THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

FISHING.

[John Albro, in Puck.]

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CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A True Romance—A Girl's Love for Her Betrothed Braves Dangers, Jail, and a Detective.

"Never condemn a person on circumstantial evidence; it is unreliable, even when the circumstances seem to fit into each other like a couple of cog-wheels," said John T. Morris, who is an experienced detective of Springfield, Ohio.

"Give us the story, Uncle John."

"Not long ago there resided in Franklin County a wealthy old maid, Miss Sabina Smith. By inheritance she was the possessor of a large farm, on which was an old-fashioned, though comfortable, dwelling-house. She was reputed to have a good, square bank account."

"How old is she?"

"Well, on the shady side of seventy, but she had a weakness like all old maids, not for kittens, poodles, or canaries, but for children. She had raised several orphan girls, who are now well settled in life. In 1865, she adopted a six-year-old, black-eyed girl, bright as a button, named Mollie McCann, whose father had fallen in battle, fighting for his flag and country, while her mother, crazed with grief, pined and faded away. Mollie soon learned to love her new mother, and from a prattling maid in short clothes and pinafores she soon bloomed forth into a gushing school-girl, and at eighteen was the belle of every rustic gathering—the pretty Miss Mollie McCann, over whom the boys raved and the girls envied. To all her admirers she turned a deaf ear, and, with a pretty toss of the head, and merry twinkle of her roguish eye, bade them be off and not bother her."

"Miss Smith was sensible; knew that Mollie would probably marry and have a home of her own some day, so she neither discouraged her fondness for society nor harped upon the miseries of wedded life in the maiden's ear, but when she came back from the State Fair at Columbus in 1878, and told her adopted mother about the young gentleman she had met, his attentions and good qualities, Miss Smith was not pleased, nor did she hesitate to frown her displeasure and advise her ward to turn a willing ear to the many suitors of the neighborhood instead of seeking in far-off fields that which was nearer home.

"But Mollie was, like many another, struck on a traveling man, and she carried on a secret correspondence with him through a lady friend for a long time, until at last they were engaged.

"Miss Smith and Mollie were the sole occupants of the house. The bedrooms were four in number, two of which were used as spare rooms, one occupied by Miss Smith and containing two beds, Mollie occupying one, Miss Smith the other. The fourth bedroom was called Mollie's, but was only used by her when a lady friend was visiting her. In one of these spare bedrooms was an old-fashioned bureau and bookcase combined, the top drawer of which could be converted into a desk. The back part of this drawer was fitted up with small drawers. One of these small drawers had from time immemorial been used as a money-drawer. In the summer of 1879 the sum of $355 was missed from the drawer; in the summer of 1880 $200 mysteriously disappeared, together with a quantity of old gold coins which had been in the family for over a century. On the 20th day of last May Miss Smith loaned to a neighbor $500, giving him her check and he signing a note in her favor. Sickness prevented his presenting the check at the bank at Columbus, and, learning that Miss Smith was going to that city on the 30th, he requested her to get it cashed. She did so, and returned with Mollie about dark on that day, having the money all in $100-bills.

"The house was all securely locked down stairs, and Miss Smith deposited the five hundred dollars in the secretary drawer, closed the drawer, locking it and placing the key in the bureau drawer beneath. She then locked the room containing the bureau and placed the key under some quilts that lay in a wardrobe in her bedroom. Before retiring she locked her bedroom door and she and Mollie retired for the night in separate beds in the same room. The next morning, April 1st, the neighbor who had borrowed the money, having a long journey to perform, during which he expected to make a payment on some land purchased, called as early as five o'clock, before Miss Smith and Mollie had arisen.

"Awakening Miss Smith, she took her key from the wardrobe, unlocked the bedroom, then, taking the bureau-drawer key from the under drawer of the secretary, opened this to find the money gone. She went down stairs; everything was locked and bolted as she had left it the night before.

"Who took that money?"

"That was the question that confronted me. There were no signs of a burglary; no lock forced; windows and doors all right. No one else in the house but Miss Smith and Mollie. Of course, I at once examined the girl. She talked freely, said she always had a presentiment that the money would be stolen—in fact, had a presentiment that night, but feared to tell the old lady for fear of alarming her. I soon learned that Mollie had a key which fitted the bedroom containing the bureau, hence my suspicions were strengthened that Mollie had arisen in the night, either unlocked the door with her own key or taken the one in the wardrobe, and, securing the money, hid it either in or out of the house without awakening the old lady. I finally told Mollie that I should have to search her and make a thorough examination of the house.

"'Well,' she naively remarked, 'if you do find any money about the house it won't prove that I stole it, will it?'

"'It will be prima facie evidence, I said.

