THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

A NIGHT'S REST.

The sun sinks low in red and gold;
The Emperor gazeth west:
"Thank God, the day is nearly told!
Night comes, and I may rest."

Already midnight in the room
Appointed for his sleep;
Barred iron shutters cage its gloom,
And stilling stillness keep.

Through all the antechambers vast,
Bell linked to bell, to bell;
The lightning's chain is forged and cast,
To warn him by its spell.

With stealthy footsteps, measured, slow,
Silent on pain of death,
His hundred guards creep to and fro,
Armed to their very teeth;

And in safe hiding-place, at hand
By subterranean way,
The fleetest couriers bridled stand,
To wait till break of day.

'Tis night. The Emperor faints for sleep.
With slow and halting tread,
These thresholds which death-vigils keep
He crosses to his bed.

A secret spring shuts fast his door;
No mortal knows the trick.
O fatal sign of fated hour!
Fate laughs to hear it click.

The sun comes up in red and gold;
The Emperor waits its ray:
"Thank God, the night is safely told!
O God, what brings the day?"
—*Harper's Weekly.*

WHAT HE WANTED TO SEE.

A Story of the Sanctum.

It was nearly noon in our sanctum.

All was still except the ticking of the clock above the chief editor's desk—which clock, by the way, had never been known to keep the right time for the last five years—and the scratch! scratch! scratch! of the pens of our talented and intellectual staff, as said pens traveled quickly over the white paper pages.

Suddenly the door opened.

A stranger appeared.

It was a stranger of the male species. A mild and apparently innocent stranger, whose clothes, from their general vagueness of fit and inadaptability to form, seemed to have been made by some country carpenter.

He opened the door softly and obtruded himself in as if he was not quite certain as to whether or not he had arrived at the right place.

"Good-day," remarked he, with a smile which seemed to embrace the whole office, even down to the bare-armed and dirty-faced printers' "devil," who lay complacently sleeping upon a pile of old exchanges, waiting for "copy," which in his heart of hearts he wished might never be "ready."

Our head editor got up.

Our head editor took a general reconnoissance of the stranger as he advanced. It was not certain in our head editor's mind who the stranger was, he might be a new subscriber; he might be the advance agent of a circus; he might be a Deputy Sheriff; or, worse than all, he might have a small bill against one of our staff.

Therefore our head editor, who is a born diplomat, adopted a line of policy which was entirely non-committal.

"How are you?" said he.

The stranger smiled again.

"Well, thank you," was his reply. "Are you the editor?"

Our head editor calculated up the questioner, and replied that he was. This bold avowal was prompted by the fact that our head editor gathered from his calculation that, if needful, he could prove himself the muscular superior of the stranger, or, in vernacular, "lick him."

The stranger seemed pleased.

"Glad to know you," said he; "I have a favor to ask of you."

A dreadful suspicion occurred to our head editor. Perhaps the stranger was some long-lost brother, or some fellow quill-driver, who desired to borrow money of him! But the blissful thought that he did not have any money anyway reassured him.

"Well, sir," asked he.

The stranger looked around. There seemed a mystery attending his look. He did not appear to be desirous of being observed.

"Oh," whispered he, "I want to see the blood-stained club!"

"The *what?*" gasped our head editor.

"The blood-stained club."

"What *are* you talking about?"

The stranger pulled out a paper. It was a dirty paper, a paper creased and folded, and bearing signs of half a hundred readings.

He unfolded the paper so that its heading was visible.

"The Oshkosh *War Whoop*," read he. "This, I believe, is the publication office of the Oshkosh *War Whoop?*"

"Yes, sir," replied our head editor.

"Well, here is week before last's number. In one column you say: 'Yesterday a gaunt youth arrived with a poem called 'Spring, spring, beautiful spring!' He was the first of the brood, and we hope he will be the last. We brought out the blood-stained club, the club we use for poets, and without a groan, without a sigh, he sank down—dead!' Was not that printed in your paper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, as I said before, I want to see the blood-stained club."

Our head editor laughed. It was not a merry laugh, but a laugh whose accents of glee seemed but a feeble mockery.

"That's a joke," said he.

"A joke?" said the stranger, as if doubting his ears.

"Yes, sir."

"There wasn't any gaunt youth?"

"No, sir."

"No poem?"

"No, sir."

"He did not die, the poor poet, without a groan or without a sigh?"

"No, sir."

"And, last of all, there was not any blood-stained club?"

"No, sir."

"And, as you say, it is all a joke?"

"Yes, sir."

The stranger reflectively wiped his brow with a red handkerchief to which washing seemed to be a vague and infrequent act.

"Can—can," he hesitatingly said, "I view your grave-yard."

"Our grave-yard?" questioningly answered our head editor.

"Yes, sir—your private grave-yard."

"What do you mean?"

The stranger pulled out his copy of our paper again.

