THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

"THE WIDOW'S MITE."

A widow—she had only one,
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

The widow's mite—ay, so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained
Though friends were fewer:
And while she toil'd for daily fare
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then—and now I see
That, though resigned and cheerful, she
Has sorrowed much:
She has:—He gave it tenderly—
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

—*Frederick Locker.*

THE PATENT OFFICE.

The business of the Department of the Interior is carried on in an immense edifice that is built round a quadrangle, and occupies two whole squares, halfway between the Capitol and the White House. It is in the Doric style; and although it is injured by the close proximity of the graceful Corinthian Post-office, just across the street, it is very imposing, and is said to be absolutely perfect in dimension and proportion. The main portico of double rows of columns is a copy of the Parthenon at Athens, although the Athenians would never have set such a magnificent object on the side of the street.

Inside, one meets stone stairways, long corridors and groined and vaulted ceilings upheld by mighty piers; but one is not apt to linger in any of the comfortable rooms where the clerks examine and grant and rescind patents, but rather hurries to the grand museum, which occupies the four huge halls of the second floor; encircling the building, and filled with great glass cases, holding more than a hundred and fifty thousand models.

These halls are also superb rooms, lofty, long and wide, some with paneled ceilings, and others with arches upheld by massive pillars, the south hall being the most attractive, finished in Pompeiian colors, the columns, dressed in very deep shades of blue, seeming to be cut from blocks of lapis-lazuli, and supporting arches of black and dull red. On either side of the hall stand cases filled to the top with models of many of our inventions since the great fire of 1836, which destroyed the earlier models, and above there are galleries equally full.

The Pompeiian hall has something of the air of a hall dressed for legerdemain, and if you pause to think, you will note a strange wizardry at work there. You linger before a little printing-press, and as if magical clouds rose and shut out the work-day world, the skies of Greece are overhead, and the Ancient searching for his lever, with which to move the world, passes down the room, and lingers with you; for surely he has found the lever, and surely the world has been moved with it, the boundaries of empires broken up, kings discrowned, republics ruined. Go farther: a case of toys, harmless trifles enough, arrests you—cannon a finger long, batteries the size of a lady's spool-stand, but the reduced models of death-dealing engines, whose power of wholesale slaughter may one day revolutionize the codes of Nations, and abolish warfare. In another case you observe only a lump of coal, a vial of pitch, a flask of oil; and the necromancer of the place has dipped his rod down into the central darkness of the earth and drawn up light like the day's. Yet beyond; an iron stirrup and a slender spur, and the sewing girl has but to set her foot there, and escape the shapes that dog her. Not far away, again, we remember the oriental magician, who as often as the King cut off his head, grew another in its place, as we see the machinery for a feat almost as wonderful in the exact anatomy of steel springs and leather ligaments made to fit upon the very nerves of volition themselves, till the halt walk, and the maimed are made whole. In this spot is the jar into which the fisherman shut the afrite; in that are the great genii who gather in a harvest; and in still another there lies a tiny thing answering your touch with no louder noise than a buzz and a click, but its whisper can be heard from end to end of the land, and it runs beneath the roar of ocean to carry the voice of one world to another.

But other things than those of this sort of enchantment are to be found in this hall. There are a number of historical relics of value. There are some articles once belonging to Lafayette, clothes worn by General Jackson, the gloves of President Lincoln, the saddle of Baron de Kalb, and other saddles with housings, embroidered with jewels, the gift of the Imaum of Muscat. Sabers, fine as the blade of Saladin, given by Ali Pacha to some of our officers; a gun sent to Jefferson by the Emperor of Morocco; carpets of extraordinary thickness and beauty, also presented to members of our Government by other Eastern potentates, who have seemed to vie with each other in offering the kindness of the Orient to the Occident, but which, with other articles—as officials in the National employ are not allowed to receive gifts from foreign princes—have been deposited here. Here, too, in another case, is the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, very much faded, though, by long exposure to the light, and with the sacred autographs upon it, with all they tell of the writers, and of their intrepidity in taking their lives in their hands as they took up the pen. It is so fast disappearing that one wonders it should not be preserved in the darkest archives of the State Department. In the same case, and in a neighboring one, are numberless relics of George and Martha Washington. There are his commission of Commander-in-Chief, his sword, his cane, and more than one suit of his clothes, which you wonder how he ever got into. There are old pieces of furniture used by the General in the course of his life; a secretary, a small mirror, tea board, tables, chairs, andirons, bed curtains worked in tambour by his wife, some candelabra, the remainder of a set of china presented him by the Society of the Cincinnati. There is his coat-of-arms with blazons and quarterings that tell of the Washington connection with such lives as those of Malcom, King of the Scots, the Duke of Clarence, and the Earls of Huntingdon, March, Monmouth and Salisbury. There, too, is his camp equipage, his sleeping tent, and another tent and tent poles, under which he has lain on what nights of storm and trouble! There are his compass and little treasure chest and his camp chest—very different from the camp chest of any modern general—with its half dozen pewter plates and platters, its rude gridiron and salt and pepper boxes, its primitive knives and two-pronged forks, that, as some one has said, may more than once have wounded the august tongue and lips when used at some hasty meal under forest boughs, while the stars retreated before the blaze of the camp fire. Among all these interesting and wonderful, and often almost holy things, the young traveler, but not the old one, will be amazed to see the presence of a picket guard of spittoons, with a printed request over them that they shall be used instead of the marble floors.

