THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

POVERTY FLAT.

An yes! I have heard of it all before,
But life will never seem sweet as that
In the sunny days on the topmost floor,
Down there in Poverty Flat.

For Willy was strong in love and arm,
And gladly toiled for the daily bread;
While baby and I thought never of harm
In the calm, sweet life we led.

For joy seemed not for the rich alone,
And sorrow alone for the poor;
Since we are content, let their hearts be stone,
We will never seek their door."

So thus we met each trial and pain
With trusting hearts and loving words?
Ah! days that never will come again,
So merry with smiles and birds!

And now, the wife of an honored man,
With position and name, and all that,
'Tis sweet to remember when love began
Down there in Poverty Flat.
—*Henry Hurst, in N. Y. Evening Post.*

SOME FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS.

Historical Gems—Present Condition and Tendency of the Trade.

ONE of our reporters yesterday dropped into the store of a prominent diamond broker on Broadway, and had an entertaining conversation with the dealer on the subject of diamonds.

"The diamond is an interesting theme for extended study," said the dealer, whose time appeared for the moment to be unoccupied. "Indeed the history of some notable gems is as romantic and complete as those of the greatest of mankind. I have some historical specimens here, for that matter. But you asked me about the value of diamonds. I suppose that in the vaults of the Equitable Building can be found the most valuable of any in the city. There are few exceedingly valuable ones exposed for sale. Diamonds are not worn as much as they were some years ago. I notice that some of our wealthiest ladies wear plain jewelry now in preference to diamonds. On state occasions Mrs. John Jacob Astor wears diamonds worth several fortunes. Mrs. A. T. Stewart seldom wears them. It is chiefly the middle class of society that display them to any extent. Our best trade is among the middle class and the sporting element of society.

"But as to original value. Now, I have made a study of diamonds, and history tells me that long before the Christian era the crystallized form of pure carbon was known for its value as an instrument for cutting, and had its place in bijoutry. According to Indian traditions, the Koh-i-noor was found in the mines of Golconda long before Christ's birth. For centuries it was the symbol of succession among the sovereigns of Central India, and in the fourteenth century it became one of the treasures of Delhi. Afterward it came into the possession of the Persian monarchs, and at the victory of the rebel Nadir Shah it was glittering in the turban of Mohammed Shah. Nadir politely asked Mohammed to exchange turbans with him as a mark of friendship. For several centuries the Persian monarchs possessed it, and in 1813 it was made the price of Shah Shujah's liberty by his conqueror, Runjest Singh, of Punjaub. With the annexation of Punjaub to the East India Company's territory in 1850 the Koh-i-noor became the property of the Queen of England, whose crown it now adorns, together with 496 other gems, the latter being valued at $372,000. The Koh-i-noor since being recut weighs 122 3-4 carats, and is valued at $900,000. But this is only one among many historic gems. The King of Portugal owns one, which, if genuine, of which there is some doubt, is worth about $28,000,000."

"How about the Shah of Persia's diamonds?"

"It is said that they are mostly bogus. And this accounts for the fact that diamonds are not so much worn now as formerly. There is so much of the cheap trash in the market, which can hardly be distinguished from the genuine except by an expert. I have diamonds here that cost $10,000 that I will sell for half price.

"But," continued the dealer, "you've heard of the Orloff diamond, one of the ornaments of the imperial scepter of Russia. It was originally the eye in an Indian idol, from whence it was stolen by a French soldier, who thought he was getting a fortune when he sold it in Madras for $9,400. Catharine II. of Russia paid $418,500 for it. The Sancy is a $180,000 brilliant belonging to Russia. Henry III. once sent this jewel to the Swiss Government by a servant. The servant was assassinated, but swallowed the diamond before he died, and it was afterwards taken from his stomach. Of other famous diamonds there are the French Eugenie, the Tuscany, the Nassac, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, and valued at $148,000, the Napoleon Regent, the Hope, a blue diamond, the Dresden of London, the Brazilian, the Czar, the Shah, the Polar Star, and others of almost fabulous worth. None of the most notable diamonds are owned in the United States, though it was recently reported that Mrs. John G. Mackey, the wife of the mining king, who owns $1,000,000 worth of diamonds, is said to have purchased one that used to adorn a crown.

"Diamond commerce proper begun in 1728, when the Brazilian mines were opened. In 1868, some children playing upon the banks of the Orange River found a diamond weighing two and a quarter carats, and this led to the opening of the South African diamond fields. Extensive mines have also been opened in Australia.

"Like almost all other minerals, diamonds and diamond dust have been the circulating medium of exchange in many countries, and, indeed, in Brazil have purchased even human liberty, the slave miner being given his freedom if he should discover a diamond of seventeen and one-quarter carats weight and over. Diamond mines have been also discovered in the United States, in Rutherford County, N. C.; Hall County, Ga.; Franklin County, N. C., and in Virginia. The most valuable diamond found in the United States was picked up by a poor workingman at Manchester, Va., in 1856. It weighed twenty-three and one seventh carats, but was so badly used by its ignorant finder that its value was greatly deteriorated."