"On the fifth page," he remarked, "you say: 'One hour ago there lived a man who does not live now. He came into our office and said. 'It is a good day for the race.' 'What race?' asked we. 'The human race,' was the fiendish reply. That settled it. He is calmly reposing now in our private grave-yard, his head beneath a rose.' Did you not print that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then show me down; I want, as I said before, to view your private grave-yard."

"That was a joke, too," said our head editor.

"There wasn't any man?"

"No, sir."

"He said nothing at all about a race?"

"No, sir."

"His head is not beneath a rose?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"And you haven't any private grave-yard?"

"No, sir; we don't even own a quarter share in a tomb-stone."

A gloomy and dark frown gathered over the stranger's face.

"I suppose," said he, "you haven't got a fighting editor?"

"No, sir."

"And that tale of yours, printed upon fifth page, in relation to a fellow who said he was a howling hyena from Hellgate, who came down from Nevada accompanied by two bear cubs and a shot-gun, to make you change the political tone of your paper, and who got plastered all over the wall by your fighting editor—that is a joke, I suppose, also?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's a good deal of joking about a newspaper."

"Has to be, sir."

"You appreciate jokes?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I'm glad to hear it," was the stranger's answer, as, with a twinkle in his care-lined eye, he produced a paper from his vest-pocket.

He edged toward the door.

"You appreciate jokes?" asked he, for the second time.

"Yes, sir," responded our head editor, in a wondering way.

"Well, sir, I'll show you a great joke. My name is Joshua Whittaker. I live way back country. I owe you, I kalkerlate, about two years' subscription arrears for your paper. When I read about your blood-stained club, and your private grave-yard, and your fighting editor, I got sorter scairt, and guessed I'd come and pay up. But now that I find out all them is jokes—sort of illusions, as it were—I guess I won't. I'll just let the bill run for another two year. That will be a bully joke, won't it? You might print it. I'll just tear your bill up. Good-day."

Twitch! twitch! twitch!

The bill fell in a dozen useless fragments upon the floor, and, while our head editor was gasping for breath, the stranger faded sweetly and severely away.—*Fireside Companion.*

How Tom Scott Took Service with the Pennsylvania Road.

At this time J. Edgar Thompson had become the company's Chief Engineer. Talking one day with Dr. Given, former Collector of Tolls at Columbia, and then holding a contract with the Pennsylvania Railroad, he asked if the latter could recommend to him a man to act as Station Agent at Duncansville, on the Allegheny Mountains, then the western terminus of the road. The Station Agent was to have charge of the transfer of passengers and freight between the cars of the Pennsylvania Company and those of the State Road.

"There was a young man used to clerk for me at Columbia that would suit you first-rate," replied Dr. Given.

"What's his name?" asked Engineer Thompson.

"Thomas A. Scott."

"I will send word to him."

And he did, and by telegraph, too. Mr. Thompson was sitting next day in his office in Harrisburg when in walked a visitor, who was a picture of manly beauty and who bore about him such a breezy air of independence as plainly indicated that corporation chieftains had no terrors for him. His long yellow hair straggled over his shoulders, a wide-brimmed slouch hat was perched on the back of his head, his pants were tucked in his boots and his hands were exploring the very depths of his pockets.

"Young man, what do you want?" inquired Engineer Thomson, looking around and gazing at this picture.

"I believe you telegraphed for me," was the response, in a very clear but respectful tone, but with no appearance of embarrassment.

"What is your name?"

"Thomas A. Scott."

"Are you the young man Dr. Given recommended.

The Chief Engineer, after a long and earnest scrutiny of the long hair, the big hat, the boot-encased pants and pocket-hidden hands, said suddenly and brusquely, "I don't think you will suit me."

"That doesn't make a darned bit of difference," replied the fair young man with the golden locks, not one whit abashed. "I made up my mind to come down here anyway and try you a month, and if I liked you to stay, and if I didn't I would mighty soon tell you so. Good-day, sir."

"Hold on, there," called out Chief Thomson, as the young man was walking from the floor, probably demonstrating more quickness of determination than he ever afterward displayed. "Come back here; I guess I will try you for a month," and he tried him for many years afterward.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Storing Up Electricity.

The Faure battery continues to attract attention in France and England. A correspondent of the London *Times* tells how he carried a box of the stored-up electricity from Paris to Glasgow. He says: A Faure battery, or *pile secondaire*, was charged with the electric fluid direct from the ordinary Grove battery and in my presence. The receptacle consisted of four Faure batteries, each about five inches diameter and ten inches high, forming a cylindrical leaden vessel, and containing alternate sheets of metallic lead and minium wrapped in felt and rolled into a spiral wetted with acidulated water, and the whole placed in a square wooden box, measuring about one cubic foot and weighing some seventy-five pounds. This was protected by a loose wooden cover through which the electrodes (in lead) protruded, and were flattened down for convenience of transport. This box of "electric energy" was handed to me by M. Faure, at my request, with the object of submitting it for examination and measurement to the eminent electrician, Sir William Thomson, at the University of Glasgow.

