THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

SEPTEMBER.

The ripening corn its silken plumes is waving,
The partridge beats his drum among the trees,
The red verbena lifts its fair head, braving
September's chilling breeze.

The clear, warm noon succeeds the frosty morning,
The summer's warmth returns to bless the day;
But in the night the north wind sounds a warning
Of autumn's harsher sway.

From harvest fields the groaning wagons wending
Their homeward way are laden deep with corn;
The peach its fair face to the light is bending—
Its hues of sunshine born.

I mind me of a distant, dim September,
When life was young and happiness was new,
When there was never sorrow to remember,
And passing griefs were few.

I stood, as now I stand, within the meadow,
And heard the twittering of the whip-poor-will,
When faint suggestions of the evening's shadow
Crept slowly o'er the hill.

I stood, but not alone. Her face, uplifted,
Was close to mine; and, gazing in her eyes—
Deep, wondrous eyes—my willing fancy drifted
Beyond September skies.

I saw the future like a scroll before me;
And Love had set its seal and signet there,
And sweet content and peace were brooding o'er me,
And life was very fair.

To-night I stand alone within the meadow,
Beside the brook in which the ozen lave,
And lo! beyond the brook the evening's shadow
Is cast upon a grave.

NAMING CHILDREN.

There is a kind of physiogomy in the names of men and women as well as in their faces; our Christian names is ourself in our thoughts and in the thoughts of those who know us, and nothing can separate it from our existence. Unquestionably, also, there is a luck in names, and a certain success in satisfying the public ear. To select fortunate names, the *bona nomina* of Cicero, was anciently a matter of such solicitude that it became a popular axiom—"a good name is a good fortune." From a good name arises a good anticipation, a fact novelists and dramatists readily recognize; indeed, Shakespeare makes Falstaff consider that "the purchase of a commodity of good names" was all that was necessary to propitiate good fortune.

Imagine two persons starting in life as rivals in any profession, and without doubt he who had the more forcible name would become the more familiar with the public, and would, therefore, in a business sense, be likely to be the more successful. We all know that there are names that circulate among us instantly, and make us friends with their owners, though we have never seen them. They are lucky people whose sponsors thus cast their names in pleasant and fortunate places.

It is a matter, then, of surprise that among civilized nations the generality, even of educated people, are so careless on this subject. Now evil is as often wrought for want of thought as for want of knowledge, and as a stimulant to thought in parents the following suggestions are offered.

It is not well to call the eldest son after the father and the eldest daughter after the mother. The object of names is to prevent confusion, and this is not attained when the child's name is the same as the parent's. Nor does the addition of junior or senior rectify the fault; besides, the custom provokes the disrespectful addition of "old" to the father. There is another very subtle danger in calling children after parents. Such children are very apt to be regarded with an undue partiality. This is a feeling never acknowledged, perhaps, but which nevertheless makes its way into the hearts of the best of men and women. It is easier to keep out evil than to put it out.

If the surname is common, the Christian name should be peculiar. Almost any prefix is pardonable to "Smith." John Smith has no individuality left, but Godolphin Smith really reads aristocratically. James Brown is no one, but Sequard Brown and Ignatius Brown are lifted out of the crowd. Some people get out of this difficulty by iterating the name so as to compel respect. Thus, Jones Jones, of Jones' Hall, has a moral swagger about it that would be sure to carry it through.

It is often a great advantage to have a very odd name, a little difficult to remember at first, but which when once learned bites itself into the memory. For instance, there was Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy; we have to make a hurdle-race over it, but once in the mind it is never forgot.

Remember in giving names that the children when grown up may be in situations where they will have frequently to sign their initials, and do not give names that might in this situation provoke contemptuous remark. For instance, David Oliver Green, the initials make "dog;" Clara Ann Thompson, the initials spell "cat." Neither should a name be given whose initial taken in conjunction with the surname suggests a foolish idea, as Mr. P. Cox, or Mrs. T. Potts.