"How about the trade in New York?"

"Nearly every jeweler and broker dabbles in diamonds, but I can't say that the trade has benefited the original dealers. It is estimated that over $10,000,000 worth of diamonds have been retailed here during the past year. It is hard to say how large the wholesale trade has been. The past year the demand has been for fine diamonds, and a fine stone which in former years had to be sold for $300 or $350 now sells for from $600 to $700.

"We don't sell diamonds by any schedule of weight. A two-carat stone may sell for $75, and one just as heavy for $750. Nor can they be sold for a certain sum per carat. A fine brilliant weighing one carat may cost $200, while a two-carat stone of equal fineness sells for $500 or $600. The average diamond sold here weighs about one and a quarter carats, and costs about $200. They are mostly African and Brazilian stones and are shipped from London and Amsterdam.

"There is an illusion under which some diamond buyers labor. There was a mine in Brazil which formerly produced stones magnificent for their clearness and brilliant refractive powers. It was called 'the old mine' and many of the particularly fine stones now sold are called the 'old mine stones.' There is no difference in the intrinsic value of the stone, the rich merely delighting to pay a good sum for the name."

The present local fancy in the way of diamond jewelry is the combination of diamonds, rubies and sapphires, set flush in hammered gold, or in what is called knife-edge setting, in which the last setting is so fine as to be scarcely perceptible at a short distance, the gem alone appearing to view. One fine piece of this work is a dragon fly. The head is a ruby, the thorax and abdomen are diamonds, while twenty-two diamonds sparkle in the wings. The dragon fly is poised upon a spiral, the slightest vibration of which makes the costly little insect emit sparks of beautiful white, red and blue light. Rubies are becoming so scarce that their price exceeds that of diamonds. Small diamonds ranging from six to ten carats in pairs are the greatest in demand in this and other markets.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Enoch Arden Going Home.

HE said that being in the city he would like to take in the City Hall, and after he had tired himself out in climbing stairs and walking corridors he came back to the ground floor and remarked to the policeman on duty there:

"It's seventeen years since I saw this town before."

"Is it?"

"Seventeen long years—long years. Did you ever hear anything in particular about a man named Philo Brace?"

"Can't remember that I did."

"Ever see anything in the papers about his mysterious disappearance?"

"Guess not."

"Well, you were too young. I am Philo Brace, and seventeen years ago this month I disappeared from my home in Oakland County in a mysterious manner, and I've never been heard of since. I am now on my way home, and shall be there to-night."

"Why, that's quite a romance."

"Reckon it is. I'm a sort of Enoch Arden, you see. I left a wife and two children, and have never sent them word or line. No doubt they have long mourned me as dead."

"You may find your wife married to an other, as Enoch did," suggested the officer.

"Say, I've thought of that!" replied the stranger, "and I know exactly what I'll do. I'm going to reach the old place soon after dark and peep into the windows. If the old gal sits there thinking of me and wiping away the tears of grief it will be all O. K. If I see a man bossing around in my place I'll rush in and knock down and drag out."

"Well, I hope you'll find things all right."

"So do I, and if I ever see you again I'll tell you how I came out."

The stranger went away, but in the course of an hour he returned in considerable excitement and said:

"Great snakes! But I ran across the old gal out here on the street, and she's got a man with her; I knew her in a minute, but she didn't give me a second look. They are coming right into the hall!"

The couple entered and made for the officer, and after the usual inquiries passed up stairs.

"Married again, by jingo!" whispered Mr. Brace to the officer.

"Yes."

"Well, what do you think? That's my old Maria Jane, to a dot; and she's got a new husband. Now what would you do if you were me?"

"She's fat and squatty," mused the officer.

"Yes."

"She never was good-looking."

"Never! She was as homely as a tamarack swamp the day I married her, and she's run down hill every year since."

"I don't see how you could make anything by raising a row."

"Nor I, either. Say, I guess I'll let her slide and go back to New Jersey."

"I would."

"I will, sure pop! I'd like to knock that second husband into a cataplasm, just to let him know that I was on earth, but I'll hold my muscle. She used to fret and whine from dawn till dark, and I don't believe she's mended her temper any. He walks lame and looks glum, and I won't add to his sorrows. Good-by, old brass buttons! Enoch Arden sneaked off and died, you know, but I'm not that kind of a clothes-pin. If I don't marry a widow who owns a red clay farm of ninety acres before I'm ten days older, you may borrow my boots for stone-boats!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Imperturbable MacGahan.