In about seventy-two hours from the time of charging in Paris I had the satisfaction of presenting Sir William Thomson M. Faure's "box of electricity," intact and potent, holding by measurement within that small space of one cubic foot a power equivalent to nearly one million of foot pounds! This wonderful box is now deposited in the laboratory of the Glasgow University, and being submitted to a series of tests and measurements, the results of some of which made Sir William exclaim, "Why, it's a little witch!" The writer enthusiastically adds that the advantages to science and humanity at large which this discovery (or rather perfection of M. G. Plante's discovery) is destined to afford are of such transcendent importance that we cannot for the present form any correct estimate of their magnitude.

The Sub-Treasury Gold Wagon.

The little, dingy-looking "gold wagon," which has been used for twelve years past to carry the money received for duties from the New York Custom-House to the Sub-Treasury, has been retired from service. Sometimes it made as many as a dozen trips daily, carrying as much as $80,000 in glittering gold coin each time. The money was usually put up in bags of $20,000 each, which were placed in heavy oaken boxes with massive rod-iron handles. These boxes were then put into the wagon-box, and a lid with clamps of iron was locked down over it. The wagon was pushed like a hand-cart by two Custom-House porters, accompanied by an armed watchman, whose duty it was to see that the load of treasure was not interfered with by thieves. The little used-up wagon has carried in its time probably not less than $500,000,000, or about 4,500 tons weight in gold, and the dead weight and strain of the precious freight had rendered it rather rickety and unsafe. In its place a new wagon has been purchased, with solid wheels girt with iron tires half an inch thick, painted a deep blue color, and marked with the sovereign letters "U. S." in front.—*Scientific American.*

Adulteration of Foods and Drinks.

The adulteration question is now fairly before the public mind. Some two years since Mr. Angell, of Boston, made some very grave assertions before the Social Science Association as to the extent of these adulterations. His method was somewhat inexact and his manner that of a bold enthusiast. Nevertheless, he succeeded in doing that which is the beginning of most investigation and a reform. He excited controversy. Eminent chemists, as Morton and Nichols and Chandler, controverted his statements or doubted their accuracy; but Boards of Trade were incited to action in the line of honest inquiry. Strong attempt was made to secure active Governmental movement. Mr. Angell appeared before the Congressional Committee, and made very positive statements, which have been spread broadcast over the country. The National Board has made somewhat superficial examination, and gives the opinion that, while drugs are largely adulterated, our common foods are not; also that many of the adulterants are harmless to health, although frauds financially. Some of the States, like New Jersey, have passed laws as to adulteration. The New York Legislature has favorably reported a bill of a similar kind; but it has been chiefly exercised over glucose and oleomargarine. Glucose, although not harmful, is a great fraud when compared with cane sugar in nutritive value. Many of our sirups and some of our sugars are largely glucose. Great quantities of honey are upon the market over which the busy little bee never improved a shining hour. As to oleomargarine, its manufacture has become a great industry. No doubt it can be prepared so as to serve as a substitute for butter, both in cookery and in table use. If used for the latter purpose, as a very high temperature is not used in its manufacture, there is some danger from the entozoa, some of which are found in fats and are transmissible to man. There is no good reason why the fats should not be subjected to high temperatures. It seems quite necessary that some system of inspectorship should be adopted which will insure right methods of manufacture, and the marking of packages so as to distinguish from pure butter. In a late English trial the defendant pleaded that the tub was marked "Bosh Butter" on one side. The Judge decided that "Bosh" is an Americanism, not understood by Englishmen, and, therefore, did not sufficiently define the oleomargarine. We hope there will be some wise legislation as to these two articles before the trade becomes so enormous as to monopolize legislative influence. As to less notorious adulterations, it is to be remembered that it is an inviting field for the cupidity of men; that the world is growing more artistic and being furnished with more skillful methods of combination; and that we are not to expect riddance from such evils except through rigid law and authorized watchfulness. While harmless ingredients are more naturally sought; yet, as in the case of alum in bread, or acids in baking-powders, or colors for effect, the mixer easily convinces himself that small quantities will do no harm. The National Board of Health recently cooperated with the New York Board of Trade and with the premium offer of the sanitary engineer in forwarding a form of law which was deemed expedient, as not being overstrict or stringent, on the one hand, or too lax, on the other. No one can note the marked decrease of adulteration which has taken place in England, under a system of public analysis, without feeling that much the same course is desirable here. The adulterants used and the articles adulterated will from time to time change; but the practice will continue, unless thus guarded. Most of our cities are so satisfied of the need as to milk that special inspectors are appointed. Their experience shows that the reality of the evil is not overstated. A report made last year by the New York Inspector, and this year by the New Jersey Inspector, presents many facts of importance.

