THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

The mule seemed pensive, even sad,
  As if by conscience pricked;
But, when they came to share his woes,
  He raised objections—kicked.

The cat came up to sympathize,
  With mew and gentle purr:
Alas! she got within his reach,
  When—fiddlestrings and fur!

The dog, in pity, neared him to
  Alleviate his care;
He tried to pass around him once,
  But—sausage-meat and hair!

And John, the honest farmer-boy,
  Who had the beast in charge,
Tried recklessly to harness him—
  His funeral was large.

O trifling were the causes which
  His flexile legs unfurled:
And many were the quadrupeds
  That sought another world.

He never did a decent thing;
  He wasn't worth a ducat;
He kicked and kicked until he died,
  And then he kicked the bucket.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

A LAUGHING FAMILY.

The Strange Malady Which Afflicts a Family Along the Delaware—Fruitless Efforts to Stay Periodic Laughter—Tales Told by the Neighbors.

Straight across the Delaware from here, and back among the hills which run parallel with the river for many miles, lives a family concerning whom the strangest stories are told. The father and sons are farmers, and all live in a large, substantial house, a few yards from the road to Doylestown. They are all chronic laughers, having an affection of the muscles of the mouth and throat which compels them to give vent to apparent merriment at stated intervals. The malady first appeared in the father about ten years ago. He was usually a very quiet man, enjoying fun, but manifesting his enjoyment without much noise. He was seated at the dinner table one day in the spring of the year, eating steadily and not engaging in any of the conversation which the other members of the family were carrying on. Suddenly, without any cause, he burst into a loud fit of laughter so extremely different from his accustomed laugh that all were attracted by it at once. When asked what was the reason for his sudden outburst he made no reply, but continued his merriment. Some of the boys thought he had hysterics and pounded him on the back, but it did no good. After a few moments he made motions for pencil and paper and wrote that he was unable to control his risibles and asked them to send for a doctor.

THE NATURE OF THE MALADY.

The rural physician came, but could give no remedy that stopped the laughter. Peal after peal of what sounded like the heartiest kind of fun came from him, and nothing would avail to prevent it. The doctor finally came to the conclusion that he was the victim of a nervous attack, and, leaving a nervine, departed. The father continued laughing until about sundown, when he suddenly stopped and fell on the floor, completely prostrated. He soon grew better, however, ate a hearty supper and spent the evening much as usual. No signs of a return of the odd trouble appearing, he went to bed and was soon fast asleep. Along about two o'clock in the morning, however, his wife was awakened by his laughter, and the same symptoms manifested themselves as on the afternoon previous. He kept it up until seven o'clock, laughing loud and strong. At seven o'clock the noise suddenly ceased and did not return again until dinner time. Thus it continued, recurring each day shortly after noon and in the night about two o'clock, and has ever since. As the weeks passed he grew so accustomed to the disease that he was caused very little inconvenience by it. He did not get tired out, as at first, and soon was able to go about his work—sowing seed and planting corn, digging vegetables and watering cattle—while laughing immoderately. He could not talk while under one of the spells, but carried a slate and pencil around with him, after the fashion of a deaf and dumb person.

THE LAUGHTER SPREADS.

The trouble was very regular in its coming and going and only occasionally broke forth at unlooked-for seasons. Once the old man was taken in church, just when the minister was exhorting, this hearers in the most solemn strains and spoiled the effect of the discourse, besides disturbing the equilibrium of the clergyman. Another time he was found by one of his neighbors along the road, lying beneath a bag of flour, laughing at a terrific rate. He has been taken while driving home from the mill and the suddenness of the sounds frightened the horse, causing it to run away and dump the man and part of his load out in the road. For eighteen months the father was the only one of the household afflicted with the malady. Several of them had complained from time to time of an inclination to join the father in the laugh, but none of them did so until nearly two years after he was taken, when Susie, the youngest child, suddenly burst into a similar fit during one of her father's attacks. From that time on she has laughed at about the same hours her father does. One by one the remaining members fell victims to the strange complaint, until three years ago there was but one left free, and that was Charles, the oldest son. His long exemption led him to believe he would escape the contagion. But he was mistaken, and it is said he had his first attack while petitioning for the hand of a Harrisburg damsel. So frightened was the lady by the queer behavior of her suitor that she ran from the room, and it was weeks before the proper explanations could induce her to see him again. She is now one of the family here, and, escaping the malady, never minds the hideous chorus of laughter which twice a day resounds through the house or grounds. It is regarded as rather strange that none of the neighbors should have caught the infection, but such is the case, although many of them mingle constantly with the family.

TRYING TO STOP IT.

Everything possible has been done to alleviate or remove the malady, but without perceptible effect. Several eminent physicians from the leading cities have visited the home and grown exceedingly interested in the case. They all confess themselves baffled by the malady and want one or two of the family to go to the city, where they can receive constant treatment. This they steadily refuse to do. Their peculiar trouble, so noticeable and odd, has made them very sensitive, and they will not travel where they will be subjected to public scrutiny and remark. They go to church or the store in the village close by, and attend social gatherings occasionally in the neighborhood in the evenings, but only among life-long friends. People within a radius of a few miles are so accustomed to the thing that they never mind it or mention it. Consequently very few people outside of the immediate vicinity, and the physicians who have attended them, are cognizant of the circumstances. People passing the house, especially in the summer time, have been filled with curiosity by what they saw and heard, and have carried accounts to distant places. These reports are very vague, for the passers-by have no definite idea of the matter. They only knew that it looked remarkably strange to see a father and his sons out in a field plowing and sowing many rods apart, yet each one laughing as though he had heard the best joke in the world. Curious stories are told of the travelers who went that way. Several years ago two young men came from Doylestown to attend a party at Erwinna, a summer resort on the Pennsylvania side, a few miles below here. It was a warm night and they did not start back until late. They drove past the house of the laughing family soon after the regular attack had begun. The windows were all open, and every sound could be clearly heard. As the young men approached they heard the most unearthly noise their ears had ever received. It seemed like a perfect pandemonium, and they felt sure they must have struck the entrance to the lower regions. The horse took fright and nearly run away with them. Coming to the conclusion that, at the least, the place was haunted, they hurried home, and the next morning spread the news. Parties were formed to investigate the matter, but none of them solved the subject until informed by a man in the village near at hand as to the nature of the case. They were urged to remain reticent about the matter, and have done so.