"I locked her up in her bedroom and began a thorough search; bandboxes pried into, bureau-drawers pulled out, cupboards ransacked, and finally went through her own room. Under the carpet under her bed I found in a compact wad twelve $100-dollar bills. Now the total amount kown to be missing was only $1,045. Where had the $155 come? Where had the gold coins gone to? Was the bureau-drawer paying interest on its deposit?

"'Now I've got you, Mollie,' I said,' as I confronted her.

"Mollie fainted.

"A bottle of camphor and a little cold water brought her speedily to, yet she sturdily proclaimed her innocence.

"'I didn't take Miss Smith's money; no, I did not,' she convulsively exclaimed between her sobs.

"Miss Smith would not allow me to take her to jail, where I reasoned confinement would soon compel her to confess.

"My work, however was but partially done, for the gold coins had not turned up.

"I determined that those coins must be in the house, and resolved upon a thorough search from cellar to garret. The cellar disclosed nothing, and at last I stumbled upon a small stairway leading to the garret, the door to which was a common trap-door, securely fastened by a padlock, to which was attached three links of a chain.

"'Give me the key,' I said to Miss Smith, to that trap door up in the attic.

"'Oh, no use of looking there, the keys have been lost for over five years, and no one has ever been up there since. There were cobwebs on the door, but I noticed that over the crack of the door's edge they appeared to have broken away, caused by the door having been recently opened. With an ax I speedily got the door open and saw large footprints in the dust. By the aid of a lamp I followed the course of the tracks over the boards which lay across the shaky rafters to the furthest part of the garret, where over an old cross-beam, hung a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags. The dust on the bags had been recently disturbed. In one of the pockets I found the five $100-bills which disappeared on the night of the 30th of May, the $355 that was missed in the summer of 1879, the $290 that was lost in 1880, and, better than all, the rare old gold coins upon which Miss Smith set such store as an heirloom. I had found the money, but I found $1,200 too much. The mystery deepened. I resolved upon one thing, and that was that Mollie must know something about the money that was hid under the carpet beneath her bed. I talked kindly to her, told her that Miss Smith's money had been found, and urged her to tell me how the $1,200 came under the carpet of her bed.

"'You will not believe me if I tell you, but if Miss Smith will go out I will explain. I put that money there; it was my lover's. He had saved it out of his wages and given it to me to keep. I destroyed his letters, for fear my aunt would find it out.' There's the story."

"'But how did the old lady's money get into the garret?'

"'She carried it there herself. She was a somnambulist and walked in her sleep.'

"How did you prove it, Mr. Morris? Did the old lady let you occupy the bedroom and catch her?"

"Oh, no. I got the old lady to take off her shoes and stockings and place her No. 6 foot down on a sheet of white paper. With a lead pencil I marked out her foot on that sheet of paper. With a pair of scissors I carefully cut the exact shape of the old lady's foot, which fitted exactly in the tracks in the dust on the garret boards. Besides that Mollie's foot was much smaller, she only wearing a No. 2½ shoe, and would not fit the track. I also, on careful examination, found traces of cobwebs in the frill of the old lady's night-cap, while Mollie wore no night-cap. So you see I proved it by both ends—the old lady's head and by her feet. I explained all to the satisfaction of the old lady, she paid me my money, and I predict a wedding soon at the Smith mansion, with Mollie McCann as the bride."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Adulterated Coffee.

Chiccory, carrots, caramel and date seeds are the substances commonly used to adulterate ground coffee. A single test will show the housekeeper whether she has purchased pure or adulterated coffee. Take a little of the coffee and press it between the fingers, or give it a squeeze in the paper in which it is bought; if genuine it will not form a coherent mass, as coffee grains are hard and do not readily adhere to each other; but if the grains stick to each other and form a sort of "cake," we may be pretty sure of adulteration in the shape of chiccory, for the grains are softer and more open, and adhere without difficulty when squeezed.

Again, if we place a few grains in a saucer and moisten them with a little cold water, chiccory will very quickly become soft like bread crumbs, while coffee will take a long time to soften.

A third test: Take a wine-glass or tumblerful of water, and gently drop a pinch of the ground coffee on the surface of the water without stirring or agitating; genuine coffee will float for some time, whilst chiccory or any other soft root will sink.

Chiccory or caramel will cause a yellowish or brownish color to diffuse rapidly through the water, while pure coffee will give no sensible tint under such circumstances for a considerable length of time.

"Coffee mixtures" or "coffee improvers" should be avoided. They seldom consist of anything but chiccory and caramel.

"French coffee," so widely used at present, is generally ground coffee, the beans of which have been roasted with a certain amount of sugar, which, coating over the bean, has retained more of the original aroma than in ordinary coffee; but this, of course, at the expense of the reduced percentage of coffee due to the presence of the caramel.

