THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went strolling away to the stream.
To the babbling brook where the fishes swim;
Of speckled beauties they all did dream,
And each felt certain they'd bite for him.
For men will tramp from morning till night,
And suffer the fierce mosquito's bite,
And drink to stop their groaning.

Three fishers strolled into the market place,
'Twas some two hours after the sun went down,
And a look of gloom was on each man's face,
For at empty baskets they each did frown.
For men may fish but may get no bite,
And tired and ugly go home at night,
And vent their wrath in groaning.

Three fishers strolled into the beer saloon,
Where the crowd sat 'round and the gas was bright,
And each gaily whistled a merry tune,
And showed his fish with assumed delight.
For men will fish, yea, and men will lie,
And boast of catching the fish they buy,
While inwardly they're groaning.

—*Boston Post.*

THE SCIENCE OF SEISMOLOGY.

The Most Remarkable Earthquake on Record.

Zadkiel in his "Voice of the Stars" for April did not make a precise prediction of the earthquake reported this morning, for though Asia Minor is one of the regions exposed to melelic influences through the near conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, the seer located his earthquake at Cabul. Such a catastrophe was, however, confidently expected by better authorities than Zadkiel, Tao Sze. Those who have not given the subject attention will be surprised to learn how closely earthquakes are observed nowadays, and how frequently they occur. Prof. Rockwood noted 60 days between July 18, 1877, and November 23, 1878, on which one or more shocks were felt on the American continent. Fuchs in 1878 recorded the unusually large number of 12 volcanic eruptions at places far apart and mostly from little-known volcanoes, and 103 earthquakes, though this enumeration includes as units many complete periods. One earthquake at Tanna lasted four weeks; in Catania the ground trembled almost continuously from October 4 to November 19.

The year 1879 was marked by a great number of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, many shocks being reported almost at the same instant from places widely separated. Thus on the 8th of January severe shocks were felt in the Caucasus, in the Tyrol and in Luxemburg; on the 9th, the most violent earthquake since 1868 was experienced at Arequipa, Peru; on the 10th shocks were felt at Cologne and throughout Southern Germany; on the 11th, more at Vienna; on the 12th, another violent shaking at Arequipa. In the middle of May eruptions began from Vesuvius; Ætna sympathized on the 25th, pouring out ashes and lava for a fortnight; simultaneously a similar outburst was noted at Geisfugie, Iceland, and on the day that Ætna broke into activity a violent eruption of the Czobancz mountain in Hungary, long regarded as extinct, was chronicled. As the eruption of Ætna was followed by continuous earthquakes in Sicily until the end of June, so the outbreak of the Czobancz Mountain was accompanied by severe convulsions in Hungary, Bosnia and Bessarabia, throwing down houses and trees and opening fissures from which water poured in floods, and culminating in the violent shocks at Agram, June 21-22, while tremblings were observed at Aix and Nassau, May 26-27, and at Hastings May 21. Thereafter Europe had a comparative rest till about the 1st of November, when all the south and east of Hungary, Servia, Roumania and Bessarabia felt incessant earthquakes of considerable intensity, some shocks even lasting a minute. At the time of least activity of volcanic forces in Europe—July 11—three strong shocks were felt in Cairo and near the Pyramids, something unknown in Egypt since 1857. In Persia, March 22-April 2, there were twenty-one villages destroyed and fifty-four greatly damaged; of the 1,200 inhabitants of Manan and Tark but few escaped. Java was visited by several disastrous shocks between March 28 and June 5, its volcanoes being also in active eruption. China had its turn June 29-July 11, with after-shocks of sufficient violence, though not nearly so destructive in August and September. There were very serious eruptions and shocks extending over a large area in Central America soon after the new year, after which the great center of volcanic activity was comparatively quiescent. In the Pacific there were disturbances in the early part of the year, culminating in the eruption of Kilauea in June.