MACGAHAN did not know how to fret. His nature was of the sunniest serenity. He accepted the trouble with a genial heroism that was unique. I never saw him ruffled, although I once heard him threaten to shoot a man. He uttered the threat in a bland drawl; he pulled out his revolver with a smile, and when the hulking ruffian backed down, he resumed the thread of the interrupted conversation with a calm deliberation in which there was not so much as a quiver of the voice. "He'd get along all right," he said, "in spite of the broken bone; he never had cared much for walking, and now he'd simply ride all the more." He limped all through the campaign, and would have been lame for life, had he lived to be an old man. But spite of his lameness, the Russians called him the "Cossack correspondent," so dashingly alert were his movements.

As for his life, so for his livelihood, he was true to the motto of his country, and "took his chances." When the campaign began, he and I together bought for him, besides saddle-horses, a wagon and team, stored it with supplies and engaged for him a trusty coachman. With it he duly traveled down the Danube, left behind it when he crossed the great river, and never once saw the vehicle again until after the fall of Plevna, six months later, when he kept by it for two days, and then finally lost it for good. His wretched coachman was a standing joke among the correspondents; a forlorn, wandering Jew, ever in vain search after his meteoric master. At all sorts of places poor Isaac would turn up, following some phantom trail, with the melancholy, stereotyped question, "Have you seen my master?" followed by a request for a little money to keep himself and his horses alive. For aught I know, Isaac and the wagon may be haunting Bulgaria to this day.—*Archibald Forbes in Cin. Commercial.*

Singular Identification of a Surveyor's Mark.

YESTERDAY a civil engineer was running and locating the lines of a lot of land below the city, and used as assistance a deed to the property drawn one hundred and twenty-one years ago. In one section of the deed it is recorded that the line touches a certain point where stands a beech tree, and upon which a cross mark had been made with an ax. The engineer ran his line to an old beech tree, and, concluding that this was the point in question, looked for the mark, but of course could not find it. Taking an ax he cut into the tree at a point he thought the mark might be, and to his surprise, after cutting into the tree, he chipped out a block, and there was the identical mark referred to in the ancient document of one hundred and twenty-one years ago. The mark was perfect, but had been covered up. At that time this was a British colony, and some years before the Revolutionary War. The deed was drawn in 1759.—*Augusta (Ga.) News.*

Discipline in the French Army.

IT would be interesting to get exact statistics as to the number of men shot on the French side during the war, together with details of their offenses. Unfortunately the War Office can not, or will not, give any information on this head. Possibly no record has been kept of these executions; but this much is certain, that every officer who served through the war is ready with stories of how summarily certain Generals went to work to establish order among their troops. General Clinchant, the present Military Governor of Paris, was terribly strict, but popular all the same; for he was known to be just, and kind, too, when he could afford to be so. Having the command of raw levies, inclined to be insubordinate, he resolved to show them promptly that he was their master. Once he issued a stringent order against robbing fruit and vegetables from the fields and gardens of the peasants in the Loire Valley. A few days afterward a couple of Zouaves stole out of camp by night and gathered a basketful of potatoes. These two soldiers happened to be veterans who had served in the Italian war, and they were brave fellows, much liked by their Colonel; but this only made their offense worse in the General's eyes; "for," said he, "if old soldiers set the example of disobedience, how can we expect the young ones to obey?" So the two Zouaves were shot.

On another occasion three young soldiers took it into their heads to go out of camp without leave on a Sunday, in order to dine with some friends who lived in the neighborhood. They returned in time for tattoo, thinking probably they had committed only a venial offense. They were shot the next morning. One more example will show what stern justice has to be meted out where flogging is not available. General Clinchant had issued orders that on the march no soldier was to climb into the ambulance-vans or store-wagons unless certified lame or ill by the army surgeons. The reason of this order was that a number of lazy soldiers used always to swarm on to the wagons in order to get a lift instead of marching. One day a youngster who was in perfect health clambered inside a van, and was discovered there by a Sergeant, who ordered him to get out. The soldier alighted, but, determined to have his drive, he slit open his boot and inflicted a slight cut on his foot to make believe that he had gone lame. A Corporal saw him, and by-and-by the lad was reported for the double offense of disobedience and malingering. When he had been court-martialed, the General gave him a chance of his life by calling upon him to confess that the injury to his foot was self-inflicted; but the foolish fellow, thinking to save himself by a lie, maintained stoutly that he had gone lame by stepping on a flint. He was accordingly handed over to the Provost-Marshal and shot.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Town on Ice—The Fishing Camp on Saginaw Bay.

IT is a well-known aphorism that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Narrowing this down to a local significance it may be truthfully remarked that one-half of Michigan—the southern—does not know how the other half—the northern—lives. Keenly feeling the paucity of knowledge on this point burdening a large portion of our commonwealth, a representative of the *News* resolved the House into a Committee of One, and, like "Dr. Syntax in search of the picturesque," resolved to go forth and investigate the much-talked-of fishing town on Saginaw Bay, believing it to be nearly time for the annual item with startling display head of, "A number of fishermen drifted out to sea and lost!" to appear. Being thus empowered to "send for persons and papers" the Committee of One proceeded to business.