How Jim Webster Got Off.

"Jim Webster, you are accused of being drunk. I am very sorry to see you here, but I have my duty to perform all the same," and the Recorder looked very hard and stern.

"I'se mighty sorry to see myself here, Jedge. I scarcely eber drinks, but jess now I has so much trubble at home. Dar's nuffin but sickness an' grief and sorrer, and I jess got desperate. Dar's my two chiluns at home, and one am as bad off as de udder. I don't know now, Jedge, which one ob dem is gwine ter die fust," and Jim's voice was shaky as he wiped traces of moisture from his eyes.

The Recorder was visibly affected; he said something about there being so much mortality among the children, and finally told Webster that in consideration of his domestic affliction the charge against him was dismissed. Jim went out in high glee, followed by Uncle Mose, who asked:

"What pack ob lies was dat you tole de Recorder? I jess now passed yore house, and out in de yard was bofe yer chilun offiishiatin' at the eclipse ob a watermillion."

"Who said dar was anything de matter wid 'em?" said Jim, indignantly.

"You did. I heerd you tell de Jedge dey was gwine ter die."

"And so dey am gwine ter die. I said I didn't know which one ob dem chilluns was gwine ter die fust, and so I don't. How kin I tell which one am gwine ter die fust. G'way, ole man, yer ought ter be locked up. You is showin' 'spicious symptoms ob being a crank."—*Texas Siftings.*

John Chinaman at School.

A school for the Chinese has been established in Philadelphia, and the *Times* of that city tells how John Chinaman is improving the shining hour:

Mr. So is forty years of age, and although he has lived in America five years he hasn't even mastered the simple beauties of "pidgin" English. He is the dolt of the school, but that fact doesn't seem to disturb him a particle, and the look of pleased astonishment his face wore yesterday when he was told for the twentieth time that "A" is the first letter of the alphabet would have driven any but a Christian teacher to distraction.

A LESSON IN SPELLING.

"H-e-n," said the teacher, as he wrote those letters on the blackboard, and received an approving smile from Mr. So.

"What does that spell?" continued the instructor.

The pupil smiled, scratched his left side and reflected.

"That is hen—a chicken," said the teacher.

"Me sabe hen," replied Mr. So, as coolly as though the information was not by any means new.

"Well, write it," said the teacher, thrusting a piece of chalk into the Mongolian's right hand. The idea of asking him to write struck the other seekers after knowledge as extremely funny, and Sam Hing, King Gee, Moi Kee and Chang Lung giggled like overgrown schoolboys. The slow pupil smiled, eyed the writing on the blackboard critically, grasped his crayon firmly, and, to the astonishment of the Caucasians in the room, executed an almost perfect imitation of the teachers' chirography of the word hen.

"Read it," said the teacher.

"Chlicken," was the nonchalant response of the pupil, as he moved toward his seat.

"Not chicken, hen," said the instructor in correction.

"Alle same hen, alle same chicken," replied Mr. So, philosophically, as he dropped into his seat and fanned his fevered brow with his primer.

CELESTIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A lady and gentleman were the only teachers in this school yesterday. The lady devoted herself to Ah How, while John Lung looked on and yawned at regular intervals as though he was dreadfully bored. Ah How, however, appeared to take great interest in his studies. The male teacher spent the greater part of the school hour in instructing Quong Wha and Ah Loon, the latter being much the brighter student. "The fox has a hen," said the teacher, reading from the primer. "The fox has a hen," returned the pupils, spelling out the words.

"This is the picture," said the tutor, pointing to an engraving.

"Me sabe flox, me sabe hen," replied Ah Loon, eyeing the picture.

"What fol flox got him hen?" inquired Quong, examining the woodcut.

"He wants to eat it," answered the teacher.

"Belly good flox," was the sententious criticism of Quong, as he looked gravely at the teacher, who was evidently unprepared for any such philosophical utterance and consequently did not attempt to reply to it.

About this time the attention of nearly every one in the room was attracted by the suppressed laughter of Moi Kee and King Gee, who were enjoying the fluttering of a paper butterfly, manufactured and set afloat by Sam Hing. The artificial insect was captured and the course of study went on. The teachers hear the lessons of each pupil separately, and so long as they are under the eyes of their preceptors the pupils are as meek and studious as any one could wish, but their other moments are not spent in study—that is, to any great extent. The teachers, however, are loud in their praises of the scholars and say they learn with remarkable rapidity.

Picnics and Gypsying Parties.