But it was in 1880 that the series of seismic convulsions which had been taking place in Europe since early in 1879 reached their climax. On the 30th of December, 1879, several smart shocks were felt throughout Switzerland. A month later similar manifestations took place in Germany and Italy. February 6 Vesuvius was in full action and four days later Ætna sympathized, as did the mud craters at Paterno. Almost weekly came reports of convulsions in various parts of Europe, Portugal, Spain and France, and, especially, Italy and Switzerland, the manifestations of seismic force becoming more frequent and forcible, and extending over a wider area as autumn came on, until a culmination was reached in the terrible convulsions of November 9-22, affecting all southeastern Europe from Venice to the Black Sea, Bohemia to the Balkans. At the Croatian capital, Agram, was the greatest damage done. Though there were few lives lost, hardly a building in the town remained uninjured, the damage amounting to several millions of florins. Hot springs burst out of the earth, and two active mud volcanoes were formed. It is curious to note that while Vesuvius had been showing particular activity during each of the earlier periods, and so late as the fortnight, October 26-November 10, during the Agram manifestations it remained nearly quiescent. It may be added that on the 3d of February, 1881, Agram was again visited by an earthquake. Japan—where, by the way, a most valuable series of observation has been taken—experienced two severe earthquakes—one at Tokio in December, 1879; another in February, 1880 (Yokohama, 22d; Tokio, 25th), the most violent felt since the country had been opened to foreigners. On the Alert, which was anchored in the harbor, it was thought that the vessel was dragging her anchor in a squall. At the beginning of May the earthquake season opened in Asia Minor, the village of Heleddi, near Sinope, being engulfed by the sea so that not a trace of its buildings remained. But the convulsions reached their height toward the end of July (July 28-August 4) when Smyrna and the surrounding places suffered enormously. In one town, Menemen, of 1,140 houses, 665 were demolished, and the seven mosques and churches were laid in ruins. In the six neighboring villages, of 900 houses, barely half a dozen were left standing. The earth opened in 160 places to vomit for three hours floods of green water; the Hermus sank three feet below its usual level; the streams of the Gipyla range lost four-fifths of their water, while at Bournabat the long-dried fountains flooded the plain. Almost at the same time (July 13-24) the Philippine Islands became the scene of notable convulsions. At Manila not a single public edifice was spared; the inhabitants were forced to fly to the fields outside, and 320 lives were lost. The water in the river rose 3½ feet almost in a moment, and sank again as suddenly. The shocks, some lasting more than a minute, were felt all over the Island of Luzon; the volcanoes started into activity; the earth opened to emit hot ashes and jets of boiling water. In September violent shocks threw down pagodas and lighthouses near Rangoon and along the coast of Java. In America the manifestations were unusually numerous and violent, beginning at San Salvador January 1-10. Ilopango was destroyed and its lake, the crater of an extinct volcano, boiled up with mud and sulphurous vapors, a crater being eventually formed in its center. On the 4th the boiling lake in Dominica burst into fresh activity, and toward the close of the month all western Cuba was visited severely—"General Grant's earthquake." On the 1st of February severe shocks were felt at Vuelta Abajo and in Mexico; on the 9th, a volcanic eruption in Santo Domingo had an echo in the shape of a smart *tremblement* in the Ottawa valley. On the 14th of April San Francisco experienced the heaviest shock known for years. June 29 the eruption of the volcano del Fuego in Guatemala marked the commencement of an era of terrible activity. A column of flame shot up to the height of 500 feet, throbbing with strong regular pulsations for nearly two hours, at intervals of fifty seconds; the River Guacalate rose suddenly and ran warm. July 23 much damage was done to New Amsterdam and other parts of Guiana, and August 14 a terrible convulsion visited Chili, though, happily, the loss of life was not proportionate to its severity. The shock was felt on the highest points of the Andes, where the telegraph wires were broken and thrown down, and at Mendoza, east of the Cordilleras, earthquakes occurred on the 16th and 19th such as had not been known since 1861. It was about this time that an earthquake was felt in the Azores, followed by the emergence from the sea of a new island of 18,000 square yards area. With the horrors of the earthquake at Casamicciola in the first week of March our readers are familiar.

The most notable and disastrous earthquakes on record, it may be said, are those of Italy (526), when 120,000 persons perished, and of Sicily (1683), when 60,000 lost their lives. According to Gibbon towards 512 each year was marked with the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople was shaken above forty days—of such extent that the shock was communicated to the whole surface of the empire. At Antioch a quarter of a million persons are said to have perished. This period of earthquake and plague (512-7) was the period when the superior planets were in perihelion, as they are now. Arabian and Persian chronicles record 111 earthquakes between the seventh and eighteenth centuries, some lasting from forty to seventy days, and nearly all accompanied by winds or floods, or terrible storms or lightning and thunder. Readers of the "Relations des Jesuites" will remember the great earthquakes of 1663, which shook and tossed the earth for six months from Gaspe to Montreal, the rival of our own earthquake of 1811 in the Mississippi Valley. The severest of the earthquakes felt in this region was that of November, 1755, an echo of the convulsion that tumbled down Lisbon—and saved the Pomba Ministry, through the fact that the Minister's house was almost the only one left uninjured and his family one of the few not bereaved of a member. Hein, in his interesting opuscule on earthquakes, estimates that on an average two earthquakes a day occur on the earth. In 1870, though there was no severe single shock, 2,225 houses were destroyed or greatly damaged in Italy, ninety-eight persons killed and 223 wounded. The same shock may last for years; instance that of Viege, in the Valais, which endured from July, 1855, to 1857. At Cabul 33 severe shocks have been felt in one day; at Honduras, in 1856, 108 were counted in a week, and at Hawaii, in 1868, 2,000 shocks occurred in one month. Hein, it may be said in conclusion, opposes the theory of a connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and considers that of their coincidence with atmospheric phenomena as better supported by facts; for they are occasionally preceded or accompanied by thick and widespread fogs at seasons when fogs are not frequent, by sudden falls of the barometer and equally sudden changes of temperature. Their occurrence, however, in the majority of cases coincides with normal meteorological conditions. Earthquakes are more frequent after sunset than in the daytime, in autumn and winter than in spring. The influence of the moon is insignificant.—*N. Y. World.*

How the Snake Gets a New Suit.

"Some people think that snakes only shed their skins at certain seasons of the year," said the keeper. "That's a mistake. If they are well fed and kept right warm they change their coats about every eight weeks through the year." "Does it pain them?" "Not a bit of it. You see the skin of a snake does not increase in size as the reptile grows, as with us. While the old skin is getting smaller by degrees, a new one is forming underneath, and the other gradually gets dry. When it is ready to shed, it loosens around the lips, and the reptile rubs itself against the earth or the rock in the cage, and turns the upper part over the eye and the lower part over the throat. Then it commences to glide around the glass case, all the time rubbing itself against something until the entire skin is worked off. Sometimes this takes three days; occasionally they get rid of the encumbrance in a few hours. I don't believe they have a bit of intelligence. For all I feed them and care for them, they would as lief bite me as any stranger. I can handle a good many of them safely, but it's only the knack of the thing—not that they won't bite, but that they can't get the chance."

Inexpensive Happiness.

The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house, into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen: even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear. For, from the rosebud or clover leaf which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been my ideal of a mother, wife and homemaker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, hers would have been the ideal home. As it was it was the best I have ever seen.—*Alliance.*

—A hen flew into a house near Rockcastle, Pa., the other day, and knocked down a rifle that was hanging on the wall, which was discharged, killing a preacher that was visiting the family.