If the child is a boy, it may be equally uncomfortable for him to have a long string of names. Suppose that in adult life he becomes a merchant or banker, with plenty of business to do, then he will not be well pleased to write "George Henry Talbot Robinson" two or three hundred times a day.

It is not a bad plan to give girls only one baptismal name, so that if they marry they can retain their maiden surname: as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Harriet Beecher Stowe. This is the practice among the Society of Friends, and is worthy of more general adoption, for we should then know at once on seeing the name of a lady whether she was married, and if so, what her family name was. In Geneva and many provinces of France the maiden family name of the wife is added to the surname of the husband; thus, if a Marie Perrot married Adolphe Lauve, they would after marriage write their names respectively, Adolphe Perrot-Lauve and Marie Perrot-Lauve. The custom serves to distinguish the bachelor from the married man, and is worthy of imitation; for if vanity unites in the same escutcheon the arms of a husband and wife, ought not affection to blend their names?

Generally the modern "ie," which is appended to all names that will admit of it, renders them senseless and insipid. Where is the improvement in transforming the womanly loveliness of Mary into Mollie. Imagine a Queen Mollie, or Mollie Queen of Scots! There is something like sacrilege in such a transformation. Take Margaret, and mutilate the pearl-like name into Maggie, and its purity like a halo vanishes, and we have a very commonplace idea in its stead. If we must have diminutives, commend us to the old style. Polly, Kitty, Letty, Dolly, were names with some sense and work in them, and which we pronounce like articulate sounds.

There is no greater injustice than the infliction of a whimsical or unworldlike name on helpless infancy; for, as it is aptly said: "How many are there who might have done exceedingly well in the world had not their characters and spirits been totally *Nicodemused* into nothing?"

It is certainly a grave question if in the matter of Christian names our regard for the dead past should blind our eyes to the future comfort and success of our children. Why have we so many George Washingtons? The name is a great burden for any boy. He will always feel it. Inferiority to his name-sake is inevitable. Besides, this promiscuous use of great names degrades them; it is not a pleasant thing to see a George Washington or a Benjamin Franklin in the police news for petty larceny.

For the most part Old Testament names are defective in euphony and very inharmonious with English family names. The female names are still less musical. Nothing can reconcile us to Naomi Brett, Hepzibah Dickenson or Dinah Winter. And to prove that the unpleasant effect produced by such combinations does not result from the surnames selected, let us substitute appellations unexceptionable and the result will be even worse—Naomi Pelham, Hepzibah Howard, Dinah Neville! A Hebrew Christian name requires, in most cases, a Hebrew surname.

Some parents very wisely refuse for their children all names susceptible of the *nicking* process, thinking with Dr. Dove that "it is not a good thing to be Tom'd or Bob'd, Jack'd or Jim'd, Sam'd or Ben'd, Will'd or Bill'd, Joe'd or Jerry'd, as you go through the world." Sobriquets are to be equally deprecated. We know a beautiful woman who when a girl was remarkable for a wealth of rippling curling hair. Some one gave her the name of "Friz," and it still sticks to the dignified matron. Wit, or would-be wit, delights to exercise itself after this fashion, but a child's name is too precious a thing to be ridiculed.

Fanciful names are neither always pretty nor prudent. Parents had need of the gift of prophecy who call their children Grace, Faith, Hope, Fortune, Love, etc. It is possible that their after-life may turn such names into bitter irony.

For the sake of conciliating a rich friend never give a child a disagreeable or barbaric name. It will be a thorn in his side as long as he lives, and after all he may miss the legacy.

A child, too, may have such an assembly of unrhythmical names that he and his friends have to go jolting over them all their lives. Suppose a boy is called Richard Edward Robert. The ear in a moment detects a jumble of sounds of which it can make nothing. If many Christian names are decided upon, string them together on some harmonious principle; names that are mouthfuls of consonants can not be borne without bad consequences to the owner.