Cider vinegar is now entirely too scarce an article, and doubtful acids afflict the stomach. There are still other directions, newer than these, in which the attention of analysts is now being directed.

The adulterations which occur to drugs are admitted by all to be of a serious character. If recovery from sickness at all depends upon the use of proper medicines, it is easy to see that a fraud here may be attended with the most serious consequences. We have ourselves known two or three instances in which life has been jeopardized or lost because of the inertness of a preparation, and one of where convulsions were caused. The United States inspection of drugs is of some service, but not alone sufficient. Opium needs to be carefully watched. Quinidia is often sold for quinine. Bromide of potassium has been substituted for the iodide. Ipecac is often found adulterated. Rhubarb in powder cannot be relied upon without examination. Cream of tartar, if needed for medical use, must be carefully tested. Many of the less conspicuous drugs have various forms of falsification. The subject is one of such grave importance that even those who doubt the extent of food adulterations insist upon a careful inspection and testing of the chief articles used as medicines. We hope that the United States will pass some law that will reach all of our foreign drugs, and that we shall have more stringent regulations as to domestic medicines. We commend a careful attention to this subject at this time, in order that proper watchfulness and proper restraints may be secured.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Black Grenadine Dresses.

Black grenadine remains a standard choice for summer dresses, but this season the plain sewing-silk grenadines with smooth surface will be chosen in preference to all others. The trimming for this simple fabric is the r chest embroidery of silk on net in close patterns, and this is combined with the showy Spanish lace, or the less decorative French laces, made in excellent imitations of real thread lace. Fine knife-plaitings of the smooth grenadine are placed in many rows up the entire front of the skirt. A breadth on each side is covered with panels of the embroidery, made by placing the two straight edges together, and putting them lengthwise on the skirt, then surrounding the whole panel with plaited lace. The back drapery of the grenadine is usually made of two breadths very simply arranged, and long enough to reach to the foot, where it meets two narrow knife-plaitings like those on the front of the skirt. Bows, chateaines, and large rosettes of ribbon, either of plain satin or else richly watered, are on the side panels. The basque for such a dress usually has a surplice vest of the embroidery, and the entire sleeve may be of the transparent embroidery, or else of the grenadine, with a turned-up flat cuff of this garniture. The back of the basque has bows for ornament. Satin Surah of inexpensive quality is used for the foundation of such a dress. When embroidery is omitted, Spanish lace flounces are placed across the front and side gores of the skirt, and the drapery is narrowly confined at the back. For very gay dresses for young ladies the terra-cotta shades, olive, or yellow satin Surah is used for the entire foundation beneath the transparent grenadine and lace. When the dress is all black, it is necessary to put a scant flounce or plaiting of black crepe lisse under the lace flounces to support them, and to bring out the figures well. The silk square-meshed grenadines so well liked for service are made up in similar styles, and also with plain self-trimmings for morning wear and more general use. Three deep plaitings covering the back breath, with an amply draped apron and a single plaiting at the foot, make a good design for these canvas grenadines, or else the reverse of this is used, having two or three lengthwise plaitings for the entire front, with two draped breadths behind. A pretty basque for such dresses has the front and sides cut off an inch or two below the waist line all around, until the middle forms of the back are reached; a deep plaiting (from two to three fingers deep) then fills out the shortened parts, and meets the middle back forms, which are folded in two great box plaits, or draped in handkerchief points, or else have a long scarf tied in a sash bow upon them. When a gayer dress is desired, steel or jet fringes and passementerie are used for trimming these plain grenadines, but the tasteful choice this season is the heavy embroidery and Spanish lace garniture.

When striped, blocked and brocaded grenadines are used, those with satin foundations are chosen, and many have the figures of plush or velvet. These are made up over satin, but as this makes them heavy, a skirt of twilled Surah, or else of the satin Surah, is preferred where lightness of weight is considered. Two or three deep Surah plaitings, each edged with Spanish lace, make a beautiful trimming for the front and sides of such a skirt. The figured grenadine is then draped on the back, and is used for the basque.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Getting Vaccinated.

A Detroit doctor who has vaccinated over five hundred men, women and children in the last two weeks has had heaps of fun in watching the workings of human nature under the lancet. "Getting vaccinated" is somehow connected in most minds with getting a tooth pulled, and patients expect to suffer as much pain. Not more than two men out of ten walk square up to the rack. They hesitate, hang on, make inquiries, and in many instances remark that they will wait a day or two. One refused to be vaccinated until he was tied to a chair. Another offered the doctor a dollar extra to give him chloroform. Scores of them want some object to clutch to, and they shut their eyes, grit their teeth, and call up sufficient resolution to carry them through the operation of having a broken leg reset. A well known citizen had made two calls and backed out. The third time he came he rushed into the office, peeled off his coat and pushed up his sleeve, and, throwing himself into a chair, shut his eyes, and called out:

"Quick! Quick! Bring on that laughing-gas; and then don't be a second putting that lancet into my arm!"