It would take too long to enumerate the multitude of historical relics here shut away from the touch, but left open to the eye. To examine them with any thoroughness would require days rather than a mere ramble round the hall. A lifetime itself would hardly be long enough to explore the cases in the galleries of models, each of which represents many times the labors and hopes of a life. Some of these models resemble toys; and we have seen young children express enthusiastic admiration of the perfect little cooking-stove and set of furniture, or of the steam-engine and cannon which they could have carried home with ease, but which are the miniature counterparts of the engine that hurls the great ship triumphantly against the ocean tempests, and of that which whirls red hot messengers of desolation from one scorched horizon to another. Upon others, such as the monstrous sowers and reapers and mowers, one cannot look without a patriotic pride. In fact, the whole building, with its contents, is a source of this pride, for there is nothing like it in the world, and no other such collection of the evidences of utilitarian and practical thought and method.

Shut up in these cases is a great part of the work of the brain of the country; of its struggles and hopes and cruel disappointments and lucky triumphs. Very few of the exhibitors succeed either in fully accomplishing the enterprise on which they have set their hearts, or in winning fortunes.

Often the way in which the inventors of these models would accomplish their ends is too complicated to be practical, or some more skillful and dishonorable person seizes the idea on which the originators have spent the best part of their lives, and works it out successfully; or else the public fail to appreciate the invention before the years of the patent's life expire, and then they reap nothing from the harvest.

It is the small inventions which pay the best, as a general thing, and especially new toys. The patent of a certain toy was sold before it was a week old for ten thousand dollars, and the purchaser made a handsome fortune, the patentee immediately putting himself at work on another.

Occasionally inventors, who come here to obtain patents, in looking over the models, see so many that they could improve upon, or that suggest new ideas to themselves, that their brains are caught in a whirl of confusion and novelty, and they become temporarily insane, and have to be taken care of till they recover.

Literally, the word "patent" is part of the phrase "letters patent." This means an open letter from King or Government, with the seal attached, giving the inventor exclusive right to manufacture or sell the article thus patented, and the last word of the phrase has now come to stand for the grant of that right.

In England, patents are granted to all who apply for them, and the rightful ownership is settled afterwards by means of lawsuits. Here, however, we settle the rightful ownership and the novelty of the invention before granting the patent at all, and so avoid as much lawsuit as possible.

Of course we think our own system much the best. Every inventor, by the way, pays a fee, and by means of these fees the Patent Office is said to support itself, and to cost the Government nothing. A good part of the building was erected from the accumulation of these fees, which are always more than the expenditures.

It is a superb thing to have done from the first profits of intelligence; and if the Capitol may be styled the temple of our liberty, this majestic pile is certainly the temple of the practical intellect of the country.—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Youth's Companion.*

Some Curious Facts About Shoemakers and Shoemaking.

At a recent meeting in Chicago Mr. T. J. Morgan gave a sketch of some of the "insights" in shoemaking. The number of persons, he stated, employed in this occupation in Chicago is about 2,800, including those employed in the 700 stores and small shops. About 1,500 persons are employed in large factories, where the work is performed on the top floors with imperfect, and in most cases no ventilation whatever, and with no means of escape in case of fire except a single narrow stairway or elevator. The wages paid do not average one dollar for the whole year of three hundred and sixty-five days. Female and child labor is largely employed in this occupation, amounting to at least one-fourth of all persons employed, and there is a constantly increasing demand for this kind of cheap labor. No apprentices are needed or taken. The subdivisions of labor destroyed the demand for skill that requires long study and practice. The wonderful machinery in shoemaking has divided the making of a shoe into sixty-four parts, and the shoemaker of to-day is only the sixty-fourth part of a whole shoemaker, as shown by the following specialties or distinct branches of shoemaking at which a man, woman, or child is constantly kept at work: Binders, blackers, boot-liners, beaters-out, boot-turners, bottomers, buffers, burnishers, channelers, counter makers, crimpers, cutters, dressers, edgesetters, eyeletters, finishers, heelers, lasters, leadlers, machine peggers, McKay stitchers, nailers, packers, pasters, peggers, pressers, rosette makers, siders, sand-paperers, shiners, stitchers, stringers, treers, trimmers, welters, blockers, buttonhole makers, clampers, clinchers, closers, corders, embossers, gluers, inner-sole makers, lacers, latter assorters, riveters, solers, seam rubbers, shank pressers, shavers, slipper-liners, sole leather cutters, sole quilters, stampers, stiffeners, stock fitters, toggers, tipmakers, turners, vampers, etc., ad libitum.