The euphony of our nomenclature would be greatly improved by a judicious adaptation of the Christian name to the surname. When the surname is a monosyllable the Christian name should be long. Nothing can reconcile the ear to such curt names as Mark Fox, Luke Harte, Ann Scott; but Gilbert Fox, Alexander Harte, and Cecilia Scott are far from despicable.

A variety of excellent Christian names, it is astonishing that so few should be in ordinary use. The dictionaries contain lists of about two hundred and fifty male and one hundred and fifty female names, but out of these not more than twenty or thirty for each sex can be called at all common.

Yet our language has many beautiful names both male and female worthy of a popularity they have not yet attained. Among the male, for instance—Alban, Ambrose, Bernard, Clement, Christopher, Gilbert, Godfrey, Harold, Michael, Marmaduke, Oliver, Paul, Ralph, Rupert, Roger, Reginald, Roland, Sylvester, Theobald, Urban, Valentine, Vincent, Gabriel, Tristram, Norman, Percival, Nigel, Lionel, Nicholas, Eustace, Colin, Sebastian, Basil, Martin, Antony, Claude, Justus, Cyril, etc. —all of which have the attributes of euphony, good etymology, and interesting associations.

And among female names why have we not more girls called by the noble or graceful appellations of Agatha, Alethia, Arabella, Beatrice, Bertha, Cecilia, Evelyn, Ethel, Gertrude, Isabel, Leonora, Florence, Mildred, Millicent, Philippa, Pauline, Hilda, Clarice, Amabel, Irene, Zoe, Muriel, Estelle, Eugenia, Euphemia, Christabel, Theresa, Marcia, Antonia, Claudia, Sibylla, Rosabel, Rosamond, etc.?

There are some curious superstitions regarding the naming of children, which, as a matter of gossip, are worth a passing notice. The peasantry of Sussex believe that if a child receive the name of a dead brother or sister, it it also will die at an early age. In some parts of Ireland it is thought that giving the child the name of one of its parents abridges the life of that parent. It is generally thought lucky to have the initials of Christian name and surname the same, and also to have the initials spell some word. In the northwestern parts of Scotland a newly-named infant is vibrated gently two or three times over a flame, with the words: "Let the flames consume thee now or never"; and this lustration by fire is common to-day in the Hebrides and Western Isles. There is a wide-spread superstition that a child who does not cry at its baptism will not live; also one which considers it specially unlucky if anything interferes to prevent the baptism at the exact time first appointed. In many parts of Scotland, if children of different sexes are at the font, the minister who attempted to baptize the girl before the boy would be interrupted. It is said to be peculiarly unfortunate to the child if a priest that is left-handed christens it. In Cumberland and Westmoreland a child going to be christened carries with it a slice of bread and cheese, and this is given to the first person met. In return the recipient must give the babe three different things, and wish it health and fortune. We have witnessed the last-mentioned custom very freqently, and once in a farm-house at the foot of Saddleback Mountain we saw a very singular method of deciding what the name of the child should be. Six candles of equal length were named, and all lit at the same moment. The babe was called after the candle which burned the longest.

We have mentioned these superstitions as curious proofs that our ignorant ancestors considered the naming of children an important event; and we would feel sorry if they tended to weaken in any measure previous thoughts. For, careless as we may be of the fact, it still remains a fact beyond doubt, that the name of a person is the sound that suggests the idea of him or her—it is their portrait painted in letters. Therefore we cannot be too careful not to give one that will be a shame or an embarrassment, or which will even condemn the bearer to the commonplace. —*Harper's Bazar.*

—Singular assaults with robbery have been committed in Naples for several years past. A thief would carry off some article, and when the person robbed attempted to follow and seize him an unknown man would present a pistol and prevent pursuit. A large association of these miscreants has just been discovered. Courageous men, experienced in the use of fire-arms, were needed, and thus was formed an association known as that of the "Sparatori" (shooters). Each one of these men is bound to assist a thief in the completion of his theft, and so far from being isolated, they form a part of a very large association who prey on the property of others. The President and six of the members have just been arrested, and through them, perhaps, other discoveries may be made.