A negro was one day observed walking up and down in front of the office for a long time, and the doctor finally stepped to the door and asked him if he wanted to be vaccinated.

"Deed, sah, dat's what I cum fur," was the reply, "but the werry minit I turned dat co'ner de blamed fing quit aching!"

The favorite exclamation with men when the lancet is felt is "Woosh!" Once in awhile one say "Thunder!" and about one in twenty refers to a land that is hotter than this. Most of the women express their surprise with an "Ouch!" but now and then one yells "Oh, Lordy!" As a rule, the woman all shed tears, and many of them come prepared to faint away; children have to be flattered and coaxed, and it is sometimes necessary to tell them that bears and Indians are always on the lookout for children who haven't been vaccinated. Tears and sobs and wails are the rule, but the transit from "Oh, ma, I know he'll kill me!" to, "Say, I got vaccinated and never cried but once!" is as glorious as it is brief.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Mixed Assemblage.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Telegraph* describes the court-room audience at the Nihilist trials as follows: "A peculiar feature in the assemblage, and highly illustrative of the heterogeneous elements composing the Russian Nation, was a group of priests of various faiths, who had been summoned to admin ster the necessary oaths to witnesses of their respective creeds. Beside a priest of the Greek Church was a sedate and swarthy Imam, clad in flowing robes, with a voluminous white turban folded round his head, denoting that the wearer had visited the holy shrine at Mecca. Next to the follower of Mohammed sat a full-bearded, long-haired, aquiline-featured and dark-complexioned Armenian, who did not appear to relish his proximity to the sworn enemy of the cross. A solemn Jewish Rabbi, in somber garments, separated these from the next pair, who afforded a striking and amusing contrast. This last couple were a Franciscan monk, representing the Church of Rome, and a Lutheran minister, whose dress and appearance denoted a strict disciple of Calvin. The sharp-featured, close-shaved, sanctimonious-looking monk, clothed in a long white serge dressing-gown and hood, with a cord girded round his waist, sniffed ineffable contempt as the prim, dapper little Calvinist, in his short black cassock, took his seat beside him. But the contempt was mutual, for no bigoted follower of John Knox could have expressed greater scorn for the infamies of the Babylonish women than was depicted on every lineament of the severe countenance of the Calvinist as he glanced sidelong at his self-satisfied neighbor. Fortunately, perhaps, for the public peace, these holy men sat in close proximity to the drawn swords of the gendarmes guarding the prisoners."

—It is said by many who have tried the experiment that dogs may be prevented from worrying sheep by having bells, say one to each two sheep, hung around their necks. Numerous inquiries have always been answered to the effect that dogs have never been known to attack sheep when belled. A good farmer in Leyden who keeps about a dozen excellent Southdown ewes, always belled, was grieved and surprised one morning to find that dogs had raided his flock, killed two, mangled others and scattered the rest. On collecting his little flock into the yard after a half-day's search he found that the tongue was lost from the bell. This was replaced, and never since have his sheep been worried. The experiment is so simple and cheap that it is worth trying, and this is the time to do it, as sheep with lambs are just going to pasture.—*Exchange.*

—Extract from a book of South American travels: "Never had those lonely wilds been traversed by human beings, nor did the animals betray the slightest fear at our approach; indeed, on one occasion when one of our negroes was paddling with his arm in the water an alligator swam fearlessly up and bit it off without displaying the least apprehension."

—Large numbers of camels are said to roam along the Gila and Salt River bottoms in Arizona. They are supposed to have sprung from a number of the beasts which were imported into Texas in 1858 for use on the sandy plains, and were turned loose when the war broke out.

—A Georgia paper says that a law against smoking on the street is still on the statute book of many States, and is of opinion that it should be enforced against cigarette-smoking school boys under sixteen.

A Put-up Job on the Passengers.

Last Sunday, as the eastern-bound Union Pacific express ran into the little mining town of Hilliard, Wyoming, there was observed a man, who looked as if he had all the bad elements of humanity combined in him, bound tightly to a telegraph pole near the depot, by a rope, and two or three armed sentinels standing guard over him, while a second rope dangled gracefully and significantly from the cross-trees. A short distance from this group was another party in the act of burying a dead man, who, they said, had just been cut down from a neighboring pole. The body was almost covered with dirt, and only the dead man's boots and head, which was covered with a coarse gunny sack, protruded. Of course, when it was fully understood that this kind of procedure was going on, the wildest excitement prevailed throughout the train, and a disposition was manifested by some of the "nerviest" passengers to go out and rescue the poor victim from the miners, and in fact an expedition did go out and ask the cause of the high-handed business. They were informed that the two men were notorious horse-thieves, and had infested that region for a long time, but had finally been captured, and were simply undergoing the sentence prescribed for such crime by his honor Judge Lynch. To the philanthropic and humane passengers this seemed barbarism, and they offered all the inducements in their power to save the life of the remaining culprit, and allow him at least a trial by jury. It was whispered confidentially that the miners liberated their prisoner on a good round sum of ransom money, and their merciful mission ended, the passengers put back to the train with light hearts, and received the hearty congratulations of the whole train, who lamented, nevertheless, the sad fate of the other thief who passed in his chips just a few minutes before the arrival of the express. The next day, when the eastbound express came through, the whole thing was given away by the inhabitants of Hilliard, who pride themselves on having successfully carried out one of the finest "sells" ever perpetrated. The victim who had been so ruthlessly planted, was nothing but overalls and a shirt stuffed with straw and a pair of boots. The fellow who came so nearly being hung was nobody but a poor, innocent tramp, whom the miners intended to have a little fun with, and had no intention whatever of harming him. But report says that Hilliard resounded far into the night with unrestrained hilarity over the success of their put-up job, until the ransom money was exhausted. Hereafter the conductor of the invegled train will not show his head in Hilliard, as he was one of the rescuing party, and the worse duped of all.—*Omaha Herald.*