Domestic manufacture is now impossible. Not many years ago every shoemaker was, or could be, his own employer. The boots and shoes then passed directly from the producer to the consumer, but the factory and wholesale houses have forever wiped this out. To start the manufacturing with any chance of success requires a capital of from $5,000 to $10,000. Competition is intense in this business, and the factories backed with the largest capital absorb the smaller ones or force them into the condition of feeders to the large firms.

Fernando Wood's Joke on Henry Clay.

Henry Clay took a fancy to Fernando Wood, and never lost an opportunity of paying him personal attention. One day, while Clay was walking with him, they passed a shop where men were manufacturing cigars. Clay expressed surprise at the dexterity of the workmen, and said that it must require years of experience to do the work with such apparent ease. "Oh, no," Mr. Wood replied, "they merely cut off a piece of tobacco, roll some of the dry part in their hands, then wrap it up, and the whole thing is done. Any person can make a cigar."

"If you think so," said Clay, "perhaps you had better try."

The young Congressman sat down, took a knife and a leaf of tobacco, and with a dextrous cut prepared his wrapper. He then broke the filling to the proper size, rolled it all up together, twisted the small, symmetrical pigtail at the end, cut off the top, and handed the well-made cigar to the Kentucky Senator.

Clay was amazed. Wood had become a skillful cigar-maker during the cholera season, while in the tobacco trade. The shopkeeper stared with wonder at this new Congressional accomplishment. The joke ran the rounds of Congress, and was frequently told at Clay's expense.

—Prof. R. A. Proctor is lecturing in California.

"Riding on the Rail."

Why is it that men get so utterly foolish the moment they get into a railroad car? See how the lordly creature spreads himself. He turns over a seat, places himself comfortably in one corner, some newspapers beside him, puts his feet on the opposite corner, and the valise beside his feet—four seats taken up, while only one fare has been paid.

I do like to stir this selfish animal up.

I saw him, thus ensconced in a crowded Great Western Railroad car on the evening train that was to leave in a few moments for the all night ride to the "Bridge." He was comfortable and his hat was down over his eyes so that he could see no hints to the effect that a seat was wanted, and so he could pretend he was asleep.

A woman with a fretful child in her arms looked wistfully at the seats, but passed on, as the occupant faintly snored. She went into the next car, which was even more crowded.

I was looking for a friend who was going out on that train, had found him, shook hands, and was passing back through the cars when I came across this sleeping beauty. It was too good a chance to be missed.

"Can I have this seat, sir?"

No answer. He was asleep.

"Would you allow me to sit here, please?"

The gentle snoring continued.

I put the valise under the seat and sat down in its place.

"What are you doing with that valise?"

"Oh," said I, regretfully, "I am sorry to awaken you, I merely wished to occupy this seat."

"I guess you will find plenty of other seats in the car," answered he, gruffly, taking up the valise, placing it beside him and resting partly on it, with his feet still on the opposite seat betaking himself to repose, now occupying only three seats.

The woman with the fretful baby comes by.

"Madam, will you take this seat?"

"Oh, I am very much obliged, but I'm afraid you will have to stand up, sir."

"Not at all," and so she gratefully sits down.

You see I have all the gratitude, while the other fellow might just as well have had it.

I again turn my attention to him.

"Would you kindly put down your feet sir. I wish to sit here."

"Why in the —— why couldn't you stay where you were. Seems to me you're mighty officious."

"No doubt, but would you please remove those feet. Ah, thank you, sir, you see the car is very crowded."

"Oh go to ——."

We will assume that he said "The Bridge."

Another woman with a basket is gazing helplessly around and she looks as if she might help my neighbor with the fretful baby, if the poor little thing gets cross during the long night journey, so I say: "Would you like this seat ma'am?"

I get ever so much more thanks, and am looked on by those around as a sort of philanthropist, while the woman with the basket squeezes in past the sleeping man and sits down where his feet were.

"Is the little baby sick, ma'am," says the basket woman.

"No. She's frightened at the noise and is not used with being out at night."

There, I knew those women would strike up a friendship on the basis of that baby in an instant.

"I am afraid I shall have to trouble you to move that valise, sir!"

"The valise is all right where it is."

"I would very much like to sit there."

"Well you can't; these seats are paid for."

"Both of them?"

"Yes, both."

I know that this is not true, but I can't make him show his tickets.

"I will wait here till the conductor comes, and if you have the right to the two seats, all right."

By this time he was sitting bolt upright, and was very mad. I seized the opportunity to seize the valise and place it on the floor, sitting down beside him.

Now he *is* mad.