—A young lady who went out to India with matrimonial intent, and returned single, said if she had been a hit there she would not have been a miss here.

House-Cleaning.

The question comes, where shall we begin and what must be done? Every housekeeper, whether old or young, dreads this general tearing up, for no matter how systematically and carefully it may be carried on, it always causes more or less inconvenience to the family. However, when all is finished, everything is thoroughly cleaned and the house is in order again, how delightful it is!

Where shall we commence? The attic, storerooms and closets should be attended to first; by so doing, they are all ready to receive stoves, clothing and other things which have to be packed away for the summer. Next should come the rooms in the upper part of the house, working down, and leaving the halls and basement until the last.

When there is painting, papering and calcimining to be done, of course it is better to plan to have as much done as possible while the men are at the house, as it causes delay and loss to have them come several times. When ceilings become black and smoked unless papered or painted it is difficult to do anything with them. If they are calcimined or whitewashed the only thing to do is to have them refinished. Painted or papered ceilings and walls may be cleaned very nicely. Any one who has never tried to clean paper would be surprised to find how nicely it can be done with stale bread. To clean the paper of a room requires quite a number of loaves which must be procured from the baker and ought to be from three to four days old. Cut off the crust or dried parts around the sides of a loaf, then divide it through the center, leaving the whole upper crust on one half and the lower crust on the other, divide these into pieces or rubbers, four to six inches square, each having a solid crust back. Rub the paper, commencing on a small place, rubbing round and round, gradually moving a little farther and farther to the right or left, as the paper becomes clean. If the bread is too moist it is liable to streak the paper, and all the rough edges must be cut off or they will leave scratches. This same process may also be used for painted walls, or they can be washed. For plain, unvarnished, painted walls put one-half teacup of washing soda into a pail of warm water. Use a sponge or soft woolen cloth rung out of the water, with good soap rubbed on it. Wash a small place at a time and wipe dry, being careful not to allow the water to run down the wall, as it would leave streaks. There is an oily substance in coal smoke, which adheres to rough paint and it is impossible to remove it without something stronger than soap. The salsoda can be used on common unvarnished wood-work, also where the smoke has settled into the paint.

After carpets have been thoroughly shaken and tacked down, sweep with dampened corn meal or wipe with a cloth rung out of water. If they are very much soiled they can be washed and made to look almost like new. Put two tablespoonfuls of ammonia into a pail two-thirds full of quite warm water; first wipe a yard square of carpet with a woolen cloth, then scrub with a brush, not too wet, and good soap; wipe with a dry cloth, rubbing it lengthwise. It is well to try one corner to see that the colors do not fade. Almost all carpets can be treated in this way, but too much ammonia may change blue or a certain shade of yellow. Ox gall brightens and sets colors very nicely, and can be used instead of ammonia where the latter is not desirable.

To remove the smoke from marble mantels make a paste of a very strong solution of sal-soda and whiting; rub over the surface and allow it to stand several hours, then wash off. This takes out the stains much better than sapolio, which, by constant use, destroys the polish of the marble. The grates and facings which have become defaced may be blackened with a varnish sold for the purpose, or taken off, sent to the works, burned over and re-japanned. Engravings and pictures which have become smoked and soiled can be taken out of the frames and cleaned with stale bread the same as paper.—*Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

The Horse.

It is said that the horse inhabited America during the post-pliocene period, contemporaneously with the mastodon and megalonia. The truth of this statement can be easily ascertained by consulting any well-informed mastodon or veracious megalonia you may chance to meet.

The horse, however, is believed to be a native of Asia. Therefore, gentle reader, you can aise your mind on that matter.

It is said there are no real wild horses; but don't you put too much dependence on this assertion, or saddle be the consequences.

He rears up his young in the way they should go; he rears up himself in a way that his rider doesn't want to go.

Horses are subject to colds, and the pony is always a little horse.

King Richard exclaimed: "A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" At that time his crown was in danger. Had he found a horse, his crown might have been broken.

A young horse is called a colt. Colts are revolvers. They discharge their load with a snap.

When a driver wants a horse to get down to his work he tells him to get up.

The horse is not afraid of bad weather. He is guided by the rein.

He is a great eater, and generally has a bit in his mouth.

His bridle trip usually lasts through life.

He is always to be depended on, come wheel or whoa.

The horse is covered with hair, but it is on his neck in the mane. This is his mane deck.

The tail is the horse's after-deck. Horses can still be sold at wholesale after that appendage is gone, but it is impossible to re-tail them.

The horse has no toes. You will no toes it if he steps on your foot. Horses come from the steppes.

Horses are always kind and sound. That is, the kind that are advertised for sale. There is a pleasant sound about the expression.

A horse won't go right unless you pull him from the straight course.

They will eat corn. They leave the cob, but a cob will not leave the corn.

Their flesh is sometimes eaten. The filly of beef is reckoned a dainty.

A horse is sometimes called a charger. Stable keepers are chargers also.

The horse is not very strong. He has to lay down his ears when he lifts his heels.

And when he lifts his heels look out for horse scars. Horse cars are quite common in our crowded streets.

When a horse feels his oats you would best make an oat of it.

A horse has four feet, and we often hear of one of fifteen hands.

You can't stifle his ambition. He is a kingly beast, and always wears a coronet. He cares nothing for the thrown.

You can tell a horse's age by his teeth—that is, if you know what his age is before you look at his teeth.

There are many races of horses, including the race horse.

The chestnut horse and the reddish horse must not be confounded with the horse chestnut and horse radish. These latter are horses of another color.

Horses are caught by the lasso. Alas! so it is.