"Send for Mother."

"Dear me! It wasn't enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own, but now, when I am old and expected to take a little comfort here, it is all the time 'send for mother.'" And the dear old soul growls and grumbles, but dresses herself as fast as she can, notwithstanding. After you have trotted her off, and got her safely in your home, and she flies around administering her remedies and rebukes by turns, you feel easier. It is right now, or soon will be—mother's come!

In sickness, no matter who is there or how many doctors quarrel over your case, everything goes wrong, somehow, until you send for mother.

In trouble, the first thing you think of is send for mother.

But this has its ludicrous as well as its touching aspect. The verdant young couple, to whom the baby's extraordinary grimaces and alarming yawns, which threaten the dislocation of its chin, its sleeps, which it accomplishes with its eyes half open, and no perceptible flutter of breath on its lips, causing the young mother to imagine it's dead this time, and to shriek out, "Send for mother!" in tones of anguish—this young couple, in the light of the experience which three or four babies bring, find that they have been ridiculous and given mother a good many trots for nothing.

Did any one ever send for mother and she fail to come? Never, unless sickness or the infirmities of age prevented her. As when, in your childhood, those willing feet responded to your call, so they still do, and will continue to do as long as they are able. And when the summons comes which none yet disregarded, though it will be a happy day for her, it will be a dark and sad one for you, when God, too, will send for your mother.

Influence of a Good Dinner.

The Secretary of the Detroit Limekiln Club announced a communication from the President of the White Rose Debating Club, asking Brother Gardner to take sides on the question: "Am sheep-meat too good fur cull'd folks?" The club had the question before it for several meetings, and failing to agree it had been agreed to accept the decision of the Limekiln Club.

"I should say dat it was accordin' to sarcumstances," replied the Pres dent, as he removed his spectacles. "In de case of a lazy, wicked, right-down nigger eben ole bones am too good fur his stomach. In de case of a good, squar' cull'd man, sheep meat, sirloin steaks an' spring chicken am none too fine; I am a firm believer in de theory dat de brain am in a great measure controlled by de stomach. I lay one half de rascality of dis world to poor fodder. A man who sits down to a lean table feels mad at de hull world, though it may be his own fault dat he has no better. Bring up a chile on co' 'taters, old crusts an' thin meats, an' de chances am ninety-five in a hundred dat he will make a wicked man. When de stomach am pinched, de brain turns to deviltry. I've bin right dar'. In de y'ars agone, when I sot down to a dinnah table held down by a few 'taters, a cup of weak tea an' a mighty thin slice of bread, I felt like robbery an' murder. Gin a man good coffee, plenty of meat, good bread an' whateber fixin's come between, an' he will keep cl'ar of crime, unless it was bo'n in his natur'."

A Romantic Courtship.

Mr. Theodore Stanton, son of the Hon. Henry Stanton, of New York, was married, May 19, at the American Legation in Paris, to Mlle. Marie Marguerite de Berry, of Paris. This union was preceded by a romantic courtship. In 1878, when in Paris seeing the Exposition, the happy bridegroom noticed one day, in the *Journal des Debats*, that a certain young French lady had just taken a degree at the Sorbonne. Curious to investigate this example of French education, he addressed to the young lady a letter asking for information on the subject. This gave rise to a correspondence, which continued for two years, Mr. Stanton returning to America after the interchange of the first letter, without having made the acquaintance of his fair correspondent. In the autumn of 1880 he visited Paris again, saw the young lady, fell in love—not with her, but with Mlle. de Berry, her friend from infancy, and her constant companion. Now, it happened that these two girls had long before agreed to be married on the same day, and it also happened that Mr. Stanton's correspondent had long been engaged to the brother of his intended. So a double wedding was the result, and Mr. Stanton's correspondent became his sister-in-law.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Miss Mary Anderson has received a proposition to appear this season at Drury Lane, London, but has not accepted it.