—Prof. Davis, of the United States Geodetic Survey, has taken up a position on Jeff Davis' Peak, Nevada, where he will remain until December. He will occupy the peak under difficulties, as it is inaccessible to anything that walks on four legs, and the nearest water is a mile and a half below the timber line.

The Engineer's Story of the President's Ride to Long Branch.

As the President's train swept past the station at Elberon, Engineer William H. Page, of Jersey City stood with his hand on the throttles, his slender figure erect and almost motionless, while his long beard fluttered in the wind. He looked like a sturdy pilot at the helm, bringing his good ship into port. Engineer Page looks like a man worthy to be intrusted with such a cargo. Begrimed with dust and cinders this morning, he seemed almost a part of the locomotive, which instantly obeyed the pressure of his hand.

A few moments later the train had stopped, and No. 658 went steaming along toward Long Branch, while Pony No. 4 backed the cars up the switch. Just as No 658 started for Long Branch a *Sun* reporter boarded her. As she went dashing down the track, Page drew a long breath of relief.

"Did she behave well to-day on the journey?" he was asked.

"Behave well! I should say so. She seemed to feel what was required of her. This morning she glided away as gently as a lady's carriage horse, and even when I put her to her pace, and she went along at the rate of a mile in fifty-three seconds, she seemed to hold her breath."

As Engineer Page said this he leaned out of the cab, and looked at his engine as kindly as a rider would look at his favorite horse.

"Then you didn't limit the speed to forty-five miles an hour, as was originally intended?" he was asked.

"Oh, no; that, you see, would have been only three-quarters of a mile to a minute. But a good deal of the way we made more than a mile a minute."

"Did the doctors and the President know you were going at that rate?"

"They didn't the first time I let her go. But I'll tell you how I came to do it. We left Washington at 6:37 this morning. We ran down to Patapsico, thirty-seven miles out, at the limited rate. There we stopped three minutes. This stop, like all the other stops on the way, was made to change crews, to water, and to allow the physicians to attend on the President. I saw one of the attendants—I guess it was Colonel Rockwell—coming down the platform, and I called out to him, 'Colonel, how is the President? You see, though I wasn't sure who he was I felt kind of safe in calling him Colonel."

"'He's doing finely, Page,' came back the answer.

"'Does he feel the motion?' I asked.

"'Not at all,' he answered. 'Why, you're going as smooth as a carriage over an asphalt pavement.'"

"Was it then you began to think of running a little faster?"

"Well, yes. But Bay View, our next stopping place, was only eight miles further, so I didn't try it until we started from Bay View for Perryville, seventy-eight miles out from Washington. There they sent me word that the President had been doing better and better, so I thought I'd watch the engine and if she went smoothly try one mile a little faster. Lamoken, where we were to have the next halt, was forty-six miles further on. The engine behaved beautifully; so, half-way between Bay View and Lamoken, I threw open the throttle and let her go one mile in fifty-three seconds. I did not feel a jolt or a jar as she went tearing down the track, and I knew then that if the President had a mind he might get the sea breeze sooner. We stopped seven minutes at Lamoken. I called out to one of the attendants: 'Did you notice any extra motion when we were going so fast?'

"'Why, no,' was the reply. 'Were we traveling faster than forty-five miles an hour?'

"'Yes, sir,' says I, 'we went one mile in fifty-three seconds.'

"'Well,' said he, "i didn't notice it, and I'm sure the President didn't. I'll go and ask.'

"Pretty soon I saw him coming down the platform. 'Whip her up, Page, whip her up,' he called out. 'The President didn't feel any extra motion. They were all delighted to hear that we could get along faster, and the President said: 'Tell him to go ahead. I want to get there.' A short time ago, he said: 'I feel as though I were on the road to recovery.'

"After that," the engineer continued, "I went pretty much at the speed I thought best, according to my knowledge of the road."

"I suppose, after this," said the reporter, "your engine will be the most famous one on the road?"