Notwithstanding all that is said of the healthfulness of equestrianism, you will seldom get a dealer to take a horse back

There are several kinds of horses, including the saw horse, the clothes horse, the horse shoe and the horse fly; but should we go into the description of these it would be ex-horseting.

But perhaps we had best end this sorrel lot of puns. We don't wish to curry it too far. Our readers might show a trace of ill-humor, and be a little sulky.

Shall we go on? Neigh.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Tale of Two Coats.

The other day when the bluebird sang, the robins chirped, and hired girls began to clean out kitchen woodboxes, George Carrington Lane, a young man with long hair and stately carriage, went to a tailor and was measured for a coat.

The cloth was broad,
And so was the price;
As a broad cloth coat
The fit was to be nice.

But it wasn't. That is, the tailor said it was the best fit he ever saw, and George vowed that he wouldn't be found dead with such a garment on. They argued, reasoned, threatened and bluffed, and the customer finally took the tailor and stood him on his head, threw his goose and shears out of the window, and was about to make a pincushion of the poor apprentice, when the police interfered.

"Is the tailor present as a witness?" asked the Court, after the case had been outlined.

"I am dot tailor," answered a little man on the second row of chairs as he stood up.

"Very well; come foward and tell your story."

"Well, sir, my grandfather he comes to America oafer fifty years ago."

"And was he hung?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, then, we don't want to hear any more about him. This man ordered a coat of you, did he?"

"Oxactly."

"What sort of a coat?"

"Vhell, I doan' like to brag all der time; but dot coat fit him shut like a vheel fits a wagon."

"That is, it wobbled all round on him?"

"Not much! It was der best fit I efer saw. If you look all day you couldn't find a wrinkle."

"Judge, that coat seemed to be cut after the pattern of a schooner's jib," protested the prisoner. "The sleeves were too short, the tails too long, it was loose in the back and tight under the arms, and a drayman could have done as well with his jack-knife."

"Well, you should have walked out and left the garment on his hands. When you picked him up and turned him end for end and stood him on his head among the scraps you transgressed the law."

"I presume so, but I was mad."

"So vhas I," put in the tailor. "If I could have got hold of him I make some mince-meat pooty queek!"

"I must now fit you with a second coat. This may not set any better than the other, but it's the best I can do. I shall make it ten dollars fine or thirty days in the block-house."

"Dot's shplendid—dot's bully!" chuckled the tailor.

"You go home!" was the stern rebuke.

"And remember," whispered the prisoner, "when I come out of the jug I'm going to mop you all over Detroit!"

"You couldn't mop two sides of me!" hissed the tailor in reply; but he was very pale and his chin had a lively quiver.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Multiplication by Machinery.

Mr. Ramon Verea, a Spanish resident of New York, has been devoting his leisure hours for several years in developing a machine that will multiply and divide, and has finally succeeded. It will produce a product having fifteen figures, and the factors may be of nine or less than six figures. A turn of a small crank once for each figure in the multiplier displays the product on a disk. The work is almost instantaneous and the accuracy of it unimpeachable. The machine consists of ten circular plates placed vertically, and on the edge of each are figures from 1 to 9 inclusive and zero. On the sides of these plates are points which form in substance a multiplication table. Suppose 9 is to be multiplied by 6. The first plate is turned so that nine shows on top; the other factor is then shown on a wheel belonging to a similar set as those on which nine is shown. When the crank is turned the multiplicand plate turns six-ninths of a revolution and a point on the fourth concentric circle of points on the side of the plate is presented on one side and a point on the fifth concentric circle on the other. These two points meet each a small tongue which operates upon the product box, where the result is directly shown. The mechanism by which the product is recorded is too complicated to admit of a description except at great length. There are a series of wheels worked upon, each of them graduated as to size and shape with the concentric circles on the plates. It might be said that in the multiplication the additions necessary are made simultaneously with the multiplication. For example, multiplying 56 by 7 the process is 7 times 6 are 42, 7 times 5 are 35 and 4 are 39—product, 392. With the machine the work is instantaneous. When the wheel is turned the record is first made of 42 and then of 35. The figure in the last place of 35, that is the 5, is at once added to the figure in the place of the tens of the other number, and the entire product "bobs up serenely" as the crank completes the revolution. If the multiplier were a double number, say 56 by 27, another turn of the crank would make the multiplication and addition complete. To prove the operation pressing a button throws into gear a new set of wheels, and a turn of the crank reduces all the numbers in the product box to zero. Should zero not at once appear it would prove the original operation was wrong.

Mr. Verea explains that he did not make the machine either to sell its patent or to put it into use, but simply to show that it was possible and that a Spaniard can invent as well as an American. A number of tests that were made in the presence of a *Herald* reporter and other visitors were conducted with facility and accuracy. The operation of multiplying 900,000 by 9,000 was correctly performed by the machine while the reporter and an accountant were trying to write out the product which they had already arrived at by a mental process —*N. Y. Herald.*

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—A bachelor too poor to get married, yet too susceptible to let the girls alone, was riding with a lady "all of a summer's day," and accidentally—men's arms, awkward things! are ever in the way—dropped an arm round her waist. No objection was made for a while, and the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon it. But of a sudden, whether from a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another beau coming, never was known, the lady started with volcanic energy, and with a flashing eye, exclaimed, "Mr. B., I can support myself!" "Capital!" was the instant reply. You are just the girl I have been looking for these five years. Will you marry me?"

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—A story is told of the old gentleman who always took notes of his minister's sermons, and on one occasion read them to the minister himself. "Stop, stop!" said he, at the occurrence of a certain sentence: "I didn't say that." "I know you didn't," was the reply; "I put that in myself to make sense."