Three large villages forming the suburbs of Bay City are largely sustained by this industry—viz.: Banks, Bangor and Essexville. A number of fishermen also live at West Bay City as well as in the city proper. At this season of the year especially do these places present a scene of activity, as this is the season in which the fishing is most extensively conducted. The fishing grounds are situated about six miles from the mouth of the river and ten from Bay City. A good road leads out in a north-northeast direction. The road, as far inland as the eye can reach, is black with teams hauling supplies to the fisheries and bringing back the fish to Bay City. It is a scene of busy activity as we approach the fishing village, and everything seems to be on the trot. Dear reader, were you ever out fishing "when they bit good," and you were out of bait? Well, judging from the nervous activity displayed on every hand on the ice here, you would imagine everybody to be "out of bait." But here we are at last, in the principal street of this town, built upon the congealed water six miles from safety, and within the grasp of death and danger at an y moment.

Viewed from a distance the ice town looks as though all the dog houses in Michigan had been gathered together for the purpose of forming a colony of Liliputians. A few are of more pretentious size, these being the hotels and groceries. Don't laugh, dear reader; all these necessaries are here found, and also well patronized, if one might judge from the number of customers present in each. A better idea can be formed of the city by taking one of the fishing huts as an illustration. These are about 6x8 in size on an average, some less, some more. They are built with the usual shanty roofs, but have no floor. Instead of a floor the whole concern is mounted upon runners like a sled, and can be moved from place to place. Thus the topographical form of the city is constantly changing, as the fisherman frequently moves from place to place. Inside the shanty are berths for the men, usually three in number, like those in the forecastle of a vessel. A little stove and a platform and fish box are all the furniture. Here the men are cooped up for two or three months, eat, and sleep, and fish. The fishing is effected generally as follows: A hole is cut in the ice about the center of the shanty. The men stand round it, two armed with light fish spears, the third with a line to which a herring is securely fastened. This he lets down in the water and then slowly draws it back to the surface, when it is followed by a number of voracious pickerel or trout. The two spearmen stand ready to impale the best, and seldom if ever miss, as the fish will follow the bait to the top of the water. Torches are used also by night, which adds much to the picturesque character of the surroundings.

The present population is between three and four hundred, exclusive of the teamsters and provision dealers. Most of the work is done by companies, who hire the men at so much per day, but there are many single fishermen, or rather trios, who work the season through for themselves, and usually do well if the season is propitious like the present one. Last winter the bay fishing was a failure on account of the open water, but the present season promises to be one of the best for years. The principal fish caught are pickerel, though perch and suckers are also caught; the season for trout is hardly opened properly yet. The possibility of the ice breaking up at almost any time is one feature of this work that is filled with danger. It may also part from the shore, and before the citizens on the ice know of the fact they may be drifted miles out into Lake Huron. Hardly a season passes that this does not take place, and the same storm from the south that sends the ice out into the lake will usually break it into small pieces, and then the danger is largely enhanced. Still, the poor fellows are usually rescued. The men are principally French and Indians who are engaged in this work, and the employment passes as a trade from father to son, from generation to generation.

It is considered in "good form"—whatever that expression means—to pay a visit to the fishing town, it being one of the "lions" of Saginaw. The drive is a most magnificent one—all the the distance from East Saginaw to the town on the ice—and can be easily made in half a day.—*Detroit News.*

Adventures of a Pet Monkey.

THERE is a gentleman in this city, engaged in business and enjoying the esteem and confidence of the community, says the San Jose (Cal.) *Herald*, who has a penchant for animal pets. And he is, or has been, constantly on the lookout for something out of the ordinary line; any one can get a cat, or a dog, or a rabbit, or a parrot, or a canary. These are too common, and from association will pall on the taste. Several months ago Mr. S. (S is the front letter of his surname) was transported into the seventh heaven of delight by the purchase of a monkey; none of your little, common-place, insignificant-looking "onery" monkeys, but a large-sized, active and awfully mischievous beast of the prehensile tail. Here was a pet "as was a pet," and visions of the good times he would have after his business hours were conjured up in his excited imagination. The first thing on the programme was the taming of the monkey, but S. thought there would be no difficulty in that direction. So, after taking his prize home he started in to tame him, and first made an effort to catch him and chain him up. And right here the insurrection was inaugurated. The monkey was as stubborn as a cross-eyed mule, and as full of pure cussedness as a chronic drinker of San Jose whisky. After several ineffectual efforts to induce the beast to come and be petted, Mr. S. made a frantic dive and tried to catch him. The monkey turned quicker than a flash and proceeded to interview his tormentor. The result, and it pains us exceedingly to say it, was that Mr. S. had to purchase a new suit of clothes. After the monkey had finished his work, S. was a sorry sight to behold. He might well say with the old pioneer: "When I came to this State I hadn't a rag to my back; now I am all rags." Similar scenes followed, and the monkey grew to be the bane of Mr. S.'s existence. A few weeks ago he was seen with his hand in a sling. On being asked the cause, he said that the dear monkey had bitten clear through his hand. Then he tried to sell his pet, but nobody appeared to want it for a gift. About two weeks ago the monkey escaped from his owner's house, and, feeling full of life and fun, concluded to have a time. So he got into Dr. Bently's office on the Alameda by some means, and prepared for an old-fashioned jamboree. There was no one in the room and the monkey, thinking probably that the doctor had forgotten to properly mix his medicines, took down all the bottles in the establishment and poured from one into another. He put cathartic pills into the whisky, ink into the paregoric, and castor oil into laudanum, and so on. Not liking the smell of some of the bottles he poured their contents on the floor. Papers were scattered in every direction, the ashes taken from the grate and thrown over the floor, and Ned kicked up generally. When the doctor came in he found the monkey sitting at the desk with his spectacles on looking over his accounts. After paying for the damages Mr. S. got the monkey into a bag and went off. He returned, but the monkey has never been seen since. The deed had no witnesses.