"Put that valise where it was," he demands, thoroughly awake.

"I will, the moment you show me your other ticket."

"Put that valise back, or I'll chuck you out of this car if it costs me $100." And the trouble was he was quite able to do it. The two frightened women opposite both offered to give up their seats, as the angry man cried:

"Now for the last time, I tell you, to put that valise where you found it."

At this moment a big burly lumberman from the Saginaw region going home to Canada came down the passage. "Will you take my seat?" I asked.

"Oh, bless you, no; I'll sit here on the wood-box, I don't—"

"That's all right, I'm not going with this train and you are welcome to the seat."

And with hearty thanks the broad shouldered lumberman crushed down in my place, jamming my valise friend into rather limited space.

The train began to move.

"Good-by, Chawley," said I, hurriedly. "This is my depot, I get off here, and I beg of you, as a special favor, not to chuck out my friend, the lumberman."

He didn't.—*Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

Washington City.

It has not grown as other American cities grow; its progress has been tardy. This yeanling of towns, so carefully fostered on the banks of the Potomac, has not availed itself to any great extent of that popular method of improvement so successfully adopted by Chicago and Boston—the method of bursting, and its increase has been more a reflection of the extending gratitude of other centers than a spontaneous movement. More and more the custom has grown among the rich, energetic and ingenious people of other places of going to the Capital to see what it is made of. Many of them have been so fascinated that they have stayed, and now Washington has fairly begun to feel the influx end of New York, as Newport is the summer extension of the metropolis. Add to the exodus from the enlarged ranks of public officials and clerks, the growing circle of scientific and literary people who from the Government connection have been led to make Washington their home, and with the needful complement of small traders who supply the daily wants of these elements, and you have a general classification of the hundred and fifty thousand heads counted by the new census. A city without a commerce and without suburbs—drive a mile or two in any direction and you find yourself in the midst of woods set out sparsely with houses or cabins, and with only the green pillared dome, like a shining cloud in the sky, to remind you of the human mole 56 near—Washington nevertheless wears distinctly the appearance of a Capital which has risen to the emergency.

It has this special charm to commend it above other cities, that, while Boston, and San Francisco, and Cincinnati and New York, despite their numerous points of other characters and interest, are worse—by towns, the "national Capital" shows a graver disposition and devotes itself largely to social pleasures. To the outsider the difference is that between friendship and flirtation. You like, you may love, the particular big local capital where you live and do business, but you approach Washington with a sense of its being a something piquant and novel, with which you may trifle and entangle yourself in a make-believe attachment having all the stimulus and none of the drawbacks of steady devotion. Besides, it is a city provided with "sights." There are Congress and the Capitol; there are Mount Vernon and Kalorama, where dwelt the author of the "Columbiad," in profound conviction of his errand as the American epic poet; and Cabin-John Bridge, the longest single arch in the world; Arlington, with its earlier historic and later war memories; Georgetown, with its observatory, its college and its convent; besides all these, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Smithsonian Institution, the curiosities of the Patent Office, the Treasury with its hundreds of rooms and thousands of employes, where you peer into the busy brain-cells of the Government while they are in full activity.—*George P. Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine.*

Real Lace by Machinery.

Both fashionable and unfashionable circles must feel a certain interest in the announcement that a French inventor has succeeded in making real lace by machinery. Just what the real significance of this invention is we cannot say. We had supposed that real lace was already made by machinery, for the most of that which goes by the name of real lace is the product of delicate looms, and not of tired fingers; but Mrs. Palliser, an authority on this subject, has given us to understand that "the most finished productions of the frame never possess the touch, the finish or the beauty of the laces made by hand." Perhaps the machine may attain to an approximate perfection of accomplishment that, according to popular standards, will be superior to the hand-woven article; but connoisseurs will never regard it with the same degree of critical enthusiasm that is excited when they contemplate the beautiful products of the darkened room, into which are woven the lives of the workers. There will always be a difference between the automaton and the person. A dress made of point d'Alencon, the production of Bayeux, consisting of two flounces and trimmings, was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, the price of which was 85,000 francs, and forty women were employed seven years in the manufacture of this triumph of art. A music-box fresh from the maker's hand may be guilty of fewer technical errors than a great master of the piano, but it can never be made so interesting and thrilling as the performer's effort. So far as lace making is an art, the hand-made fabrics must ever be beyond comparison with the sleek and dainty products that leave the loom representing mathematical precision in all their parts. The machine may satisfy the conditions of conventionalism and exactness better than the hand and eye of the person, but in that very perfection it betrays itself. The holders of laces, yellow and old, need have no apprehension. Science or invention cannot menace their treasures with cheap competition. They will be permitted to pay the old prices for hand-made work, and girls will grow to women—not old ones, for they weave their lives into their work—drawing out and passing the threads through the weary shuttle, into blindness, into sallowness of complexions, flabbiness of tissue and weakness of heart and lung, and will even beg the privilege of doing it. The luster of girlhood, the hopes and the health of youth all pass into the hand-made laces. These are rare gems for the adornment of beauty, and no machine will ever be able to furnish them; so real lace will continue to hold its own.—*Boston Post.*

Mistaken Identity.