For the picnic proper, only cold provisions and such as can be easily transported are made ready. Roast and broiled chickens should be cut into neat joints, ham sliced, and the superfluous fat trimmed away from this as from fresh meats. If you have a sandwich-box large enough to hold your meats, divide each kind from the rest by clean, odorless white paper. The next best thing to a tin meat-case is to improvise a substitute by lining neatly with white paper as many small, flat pasteboard boxes as are needed. There is generally a goodly supply of such in every house in this day of ruchings, cuffs, collars and bon-bons. Pack one with ham, another with chicken, a third with cheese, and so on, tying them up securely. If the boxes are greased they can be thrown away when empty. The third best way of carrying meats is to do up each kind in writing-paper, then in a small napkin pinned securely about the parcel. For sandwiches, chopped or ground ham is preferable to sliced, and tongue better than either. Butter biscuits at home, slice bread thin, and fold over upon the butter. Wrap the pile in a napkin not so tightly as to crush it, and give it, when you can, a basket to itself. This is even more expedient with cake, and a necessity with fruit. In one receptacle put up such condiments as are needed.

If cold tea and coffee are provided—and they are always welcome—pour them into bottles, carefully corked. At the cost of whatever inconvenience, have ice to cool these, water and lemonade. A lump of ice, wrapped in dry flannel and this inclosed in stout paper bound firmly in place with twine, the whole set in a covered basket, will keep for hours without melting into serious waste. Strong, cheap tumblers are best for picnic use. For plates you may, if you like, buy the light wooden or Japanese paper ones sold for this purpose. The weight of crockery is a serious objection to carrying it on a walking-party. If you go by carriage or boat, pack one hamper with plates, tumblers, knives, forks, spoons and other needed utensils. Into this can also go table-cloth and napkins. If you use paper doyleys, yet see that three or four towels are put up also. A few hand-towels and a cake of soap should not be forgotten, since fingers usually supersede forks on such occasions. A little practice will enable you to stow away all the articles I have named in a surprisingly small space. Olives and pickles are acceptable at all cold collations. Sardines are convenient and popular, also potted meats, such as deviled game and boned chicken.

The gypsying-party is a variation of the picnic, and, in my opinion, is an improvement upon the original plan. It is, however, hardly feasible when the excursion is pedestrian, unless the camping-ground is selected so near to a farm-house that a large iron-pot or a tea-kettle can be borrowed. Of course, either or both of these are easily carried in a wagon. The kettle can be hung upon a horizontal pole lashed at each end to a tree, or supported upon forked boughs. A more picturesque style is the conventional three poles thrust into the ground and inclining toward one another until they meet, and are bound together at top. The kettle is swung from the point of intersection over a clear fire of dry sticks, which has been kept up some time before the water is trusted above it. Green wood and a newly-kindled flame make artistically graceful smoke as the background of the encampment, but creosote has not yet been decreed, even by high art, to be "quite the thing, you know," in tea. Should the big pot be suspended instead of the kettle, potatoes and green corn may be boiled. Or, the *impromptu* crane may be omitted, and a rude oven be built of stones and the fire made therein. The pot may be set on this over the accumulated bed of embers, and potatoes in their jackets and corn in the inner husk be roasted in the hot ashes. For fishing-parties a frying-pan is indispensable.—*Marian Harland, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

Breakfast.

This meal is often slighted, but it deserves especial attention from the housekeeper. As its name reminds us, it comes when we have been longer without food than at any other time in the twenty-four hours, and need that which is nourishing while not too heavy. Then, too, it is a family reunion after the separation of the night, and as such should be made as pleasant and attractive as possible. It seems to give the key-note for the day, and any discord here is very likely to echo through the hours which follow. Care should be taken that breakfast is served at a sufficiently early hour for the members of the family whose duties call them away for a busy day to have a comfortable and orderly meal before starting. Much dyspepsia and consequent ill-humor are caused by the habit of taking a hurried and insufficient breakfast, followed by a rapid walk to catch a boat or train.

In France the first breakfast consists simply of a cup of coffee and a roll, while in England it is a hearty meal composed of various substantial dishes, both hot and cold, of which the members of the family partake at their convenience, instead of assembling at a stated hour. Our busy American life seems to demand something more substantial than the one and more prompt and regular than the other, and American breakfasts are made a special feature at some of the French restaurants.

The housekeeper should study variety in the breakfasts she offers her family, not only from day to day, but changing them as much as possible with the seasons. The things which are most suggestive of comfort on a cold winter's morning are by no means tempting in July, when we need not only lighter clothing but lighter food. Too often the meal loses all character in a continual round of steak or chops the year through, and dainty dishes which are really less expensive are ignored. Cold meats or chicken can be easily made into croquettes, or minced and well seasoned and served on slices of water toast. Eggs can be cooked in such a variety of ways that one need never tire of them, and the same may be said of potatoes. In their season, tomatoes sliced and served with a *Mayonnaise* dressing, or a simple dressing of oil and vinegar, are very nice for breakfast.