"There Were Tears on His Cheeks."

"LORD bless you! but I had never given him a second look. I knew that he was a Norwegian, slow but solid, hardly able to speak a word of English, and I never cared whether he had a relative on earth. Perhaps it looks a bit hard-hearted in me, but I am driven from morning till night, and I must drive the men under me. When I want a hod-carrier I look for muscle, and when I have found muscle I don't look further for sentiment."

"How did the accident happen?"

"He stepped off the scaffold."

"And is badly hurt?"

"Yes, though I think he will pull through. Any man might have blundered as he did, but since I have learned how it was with him I've felt womanish in my heart."

"How was it?"

"Well, he had just got his hod filled with bricks down there when two or three of his countrymen came along and told him that his baby boy was dead. They had just come from his house on Russell street to bring him the news. He came up on the scaffold with his hod, probably intending to notify me of his affliction. His eyes must have been full of tears, and as he stepped out he missed his distance and went to the ground. There were tears on his cheeks when we picked him up, and the only word he uttered was to speak his dead boy's name. I had looked upon him only as an old Norwegian, but I found that he was a husband and father, a man with love and faith, a father who went home at night to coo with his baby and kiss the wife who had left all behind to follow him over the sea, and I tell you I feel like asking his forgiveness and doing all I can to soften the grief which has come upon his humble home."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Killed by a Shark.

VICTOR AND ALEXEY, sons of Mr. Albert V. Drury, clerk to the Executive Council, and nephews of Mr. Justice Pring, were bathing with three other lads in the river, close to their father's residence. Alexey Drury, a fine, manly little fellow of about twelve, and, although so young, a first-rate swimmer and diver, was close to the bank, his companions having landed, when he was suddenly seized by the foot by a shark, said to be eight feet long. The boy screamed and made a brave struggle, not losing his presence of mind for a moment, and as the shark appeared to be dragging him under, he turned and dived at the brute, and in doing so got free. The shark then made a second and more determined rush, seizing the poor lad by the other leg with a firmer hold, Alexey all the time keeping hitting at the monster. Victor Drury, a year or two older than Alexey, on hearing the screams gallantly jumped into the water to his little brother's assistance, followed by the other lads, and after desperate struggles they succeeded in dragging the brave little fellow on to the bank. In the meantime a second shark had appeared, but happily did not join in the attack. On assistance being obtained Alexey's feet were found to be so fearfully lacerated that both had to be amputated. For some time the symptoms seemed favorable to the child's life being saved, notwithstanding the great loss of blood and shock to the system, but, unhappily, mortification set in, and the lad was released from his terrible sufferings, clinging to his poor parents to the last. The sad occurrence has cast a severe gloom over the whole city, and a large concourse of friends and sympathizers followed the lad to his last resting-place.—*Queensland News.*

THE highest price ever paid for Chicago real estate was $4,125 per improved front foot, and the sale was recently made.

Asbestos and Its Characteristics—An Interesting Story About It.

ASBESTOS is one of the most curious and interesting of minerals; or, we might rather say classes of minerals, the name being applied to quite a number of varieties of tremolite, actinolite, etc., which are themselves varieties of amphibole, or hornblende, as it is more commonly called. Chemically viewed, these are compounds of silica, magnesia, lime and oxide of iron. They differ from other varieties of hornblende chiefly in containing little or no alumina, and are remarkable for assuming a fibrous character, the fibers being sometimes very long, fine and flexible, and having much the appearance of flax. They form compact masses, but can often be easily separated by the fingers. They vary in color from white to green and light brown.

The name asbestos is from the Greek, and means incombustibility. It is nothing strange that a mineral should be incombustible, but that delicate threads, looking like flax, should not be destroyed by fire, but should come forth from the ordeal only the whiter, like ordinary thread when washed in water, naturally seemed a remarkable phenomenon to the ancients who gave them the name. The finest variety is called amianthus, which in the Greek means unpollutible, all the stains that it receives being removed by fire.