"Yes, sir; and she ought to be. I guess she earned a National reputation to-day."

"Did you have many crowds waiting for you along the road?"

"Yes. People were massed in crowds at every station, and in the farming districts bosses and hands lined the fences."

"Were there any demonstrations?"

"No: every one along the road seemed to feel that ours was a solemn journey. They didn't even wave their hands or handkerchiefs. There were men, women and children among them, and many women gave way to their feelings and cried—not aloud, but quietly. At one station a woman holding a baby was in the front rank. The baby began to cry, and the mother at once went away."

Engineer Page has been for twenty-five years in the employment of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He is forty-two years old, weighs 160 pounds, has light blue eyes, and sandy whiskers. He began as a fireman for his father, Ralph Page, who was also for many years a trusted engineer on the road, and was selected to take charge of the train that brought the body of President Lincoln to New York on the way to its final resting place. After firing for his father several years, he was promoted for faithful services and has for several years had charge of the limited Washington express train. —*N. Y. Sun.*

A Hurricane on Tybee Island.

The following extracts. in the Charleston (S. C.) *News* are taken from the letters of a Charleston lady who was on Tybee Island during the recent great storm:

"It stormed all Friday night and all day Saturday, and I hoped it would cease by night. Each hour I thought must be the height of the storm. So I packed up everything to be ready to move at a moment's notice, when, alas! I heard the steamer had approached Tybee and been beaten by the fury of the waves, the wharf swept off, and thus we were cut off from all human aid. About seven o'clock p. m. the cyclone reached us. I saw huge live oaks and palmetto trees which had stood thetest of centuries torn up by the roots and whirled about like straws. Our house rocked and creaked like a boat at sea. I took Frank in my arms, Nina on one side and Maud on the other and went into a corner, the most remote from the direction of the wind. No words can describe my terror. The wind did not whistle or shriek as I have heard it, but it was a cannonading. I do not exaggerate when I say so. I looked out on the roaring waters rising fast upon us, and into the life-seeking tempest, and wondered which death would be the easiest for my children: to be crushed by the falling house, drowned by the sea or beaten down by the wind and flying trees and houses. We fell upon our knees, and begged God to receive us all together. I wrapped up my babies, the two servant girls picked up Nina and Frank, while I followed with Maud. We ran out into the kitchen, which, being low, I thought might escape. We reached it, a thing I hardly expected, rushed in, slammed the door. when, my God! what a crash. The house was blown down, no two boards sticking together. A few moments of breathless terror, the kitchen rocking in the same admonishing manner, the window burst open, and the shriek from one of the servants: 'The Island is on fire" and the fearful, lurid gleam showed me too plainly that another element was upon us. Just then a voice outside, 'Mrs. H ——, for God's sake, are any of you alive?' gave me a ray of hope. 'Come to the window,' I screamed, 'and take my children,' and I passed them out into strong arms. How am I ever to thank that man. Homan, the hotel-keeper, saw from his window my cottage rock, and he and his two clerks ran to our rescue, but it was down before they reached it. They called, and, upon receiving no answer, he went into the tottering ruins at great risk to his life to look for our remains, felt in the bed, and then shouted, when we heard and answered. He wanted us to go to his house, but the same directing Spirit which was saving us through these dangers made me firmly refuse and insist upon going to Bluns', a house I often remarked for its brick foundation and chimneys, two strong points which no other house on the island possessed. So there we started. The kitchen was blown over as soon as we left it, and we were blown along amid burning sparks, rain and sand, which blinded us and pricked like needles. The young man who had Maud mistook the way and ran into the cottage next to Mr. Bluns'. Finding their mistake they ran out, when that cottage was blown to the ground immediately. We reached our destination, and found there was one room in their large house not flooded, and there we joined the family and sat in mute terror. Oh, the roaring and the rushing and the crashing! The house tottered and threatened. About eleven o'clock a sound reached my ear which my prophetic soul interpreted instantly —a dull, steady roar under the house —the land swell. The ocean had swept away the sand-hills and was flowing under the house; the foundation would be undermined and the house be swept away. I took my babes again and put wrappings on them, and we stood in instant readiness to fly into the woods, where I knew of a small hill protected by huge live oaks. God spared us this ordea', for the tide turned, the wind shifted and the water receded. When the furious war subsided every half hour or so some anxious man's face would be thrust in the room, 'Are all saved here? 'Have any been lost?' etc. And how my heart nearly burst with gratitude when I took my darlings in my arms and felt we were all saved! * * * Of course the calm came after the storm. * * About twelve o'clock the only sound boat left in the harbor of Savannah, a tug, succeeded in reaching Tybee. We got on the tug and reached Savannah, where I found the storm had raged also. Our house has the roof off, and everything flooded. It may be weeks ere we get it habitable. Thank God again, all is well with us."