There is no more wholesome or tempting addition to the morning meal than fruit served as a first course. Oatmeal porridge, too, is so healthful an article of food that it should be used universally.

If it is necessary, in order to economize time in the morning, to set the breakfast table the night before, it should be carefully covered with an old linen table-cloth, or something of the kind kept for the purpose. The tea or coffee service should be placed in a line at one end of the table before the hostess, and it is no longer customary to stand them on a tray. Mats, which are prettiest if they are pure white, are put at the opposite end of the table for the one or more substantial dishes and at the sides for vegetables. A table set in this way looks much better than when the host and hostess sit opposite each other at the sides of the table, as in that case all the larger dishes are crowded in the center. A fork should be placed at the left of each plate and a knife and spoon at the right. The tablespoons and pepper and salt stands are arranged together at the corners of the table. If fruit which requires handling is to form the first course, as oranges or peaches, a plate upon which is a doily, finger bowl, fork and fruit knife, may be set at each plate. Or if melons are to be served, the plates can be set in a pile before the host, and the extra knife and fork put at the right and left of each place.

After the fruit has been removed the more substantial part of the breakfast is brought on. The pot in which the coffee is made should be of a kind which is presentable at table, as the coffee is not so good if it is poured off the grounds into an urn. If it is not possible to have cream for it, boiled milk with a spoonful of condensed milk in each cup to make it richer is the best substitute. Cakes to be eaten with sirup should be served at the last of the meal, and the plates and knives and forks changed for them. It is well to have all the plates which will be needed ready for use on the *buffet*, except in winter, when they may be consigned to the plate-warmer.

Though the table may be set by a servant it should be inspected and receive the last touches from the mistress, to be sure that it is all in order before the family is summoned. It ought to be as easy to place a dish straight as crooked, but it does not seem to be so for the ordinary servant. She will require long and patient training before she can be made to realize that the "lines of beauty" for the table are straight, and broken of her propensity to set things on askew. If no flowers can be found, a pretty potted plant might be given the place of honor in the center of the table.—*Christian Union.*

Shoplifters.

Said a city retail dealer: "I could dispense with a number of my clerks were it not for the necessity of guarding against the thieves which infest all large stores. Shoplifting is a crime that is becoming enormous in its proportions, and at present we are powerless to combat it. All our clerks are so disposed behind my counters that they can watch each other's customers, and this they are instructed to do at all times. We detect a woman in the act of pocketing goods, call in an officer and have her arrested. What is the result? At the examination her friends and relatives come forward and testify that she is insane, or subject to fits of insanity, and she is discharged—to go and prey upon some other merchant. Once in a while one of them is held for trial, but a specious lawyer works upon the sympathies of the jury and he or she is acquitted. Country as well as city people plunder us. Quite recently a well-known lady residing in aristocratic style came in with some country relatives. We detected one of these putting goods into her basket, but, she speciously explained that in the country where she lived it was the custom when looking at goods to put those which she wished to purchase into her basket, and, when her shopping was completed, to hand the basket to a clerk, who figured up the value of the purchases, took his pay for them, and she carried them away in the basket. Of course she got very red and confused while telling this abominable lie, but I 'figured up' the amount of her 'purchases,' she paid for them and took them away in her basket. With some professional shoplifters the covered market-basket is a favorite receptacle for carrying off plunder; but some use a capacious pocket or bag fastened about the waist and hanging beneath their skirts. To get the plunder into this the opening in the dress that would be taken for a pocket is merely a slit, hidden by folds of an ample skirt, and similar openings are in the underskirts. A dexterous thief in a morning's shopping will make a few trifling purchases and pocket a bushel of goods."

State Health Boards.

This is undoubtedly a period of great sanitary activity, with vast possibilities of improvement, and yet with possibility, also, of crude speculation and of not less crude inventions. Even sanitary literature has in it much of the experimental, and there is need that all things proposed be brought to rigid test, lest they become death dealing, instead of life-saving. It is, however, one of the encouraging facts that so many of our States, as well as our cities, have full-formed Boards of Health, composed of men who can be held responsible for their acts and for their advice.