—Mr. W. D. Howells has agreed to write for Mr. Lawrence Barrett an original play founded on incidents of early Colonial life.

—Says the London *News*: "American literature has now become so far English that it has supplied us with more household words than the literature of any other country except France."

—Louis Kossuth, who is now living in Italy with his unmarried sons, is quoted as saying: "I am literally a man without a country, yet what man ever loved his country more?" In a letter to a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* he speaks pathetically of "my dear native land, alas! not my home."

—There are four descendants of William Penn now living in this country—Dr. Penn Gaskell Skilleon—who still receives from the Pennsylvania Trust Company his income from the Penn estates in Ireland—Colonel Peter Penn Gaskell Hall, and two boys related to the Penn family through their dead mothers.

—It so happens that five Southern writers will have articles in the July *Scribner*, including Mr. Cable, Mr. Harris (Uncle Remus), and Mr. William Murfree, who furnishes the text for an illustrated paper on "The Mississippi Levees." It will be a popular descriptive article, with little to say about engineering questions.

—As a recognition of the generous hospitality dispensed by Sir Edward Thornton and his family during the thirteen years he has been British Minister in Washington, and of the active part they have always taken in local charities, it is said that citizens of Washington will give them a complimentary entertainment before they finally remove from the city.

—A German critic, discussing the tendency of his countrymen to exhaust any subject that they study or write about, and at the same time to exhaust themselves and their hearers, gives some amusing illustrations of the way the theologians of the fatherland have labored upon the Bible. Thus a Prof. Hasebach, of the University of Vienna, lectured twenty two years upon the first chapter of Isaiah, and had not finished when death surprised and carried him off. Chancellor Ulrich Penziger, of Tibingen, gave 312 university lectures, covering a period of four years, upon the prophet Daniel, then lectured twenty-five years on Isaiah, giving 1,500 lectures, and then, taking up Jeremiah, finished one-half of him in seven years and 459 lectures. At that juncture, in his eightieth year, death ended his achievements.

HUMOROUS.

—When it comes to descending a ladder, the bravest of us generally back down.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—"Will the coming man use both hands?" asks an exchange. If he goes to a Texas picnic he will, for he will have to pull with both hands to get the ticks off.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Longfellow wears his frock coat buttoned to the chin." The question now is who sewed that button on the poet's facial extremity?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—"Be a good little girl," said Edith to her younger sister; "you mustn't ask for a second piece of cake. It isn't good for little girls. Beside," she added, "I want it myself."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher. "Please, marm," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school-house and the scholars not allowed to look out—*Chicago Journal.*

—A correspondent should always make it a point to add to a newspaper communication. "If too long, please cut down to suit yourself." This reassures the editor and suggests a way out of a possible difficulty which might never have occurred to him.—*Rochester Democrat.*

—"Ma," exclaimed the boy, gazing down into the back yard, where the young lady next door was talking to his sister, "come and look at the bonfire." She came and looked and then exclaimed: "My son, that isn't a bonfire; that's a spring bonnet."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—It has been decided to abolish swords for the officers of Pennsylvania militia companies. It breaks up the dignity of an officer's proceedings to suddenly turn a somersault and double his head up under him, so he nearly breaks his neck, while the plaguey scabbard takes the hide off his legs.—*Boston Post.*

—Prof. Atwater says there is no more brain food in fish than in butcher's meat; but he does not account for the superior intelligence of men who are able to make their wives believe they catch all the fish they bring home after a protracted wrestle with draw-poker on land.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—While the circus with the "most beautiful woman in America" was parading through Chicago the other day, the absurd cry was raised by a practical joker: "The $10,000 beauty has got loose!" The crowd ran away in every direction. Some women fainted, and one was thrown through a window, nearly killing a telegraph operator. The Chicago people are not accustomed to "$10,000 beauties."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Eagle's Appetite.

J. H. Welker, proprietor of the Joe Hooker House, on Robinson Street, has an eagle which is fond of feasting on cats and rats. Boys living in the northern part of the city, upon learning that the bird was fond of cats, carried some there every day to see the eagle destroy them. The report was circulated that the proprietor paid liberally for cats, and a great many more were brought than the eagle could devour. It was not an unusual thing to see boys after school with half a dozen cats in a bag, some of which had been stolen from the neighbors. Finally Mr. Welker refused to allow the boys to feed any more cats to the bird, and now buys rats, paying fifty cents per hundred.

"How many rats have you purchased during the past week?" asked the reporter of Mr. Welker, and he replied, "Seven dozen." The rats are thrown into the cage alive, and the eagle grabs them on the back, pierces them through the vitals, and kills them the same as it did the cats. The rats must be perfect, without being maimed, else the eagle will not touch them.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

His Own Coin.

The late Dr. Coleman was once traveling in the early wilds of Ohio, and entering a hotel, called for dinner. He noticed, upon sitting down at table, there was a glass of whisky beside his plate. After eating, he paid his bill. The landlord charged him for the whisky.