It was at the Buffalo, Pittsburgh & Western depot, a day or two ago. One of the many people waiting for the train was a huge, broad-shouldered, bushy-haired, roughly-dressed man, with his breeches tucked in his boots. He looked a genuine backwoodsman, and his looks did not belie him, as it was afterwards learned that he is engaged in lumbering back in the woods somewhere. This son of oak, like too many weak mortals, had not heeded the exhortation to "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright," and was in that delectable condition known as "half seas over." He was by no means disgracefully drunk, but only slightly exhilarated in his emotions. There was really nothing in this common occurrence worthy of note, and the woodman attracted little attention until he was discovered enthusiastically hugging a pretty, well-dressed woman who stood in front of the depot. This put a new aspect on matters, and the chivalrous loungers in the depot and neighboring pubs rushed to the scene, but hesitated doubtingly between their ardor to serve a distressed and lovely woman, and that discretion, which Shakespeare terms the better part of valor, and which admonished them that an encounter with the muscular rustic might be a dangerous undertaking. The difficulty was soon solved by the explanation that the lady was the lumberman's wife, and the would-be heroes retired, recognizing a man's privilege to exhibit his conjugal affection even in so public a place as a railroad platform.—*Titusville (Pa.) Herald.*

Fifteen Months in a Trance.

When the asylum was opened at Milton one of the first patients to be moved from Fisherton was a pauper lunatic, who now gives the name of Landons, although this is not the name he bears on the books of the institution. He was then suffering from catalepsy, from which no agency, not even the most stringent form of galvanism, could awaken him, and in the words of Dr. Bland, he was an "inanimate mechanism," whose organs performed their natural duties, but who to all outside appearances was in a trance. He has been at the institution for fifteen months, and has during the whole of this time been in a state of coma, spending most of his time standing against a wall with his hands hanging limetly at his side, inflexibly stiff. He has been unable to open mouth or eyes, and to feed him it has been found necessary to lay him on his back, when sustenance has been afforded by means of a quill. Hearing of the extraordinary case, a London medical association sent five pounds sterling to Dr. Bland, the Medical Superintendent, with a request that the patient should be photographed. This was done last week, and on Tuesday morning Landons suddenly recovered the use of his limbs, and as he moved his muscles one by one all his bones seemed to crack within him. As soon as he recovered speech he made incoherent observations respecting a shipwreck, constantly referring to the Pearl, Portsea.—*Manchester (Eng.) Courier.*

—Begging, as a profession, pays, even in England, where it is prohibited. At the Surrey Sessions recently a young man was convicted of begging. He made, on an average, $6 per day, besides spending from $1 to $2.50 for liquor. He had been convicted sixty times before of begging, and on this occasion was sentenced for one year, with twenty strokes of the birch rod.

—Explorer Stanley has been heard from. The French traveler Savorgnande Brazza saw him in Vivi last November. He was well at that time, and said that he expected to be in the wilderness until some time in 1883.

How to Sleep.

Dr. J. S. Jewell, of this city, in a recent lecture on the subject of "Sleep and Its Derangements," said that sleep was a subject of much greater importance than was generally accorded it. The average man passed one-third of his life in sleep without ever seriously questioning himself as to what it was or when it was best for him. Sleep was an affection of the brain—but what had happened to the brain when the owner fell asleep? Several theoretical solutions to this problem had been advanced. One theory was that the brain actually wore itself out to a certain extent—lost certain fluids which became converted into acids and produced a sort of numbness to the brain. Another theory was that when sleep came on the brain lost its supply of blood, and from that cause ceased to act, being more or less turgid with blood when in action. In other words, when a person ceased to think the brain of that person ceased to be supplied with blood, and sleep was the result. The lecturer believed that the brain became worn and irritated by use just as a muscle did; that this irritation acted upon a set of nerve fibers leading to the base of the brain, which, in turn, acted upon a cell mechanism through which the brain was supplied with blood, thereby cutting off the supply of blood and producing what was called "anemia," or sleep. Epilepsy was only a sudden and violent form of anemia. Fainting fits were caused by the heart refusing to act vigorously enough to supply the brain with sufficient blood to keep up consciousness. It being the case, then, that wakefulness was caused by the brain being supplied with blood, sleep could often be produced by pressing upon the arteries at the back of the neck, through which the brain received its supply. Some people could sleep while sitting up and not while lying down. The reason for this could be found in the fact that the blood found its way to the brain easier in the latter instance. When a person awakened in the middle of the night and could not go to sleep again, that person should get up a friction, and consequent circulation, upon the outer surface of the body by means of a flesh brush, and should stir about the room for a while, and bolster up the pillows before retiring again. All of this would have a tendency to draw the blood from the brain. Sleeplessness was caused by exciting the mind in some way by reading an exciting story just before retiring, by drinking tea or coffee, or some other stimulant. Sleeplessness was also caused by a person retiring with the lower extremities cold and the head and upper portion of the body warm, thus allowing the brain too much blood, and, therefore, undue excitation. A hot foot-bath would overcome this difficulty by restoring the equilibrium of the nervous system as regulated by the blood. An exceedingly irritable brain should be overcome to sleep by the use of chloral or some of the bromides to deaden the nerve sensibilities. The bromides were the best remedy, because they were harmless and not likely to create a habit of being regularly taken, which was not the case with opium or morphine. That sleep was absolutely essential to a healthy brain every one knew. If the brain did not get enough rest in this way it would surely become deranged to a greater or less degree. Dreams were explained in this way: The brain was divided into distinct territories, each with its canal for blood supply entirely separated from the other. It was possible for one or more of these canals to become open, and at once the territory or territories of the brain to which the blood was allowed access commenced to act. The other territories were in an anemic state, or asleep.