Fashion Chit-Chat.

Steel appears on the straps of the low shoes

Steel lace will be used to trim black grenadines.

Crepe is to be used in trimming summer bonnets.

Dark mixed straws promise to be very fashionable.

Flowers and feathers are both worn on hats at once.

The new spring pokes are in Tuscan and Leghorn braids.

Quantities of lace will be worn on the new spring costumes.

Brocaded gauzes will be among the elegant novelties of the coming season.

Young ladies still wear the plain round skirt and waist with sash at the side.

Red appears shaded from the deepest Vandyke, which is a very dark shade, to the palest pink.

Large round collars of the same material as the dress are worn. Some of these collars are shirred.

Some of the new gauzes have plush-like effects given to them by a heavy looping of silk threads.

The straws worn will be of the openwork varieties with lace crowns, and soft crowns of puffed silk.

Striped grenadines are shown with alternating stripes of satin and an openwork design like lace.

Shirring not only is seen on the mantles and dresses, but bonnets of shirred silk are fashionable.

Buckles will be very fashionable worn with sashes, and they match the buttons worn on the dresses.

Long trained dresses are still universally cut *en princesse*, with shirred and puffed fronts, square corsage.

Woolen dresses are generally made with plaited skirts, the jacket being of the same material as the skirt.

Wide linen collars edged with lace three inches deep will be the fashionable collar for morning wear with summer dresses.

Very few overskirts are now worn; the trimmed skirt has all the effect of an overskirt and is more desirable as to economy.

New styles of linen collars are simply straight bands fastened with a gold button. The ends are slightly curved and are made to lap.

Among the new colors is "condor-brown," named after the condor of South America—a bird said to fly higher than any other bird.

Fruits will be used to trim bonnets this season as well as flowers. Small bunches of grapes are shown, looking very pretty and natural.—*Andrews' Bazar*.

High Art in Laramie.

Yesterday a man came into the *Boomerang* office with the wild, hunted look of a married man whose wife has two majority in the House and full control of the Senate.

After he had heaved a sigh as large as a box car, and scratched his back on the oriental hat rack, he asked if he might have a word with the high-art editor.

A pensive blonde, with his feet in the waste-paper basket, was pointed out to him, and the domestic minority poured out his woes:

"I s'pose you manage the fresco business for this periodical, and you want to bring art, and frill, and home decorations up to a high standard. Well, my wife is some on home decorations herself, and what I wanted was a suggestion once in awhile from your paper that would seem to tone her up and elevate her tastes, as it were. She is away behind. I want to try and discourage her from plastering the shanty with Michael Angelo paintings that come off from peach cans and tobacco pails. It clashes a little to have a plaster cast of Shakespeare in one corner of the room, and a picture peeled off a baked bean can in the other. It brings poetry and grub too close together. My idea is that æsthetics and cold chuck should not be brought into immediate contact in art. They don't harmonize. That's why I told Amanda not to hang 'Moses in the Bulrushes' contiguous to her painting of a Magnolia ham. Last week she got hornswoggled into buying some Japanese tidies of a leading brick-a-bracker. He told her they were the latest thing in tidies, and she bought seven for twenty-one cents. We have only three chairs that are able to be out, anyway, and one of them is foundered pretty bad, so four of the tidiest had to be nailed up on the wall. The perspective in these tidies is very bad. Another thing, the red flannel dado on the sky don't suit me. Then the sand-hill crane is bigger than the pagoda, or the corral, or whatever it is, and the fire-cracker funny business is bad for sore eyes. I have brought one of the tidies along. It speaks for itself. Imagine a man coming home tired and hungry and sitting down on a tidy that has the scarlet fever. Think of a home made desolate with a howling wilderness of stump-tail storks standing on one foot and trying to think of a big word. Put yourself in my place, and try to imagine a home filled with nightmare of red wash bills with picturesque Japanese Congressmen in their shirt-tails, as it were, drinking tea out of majolica washbowls. I am not a hard man to please, but I feel as though something ought to be done. Of course it wouldn't do for me to suggest a change to my wife directly, because she would put a symphony in navy blue and sage green on my brow with a gothic potato-masher, but if the leading paper in the country should come out, you understand, and say that there had been a change, and that blue-tailed snipes and bow-legged Chinamen had gone out of style, and warm meals and porter-house steak were growing in favor, with a leaning toward ham and eggs as home decorations, I think that perhaps the old woman might tumble to the racket."

That is why we have published the above interview. We want to do all the good we can.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang.*

Sheep That Travel.

Traveling sheep are another of the institutions of the colony in Southern Australia. In a pastoral country like this there must of necessity always be numbers of "stock" changing hands; thus, sheep and cattle may be met almost every day passing from one station to another. By law, sheep are compelled to travel six miles per day; cattle, nine miles; and horses twenty. Sheep are often met with traveling for "feed," that is, the owners thereof, having over stocked their runs, find the grass failing; so they send a large mob of sheep off to some imaginary buyer, some hundreds of miles off, choosing of course the route by which they will pick up most grass. After sauntering along for a month or two, perhaps the rain has come; and there being now plenty of grass, the sheep are brought home by a roundabout way. Sheep of that style are known as "loafers;" because the drovers try to go as short a distance as possible each day. All kinds of stock are branded for identification.—*Chambers' Journal.*

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—"You ain't taking any stock in woman's love, eh?" "No," he answered, despondently, "it's all flummery." "Very strange," added his friend. "You didn't use to talk that way." "Perhaps not," he replied, "but I've been married nearly two years, and there are four pair of trousers hanging up in my closet waiting to be patched, and not a stitch taken in them yet."