The resemblance of these mineral threads to flax at once suggests that they might be woven into an incombustible fabric; and this was done by the ancients, the cloth being mainly used for wrapping corpses for the funeral pile in order to preserve the ashes of the body from being mixed with those of the materials used in burning it.

An Italian writer relates an amusing incident which is worth relating here. In 1834 a man working in his vineyard near Naples while digging a trench in which to set out some vines, came across an old Paruscan tomb in which he found a garment somewhat like a large shirt, apparently made of coarse linen. He took it home to his wife, who washed it again and again, but finding it impossible to get it clean, at last used it for wiping dirty floors, and similar kitchen work. When it became too much soiled for this purpose, she threw it out on the dust heap. Here it was picked up by some boys, one of whom carried it home to his father, the village baker. He, after due examination, decided that it was fit for nothing but cleaning out his oven. To this use he put it, until it became so black with coal dust that he threw it into the oven with the faggots to heat it. But what was his astonishment, on opening the oven to clean it out before putting in his bread, to find the old linen shirt unconsumed, but white and clean though the faggots were burnt to ashes! Frightened out of his wits, he ran into the street, crying "O, San Giuseppe, have mercy on me! the devil has got into my oven!" He then went to the priest for confession, and told him what had happened. The good man would not believe the tale, but on going with the baker to inspect the oven was more frightened than his parishioner had been. Joining the villagers and old women who had collected round the baker's house, he told them, crossing himself, that the devil indeed had got into the oven, for he had seen him with his own eyes. What was to be done? He must be expelled somehow or other. Mass must be said, the priests of the neighboring villages collected, a procession formed, ceremonies gone through and the evil one cast out of the oven by exorcising him. So all this was done, and after sprinkling the oven with consecrated water, the piece of bedeviled linen was dragged forth with a pair of tongs and thrown with execration upon a dung heap outside the village. The oven was thus purified and the village freed from an unwelcome visitor. An apothecary of the next village hearing of this miraculous piece of linen, dared to go and look at it and to carry it away. Seeing that it was something curious, he took it into the city and presented it to an antiquarian friend. After passing through various hands, it reached the great National Museum of Naples, where, enshrined in a glass case and reposing on a velvet cushion it found a final resting place as one of the most perfect known specimens of ancient asbestos cloth.

In our day some experiments have been made with fabrics of asbestos, especially as a material for firemen's dresses, but we are not aware that these have led to permanent use for that purpose. Some years ago it was tested in Paris, where firemen, wearing hoods or helmets of the incombustible cloth, and garments of it put on over their clothing rendered fireproof by chemical preparations, remained for some time without injury in the midst of blazing piles of wood and straw. Asbestos has also been used for lining safes, for making incombustible wicks for lamps, and for chemical filters; but its industrial application is still very limited.

The mineral is found in many localities, but the chief deposits of it are in Savoy and Corsica, and on Staten Island in New York harbor.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

Liked His Prison.

PRISONS are built for the safety of society, but the persons who make the danger to society are not usually so ready as this poor Chinaman was to go to prison for the good of their fellowmen. The Carson (Nev.) *Appeal* says:

A few days ago a Chinaman was released from the State Prison after serving a sentence of three years for an assault to kill. He was given twenty-five dollars and a new suit of clothes and directed to shift for himself. Day before yesterday the same man knocked at the gate, and when it was opened he thrust twenty-two dollars and a half into the keeper's hands for safe-keeping. It was almost dark, and he begged to be allowed to sleep in his old quarters over night. He was allowed to take up his abode in a woodshed, and the next morning when the roll was called, his number, thirty-nine, was skipped for obvious reasons. When forty was called a man sprang from the line dressed in prison garb and called out, "You no catchee thirty-nine!" It was the discharged Chinaman. He had found his old striped clothes at the wash-house, and put them on. His civilian suit he had hidden away. He was told that he would have to go, but he begged to be kept, urging that his conduct had been so good that he ought not to be turned away. His logic was pretty strong.

"You send me out, I killee somebody and come back. You sabe. Me stay no killee, no stealee, no chut'um hatchet."

General Batterman is in a quandary what to do, for he really believes if the man is turned away he will commit some crime to get back.

LITTLE WILLIE was in Vermont at his aunt's with his mamma on a summer visit. One day his aunt gave him a cake of maple-sugar. "It is not so good as when it was new," she said, "but you will take it, I'm sure." Willie wondered, as he nibbled the delicious morsel, how it ever could have been any better. The first time he and his mamma were alone he remarked, "Say, mamma, the next time we come here, let's come when the maple-sugar is ripe!"

A MONITOR Indian, who was recently convicted of murder, expressed his opinion of the lawyer who defended him with delicious frankness: "Lawyer too much talk! Heap fool!"

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

THACKERAY said that Carlyle was his master.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD is a great admirer of Walter Savage Landor.

THE prophecy of Cervantes, that there would not be a single language in which "Don Quixote" could not be read, has been fulfilled.