Dr. Jewell at this juncture expressed himself ready to answer any question pertinent to the subject which might be put to him, and several were straightway asked from different parts of the hall. He answered "No" to the question, "Is it unhealthy for a child to sleep with an old person—does the latter draw upon the vitality of the other?" He also thought it was only a notion that it was better for a person to sleep with the head to the north.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Muscles.

Our strength is all in our muscles, and is measured by the strength with which they can contract; not for a short time, but steadily and permanently—of course, with the proper intervals of rest.

A young girl in the delirium of fever may seem suddenly to have the strength of two men, but she soon sinks back utterly helpless. A person of high spirit may put forth a few tremendous efforts, to be followed by a sense of extreme exhaustion, and soreness and pain, that shows that the muscles have been strained.

On the contrary, a man of strong digestion, well-fed and with muscles inured to heavy labor, can work vigorously all day, the year through, without exhausting his physical energies, but rather enhancing them. He can put forth muscular effort that would break down a sedentary man in a few hours, however high-spirited.

Not a few very intelligent men seem wholly ignorant of these simple facts. We knew a doctor of divinity who, having become convinced that he needed vigorous out-door exercise, began at once wheeling heavy loads of stone and earth. After an hour or two of this work he forever yielded up his new convictions—at least the practice of them.

Many persons enfeebled by sedentary habits and excessive brain-work do themselves harm and not good by overdoing exercise at the outset. The true rule is, if you wish to get healthful benefit by exercise, to begin the exercise gently, increase it slowly and keep within the limits of fatigue.

Spirited students are constantly injuring themselves by feats of strength in wrestling or rowing. Occasionally the heart itself, which is simply a hollow muscle—suddenly gives way under the strain, and serious or fatal results follow.

Senseless and heartless drivers often think to beat strength into the muscles of an overburdened horse—they put into the poor animal the strength of the madman, at the expense of its real working power.—*Youth's Companion.*

—A Chinaman working about a saloon in Virginia City, Nev., the other night, brought to his employer a Chinese lily in full bud. He said it would be seen that the plant would bloom just at twelve o'clock with the coming Chinese New Year. The plant was brought to the saloon about ten o'clock. The Chinaman dosed it with a white powder dissolved in water, and performed over it several ceremonies. The buds were observed to swell visibly, but at 11:45 o'clock not one had opened. The hands of the clock were fast moving up to the midnight hour. When it looked but about three minutes of twelve John drew out a piece of bamboo, about an inch in diameter, from some secret recess about his raiment. Placing this to his mouth he gently blew his warm breath on one of the buds, and almost instantly it was seen to expand and stand forth a full-blown flower. In rapid succession flower after flower was thus brought out, and at midnight the whole plant was a mass of blossoms.

—A duel which was to have taken place at the cemetery at Atlanta, Ga., was forestalled by the arrest of one of the principals and his second, who were held in $1,500 each. The cause was a fascinating brunette, who wedded one man while engaged to the other.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Carlyle called the Darwinian theory of evolution "the new gospel of dirt."

—Dr. Muller has described and illustrated sixty varieties of the eucalypti of Australia.

—Will Carleton, the farm and family poet, has neither farm nor family, and not even a wife.

—An Italian writer says that forty thousand operas have been written since 1600, of which ten thousand have been produced by the sons of Italy.

—Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt was born near Lexington, Ky., her maiden name being Sarah Morgan Bryan. Her grandfather, Morgan Bryan, a relative of Daniel Boone, was one of the pioneers of that State.

—Dr. Arthur Sullivan has a nephew, an eight year old Richard Sullivan, who bids fair to be another musical genius. The child has just beaten thirty boys who competed with him for the position of choir boy at St. Paul's, London.