THEIR PRESENT CONDITION.

The years of incessant laughter have told somewhat on the faces of the family, but not so as to be very noticeable. There are scores of lines under the eyes and above the cheeks, caused by the drawing up of the skin. Then their mouths have become wider, and they keep them closed with difficulty. The most marked result of the disease, however, is in the voice. The entire family talk in the same tone, resembling as near as anything the voice of an alto singer. Males and females have the same inflection and intonation. Most of them have more or less trouble with their eyes, several having become very near-sighted. The pupils have contracted and the entire eyeball is diminished in size. This is accounted for by the contraction of the eyes while laughing and the effort required in working or reading while undergoing an attack. Very little physical annoyance is caused the laughers. They read and write, sleep and work without any trouble. The only thing they seem unable to do, while attacked, is to eat, and that can be readily understood. Several grandchildren have been born, and in all but one instance they were taken, soon after birth, with stated attacks at the same hours as their parents. Of course they do not laugh as the older ones do, but they crow and express all the signs of baby glee twice a day and never cry while in that state. *Frenchtown (N. J.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

A Representative Constituent.

He gave all the hackmen at the Union Depot a stand-off, brushed the boot-blacks right and left, and shouldered his sixty pounds of baggage and started up Jefferson avenue in search of a tavern. He was a right up and down man, and he wanted to strike a tavern where they had an old-fashioned boiled dinner.

"Just come in from Lansing," he observed, as he fell in with a pedestrian.

"Did eh?" Been out to the Legislature?"

"You bet I have. I'm not a member, but I made things hum out there all the same."

"Have a bill?"

"Not exactly. I come down from —— County to take the kinks out of our member. He was sailing in with a high head, and if I'd waited ten days longer he'd have been bossing the whole State. What d'ye think?"

"I dunno."

"He would'nt speak to me when I first got there! Think of that! Up home there we rated him about No. 4, and sent him down to Lansing more because none of the rest of us could leave, and he wanted to cut me colder'n a wedge! What do you think?"

"Rather mean."

"You bet! But I lowered his nose a bit. We'd heard how he was prancing around and putting on airs and making out that he run our county, and a few of us got together and wrote him a letter. It didn't seem to do any good, and so we got together again and they sent me down to put on the curry-comb."

"And you did?"

"Didn't I? He'd put in about a dozen bills affecting our county, and I mashed all but two. He had laid himself out for six or seven speeches, and I mashed all but one. The first day I got there he was supporting motions and moving to amend and strike out, but I mighty soon let him understand that no such chaff passed for oratory with us. He tried to bulldoze me at first, but when he found that his constituency had got after him he calmed down. He'd been fooling with the game law and had got mixed up with a dog-tax bill, and a saw-log law, and a bill about inland fishing, and I don't know what else. I took him out behind the State-House and says I: 'Now, boy; you squat! Your constituents demand that you calm right down. We don't want no Cicero in ours, and we won't have it. We sent you down here to do a little quiet work, and not to prance around and imagine you've got Patrick Henry's hat on. We are a humble people, taking kindly to log houses and johnny-cake, and we don't go a cent on words and long flourishes.' That's what I told him, and he calmed."

"Did, eh?"

"You bet he did! and if we hear anything more about his rising to explain his vote on the dog-tax, or moving to recommit the muskrat bill our county won't be no place for him to return to. This is the place, eh? Well, I'll fodder up and then take the train for home."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Most Singular Accident.

An accident occurred yesterday which, for singularity almost surpasses belief, and discounts any story ever told by the President of the Club of Forty Champion Liars. L. Solomon, a clothier doing business at No. 623 Franklin avenue, and who, by the way, is a rather staid and sober business man of middle age, was, about four o'clock, sitting in front of his open stove and meditating on a possible rise in clothing, when a too heavy dinner or natural somnolency caused him to fall asleep. Whether dreaming induced a change in his position, or whether the weight of his head in nodding forward overbalanced him, neither he nor any one else knows, but he was certainly very rudely awakened and quickly discovered that he had fallen forward in his chair and thrust his head through the stove door. Fortunately the fire was almost out, and Solomon being ashamed to be found in such a position, endeavored in vain to extricate himself without calling for assistance. He soon found out that the stove was hot enough to burn his hands, and the heat becoming unbearable on his face he shouted for Mr. Krueger, his clerk. The latter was not a little astonished at the sight that met his gaze when he approached the stove, but retaining his presence of mind he tried to drag his employer out of his predicament, but did not succeed. Finding that Solomon was getting pretty badly burned and crying to him to render him speedy help, he at last broke the stove and got him out. His hands, face and neck were considerably injured, but it is thought he will recover. A carriage was immediately called, in which he was taken to his residence, No. 1004 Morgan, where a physician dressed his burns and left him as comfortable as could be expected. His experience has certainly been novel.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—The State of Massachusetts forbids pigeon-shooting within its borders.

Bears and Hornets.