MISS SELENA FAPPER, the new dramatic star, is the daughter of a wealthy pork-packer and a niece of Henry Watterson.

PROF. MOMMSEN has just received from his countrymen a birthday gift of something over a hundred thousand marks, to indemnify him for the loss of his burned library.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is said to dislike his "Lothair" and to love his "Endymion." His novel-writing, it is reported, is made easy to this surprising extent—he never reads over his MS. pages but dispatches them to a friend for revision.

JOHN SMITHSON, founder of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, was buried at Genoa, Italy. His tomb having become somewhat decayed, the regents of the Institution have authorized that the necessary repairs be made.

MR. GLADSTONE is said to have our faculty in a supernatural degree—that of mastering the contents of a book by glancing through its pages. A friend says of him that he can master any average book in a quarter of an hour.

THE lock of hair which Anna Hathaway is supposed to have given to Shakespeare shortly will be sold in London, with the library of W. Harmon, of Lancashire—a library noted for its edition of Shakespeare and its Shakespeareana. Among the latter are the Ireland forgeries in three volumes, and the manuscript deed of the final concord respecting Shakespeare's estates at Stratford-on-Avon.

THE ex-Empress of France has nearly finished a history of the life and death of the Prince Imperial. It is her purpose to publish the volume as soon as she becomes settled in her new residence at Farnborough. She also intends to publish the daily notes of the Emperor written during his reign, in collecting which she has been assisted by M. Rouher.

BY George Eliot's death, sums up the *London Academy*, we are left with only one living novelist who is absolutely of the first class. Thackeray died soon after George Eliot became famous, and Dickens when she had yet much of her best work to do. During all the years in which she labored, it is perhaps true that only one novelist of extraordinary genius had arisen. It is perhaps true that the position filled at one and the same time by Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, can be claimed at the present moment, if claimed at all, only by a single novelist—by Thomas Hardy.

HUMOROUS.

A CONTENTED MIND.—Lady—"They tell me your cow never gives any milk, Betty." Old Betty—"No, mum, she don't give hardly any. But, bless 'er 'eart, she'll eat as much as two o' them good milkers!"—*London Fun.*

AT the telephone. Bell rings. Dulcet voice over the wire: "Are you ninety-six?" "No." Dulcet voice again: "What are you?" "I'm sixty-seven." Casual caller, who has heard but half of the conversation: "You don't look it."—*Boston Transcript.*

IT is mighty embarrassing to a man who has some religious friends staying with him to have his dog, which has been very quiet during week days, begin right after breakfast Sunday to run to the gun in the corner and turn to his master and wag his tail, and then run back to the gun again.

ON Wednesday night, about eight o'clock, an inebriated man was observed holding himself up by means of a lamp-post on a prominent street. This lamp-post had on it a mail box, and the man had apparently stood there for some time. A reporter had occasion to pass the man, and remarked: "Hello, there, what's the matter?" "Well," said the man, "I—hic—put five cents in the box here half an hour ago, and this car ain't started yet."—*Rochester Democrat.*

"WHEN is a man not a man?" asked Jones. Of course he expected everybody to give it up, and then he was going to say, "When he is a shaving." But they didn't give it up; not a bit of it. One said it was when he was fool enough to deal in conundrums; another answered that it was when he worked over jokes a thousand years old, and a third told Jones to look in the glass and see for himself. Jones said he didn't see what in time they were driving at, but somehow he had lost all interest in his conundrum and hadn't the heart to tell them the true answer.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHAT THE SEASONS BRING.—

When comes the Southern summer breeze,
That softly blows from tropic seas,
Who lives in impecunious ease?
The bummer.

When boreas blasts blow fierce and free,
And winter reigns on land and sea
Who chuckles then with fiendish glee?
The plumber.

Or warm or cold the breezes blow,
From tropic seas or arctic snow,
Who comes his "sample lot" to show?
The drummer.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Portuguese Pompeii.

M. MAGITOT, a member of the Prehistoric Congress which met at Lisbon last autumn, reports on a Portuguese Pompeii which he had occasion to inspect while on a tour to the territory of Tertiatry Silex at Otta. The place is called Santarem and Citania. The latter is the general Portuguese name for ruins of ancient towns, which cover entire hills in the neighborhood of Braga. The most important of these very old town ruins is the Citania di Briteiros, which occupies nearly a kilometer square, and is supposed to be of Celtic origin. Circular walls, streets, squares, large architectural monuments, and even a number of houses have retained their typical forms. For twenty centuries this Citania was buried below debris, soil and a rich vegetation; only a few years ago a zealous archæologist, Senor Sarmento, succeeded, by costly and troublesome efforts, in clearing away the covering of centuries and to lay open to the world an ancient city in which quite a primitive state of civilization is apparent. Its architecture and plastic ornamentation point to a somewhat advanced state of art and industry. Many stone monuments are covered with sculptures and inscriptions, which in their general character recall those of India and China, which the well-known Lyons archæologist, M. Guimet, declares to be of a symbolic and religious character, similar to those found upon the Oriental monuments. It is possible that this fact might be adduced as a proof that the tribes who built these Citanias had originally emigrated from Turan.