In addition to the twenty-three States already having Boards, Pennsylvania, Arkansas and Indiana are likely to be successful this year. The reports of these are beginning to be rendered, and form a very important addition to our information as to the study of disease. We this year take up, as first in order, the report of the State of New Jersey. It is made especially prominent from the fact that the Board has had to contend with four decided epidemics, all of which will pass into record as important in the history of diseases and its causes. The first was the well-known typhoid fever at Princeton. With all the talks about malaria, all the rumors as to causes and the many contradictory items which found their way to the press, it was quite important that an authentic narrative be given. The Secretary of the Board had the very best opportunities for this work. It required much sifting of statements and close local examination into details. This seems to have been diligently attended to. The result is a clear detail of facts and a discussion of the probable origin of the disease. It seems highly probable that the fever originated from local causes, which had nothing to do with malaria and the remedy for which was an entire change in the system of sewage disposal. One cannot read such a history without perceiving the great importance of a well-devised plan of exactness in all the details of sanitary construction, and of a superintendence which shall be as vigilant as intelligent and see to it that no possibilities of accumulated filth can occur. A comparison of the meteorological table shows how exceptionally warm the months of April and May had been, with an absence of the usual rains. No doubt, this had much to do with stirring the latent poison into activity, and thus making aerial sewage or contaminated air abundant.

Not less decided and not less typical was the occurrence of malarial fevers at Bound Brook. While malaria was very prevalent in many States and in many localities of New Jersey last year, yet the condition of things at Bound Brook was such as to furnish admirable opportunity for more exact study. The mangrove swamps of Africa give not more decided evidence of special malarial productivity than did this town. The man who has seen several little craters all the more enjoys Vesuvius, because it is so very declarative. A town in which no inhabitant escapes is not to be explained away by any general theory of origin. The *debris* of a half century had collected in a sluggish water-bed, amid rank vegetation, whose decay had stored away much organic matter. It was near the discharge of two or three small streams, which thus brought down the accumulation of a large, low watershed. The alternation of heat and of water had been unusual, and had furnished all the conditions for fermentive or putrefactive changes. The results were up to the plan. So the people thought; so the courts thought. For the goodness of the thing is this: It gave rise to a trial which will ever be notable in American legislation. It proclaimed drainage for health a necessity as never before. It not only compelled the removal of a mill-dam, but the restoration of a stream-bed. New Jersey justice was as rigorous as if it had caught a culprit, and declared that men, women and children must not have their animation suspended in such manner. The result, too, is a State law which, while it protects owners of water-rights from unfair risks, proclaims the right of pure air and a dry soil to all the land and the inhabitants thereof. About the same time small-pox took on epidemic proportions in Camden. It revealed an inadequacy of provision that startled this city of contentment, and gave it to know that, with all its enterprise, it moved too slowly to keep up with the move of the disease. At one time it bid fair to plant itself in every street of the city. A council held with the State Board of Health resulted in the authorization of vaccination to an extent which fully limited the disease. When will mankind learn that it is not necessary to have a scare and some deaths in order to secure that vaccination which can alone protect from such a scourge?

Later in the season, at Blackwoodtown, some twelve miles from Camden, a fever broke out in the almshouse, which did not cease its deadly work until physician, and nurses, and keeper, and family, as well as some forty inmates, had fallen before the disease. Over-crowding was the great error. In the midst of a motley herd was brought a man sick with fever, who was placed at once in a crowded bedroom. In twelve days there were several cases in adjoining rooms. It is quite possible that the first New York cases arose from the tramps who scattered from this place. The whole course of the fever was that of a well-declared typhus. It is not only contagious, but clings so tenaciously to surfaces that long after it has seemed to cease it will again recur, under favoring circumstances. It is still so persistent in certain parts of New York City that its sanitary authorities may well be on the alert, lest dirty streets and a hot summer should cause it to extend. Thus, in a single small State, wedged in between Philadelphia and New York, we have examples of four preventible epidemics in a single year, and call upon all who read thereof to take heed.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—An old Scotch gentleman had, in the course of a long life, gained a great reputation for bravery. The shortest way to his own home from the little village club that he nightly resorted to lay through a church-yard, and it occurred to some would-be wags to try if he was impervious to fear of the spiritual as well as the mortal world. One, therefore, dressed up in the orthodox sheet, using a litt'e sulphur judiciously here and there to make it more ghastly, just as the old gentleman one dark night reached the loneliest part of the church-yard, suddenly appeared to him. But of the two the ghost was most disconcerted, for his intended victim, quietly finishing the pinch of snuff first that he was at that moment enjoying, addressed him in the following conciliatory fashion: "Noo, my lad, would ye just have the kindness to tell me are ye out for a saunter by yoursel', or is it the general rising?"

—There has been a brisk demand for oyster shells at New Haven, Conn., lately for use in the oyster-beds, as the spawn adheres to them readily after being bleached on the land. They have become so indispensable that large quantities are being brought from Rhode Island, where they once threatened to cover up the State, and the price in Providence has risen from five to seven cents per bushel. The accumulation of shells around New Haven was formerly used to make roads, the "shell roads" being celebrated for their hard, smooth surface. But no more will be made with shells in such demand as at present. Dealers think that next year they will have to bring shells from Baltimore.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mr. Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," is very ill in Scotland.

—The circulation of fiction from the Boston Public Library is only forty-three per cent. of the whole.