The Blooming Grove (Pa.) correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes: Bears have been far more plentiful this year than for many seasons past. There are many extensive forests of beech and oak in the counties of Wayne, Pike and Monroe, with vast outlying swamp lands of laurel, hemlock and tamarack. Despite the fact that these forests are penetrated by the Erie Railroad, the black bear makes in them his breeding and feeding haunts almost as freely as scores of years ago, before civilization had made any advance in this section. Along the borders of these great swamps is a wide strip of soft mud. These swamps are almost inaccessible to man, and the bears make them their places of refuge. When the bears are plenty this border of mud is full of the animals' tracks. In many places the mud is found hollowed out in wide spots eight or ten feet long, three or four feet wide, and two feet deep. Should large patches of scrub oaks be found beaten down to the ground it is a sure sign that the bears have been "working" there and feeding on the acorns. They rise on their haunches among the scrub oaks and beat the bushes violently with their fore paws.

Bears are very fond of bugs and insects of all kinds. They know just where to find them every time, and know that their favorite insects make their homes under the stones during the winter months. The brutes consequently select spots where the ground is covered with stones, and with their paws turn them up to get at the bugs. Yellowjackets and hornets are favorite morsels with the black bear. If bruin sees a yellowjacket or hornet in the woods he is wild until he finds the insect's home. He tears madly through the woods until his unerring scent leads him to the spot. Then he settles down to business. When a bear finds a yellowjacket's nest it takes but a few swoops of his fore-paws to turn it wrong side out. A yellowjackets' nest is generally built in the ground, just under the surface. As soon as their nest is touched, the bees swarm about in clouds and cover the bear until he is as yellow as a sunflower. He pays no attention to their assaults, though an attack of yellowjackets on any other animal would result in death. The bear merely shuts his eyes and grins as he devours nest and all. He attacks honey-bees the same way, and scoops the honey out with his paws and licks them off until the nest is despoiled completely.

Old Jerry Greening, the hunter, says that on one occasion he shot a bear and was going to drag the carcass home, when he discovered the bear had just been robbing a yellowjackets' nest and was still covered with the fiery insects. "'F that b'ar hed only been wounded I'd a waltzed right in an' fixed 'im," said Jerry, "but a couple o' them cussed little hot-tailed critters came after me an' I skipped, an' I didn't dare go after thet b'ar for two days."

Hornets build their nests high up in the branches of trees, or fasten them to the rocks. But as cute as these insects are the bear is more than their match. A bear discovers a hornets' nest far out on a limb beyond his reach. He climbs the tree, breaks the longest branch he can get, and, holding it in his fore paws, hits the nest until it drops to the ground. Sometimes he dances or stamps on the limb till the nest is shaken off. Should the nest be on a rock the bear goes up to the top of the ledge above it, where he gathers stones and sticks and rolls them down the side of the rock till one hits the nest and sends it tumbling to the ground below. The hornets appear to know what has caused their ruin, and all remain in the fallen nest till the bear appears, when they attack him.

"A hornet sting," says Jerry Greening, "is 'bout 's strong's a whack from a sledge-hammer, an' one hornet 'll knock a bull down; but their bite won't raise a lump bigger'n a buckshot on a b'ar, an' the shaggy critter thinks its fun. He'll stan' on his hin' legs and square off with his fore paws, jest as ef he were a boxin' with somebody, only he's durn keerful t' keep his eyes shet. Then he'll lay down an' roll over 'em jest ez if he didn't keer a cent fer 'em. Once't I seed a she b'ar knock a hornets' nest bigger'n a half-bushel basket off'n a rock, an' pick it up an' tuck it under her arm an' walk off with it, ez cool ez if 't were one o' her cubs."

How to Dress Well.

Those who have the wish to dress artistically, and, therefore, prettily and becomingly, should bear the following remarks in mind. In the first place, let their dress be of good color, harmonizing with their complexion, and not of an unnatural, impossible tint; in the second place, let it be simple, and not hang or fall in direct contradistinction to the shape of their forms; and, in the third place, let it be appropriate to the weather, the time of day, and the wearer's position and duties in life. Now, first as to color—the main consideration, for many a prettily-made dress is transformed into an ugly one by being unbecoming—let these few points be borne in mind. Remember that crimson and red are the chief warm colors, and should, therefore, only be worn in winter. It has been the fashion to wear a great deal of both these colors and cardinal as dresses and as sunshades in the last two summers; but any one with a sensitive eye to color will have remarked the hot feeling to which they give rise on a sunny day. A cool look is altogether foreign to their nature, and, therefore, although they are admirably adapted for the winter both as walking-dresses, skating-costumes, and bright evening dinner-dresses, they are decidedly out of place, from an artistic point of view, in the warm weather. Blue, on the contrary, is a cold color, especially as seen in an entire pale-blue dress, and, therefore, that is rightly a favorite summer color. All its varieties—dark-blue, purple, mauve, etc.,—are also cold colors. Indigo-blue is very cold and dull; turquoise-blue less cold; but all yellows, browns and greens are warm colors. But, apart from the coldness or warmness of a color, the wearer has to consider what suits her particular complexion and hair color best; and this is the rock upon which so many wreck their charms. A fresh-colored, fair-skinned, brown-haired girl looks well in almost all colors; so, in fact, will any one with a good complexion. But, unfortunately, not every one is blessed with one; their task is then more difficult.