* * *

—Proverbial Philosophy—One hair in the hash will cause more hard feeling than seven illuminated mottoes on the wall can overcome.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Heine's grave at Montmartre is described as being in the most forlorn state. The weather-worn and leafless remains of a laurel wreath are all the decorations it possesses.

—The London *Athenæum* calls Bret Harte "one of the most popular of living writers of English," and also says that "within his limits there is no living writer who can improve on him."

—Of the making of books there is no end even if "finis" is put at the last of each of them. Within the past fifteen years the Congressional Library has doubled itself three times. It is expected that the library will soon contain 1,000,000 volumes.

—Ivan Turgeneff, the novelist, is a persistent traveler, and has made studies for his books all over Europe. Paris he prefers for a home. He is now sixty-two years old. He is tall, erect and symmetrical. His beard and his long locks are white and his expression is one of kindliness and wisdom.

—Mrs. Arnold, the wife of the author of "The Light of Asia," and grand-niece of Dr. Channing, is mentioned as an architect of distinction. She is superintending the making in London of the memorial window to be placed by the Channing family in the Channing Memorial Church at Newport.

—Millet sold his picture of "The Angelus" to a dealer for $200. The dealer sold it for $1,000, and when next sold it brought $7,200. At a sale at the Hotel Druot, Paris, recently this same picture brought $32,000. Twenty-five years have made this difference in the painter's fame, but it is no longer of any use to him.

—Guibollaid in a sudden access of fervor remarked: "How wonderful are the ways of Providence! Everything is foreseen; each month has its proper growth: potatoes, oats, beans, asparagus, peas, always something new. When one thing goes the other comes. As soon as the season for fruits has passed the season of preserves and jelly arrives!"

—Gordon L. Ford, the New York *Tribune's* business manager, has the richest autograph collection in the country. It contains not less than 25,000 bound volumes, 60,000 pamphlets, 50,000 steel-plate portraits, and 75,000 autograph letters and documents. There are two rooms in which the visitor can scarcely pick up a book or piece of paper that is not a treasure. One room contains only town and local histories; of these there are 2,500. Another room is devoted wholly to autographs and steel portraits, and it is packed full on shelves and tables.

—Not a single paper, political or otherwise, is published in the Irish Celtic tongue. Yet this, says the *Gaelic Union*, is the spoken language of some hundreds of thousands of persons in Ireland. Hence the establishment of a Gaelic newspaper is one of the cherished objects of this society, which, since its recent establishment, has developed a remarkable degree of activity. The real difficulty seems to be that the people cannot read the language which they speak with grammatical accuracy. There are not even any class-books; and Celtic literature, so interesting to Continental philologists, exists only in the form of some thousands of manuscripts.

HUMOROUS.

—Ohio is said to be excited because the son of a Baptist minister has married the daughter of a Jewish rabbi. Anything that tends to retard the consumption of pork is certain to create an excitement in Ohio.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—Chicago is now going into training schools for cookery on a grand scale. They are nice places for ladies to drop into and pinch dough and eat raisins, and imagine that they can go right home and cook a beef-steak. One old grandmother is worth twenty such schools.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A French mother took her little daughter, who promised to be very good, to make a call with her. Conversation turns upon various people. Says the mother: "Yes, my cousin is not handsome, but she has the prettiest teeth in the world." Child: "But mamma yours are much, much prettier, they've got gold all round 'em."

—A writer in *Appleton's Journal* occupies several pages of that publication in an effort to prove that there is no such thing as womanly intuition. Some night when this gentleman comes home about thirteen o'clock and tries to sneak into bed without having his breath smell he will discover the fallacy of his theory.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The farmer's oldest boy now puts on his heaviest boots, gets a grip on the plow handles, and, with the "lines" around his neck, yells and shouts and swears because the span don't "haw" and "gee" just right in turning corners. You'd never suspect that he was the same fellow who has been raising havoc among the girls all winter with his stunning plaid neckties and stand-up paper collars.—*New Haven Register.*

—He came in to say that he attended a meeting last evening. "I made an address," he said; "but please don't use my name. I ask it as a favor. If you should, however, be careful to spell it with a final e, and say that I do business at the old stand, where I have always on hand a full assortment of—" etc., etc., etc. We shall respect Mr. —— ——'s feelings and say nothing about him.—*Boston Transcript.*

—When the maiden isn't hugging of her fellow,
Of her fellow;
When her fancy doesn't lightly turn to bangs,
Turn to bangs,
It is ten to one that she is getting yellow,
Getting yellow,
And all broken up by jealousy's wild pangs,
'Ousy's wild pangs.

When you never see her eating the fried oyster,
The fried oyster,
And she doesn't seem to care for Easter clothes,
Easter clothes,
Don't forget that she's preparing for the cloister,
For the cloister,
And will ne'er again invest in striped hose,
Striped hose.
—*Cleveland Leader.*

Peasant Life in Normandy.

Nearing Amiens, we begin to perceive, without doubt, that we are in a foreign country. True, the landscape is not unlike our English rural landscape, when especially inane, and the farmhouses and buildings are like most others we know; but there is dawning a difference. For instance, in England we never saw those huge, queerly-harnessed horses, with great sheepskins hung at their necks, on the top of their collars, and bits of shiny brass dangling and jangling about their forelegs in a fashion which British Dobbin would never submit to for an instant. And our indigenous British Hodge, how very unlike him is this Norman peasant, in his invariably blue blouse, which dots the view with a bit of refreshing color. He just stops in plowing or wagon driving—and what queer shaped wagons they are!—to look up as the train skims by; and, if near enough we perceive that he is spare-made, sharp-featured, generally bearded, but has a neatness of costume and intelligence of face rather beyond Hodge's. It sets us moralizing and speculating on his daily life—what sort of a cottage or hovel he lives in; what kind of people are his wife and children; and whether, supposing we were to drop in upon them at their supper to-night, we should in the least understand them, or they us, in language, habits or sympathies, any more than if we had dropped from the moon. This with only an hour and a half of sea running between! It takes down our insular pride considerably. Truly the world is a wide place.—*Mrs. Mulock Craik.*

Our Young Readers.