"But," said the worthy doctor, "I have made no use of it, and never do."

"It was there and you *could* have had it; you must pay."

"Very well," said the doctor.

Some time after the doctor was there again, and before eating, he placed his medicine-case beside his plate. After eating, when paying his bill, he brought in charges for medicine.

"But," said the host, "I have not had any."

"Ah, but you could have had it; it was on the table.

Our Young Readers.

NED AND THE TURTLE.

"March!" said Spring. Quickly melting, he ran away.
And the frost harried out of the ground,
And the leaves, brown and dry, dropped with
Autumn "good-by."
With the wind went a scurrying round,
And from the deep mud in a low, swampy
place
A turtle his long neck thrust out,
And, winking and blinking his funny round
eyes,
He lazily peered all about.

Then he dragged from the mire—like a snail
on his back
He bore it—his box-like abode,
And patiently climbed for an hour or more
Up the bank, till he came to the road.
There an old man he met, who was crooked
and gray,
And who walked with a stout oaken cane.
Cried the turtle: "Hello! please tell Ned that
I'm here,
And am waiting to see him again."

"Who's Ned?" asked the man. "Just examine my top
I suppose you have learned how to spell,
And a name and some figures he carved with
his knife
When we parted, you'll find on my shell."
The old man he stooped with a grunt, for he
was
Decidedly lame in each knee,
And he read, "August 1, 1836—Ned Mott,"
And then chuckled, "Good gracious that's
me."

"You!" the turtle exclaimed. "Why, Ned Mott is a boy
Whose laugh can be heard for a mile;
With hair brown as earth, and with eyes
bright as mine—
You! Excuse me, I really must smile."
"I am he." "It can't be." "Yes, it can
Don't you see,
Many years since you saw him have sped?"
"What a years! I know nothing 'bout your
but I know
That you are not rosy-cheeked Ned,

"He's a boy, and he wears a small cap with
peak,
And in summer picks berries called whortle.
Oh! the stupidest thing is a stupid old man."
"You mistake, 'tis a stupid old turtle.
I'm Ned Mott." "You are not." "If I
not, I'll be shot."
"Then be shot," and he dropped with
a thud,
That sleepy, that ancient, that obstinate turtle,
Head-foremost back into the mud.
—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.*

THE MASTIFF AND HIS MASTER

A certain young mastiff being near dog's estate, his master judged best to trim and shorten his ears. This the mastiff thought hard, and complained accordingly. But as he grew older and met dogs of various tempers, he was of en obliged to fight for himself and his rights, then his shorn ears gave him a advantage, for they furnished no hold to the enemies' teeth, while the long-eared dogs, whom he had formerly envied, came from the fray torn and suffering. "Aha!" said the mastiff, "my master knew better than I want was good for me."—*Old Fable.*

"But why mustn't I?" said Towser.

Towser was not a dog, as you might suppose, but the nickname of a boy. Exactly why his school-fellows should have chosen this nickname for Tom Kane I don't know; perhaps because his brown, short-nosed face was a little like a dog's—perhaps because he was bold and resolute, a good fighter, and tough in defense of his rights and opinions. I hardly think it was the last reason, however. Boys are not much given to analyzing character, and are apt to judge things as i people by a happy go-lucky instinct, which sometimes leads them right and sometimes wrong. But whatever the reason may have been, Towser was Tom's school-name, and stuck to him through life. Even his wife called him so—when he grew up and had a wife—and the last time I saw him, his little girl was stroking his hair and saying, "Papa Towser," in imitation of her mother. Towser isn't a pretty name, but it sounded pretty from Baby May's lips, and I never heard that Tom objected to the title, either as man or boy.

But to return to the time when he was a boy.

"Why mustn't I?" he said again. "All the fellows are going except me, and I'd like to, ever so much."

"It isn't a question of like," answered his father, rather grimly. "It's a question of can and can't. All the other boys have rich fathers; or, if not rich, they are not poor like me. It's well enough that their sons should go off on camping parties. Twenty-five dollars here and twenty there isn't much to any of 'em, but it's a great deal for you. And what's more, Tom, there's this: that if they'd take you for nothing, it isn't a good thing for you, any way you fix it. I pay for your schooling, and I paid for these boxing lessons, and may be, another year, I'll manage the subscription to the boat, for I want you to grow up strong and ready with your fists, and your mind, and all parts of you. You'll have to fight your way, my boy, and I want you to turn out true grit when the tussle comes. But when its a case of camping out a week, or extra holidays, or spending money for circuses and minstrels and such trash, I shut down. You'll be all the better off in the end without this fun and idling and getting your head full of the idea of always having a 'good time.' Work's what you're meant for, and if you don't thank me now for bringing you up tough, you will when you're a man, with, may be, a boy of your own."

Mr. Kane was a silent, gruff, long-headed man, who never w