A dull-haired, sallow-faced girl should be very careful in her choice of colors. She should never wear any color which brings out the yellow or greenish hues of her complexion, and, if she happen to be fair and sallow, should not imitate the colors which she sees worn becomingly by a dark, sallow person. A fair, sallow girl will look well in a pretty brown, or a sage-green, or a deep plum-color, but should never attempt a peacock blue or crimson. A dark, sallow girl, however, may wear deep crimson, deep yellow, or brown with orange, purple, and scarlet, or in fact, any good, strong colors, becomingly; but she should rigorously avoid all insipid or somber colors. It is a matter, nevertheless, upon which it is impossible to lay down any definite rules, the variation of expression, the dullness or brilliancy of the eyes, and the vivacity of a person have so much to do with their capability of carrying off a color well. The only safe rule to go upon is to avoid a color when it is found to be in any way "trying."

As to the second point, simplicity and suitability to figure. We ought all, for the sake of our appearance in other people's eyes, to try to set off our figures to the best advantage, remedy their defects or enhance their beauties: and we must remember that as there are very few beautiful figures, and that they even require study to bring out all their perfections, those who have less well-molded figures should be more careful as to dress. The greatest possible mistakes are often made by people through imitation, especially by those with short, fat figures, who, when they see a tall, elegant person in a becoming dress, immediately order one like it, whereas the reverse style is the correct one for them.

Then, thirdly, let the style of dress be chosen according to the purpose for which it is required and the material of which it is made. A walking or lawn-tennis dress requires to be loosely made, so as to enable the figure to move freely, whilst an evening or visiting dress does not require this; so also heavy, thick materials look best plainly made with little trimming; and fine, soft materials will bear any quantity of trimming. But on no account let there be any mixing of plain bodices and and much-trimmed skirts, or plain skirts and bodices with large puffed sleeves. The great idea to keep before one is "harmony"—harmony of color and design—to ensure beauty of effect. —*Ladies Floral Cabinet.*

How Some Oaks Are Planted.

It is a curious circumstance, and not generally known, that many of those oaks which are called *spontaneous* are planted by the squirrel. This little animal has performed the most essential service to the English Navy. Walking, one day, in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beafort, near Troyhouse, Monmouth, a traveler's attention was diverted by a squirrel sitting very composedly upon the ground. The passer-by stopped to observe its motions. In a few minutes it darted like lightning to the top of a tree, beneath which it had been sitting. In an instant it was down with an acorn in its mouth, and began to burrow the earth with its hands. After digging a small hole, it stooped down and deposited the acorn; then covering it, darted up the tree again. In a moment it was down with another, which it buried in the same manner. This the squirrel continued to do, as long as the traveler thought proper to watch it.

The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of security against want in the winter; and it is probable, that as its memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable it to remember the spots in which it deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel,

"That leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty."

Girl Dressmakers.

Why do not the girls of to-day become their own dressmakers? They would find an extraordinary stimulus and pleasure in the occupation, and there is nothing that would do more to take the nonsense out of them and put sense in its place. Paper patterns, and the shortening of the skirts, have made the task easy, and once undertaken, it would not be given up, for it would be more interesting than "fancy" work. Probably the inducement, to many, would be much greater if the custom of giving girls an allowance for "dress" money was as common here as it is in England. But unfortunately it is not, and the majority of the daughters of well-to-do fathers feel that the effort would not be appreciated, and would bring them no compensation. Young women, whose parents occupy high positions in England, do all their own sewing in order to make their allowance—which ranges from $50 to $250 per annum—do its work. They may have one dress in a season made by a dressmaker, not more, and this will probably be superintended by a dressmaker in the house, who occupies her time in cutting and fitting, while the young lady herself, with perhaps the help of a family seamstress, does the sewing. There is a great advantage in thus becoming acquainted with methods and personally conversant with ways and means, with the exigencies and necessities of work, the limitations as well as its possibilities. A good servant would infinitely rather work for a mistress who was thoroughly acquainted with the duties to be performed, and therefore willing to make allowances; and on the same principles, it is easier in making a dress to satisfy one whose ignorance makes her at once exacting and non-appreciative.

It is strange to what an extent American women allow themselves to exist at the mercy of dependents, through want of actual knowledge and practical experience of work. Some times they rebel against an innovation, or long continued abuse, but the throwing up of the work, and the dread of being left to their own resources, brings them back quickly to the proper state of subjugation to the dreaded cook or the inflated modiste.

The coat sleeve, such as women are at present wearing, only exists by the sublime unconsciousness of the laws of philosophy and anatomical formation on the part of the wearers. There is no elbow to it or in it. The outside seam is rounded, 'tis true, but the inside seam is straight, and every bend of the arm paralyzes it. Thirty years ago coat sleeves were cut so as to allow for a gathering upon the under side, which gave perfect ease to the arm, and allowed it to move and act without strain or pain. Now this is, and for a long time has been, impossible. Women who are not engaged in work that requires the steady use of the arm and hand may not find it so serious a difficulty, but those engaged in writing, working at telegraphy, painting, or operating a sewing machine, suffer tortures.

Ladies who do their dressmaking soon learn to pay attention to these details of comfort, which have nothing at all to do with fashion, but it is impossible to impress them upon the average dressmaker. For one thing, she is too busy to attend to individual details. She follows copy, and only branches out where you would rather not have her—in trimming, and in massing up "draperies." This sleeve business has become one of the minor miseries. With the reduction in the width and general outline of the dress, the sleeve has grown closer and shorter until it holds the arm like a vise and covers it like another skin. The white inside cuff has disappeared, as there is no room for it. The sleeve is three inches shorter than the arm, but the long glove is supposed to come down to meet it. The tight sleeve would be less objectionable if it were occasional, but it is the sleeve of the every-day working and walking dresses; the occasional sleeve—that is, the dressy sleeve—is varied and modified in many different ways, and often is no sleeve at all.

