every five minutes, while that of the boy was untouched. Finally, the aged fisherman had to ask the boy for some of his bait. The disgusted boy said: "Take it all; I've got no use for it. I've not had one bait taken off yet." "No, sonny; you can't expect to compete with an old hand like me, who has shed this way every day for the last twenty-five years," responded the old man, with justifiable pride and superciliousness.—*Galveston News.*

Another Good Boy.

A DETROIT grocer was the other day hungrily waiting for his clerk to return from dinner and give him a chance at his own noonday meal, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand and said:

"I seed a boy grab up this'ere basket from the door and run, and I run after him and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be encouraged. In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs. You may take them home to your mother and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving those eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckled a little chuck as he walked homeward.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned he was picking his teeth and wearing a complacent smile. His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he queried: "Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of these from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy with a blue cap on?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs that good boy had lugged home the day before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Turkish Carpets.

ONE of the most important industries of the Ottoman Empire, and certainly the chief industry of Asia Minor, always excepting agriculture, is the making of carpets. Some of the factories are now furnished with looms quite in the European manner, but it is not in such factories that these famous fabrics are chiefly produced; the peasants in their mud houses, and the nomad Yuruks in their tents, all contribute to the many kinds that are made. The annual value of the carpets of Anatolia approaches five hundred thousand dollars, and of these but a small number remain in Turkey. These large exports keep prices at a fair level, and in the best shops of London and Paris all kinds of Eastern carpets can be got for ready money more cheaply than the casual traveler can buy them on the spot. This applies to the finest old carpets as well as to the new ones; for even with a good and trusty dragoman one may have to lose the best part of a day haggling for half a dozen velvety mellowed Daghestans with a carpet dealer of Smyrna, Cairo or Alexandria, and after all be victimized to some extent.

THE following story is causing painful feeling in Rome: A young man named Moretti, a tailor, was condemned to a short term of imprisonment for some alleged fraud in his dealings. A girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Police Magistrate to ask about his fate and prospects. The Magistrate told her that he would assuredly remain many years in prison. The girl, in despair, poisoned herself forthwith. Soon afterward Moretti was found to be innocent, and was at once discharged. On learning the end of his betrothed he, too, poisoned himself. The Magistrate had sentenced him at the instigation of the girl's mother, who wished to break off the match.

Our Young Readers.

A SECRET.

"MAMMA, I've a secret," Willy said;
"Tell it, then, before you go to bed."

"Take me in your arms first, mamma dear."
"Well, sir, now the secret let me hear."

"Will you promise, mamma, not to tell?"
"Ay, sir, and I'll keep my promise well."

"In a whisper I must tell, now."
"Well, your mouth, your secret let me know."

"Are you sure you'll keep it safe and sound?"
"Ay, be safe that it shall not be found."

"Back, being careful to my mouth your ear."
"There, then!"—"Humph! I love you, mamma dear."

"Oh, you rogue, I'll shake you now—I will!"
"Shake away—but I shall love you still."

—*The Pug, in Nursery.*

WILL CROCKER AND THE BUFFALOES.

A True Story.

WILL CROCKER, whose adventure among a drove of buffaloes I am about to relate, was a young herdsman of the Lone Star State, and was, I regret to say, as wild and uneducated a boy as could be found in that far from classical region.

But, though Will was uneducated, he was clever-witted. He was not the kind of boy who, as the French say, "would tie a hungry dog to a tree with a string of sausages," and, if he was ignorant of mathematics and geography, he was well informed on all matters relating to his father's calling. He could manage a horse as well as the best man on the ranch, and was a fair rifle-shot and a good drover.

But Will had one great defect. He was extremely obstinate, and his father had not enough force of character to cheer the faint. So, at seventeen years of age, Will was of such a self-willed disposition that to advise him in one direction was almost sure to make him take the opposite course.

On one occasion this obstinacy brought Will into trouble which nearly proved fatal.

The drovers had got back from San Antonio, whither they had driven their herds, and were going on a grand buffalo hunt. There were six of them—"Old man Crocker," as Will's father was called, to distinguish him from his son, a Frenchman named Henry Leclerc, a Dutchman, nicknamed "Dutch," two Mexican vaqueros, and last, but by no means least, our friend Will.

It is impossible to hunt buffaloes on a horse unused to the business. But the following morning, as the hunters were about to start, Will appeared among them, mounted on a powerful black horse called Bonanza, which reared and plunged in a manner that would have unseated a less practiced horseman.

"Hello!" said Crocker. "What 're you doin' on that horse?"

"Going buffalo-hunting, of course," replied his son, as the animal he bestrode stood up on its hind legs, threatening to fall over backward, and vigorously gesticulated with his fore feet.

"You can't hunt buffalo on that horse!" said his father. "Go back and get another; and be quick. We're going to start right away."

"Start as soon as you please," replied Young Obstinacy. "But I'll be the first man past——"

His remarks were cut short by Bonanza suddenly reversing himself and standing on his front feet, causing his enterprising rider to slide forward upon his neck. Dutch, seeing this, spoke up.

"You can't go to a buffalo up mit dat horse!"

"You fellows attend to your own affairs," remarked Will, disrespectfully, "and I'll attend to the horse. He's the fastest beast here, and I'm just about smart enough to put him alongside a buffalo, whether he wants to go or not."

"It makes me noding odds if you go hunt on a steam-engine," observed Dutch.

"Remember what we're telling you," said Crocker, "when we strike buffalo and that critter runs away."

"The horse doesn't live that can run away with me," replied Will, confidently, and the little cavalcade cantered off briskly toward the buffalo-pastures of the southwest.

It was a beautiful morning, peculiar to the Texan climate. The rising sun gilded the flower-decked plain, and from the tall grasses rose flocks of gay-feathered birds; while the balmy air of early fall blew, fresh and invigorating, into the faces of the horsemen. With spirits raised by that sense of exhilaration which comes of rapid motion, the riders shouted and sang, as their powerful horses, with equal animation, bore them swiftly onward.

The second afternoon out a buffalo-herd was discovered feeding far to the south, resembling a flock of black sheep in the distance.

A halt was at once called and preparation made for a descent upon the game in the morning. The horses were tethered by long raw-hides, and the men proceeded to put their guns and ammunition in order. The next morning dawned fresh and clear. The buffaloes were still in sight, though farther away; and, as the wind blew from the hunters toward the herd, a long detour was made, in order to approach them from the opposite side.

At length, the hunters dashed among them and commenced the work of destruction. Will's horse, the unreliable Bonanza, behaved well while among his companions; but no sooner did they scatter than he became unmanageable, and his rider heartily wished he had taken his father's advice in relation to the animal, as he found he was going to be left out of the sport.

There were no breech-loading guns in the party, and