—Miss Robie, a young lady of twenty-six, who has contributed sketches of New Zealand scenery to the London *Graphic*, was lately murdered by a Maori while on a solitary sketching excursion. The murderer confessed his crime.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway was one of the few Americans who were personally pleasing to Thomas Carlyle. They were for several years in the habit of walking together twice a week. After their walks Mr. Conway would carefully write down Carlyle's conversation, and these notes will now be published in book form.

—Miss Margaret Hicks, a recent graduate in architecture from Cornell University, is, we believe, the first woman in this country to undertake a profession in which there is no reason whatever why a woman should not succeed. The *American Architect* has published portions of Miss Hicks' graduating thesis on "Tenement Houses."

—One of Bret Harte's stories has been dramatized and placed upon the stage at Berlin under the title of the "Lost Son," but it has not met with much success. The Germans say that the author's humor is not fitted for stage representation, and that scenes of dissipation, which can be effectively and humorously described in a narrative, become repulsive when an attempt is made to act them.

—George Eliot's passion for music was remarkable. Indeed, Nature seems to have denied her only one gift—personal beauty. Justin McCarthy said of her: "She is what we in England call decidedly plain; what people in New York call homely; and persons who did not care to soften the forms of an unpleasant truth would describe probably by a still harsher and more emphatic epithet; her face, it is said, not even being formed and illuminated by the light of her genius."

HUMOROUS.

—It is the thing now to serve coffee with whipped cream. Cream, however, that has been licked by a cat will not do.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—No one ever yet saw a man who made a move to separate two dogs engaged in battle, as long as his own dog was having the best of it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Ambitious boy: "Mother, may I go out West and fight Indians?" Mother: "No, my son; but you may go down to the cellar and fetch me up a scuttle of coal."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—We heard a man tell his son that maple sugar was produced from the maple tree. How can that man expect his son to grow up truthful if he sets before him such a horrid example.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Men often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. We saw a dog jump at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly closed door, and it made more disturbance than a church scandal.—*Oshkosh Advocate.*

—A very tall, thin Highlander said that he "had a cold in his head, originating in wet feet." She looked at him slowly from head to foot and back again, as if measuring the distance the cold had to travel, and then ejaculated, "Gracious me! you must have wet your feet some time last year."

—A creditor who had given his debtor a week to contrive some plan to meet his obligations called at the expiration of the period and politely asked: "Have you thought over that matter yet?" "Not exactly," responded the debtor, with a troubled look; "you see I wanted to think of it a good deal, but the very day you left my doctor told me I mustn't do any brain work."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—When a boy gets whipped by the schoolmaster, the chances are that if he tells of it, the old gentleman will give him another thumping and then go and thump the schoolmaster. The boy can decide whether he prefers to avoid the second whaling or take it for the sake of getting the schoolmaster lammed. It sometimes tears a boy up terribly to make up his mind.—*Boston Post.*

How an Annoyance Was Stopped.

Superior people are privileged to give some very strong hints—and *more* than hints, too, when they wish to gain a point. A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* relates an instance in which this privilege was used with a singular mingling of address and audacity:

Prof. Weyse, the eminent Danish musical composer, has been for some time past painfully exercised by the mournful thinking of a superannuated piano, the property of a family resident upon a floor immediately beneath his apartments. Morning, noon and night his ears had been distracted by melancholy strummings. The other evening, as he sat in his study, deeply excogitating a "Leit-Motif" for the second movement of his new symphony, a burst of discordant sounds below prompted him to desperate enterprise. Attired as he was, in dressing-gown and slippers, he hurried down stairs and rang his persecutor's door-bell. Admitted to the torment-chamber containing the abominable apparatus which had wrought him woe, he saw there assembled a good'y and joyous company, which welcomed him with effusion, despite his unconventional costume. After bowing gravely to his host and hostess, he sat down before the open piano without uttering a word, and played one of his own fantasias, a particular favorite of the Copenhagen public. As soon as he concluded he shut the piano, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and, again bowing to the master and mistress of the house, with a sardonic smile, departed as he had come, in profound silence. For the remainder of that night, at least, the engine of his discomfort was mute.

Jolly Rats on a Rocking-Horse.

A good rat story is told by a lady, who lives on North Front Street, which shows that rats have a kind of humor about them at times which they will exercise even to the extent of forgetting their plundering propensities. In the house of this lady was a child's rocking-horse, and every night the rats would jump on the rocking-horse and start it rocking and rock it for hours, seemingly with the greatest enjoyment in the world. At first, hearing the noise, the people couldn't imagine the cause, and didn't know but that the spirits had a hand in it; but when they cautiously peered out and saw the performance, it became one of the marvels of the neighborhood to see the rats in their gambols enjoying themselves, laughing and having their fun rocking the horse.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman*

Our Young Readers.

A WONDERFUL CRYSTAL WEDDING.