Brain Weights.

THE weight of the human brain, according to a recently published work by the eminent Munich anatomist, Prof. Bischoff, is on an average 1,362 grammes for man and 1,219 grammes for women. The difference between the average brain-weight of man and woman thus amounts to 143 grains or 10.59 per cent. The brain-weight of man exceeds that of all animals except the elephant (4,500 grains) and the larger Cetacea (2,500 grains). The brain-weight of the largest ape is hardly a third of man's. Prof. Bischoff has worked with a considerable amount of material; his data comprise the weights of brain of 550 men and 347 women.—*Nature.*

Our Young Readers.

MANY TROUBLES.

Come, you little maidies, let me tell you what
Many girls have trouble with—your ribbons, and your rings,
And trouble with the hair—which always is tangling
That I can't stand it at all to choose—and with many other things.

You have trouble with the sun, which, instead
Of being pleasant—
Only pleasant, nothing further—is too generous with his heat;
And there's trouble with the moon, which is sometimes just a crescent,
When it should shine full and golden through the shadow at your feet.

You have trouble with the blossoms, which keep lying close and quietly,
Afraid of wind and all else, and not your wind to wear
A hood, forsooth or cloak, that's "cut" a little early,
To use beneath your party, in your muslins and your hair.

You have trouble with the books, with some hundred the most of them
With a sapp ly of words, and a shortage set of sense
With your moods sometimes imperative, and certainly the pities
A grave head so easily vexed with unknown circumstances.

You have trouble with situations that through life
Will lie in your path, with their ups and with their downs
And perhaps, sometimes, through the years of Professor This or That, you have trouble with the crowns.

Now, since you must have trouble, since to bear it you seem skilled,
(I fancy even trouble may be made a little sweet),
Suppose you take your trouble and arrange it on the table,
Let the china glass and silver show that trouble can be neat.

Suppose you try with trouble if you cannot
pound the baby,
He has many a pretty feature, and many a
grieved look
And suppose you consider it for two, as during
early
And suppose you treat it as you would just how
not to be cross.
—*The Penny.*

A RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.

THE month of February was drawing to a close. There had been a thaw, with a warm, drizzling rain, all day; but just before dark the wind changed, and great masses of inky clouds rolled up from the northwest. It grew cold very rapidly, and before nine o'clock the soft, "spoony" snow had become a frozen mass of ice. The morning dawned clear and bright, with the mercury only four degrees above zero. Frosty particles glittered in the air, and the cleared fields at the base of the distant blue Ocmulgee Mountain seemed cased in fetters of ice.

"Boys," said father, rising from the table and going where the warm fire was glowing like molten gold in the open grate, "don't you take Mr. Fenton's sleigh home this morning as you go to school? It's down hill most of the way, and you can draw it easily by hand. You will have plenty of time before school commences, and then you'll not be bothered to come home with the horses."

Of course we could take it just as well as not. John was seventeen and I was eighteen, lads and hearty, and with our strength of muscle and ample boys spirits, we undoubtedly felt as most young men of that age do, that we were a "full team" for almost anything. The long yellow sleigh, with three seats and heavy swan-necks in front, was soon at the door. The dinner basket and books were placed therein, and each took his place at the pole, for a brisk run along the icy road.

"Let me say one word to you, boys, before you go," said father, coming out upon the stone steps. "Don't undertake to ride down hill. It's icy and it's dangerous. Remember what I tell you."

"All right," we replied in concert, as we started on a run. The half mile that intervened between our place and the school house was soon passed. A number of girls and boys were running about the yard as we came up.

"Hurrah for a sleigh ride—a genuine old-fashioned good one!" I shouted, as we halted before the door. "Come, boys and girls, get in. Load up the old sleigh, and go down to Mr. Fenton's with us. We'll have a glorious time, and we can all get back before school commences. Come!"

Alas, in our moments of excitement and hilarity, how soon was the admonition of a kind father forgotten!

"Good!" ejaculated Hirry Siggars, buttoning up his coat and drawing on his mittens. "Girls, get your cloaks and shawls, and bundle up, and we'll have a half-hour's fun fit for a King."

In less than five minutes the long sleigh was well-filled with a laughing, merry crowd, and we were ready to start. Billy Smith stood up in front to hold the rope, and two of the larger boys took their places on the sides to steer. Herb Martin stepped behind and pushed the sleigh two or three rods at first to be sure that it would go aboard. We were fairly under way. Before we had passed over ten rods I began to see that we had undertaken a dangerous ride. On we flew, gathering speed faster and faster with every rod we passed over, until the keen air blew in our faces, and the trees and fences seemed to dash past us at an amazing rate of speed. What if we should happen to meet a loaded vehicle? I could not help shuddering at the thought. The boys who were