—Dundreary often made three thousand dollars a week. But as Dundreary was fearfully extravagant, he left only eighty thousand dollars.

—A plan is on foot in Belgium for offering a testimonial to Hendrik Conscience, the novelist, on the appearance of his hundredth volume.

—A copy of one of Dickens' earliest and rarest books, "Three Ways of Spending Sunday, by Timothy Sparks," was sold the other day in Manchester, Eng., for about thirty dollars.

—Alexander H. Stephens, notwithstanding the feeble condition of his body, is actively engaged on another work on the war, and keeps employed several clerks and stenographers, who decline to be interviewed as to its precise character.

—Captain Isaac Bassett, the veteran doorkeeper of the United States Senate, who will complete his half century of service in the Senate Chamber in December next, is busily engaged in preparing his forthcoming volume entitled "Sketches and Reminiscences of the United States Senate—1831-1881."

—Mr. J. C. Harris ("Uncle Remus") has written a story of Southern life, which will be ready for the printer in the fall. It will probably be published in the *Century* as a short serial, and appear in book form later in the year. Mr. Harris has written two or three other short stories which will appear in the same volume.

—The mother of Oscar Wilde has been, in her day, a distinguished beauty and an important influence, the former as Jane Francesca Elgee, daughter of an Anglican clergyman in Dublin; the latter as "Speranza," the leading poet of the "Young Ireland" day, 1848 and thereabout. A brother of hers was Judge Elgee, of Louisiana, a local Confederate leader and member of the Confederate Senate. She married Dr. Wilde, of Dublin, in 1851.

HUMOROUS.

—Nature keeps the ocean tide, and that is why it does not run away like a river.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A homely young girl has the consolation of knowing that when she is sixty she'll be a pretty old girl.—*Boston Post.*

—The confidential clerk now takes his vacation to give his employer a chance to look over his books.—*Newark Call.*

—Next to money i think a man kan git more out ov the world with politeness than ennything else.—*Josh Billings.*

—"Parting is such sweet sorrow," remarked a bald old bachelor to a pretty girl as he told her good night. "I should smile," she replied, glancing upon his hairlessness and wondering how he ever did it.—*Steubenville Herald.*

—A Rhode Island man called a neighbor a "lantern-jawed cockroach." A suit for slander resulted, and the jury returned as follows: "Not guilty on lantern-jawed, but way off on cockroach, and we find damages in the sum of three cents.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Fond friends tried vainly to cheer her,
To stop up the tears that fast fell;
And she clasped her daughter still nearer,
And in agony uttered farewell!

The groom with his bride has departed,
To journey far off in strange lands.
And the mother cries out, broken-hearted:
"Well! I'm glad that girl's off of my hands."

—*Des Moines Mail.*

—"I'm not very proud of your progress in school," remarked a New Haven mother to her son who was struggling along in grade five. "There's Charley Smart is way ahead of you, and he isn't as old." "I know it. Teacher said he'd learned all there was to learn in my room, and that left me without anything to learn." Guess the boy will keep.—*New Haven Register.*

Porterhouse Steak.

"This is the porterhouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who was tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day. "porterhouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you cut porterhouse steak from between the horns this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "Sir?" said the waiter. "It seemed to be a trifle tenderer last year," the sad passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past, "but I remember now; it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porterhouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the sirloins from the shin. But I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding house where they cut the porterhouse between the horns, and this one reminds me of them. Animal dead this steak came from?" "Dead," echoed the astonished waiter; "course, sir. He was butchered, sir." "Butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He could be more likely to make a Roman swear. Well, it was time he was killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped into the steak, no doubt, while you were slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked puzzled. "Why, sir," he said, "they ain't nothing left of 'em, sir." "Possible?" said the sad passenger; "what becomes of them?" The waiter looked nervous. "What?" he said; "the customers eat them up." The sad passenger looked up with an air of interest. "Incredible," he exclaimed; "cannot accept your statement without proof. They may hide them under their chairs, or secrete them in their napkins, or they may carry them away in their pockets to throw at burglars, but I cannot believe they eat them. Here, let me see one of them eat this, and I will believe you. Trust me, good waiter, I—"

But the waiter pointed to a placard inscribed: "Positively no trust," and went to the cashier's desk to tell the boss to look out for that man at the corner table, as he didn't seem to be satisfied with his steak and had asked for trust.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Good For Flies.

"Say, do you know what's good for flies?" queried a Woodward avenue butcher as he entered a drug store the other day.

"I guess I can put you up something for about a quarter," was the reply.

When the dose was ready the butcher was told to pour it out on plates and set them on the counter, and he hurried away to give it a trial. In about an hour he sent for the druggist to come over. The 10,000 flies in the shop before the dose was fixed had been multiplied by four.