"'Tis time for our crystal wedding,"
said Mr. Frost to his wife,
With a stubborn sharp expression,
That cut like a knife.
"The earth is a miserable place,
To bring the news from the East,
And I suppose your friends must be invited
Or I'll be imposed at the feast."

So then they began to make ready
With speed, regardless of cost,
For the beautiful crystal wedding
Of Mr. and Mrs. Frost.
The North and the East Wind called for
Miss Snow and old Winter sent,
And all of that party together
Were sure to have things complete.

In honor of the occasion,
The houses with fringe they drape,
Rich beads and bugles of crystal
Suspended in every shape.
Where icicles and the icicles
Hung glittering in the sunlight,
And the trees were ornamented
With jewelled glazed fruits.

The Telegraphs were invited,
So out of them wouldn't go;
And the Telephones failed to answer
When any one cried "Hello."
The magnetic were not forgotten,
Who stood in serene repose,
And Franklin made his appearance,
With an icicle on his nose.

There were lords in crowns of icicles,
And wonderful gloves and hats,
Most beautiful calves and gentlemen,
And delicate frosted cats.
White cobweb curtains were suspended
Above the scene, in mid-air,
Lest a charge to the crystal wedding,
That proved such a frost, should be laid.

Decanters and tumblers, engraven
With the tales of old Jack Frost,
Were scattered about in profusion—
No telling just what they cost;
And I couldn't begin to number
How many from out of town
Came in to the crystal wedding,
And at the banquet sat down.

Old Sol got wind of the matter
Just as he was going to bed,
And in a fire between the curtains
He suddenly popped his head;
And twisted, as with a pair of tongs
He took Jack Frost by the ears,
And lassoured the pearls and diamonds
That streaked way down his rears.

Soon faded the lovely picture,
The limpid and sparkling shows,
That seemed, to our raptured vision,
Like unto a fairy scene;
And I sorrow will remember the beauty,
And some will remember the cost
Of the wonderful crystal wedding
Of Mr. and Mrs. Frost.

—*Andrew Rogers, in N. Y. Independent.*

HOW PHILIP SULLIVAN DID AN ERRAND.

Bang, bang, bang! went Philip Sullivan's hammer, as he pounded on his sled "Chain Lightning." "Chain Lightning" had needed mending ever since last winter, but Phil had concluded not to touch it till "just before the snow came."

"Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow."

The consequence was that the north wind suddenly piped up a midnight storm, and Master Phil was awakened one morning by the shouts of the six Dyke boys, who were coasting merrily down "Sullivan Hill."

Phil was out of bed in a twinkling. Ten o'clock found him still working fiercely on "Chain Lightning," his glue-pot simmering before the fire in company with his father's best chisel and his mother's machine oil-can.

The shouts of the Dyke boys still resounded; and not only their jubilation, but that of forty more coasters drove Phil nearly frantic.

With all his might Phil worked on, and "Chain Lightning" was beginning to look as if it might hold its own even among newer sleds, when the door leading into the library opened softly, and fair-haired Rosabel, Phil's sister, appeared on the threshold. At the same moment an opposite door flew open with a jerk, and there stood Rosabel "done in sepia," as it were; little brown Kate, Rosabel's twin sister.

Phil glanced up, and then became more than ever absorbed in his work. There was a peculiar expression on the twins' faces. Phil instantly recognized it. "The *grand* cast of features," he grimly called it.

"Phil, dear," began Rosabel.

"Phil, dear," echoed Kate.

Phil handled a screw-driver dextrously.

"Phil, dear, will you please run over to the station and see if my new skates have come by the twelve-o'clock train? Go when the cars are due, won't you?"

"And Phil, dear," chimed in Kate, "can't you manage to go into the city to-day and call for a roll of music which is to be left for me at Hale & McPherson's?"

Now, could anything be more trying to the temper of the average youth than requests like these, make under the existing circumstances? Perhaps some of us may find it in our hearts to forgive Phil for answering with a certain touch of asperity:

"Don't—Phil dear me! I'm not going to the station and I'm not going to the city, and—"

Bang, bang, bang! the hammer expressed the rest of his sentiments.

Rosabel arched her eyebrows, and mildly withdrew.

Kate tarried to wheedle the enemy a bit, and that failing, gave it as her opinion that boys ought never to have been created. Departing she closed the door with more force than was strictly heedful, and left Phil alone.

That individual worked on in an injured and gloomy frame of mind.

"Mean enough in them to be forever nagging me. Mean enough in me not to get their skates and music."

It was hard for Phil to decide which was the greater wretch, Rosabel or Kate. Rosabel, he concluded, could never be a "blot on the earth," whatever she did. It was Rosabel who had helped him write his composition on "Spring;" it was Rosabel who knit his mittens; it was Rosabel who never shirked her share of the stirring when they made molasses candy.

The remembrance of Rosabel's virtues haunted