When a street jacket is made by a dressmaker *en suite* with, say, a woolen dress, the misery is doubled. The arm is twice encased in sleeves which are so short there is no "pull" upon them, and so straight that they stop all the vital currents and send the blood rushing to the head, where it creates in a very short time a lovely red nose. There are patterns of sleeves in which fullness is allowed for the elbow, but dressmakers do not seem to get hold of them. Let ladies who are about having spring suits and jackets made, look out for the straight, paralysing coat-sleeve.—*Jennie June.*

Have Cows Front Teeth in Their Upper Jaws?

A couple of Third Ward citizens met each other on the sidewalk last Monday morning as they were starting for their places of business, and one of them, who resides on Van Buren street, asked the other, a Jackson street man, if cows had any front teeth on their upper jaw. The Jackson street man was a little astonished at the question, as there had been nothing said about cows, but replied promptly:

"Why, of course they have front teeth on their upper jaw; how could they bite off grass if they hadn't?"

The Van Buren street man said it was not a question of logic, but a question of fact; and if the Jackson street man did not know whether cows had front teeth on the upper jaw or not, he ought to say so. "I did not ask you for your opinion," he said; "I asked if you knew."

The Jackson street man was a little nettled at this, and replied with some warmth. He said if he had a child three years old who would ask such a question as that he should be afraid the child was an idiot.

"You would?"

"I certainly should."

"Then," said the Van Buren street man, "as it is such a simple question, of course you can tell me whether cows have got front teeth on their upper jaws or whether they have not."

"Why, of course they have."

"They have, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet you ten dollars they haven't," said the Van Buren street citizen, pulling out a roll of bills, and peeling off a couple of fives and shaking them at his neighbor. "Put up or shut up."

"There is some infernal catch about this thing," said the other, suspiciously; "I might have known it, too, the minute you asked me such an infernal idiotic question."

"No catch at all about it," replied the other, "if cows have got front teeth on their upper jaws the ten dollars is yours. If they haven't the money is mine. Nothing could be fairer than that, could there?"

But still the Jackson street man hesitated. It was barely possible that cows did not have any front teeth on their upper jaws. He remembered, then, that cows in biting off grass always threw their noses outward, while horses nipped it off by jerking their nose inward. He was astonished at how near he had come to being victimized, but he did not like to come down. The two were then near the meat market, near the corner of Jackson and Michigan streets, and the Jackson street man was sure that a butcher would know for certain whether or not cows had front teeth on their upper jaws; so he pushed open the door and said to the proprietor:

"Linehan, have cows got front teeth on their upper jaws?"

Linehan was running a skewer through a roast of beef, but he stopped, looking up in astonishment, and said:

"What?"

"Have cows got front teeth on their upper jaws?"

"Cows?"

"Yes."

"Got front teeth on their upper jaws?"

"Yes."

"Upon my word I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No. You see I buy my beef by the quarter at the slaughter-house, and don't have anything to do with the heads. But I can find out for you when I go over."

"I wish you would."

So the Jackson street man closed the door, and rejoined his neighbor, and the two walked along without saying a word. A milk wagon was seen coming up the street, and it was resolved to hail the driver and ask him the question, as it is popularly supposed that milkmen are more or less familiar with cows. The Van Buren street citizen cleared his throat and yelled, "Hello!" The milkman reined up, and said:

"Go ahead with your tests. If you find any water or chalk in that milk I'll give you the whole of it."

The citizen told him to be calm, as they had no intention of testing his milk, but only wanted to know if cows had front teeth on their upper jaws.

The milkman looked at them about a minute and then whipped up his horses and drove off, mentioning some kind of a fool that they were. Up on Wisconsin street they saw another milkman, delivering milk, and overtaking him they explained the dispute. He smiled pityingly upon their ignorance, and said:

"Of course cows have front teeth on their upper jaws—a driveling idiot ought to know that much. A cow would be a handsome-looking object without any front teeth in her upper jaw, wouldn't she?"

"I've concluded to take that bet of yours," said the Jackson street man to the other. "Come, now, down with your dust. Put up or shut up."

"Why didn't you do it, then, when you had a chance? I never claimed to know whether a cow had any upper teeth on her front jaw or not; I only thought I had read so somewhere, and asked to know if you knew about it for certain. But now that the thing is settled, there is nothing to bet on as I can see."

"O, of course not," said the Jackson street man sarcastically; "of course not."

Just then Mr. Clark, of the Newhall House, happened along, and as the milkman picked up his lines and drove off, the Van Buren-street man asked Mr. Clark if he knew anything about cows. Mr. Clark said he did, having formerly been a farmer and a cattle buyer.

"Well," said the Van Buren streeter, "do you know I got the queerest idea into my head this morning about cows that a man ever had. Somehow or other I got the idea that cows had no front teeth on their upper jaw; and I actually offered to bet ten dollars with this man that such was the case. I don't see what possessed me."

"Well, if you had bet, you would have won the money," said Mr. Clark.

"What!" exclaimed both the citizens together.

"I say if you had bet you would have won the money, for cows have no front teeth on their upper jaws."

"Sweet spirit hear my prayer," said the Van Buren-street citizen, as he brought out his roll and peeled off the two fives again and shook them at the Jackson-street man, who turned away with a sickly smile and said he could not always be pulling out his money!

Ignorance seems to be stalking through the land like a Kansas grasshopper on stilts.—*Peck's Sun.*

—The Mentone papers report two suicides at Monte Carlo. Recently a man rushed out of the gaming room exclaiming, "I am done for; I have lost 200,000 francs." On the staircase he drew a revolver from his pocket, and blew his brains out. The other man, wandering on the shore, was seen to sit down on a rock and rest his head on his hands. A minute after a detonation was heard. He, too, had blown his brains out.