WRIGGLING TED.

A sad little wriggling boy was Ted;
The very curls wagged on the top of his head;
He never was quiet from morning till night,
For hopping and jumping was all his delight;
He pranced and danced,
Till he made you quite ill;
He wriggled and jiggled
And never kept still!

Well, his arms and his legs came loose one day,
And waved about in a dreadful way;
So to tie on a string was all they could do,
And then they painted him yellow and blue!
As a Jumping Jack, Ted
Could prance his fill—
He could wriggle and jiggle
And never keep still.
—*Wide Awake.*

KINDNESS.

A Ten-Minute Sermon for Children.

"Be ye kind to one another."—*Eph. iv., 32.*

Did you ever notice the way in which a train of railroad cars are fastened together? At the end of each car is a bolt, which slides in and out a little way, to which is hooked another bolt just like it on the next car. When the engine backs and the two cars come together, they do not strike with a hard bump, jolting the passengers out of their seats, but the two fastenings meet, each slides in a few inches, breaking the force of the blow, and the two cars come together easily and gently. These slides are called *buffers*, because they *buff* each other and save the cars from many a bump. Now, do you know that everybody can carry with him a buffer, which will help him to avoid hard hits with other people? That buffer is kindness. A kind word, spoken gently even in answer to an unkind one; a kind action, seeking the good of another; above all, a kind heart, full of love, will make all around us friendly and fill the world with sunshine.

You remember how Joseph went out of his prison to become a Prince. If he had moped and sulked in Potiphar's house, as he had some reason for doing, or had sat down in the prison cross and snappish, do you suppose he would ever have risen to greatness? No, for all his ability, but for his kindness, and cheerful, helpful spirit, you and I would never have heard of his name. More than one man since his time has found kindness useful in bringing him success.

Once a young man with very little money opened a small store in a New England city. So few people came in to buy his goods that he grew discouraged, and said to himself, as he shut up his store one Friday night, "If I don't have more customers to-morrow I'll give it up and go away." Just then a little girl came along, looked up at him, and said:

"Are you the man that keeps this store?"

"Yes," he answered, "this is my store; but it is shut and locked up now."

"Well," said the little girl, "won't you please open it again and sell me a spool of No. 70 cotton? All the stores are shut up, and my mamma wants it to finish my dress to-night, so that I can go and visit my auntie to-morrow."

The young merchant could not refuse the child's pleading voice; so he unlocked the store, went in, lit his lamp, found for her the spool of thread, and took her six cents. She went happy on her way home; the next day her mother came in with two other ladies, thanked him for his kindness, and bought some goods, as did the other ladies also, who had heard the story. Perhaps they told it to others, for more customers came in, and from that day his store was successful. Afterward he became very rich, and used to say, "I owe it all to that spool of cotton." But it was the kindness, more than the cotton, which won him friends and success; for who wouldn't rather buy of a kind, pleasant person than of one who seemed selfish and careless of others?

And kindness will overcome difficulties when harsh and severe treatment only increases them. Once so runs an old fable—the Lord commanded an angel to destroy a great iceberg, giving him a thousand years for his task. He called together an army of men with pickaxes and shovels, and let them dig at the iceberg for five hundred years; but even then they had only made a hole in it, and it seemed as big as ever. Then he called for the storms to beat and blow upon it. For four hundred years more the rain and snow fell, and the north wind whistled around its crown, but it only grew the greater. At last the angel went back to Heaven and said, "Lord, I cannot destroy this great mountain!" Then the Lord said, "I will show you how to conquer it." So he called upon the sun to shine with warm rays upon it; and the soft south wind to breathe upon it; and soon the great mountain of ice melted away and only showed where it had been by the green meadows, all the greener because of its moisture. So, if you want to conquer an enemy, watch your chance, not to throw a stone at him, but to do a kind act or speak a kind word, which will melt him and make him your friend forever. That is the way that Christ wins us, by loving us, and blessing us, and dying in our stead; and even so may we, Christlike, win and save others.—*Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, in Christian Union.*

Skipping the Hard Places.

Boys, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror made out who went through the country he was trying to subdue and whenever he found a fort hard to take, left it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive, and when he was well into the heart of the country don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you, if you skip over the hard places in your lessons and leave them unlearned; you have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me," and it was just there the Professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of these I was asked to do on the blackboard."

The student who is not thorough is never well at his ease; he cannot forget the skipped problems, and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student; the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve, when you take up a study, that you will go through with it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the accurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heel all the rest of his life. Whatever he does will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years.—*Morning Star.*

Tommy and His Brave Army.

Tommy Stiles lived on a farm, and went to the district school. He was a bright boy, and always learned his lessons well. But he liked best to hear the older children recite. He was fond of history. He liked to hear of wars, and the brave deeds of soldiers. One fine June day Tommy thought he would play soldier himself, and go to war. He put on an old red vest which his father wore in the brass band. His mother made him a paper soldier-cap, with plumes. He had a wooden gun, a tin sword and a small drum.

There was no other boy there to play with him and so he "made believe" he was the whole army. He was Captain Thomas, and Tommy the drummer-boy, and Tom the soldier—and all three were the army. Then Captain Thomas said, "Forward, march!" and waved his sword. Tom shouldered his gun. Tommy beat the drum—but this was not easy, for Tom's gun and Captain Thomas' sword were in the way. Then the army marched to the field behind the barn.