"Great lands! but I'm being carried off by flies!" exclaimed the butcher, as he waved a long knife around his head.

"Well, why don't you get something to kill 'em off?"

"Didn't I, but it hasn't killed a one."

"Of course it hasn't. You wanted something good for flies and I gave you clarified sirup! It's the best stuff to draw flies and keep 'em contented I ever heard of. Why didn't you tell me you wanted a fly-killer?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Religious Reading.

THE TRUE LIGHT.

They spy it from afar
The beacon's fiery star,
And storm-tossed birds, by fierce winds buffeted,
Rally with half-spent forces,
And shape their struggling courses
To where it rears its blazing, beckoning head.

Faintly the tired wings beat,
That rhythmical repeat,
Which was such joy in summer and in sun;
Grained are the keen, bright eyes,
And heaved with panting sighs
The soft and plumed bosoms every one.

O'er the white, weltering waves,
Where yawn like empty graves,
Borne on the surges of the wind, they fly;
They reach the lurking glow
They launch and plunge, and lo!
Are dashed upon the glass, and fall and die.

So through the storm and night,
Outwearied with long flight,
Our souls come crowding o'er the angry sea,
In North, in East, in West,
There is no place of rest,
Except, O kindly Light, except with Thee.

No cold, unyielding glass
Bars and forbids to pass;
Thy dear light sees the bird, it not burns in vain;
The soul that finds and knows
Such safe and sure repose
Need never more go out or roam again.

Ah! steadfast citadel!
Ah! lamp that burns so well
Upon the Rock of Ages, founded true!
Above the angry sea
We urge our flight to Thee.
Shine, kindly Light, and guide us safely through.

—Susan Coolidge, in *N. Y. Independent.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Sept. 4—The Commandments	Exodus 20: 12-21	
Sept. 11—Idolatry Punished	Exodus 32: 30-35	
Sept. 18—Review of the Lessons		
Sept. 25—Temperance	1 Cor. 9: 22-27	

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 2—Free Giving	Exodus 35: 25-35	
Oct. 9—The Tabernacle	Exodus 40: 1-16	
Oct. 16—The Burnt Offering	Lev. 1: 1-16	
Oct. 23—The Peace Offering	Lev. 7: 11-18	
Oct. 30—Nadab and Abihu	Lev. 10: 1-11	
Nov. 6—The Day of Atonement	Lev. 16: 16-34	
Nov. 13—The Feast of Tabernacles	Lev. 23: 33-44	
Nov. 20—The Year of Jubilee	Lev. 25: 8-17	
Nov. 27—The Serpent in the Wilderness	Num. 21: 4-9	
Dec. 4—Balaam	Num. 24: 10-19	
Dec. 11—Last Days of Moses	Deut. 32: 44-52	
Dec. 18—Review of the Lessons		
Dec. 25—The Babe and the King	Isaiah 9: 6-7	

A Cheerful Religion.

It is the peculiar privilege of the Christian to be always cheerful. There is a joy-producing power in the religion of Christ not found in any other system of religion or philosophy. Christ came to fill the earth with joy by delivering men from sin, which is the chief cause of trouble and sadness. His Gospel is glad tidings of salvation from sin. It brings present deliverance from the bondage, the guilt and the condemnation of sin, and gives the joyful assurance of the favor and love of God by the direct ministration of the Holy Ghost, who fills the soul with joy and peace in believing. More than that, it gives the present title to and foretaste of Heaven. "The Spirit itself witnesseth with our spirits that we are the children of God, and if children, then heirs—heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." The conscious presence and ineffable consolations of the Spirit, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," belong to the Christian's experience, and are sufficient to make him cheerful, and even joyful. And so he who has this experience is said to have received "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Surely, if any man on earth has reason to be cheerful, it is the Christian.

But how about the afflictions of life? Christians are not exempt from trouble and suffering. Can they be always cheerful who are "troubled on every side," who have to endure sickness, sorrow, bereavements and death? The Scriptures teach that they can, and give examples. St. Paul was one. The catalogue he gives of his sufferings shows that no man ever had more to endure than he. Yet he says: "We glory in tribulations," and "I take pleasure in infirmities, in necessities, in reproaches, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake," and "as sorrowful yet always rejoicing." This is more than cheerfulness, it is Christian triumph in the midst of the most adverse circumstances. Nor does the apostle consider his abiding joy less an exceptional experience. He regards it as the privilege and duty of all believers for he writes the Thessalonians: "Rejoice evermore."

Christianity does not propose to exempt its followers from the sorrow's incident to our earthly lot, but it furnishes them with such consolations and support as give them cause for constant rejoicing. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," said the Saviour, "but in me ye shall have peace." It is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that a certain degree of wor