—At the time of the recent big hotel fire in Buffalo, a business man, in whose apartments in the burning building were many articles that he prized, rushed to his rooms, seized an empty bird-cage and a clock key, and barely escaped with his life through the smoky halls.

—Twelve persons in the city of New York answer to the name of George Washington.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Miss Braddon, the novelist, is receiving a larger income from her books than any other English writer of fiction.

—The "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles is to be acted by Harvard students in the third week in May. Three performances are to be given.

—Lady Florence Dixie, distinguished as a fearless and accomplished horsewoman, is going to the Transvaal as war correspondent for the London *Morning Post.*

—Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the eminent astronomer and lecturer, it is reported from St. Joseph, Mo., is about to wed a lady of that city, a widow, and will henceforth reside in this country.

—Will S. Hayes has written and composed about three hundred and sixty songs, and there are ten of them that had a sale of two hundred thousand each. Mr. Hays is on the editorial staff of the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal.*

—Rufus Choate believed in hard work and struggle. When some one said to him that a certain fine achievement was the result of accident, he exclaimed: "Nonsense! You might as well drop the Greek alphabet on the ground and expect to pick up the Iliad."

—Mr. MacGahan, the well-known newspaper correspondent, who wrote so vividly of the Turco-Russian war, left a wife and child. He was married about a year before his death to an accomplished Russian lady of rank in her country. The widow and child visited the mother and brothers-in-law at Toledo, O., last year. She is described as a handsome brunette, highly educated and accomplished, though finding the ways of this country very new and strange.

—Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier can make a picture that will sell for more than the work of any other living artist. A recent number of the *Magazine of Art* gives a biographical sketch of this picturesque artist. He is now sixty-eight years old. Meissonier paints a horse about as perfectly as it is possible to do. He seems to spare no pains in getting every detail of his subject. For instance, he once had a small railway built, and he was whirled in a car that kept alongside a galloping horse so that he could sketch every movement of the charger.

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HUMOROUS.

—It was a wealthy Philadelphian who, being asked on his return from Europe, how he liked the Bosphorus, replied that he didn't eat any, and preferred the ordinary home-made sausages.—*American Queen.*

—A short time ago a clever article appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* from the pen of Mr. Mallock, entitled, "Is Life Worth Living?" The answer to the conundrum is: "It depends on the liver."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

—In the year 1880 America issued seventy patents to women. And not one of these was an indicator to be attached to a bed post to show if there is a man under the bed. And yet, think how much getting down on hands and knees such a thing would save women.—*Boston Post.*

—There has been a good deal of bitter controversy in New York over Sarah Bernhardt's exact weight, and one of those who believes her to be the champion dramatic light-weight of the age asserts that not long ago at rehearsal Sarah introduced the feature of firing a pistol at the villain of the piece. Instead of the usual result, the wad remained perfectly stationary while the Bernhardt and the pistol were blown backwards through the side scenes.—*San Francisco Post.*

—An ingenious mother who had long been bothered by the fastidiousness of her children at table has at last discovered a way of circumventing them. She places what she wants each child to eat before its neighbor at table, and of course each cries for what the other has, and the ends of justice are promoted.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—We have just learned that on the afternoon before the last holiday Colonel Solon noticed a sign on the door of an Oil City bank, saying: "Bank will be closed to-morrow; all paper failing due then must be paid to-day." The Colonel rushed wildly into the bank, saying: "Do you mean to say that I I must pay my note to-day, which falls due to-morrow?" "Certainly, sir." "But I haven't a cent of money to-day and—and—and—well—now, I think of it, I haven't any note to pay either." And the good Colonel walked away with a sigh of relief.—*Derrick.*

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The Boers, and What They Want.

A correspondent asks what the Transvaal is, what its inhabitants, the Boers, have done, and what the English have done, and why they want to fight about it. Without entering at this time into minor details of difference or the later incidents that have pushed exasperation to hostility we will name the broader features of the controversy. The Transvaal is a region that includes all the country to the north of the Vaal River—and hence the name—as far as the Limpopo (or Crocodile) River, and embraces both sides of the Quathlamba Mountains. It lies between latitude twenty-two degrees fifteen minutes and twenty-eight degrees forty minutes south, and longitude twenty-six degrees to thirty-two degrees fifteen minutes east. Its area is about one hundred and fifteen thousand square miles; and its population is estimated at three hundred thousand, of whom about one-tenth are whites.

Now, certain Dutch Boers who lived in Cape Colony and Natal became dissatisfied with British rule. They did not take kindly to a change which to the old Hollanders of Manhattan made so little difference. Like the people of the Orange Free State they thought they would like a government of their own. The Scotch were consoled for the merging of their nationality by the consideration that a Scottish dynasty was seated on the British throne; and it was long ago pointed out to Dutch colonists whose country was ceded to England that the circumstances of a Dutch Prince having ascended the English throne should reconcile themselves in a like manner. But the Boers failed to see the matter in this light; such comfort they thought might have been very well for contemporaneous enjoyment but was of little worth merely as a reminiscence.

Thus it was that in 1840 these dissatisfied Boers marched, like so many modern Hebrews, out of the land of their masters and set up a Republic for themselves on the further side of the Vaal. They deemed this to be free territory, and thought that at least they would only have to contest their footing with savages. For a long time they cherished hopes that Great Britain would allow them to enjoy their independence in peace. But for some special reasons, apart from her customary lust for territory, Great Britain began to feel otherwise disposed. One plausible reason given out for interference was the fear of a general war between the natives of Africa and the European colonists; and, at last, in 1847, the Transvaal was formally annexed to the Cape Colony.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the events that have led to the present war. England wants the Transvaal, like its neighbors, Natal and Cape Colony, to be added to the list of Imperial possessions, and asserts a claim to the soil prior to the Boer occupation; and the Boers want their independence. We have said enough to indicate alike the validity of their claim to this independence and also, unfortunately, their slender chance of forcibly maintaining it.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Our Young Readers.