Up and down it filed, back and forth, now quick, now slow. Indeed, now and then it hopped! Captain Thomas had to call out to Tom pretty often to keep step. But there was no fault to find with Tommy. He drummed so hard that he scared the hens and sheep. All went well, only for one thing. Once Tom ran so fast that he tumbled down and bumped the army's nose against a stone. Then Captain Thomas was angry, and scolded poor Tom well, I can tell you.

At last a grand charge was made. The army raced after Spot, the calf, and thumped the drum and shook the sword, and threw stones. (This was firing the gun.) Poor Spot was put to flight. He ran off up the hill, with his heels and tail flying wildly in the air.

Then the army marched back to the garden fence, and Captain Thomas made a speech. "Soldiers," said he, "we have whipped the whole world, and it has run away. I did it with my sword. Now I must be the King."

Just then Trix, the gray goose, stretched her neck through the fence and bit Tommy on the leg. The Captain, the drummer, and the whole army raised a loud yell, while Trix hissed fiercely. Then down went the drum, and the gun, and the sword. The army limped off as fast as it could to the kitchen. Had you seen Captain Thomas, soon after, sobbing on his mother's lap, you would not have dreamed he was the little man who had just "whipped the whole world."

Moral.—Do not boast of what you have not done. Some old gray goose may hear you.—*Our Little Ones.*

Scenes in Havana.

You will open your eyes perchance when you hear that Havana claims a population of 450,000. This, however, is an overestimate. Well-informed business men assured me that the actual population was about 280,000. Of this number 10,000 or 12,000 are Chinamen and 4,000 foreigners other than Spaniards. The Chinamen are engaged in every pursuit, except politics, and you never turn a corner without encountering one of them. Some of them look sleek, fat and thrifty, while others look cadaverous and wretchedly poor. Passing an alley one day, my traveling companion and myself stumbled on a sight that stumped and rooted us to the spot for some minutes. There, in a little narrow passage some twenty-five yards long, between a tenement house, fifty or seventy-five Chinamen were living in a manner. The sides and farther end of this hive of squalid, yellow, pig-eyed human beings was honey-combed with burrows, bunks, kennels or whatever you might term them, constructed of pine boxes or anything that could be put together for a sleeping place. In the open space between these sleeping shelves were several dozen Chinamen, some cooking, some washing, some eating, some patching up old garments and others smoking opium from long, slim pipes and lazily dreaming of the land of Confucius. It was a sickening and disgusting sight, and we turned away thinking that this must be very like the ragpickers' district in Paris, of which we had read. Out on the commons we saw Chinamen living under pieces of old weather-stained canvas and oilcloth, or in little huts built of boards and covered with palm foliage. Many of them cultivate small patches of vegetables near the city. A few of them have prospered, and own business houses, well stocked. It costs a Chinaman very little to live when he is hard-pressed. He feasts on spoiled fruit and decayed cats.

The architecture of the residences and business houses of Havana is almost entirly Moorish. The houses are built for the most part of stone, with tessellated floors. The roofs are invariably flat and covered with variegated tiling. It is no uncommon sight to see dogs, chickens, peacocks and goats walking around on the house tops. In the evening the families betake themselves oftimes to the flat roofs to enjoy the refreshing sea breezes. The doors are large and ponderous and strengthened with heavy iron bands and bolts. The knockers are usually brass, in the shape of a hand. The windows have no glass and are simply large openings for air and light, with iron bars running up and down their length about six inches apart. Heavy latticed shutters on the outside stand open in the evening to admit the breezes, and are closed by day to keep out the dust and sun. The houses are painted pink, blue, yellow and other bright colors, which contrast cheerfully with the massive somberness of the piles they adorn. Many of the private residences of Havana have been built by rich planters for winter homes, and are palatial in their structure and interior apartments.

Aldama's palace, looking out on the Mars Park, cost $600,000 in gold. It is four stories high, painted ocher color, with great pillared arches on the street fronts.—*Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Russian Empresses.

The Russian Empresses have always been strong conservatives and opposed to reform. The wife of the Emperor Nicholas was almost the sole exception. She studiously avoided any acquaintance with political affairs as long as her husband lived. The late Empress Marie was in this way the exact opposite to her predecessor. In her early days she aspired to a recognized influence in State affairs. In 1859 an agent of the French secret police wrote from St. Petersburg to Napoleon III. that the Czar was inundated with letters accusing him of being governed by his wife; and that it was commonly said the priest Bajanof ruled the Empire, for that the priest ruled the Empress, and that the Empress ruled her husband. The Empress and her mother-in law were strongly opposed to the emancipation of the serfs. At an interview with the French Ambassador, the Emperor, referring to the impending emancipation, said that, though the nobles now opposed it, they would in the end find that it was advantageous to themselves. The Czarovitch, who died in 1867, and was at the period in question a boy of fourteen, declared that the emancipation would never bring anything but misfortune to all, whereupon the Emperor sent him out of the room.

—When General Sherman arrived in Auburn to attend to General Emory Upton's funeral, he was accosted by an old veteran, who stepped up to the General and extended his hand, saying: "Let me shake hands with you, General. I was with you in the Shenandoah." "Yes," said the General, "that is all right, but I wasn't there." The veteran subsided, and slid out of sight as fast as possible.

—United States Senator Davis, of West Virginia, has been investing heavily in coal lands, having bought among other lots 1,400 acres in Washington County, West Virginia, giving $80,000 for one 400-acre tract.

—Small waists are no longer fashionable and tight lacing is frowned down by sensible women. The undertakers will not like this.