A QUEER STORY.

Oh, it was funny! Upon my word
The queerest story that ever I heard—
The one that lately to me was told
About a baby just one year old.

It gives a baby a terrible fright
To wake up suddenly in the night;
And what can it do but cry and scream
When it's had such a dreadfully naughty
dream!

But this little baby of whom I tell
Reaches over the crib and takes a bell,
Which he rings as loud as ever he can,
Till the mother comes to her little man.

You may be sure that she gives a spring
When she hears the bell go ting-a-ling-ling,
And hugs and kisses away each trace
Of a frown that rests on the baby's face.

Now, I wouldn't believe this story; I couldn't,
If I'd made it up; and I know you wouldn't;
But it's *true*, for 'twas told me not long ago
By the baby's mother, who ought to know.
—*Youth's Companion.*

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TROTTY'S TROUBLES.

"The baby's dreadful sick, and mother wants you to come quick."

Aunt Rachel put down her sewing, and looked first at little Tom Jackson, who stood in the doorway, all out of breath and much frightened, and then out of the window to her nephew, Trotty, who was busily engaged building a snow man just then.

"Won't you come?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"I suppose I must—and trust to Providence," replied Aunt Rachel, rising and putting away her work. But, judging from the look of anxiety on her face, her trust in "Providence" was not very secure.

"There is no knowing what he'll take into that head of his to do," she said to herself, as she put on her bonnet, looking Trottyward.

Aunt Rachel considered all boys as unnecessary evils, and this particular specimen of the species she regarded as one of her greatest means of grace. Not that Trotty was a particularly bad boy, but he was a thorough boy, going from one piece of mischief to another with untiring energy.

Just at present he was stopping with Aunt Rachel. The twins had the measles, the baby was teething, and poor mamma, between them all, was about used up. So Aunt Rachel had benevolently taken Trotty home with her for a visit.

It certainly did seem very inconsiderate in baby Jackson to take this time to fall sick; but, since she had, Aunt Rachel could not in conscience refuse her aid. So, with many a caution to Trotty, who appeared to have not a thought in the world beyond his snow man, and many a foreboding, she set forth.

She had not been gone five minutes before he conceived the brilliant idea of arraying his image in her Sunday bonnet and cloak.

This seeming to him an unusually happy thought, he at once set about putting it into effect, without for a moment stopping to consider whether or not Aunt Rachel would object. "It'll be the funniest thing that ever was," he chuckled to himself as he rushed into the house.

The cloak, he knew, was hanging in the hall closet, the bonnet was in its box on the lower shelf of the china closet.

Alas for Trotty! another unlucky thought occurred to him as he opened that door, and spied on the top itself numerous jars of preserves. Trotty had one weakness, and that was plum preserves, particularly Aunt Rachel's, and never in all his life had he anything like enough. There stood a large jar of it right in front; did ever anything look more tempting!

Trotty deliberated a minute or two, looked out of the window, down the street. No sign of Aunt Rachel. Then he looked up again, and a minute after he had the big family Bible in the chair, and was climbing up.

He had his hand on the jar, and was slowly working it along to the edge of the shelf, when something happened, he never quite knew what, only down came the preserves, chair, Bible and himself, all in a heap on the floor.

Such a looking child as he was—preserve in his curls, eyes, on his jacket and pants, everywhere but in his mouth, and for the first time in his life he had no desire to have it there. He was very sure, in fact, that he would never want to taste it again, no matter how long he lived.

But what should he do was the question he asked as he picked himself slowly and sorrowfully up and surveyed the scene.

"I—want—to see my mother," he said, with a queer little quiver in his voice.

Then, after another brief survey, he pulled his cap down over his sticky curls, put his hands, likewise sticky, into his pockets, and went straight out of the house, down the street, looking neither to the right nor left.

Mamma had given the twins their supper in the nursery, had undressed baby and was rocking him to sleep when the door opened, and a queer little figure came rushing up to her with outstretched arms.

"I—fought I'd come home," he sobbed.

Mamma put the baby down in the cradle and took the little wanderer up.

"How did you get here, my son?" she asked, helping him off with his boots, and holding his almost frozen little hands and feet in hers.

"I comed myself. I got lost two or free times, and I was awful tired, but I kept a coming, 'cause I wanted you."

Mamma waited in speechless anxiety. What *had* this little son of hers been doing? Had he set fire to Aunt Rachel's house, or what?

"Well, dear, tell mamma all about it," she said at length.

"I made a snow man, an' Aunt Rachel went away, an' I fought I'd dress it up in her fings, you know; and—I saw the plum preserve—and—I—didn't think to say 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' like you told me to—and I slipped, I guess, and it broked and spilled and I came home to you."

That was Trotty's story, told with many tears. Mamma drew a breath of relief; it was not so bad as it might have been. But, nevertheless, Trotty must not be allowed to view the matter in that light, and for a few minutes mamma was puzzled to know what to do with him.

"I think," she said, after what seemed a long time to Trotty, who was waiting anxiously to know his punishment, "I think my little boy must go right back to Aunt Rachel. Here comes papa, he will take you."

"Oh!" cried Trotty, in dismay, "I don't want to. You punish me yourself, mamma, harder'n everything."

But mamma was firm. Trotty had disobeyed Aunt Rachel, and to her he must go, confess and submit to whatever punishment she decreed.

It was almost dark when Aunt Rachel found herself at liberty to return home. She looked anxiously all the way up the street, but no Trotty was to be seen anywhere, and her observant eyes took in the fact that the snow man was just where she left it; Trotty having evidently abandoned it immediately. Then she went into the house; all was still and dark.

"Trotty?" she called.

No answer. What had happened to him? But the instant she lighted a lamp she discovered what had taken place.

"Did I ever in all my life!" she exclaimed, indignantly, as she surveyed the ruins. "Of all things in the world, deliver me from a boy!"

Presently she began to wonder where the child was, and she left things as they were to search for him. But no Trotty was to be found anywhere.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, really worried now. "What if he has started home and got lost. I declare I believe I'd forgive him a dozen times over to know he was safe."

Just then the door opened, and there stood somebody of about Trotty's size. For a minute or two he stood hesitating, with downcast eyes; then, very cautiously, he hazarded a glance up into Aunt Rachel's face, and then—why, he burst into tears! "I'm sorrier'n anything," he sobbed, "please forgive me."

He looked so pitiful, so frightened, so "sorrier than anything," that Aunt Rachel took him up in her arms and kissed away the tears, kindly assuring him he was forgiven.

"I don't see what makes me do so many naughty things," said Trotty to his mother, as she tucked him into bed that night. "I mean to be real good, and then something comes into my mind, and I does it before I finks, sometimes—and sometimes I does fink, only I don't hard enough, I guess. I should s'pose I'd learn, cause I have so much trouble and tribulation being naughty. I guess I have learned some to-day, though."—*Kate Sumner, in S. S. Times.*

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How Sleigh-Bells Are Made.

How many boys and girls know how the jingling sleigh-bells are made? How do you think the little iron ball gets inside the bell? It is too big to be put in through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh-bell it jingles. When the horse trots the bells jingle, jingle, jingle; in making the bell, this jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This mud ball with the jinglet inside is placed in the mold of the outside and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the mud ball and mold.

When the mold is taken off, you see a sleigh bell, but it would not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the ball is made of, so it can be all shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and it will ring all right.

It took a good many years to think out how to make a sleigh-bell.

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Bragging and Doing.

Have you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," say they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now; we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose of doing, not by the dream, and then we will compute your future for you.

Make an effort. Even if you shall fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter that come to grief.—*Well Spring.*

Death of a Miser—A Singular Character.

A recent dispatch from Omaha says: Information has been received here of the death at Grand Island, last week, of a real miser, one of the kind who hugged not his gold after the fashion of the miser of romance, but one who knew a good investment, and hesitated not to put his money where the return would be sure, speedy and large, and yet who lived and died in rags, squalor and physical uncleanliness, without proper medical attendance, because he loved his money too well to part with even so small a sum as would be necessary to give him comfort and save his life. It was "Old Mackey," a character well known to those familiar with the history of the Union Pacific Railway. He came West with Mr. Sidney Dillon, in the early days when the construction of the road was begun, and worked with the millionaire so long as he was in charge of the railroad building. He was retained in the employ of the company and possessed the friendship of Mr. Dillon from that time to the day of his death. "Old Mackey" regarded the President of the company with all the affection of which so sordid a soul was capable, and his early employer never failed to see and cordially greet him when he passed over the line. It is supposed Mr. Dillon made Mackey's investments for him. "Old Mackey's" service with the Union Pacific Company antedates that of most of the present employes, and they all knew him well. He dressed in rags and looked more like a tramp or a street beggar than like a man of wealth. His dirty and unkempt appearance occasioned much remark, but when remonstrated with and urged to keep his clothing neat and whole, his only reply was, "I can not afford it." He slept in box cars, on the ground, anywhere, for the purpose of saving expense, and his washing, what little was done, he did with his own hands on Sundays. He used no liquor and no tobacco, and his living expenses must have been less even than those of a 'Frisco Chinaman. The old man was honest, too, for his expense accounts when doing extra service out on the road, sent the company for payment, never exceeded forty dollars per month. His exposure and mode of life brought on an attack of pneumonia. His penuriousness displayed itself here again, for he declined to bear the expense of a physician's attention, and died from want of it. When the end came, and the poor old miser had been carried to his grave, in his hovel and on his person were found a few dollars in gold and greenbacks, $70,000 in Government bonds and 1,000 shares of Union Pacific stock, together with a will disposing of his wealth. He had no wife, no child, no near relatives, and had ordered his property distributed among Eastern friends and distant relatives.

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A Safeguard for Brakemen.

The Richmond & Danville Railroad Company is introducing on their freight trains a safeguard for their brakemen. It is well known that many fatal accidents which occur to brakemen are those in which the brakemen standing on the top of freight cars are knocked in the head by covered bridges. The safeguard consists of a post erected about half a mile on either side of a covered bridge. To this post a horizontal piece is attached stretching across the track, of course above the reach of any head on top of a car. From this horizontal piece cords are swung, so that in case the brakeman is inattentively standing upright while nearing the bridge, the cords will strike him and remind him to duck his head.

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—Mrs. Judith Twombly recently celebrated her 102d birthday at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. James Stackpole, a prominent citizen of Chelmsford, Mass. Her great-great-great-grandson, aged five years, was one of the guests. She still has possession of her mental faculties and is conspicuous for her devotional employments.

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—W. C. Hilliard, of Titusville, Pa., has been engaged for the last fifteen years in perfecting a piece of musical mechanism which combines the work of a first and second violin and a flute in one performance, and gives to the violin the same range and facility for playing as an organ or piano.