Jimmy's Prompt Obedience.

I haven't been able to write anything for some time. I don't mean that there has been anything the matter with my fingers so that I couldn't hold a pen, but I haven't had the heart to write of my troubles. Besides, I have been locked up for a whole week in the spare bedroom on bread and water, and just a little hash or something like that, except when Sue used to smuggle in cake and pie and such things, and I haven't had any penanink. I was going to write a novel while I was locked up by pricking my finger and writing blood with a pin on my shirt; but you can't write hardly anything that way, and I don't believe all those stories of conspirators who wrote dreadful promises to do all sorts of things in their blood. Before I could write two little words my finger stopped bleeding, and I wasn't going to keep on pricking myself every few minutes; besides, it won't do to use all your blood up that way. There was once a boy who cut himself awful in the leg with a knife, and he bled to death for five or six hours, and when he got through he wasn't any thicker than a newspaper, and rattled when his friends picked him up just like the morning paper does when father turns it inside out. Mr. Travers told me about him, and said this was a warning against bleeding to death.

Of course you'll say I must have been doing something dreadfully wrong, but I don't think I have; and even if I had, I'll leave it to anybody if Aunt Eliza isn't enough to provoke a whole company of saints. The truth is, I got into trouble this time just through obeying promptly as soon as I was spoken to. I'd like to know if that was anything wrong. Oh, I'm not a bit sulky, and I am always ready to admit I've done wrong when I really have; but this time I tried to do my very best and obey my dear mother promptly, and the consequence was that I was shut up for a week, besides other things too painful to mention. This world is a fleeting snow, as our minister says, and I sometimes feel that it isn't worth the price of admission.

Aunt Eliza is one of those women that always know everything, and know that nobody else knows anything, particularly us men. She was visiting us, and finding fault with everybody, and constantly saying that men were a nuisance in a house and why didn't mother make father mend chairs and whitewash the ceiling and what do you let that great lazy boy waste all his time for? There was a little spot in the roof where it leaked when it rained, and Aunt Eliza said to father: "Why don't you have energy enough to get up on the roof and see where that leak is I would if I was a man thank goodness I ain't." So father said: "You'd better do it yourself, Eliza." And she said: "I will this very day."

So after breakfast Aunt Eliza asked me to show her where the scuttle was. We always kept it open for fresh air, except when it rained, and she crawled up through it and got on the roof. Just then mother called me, and said it was going to rain, and I must close the scuttle. I began to tell her that Aunt Eliza was on the roof, but she wouldn't listen, and said: "Do as I tell you this instant without any words why can't you obey promptly?" So I obeyed as prompt as I could, and shut the scuttle and fastened it, and then went down stairs, and looked out to see the shower come up.

It was a tremendous shower, and it struck us in about ten minutes; and didn't it pour! The wind blew, and it lightened and thundered every minute, and the street looked just like a river. I got tired of looking at it after a while, and sat down to read, and in about an hour, when it was beginning to rain a little easier, mother came where I was, and said: "I wonder where sister Eliza is do you know, Jimmy?" And I said I supposed she was on the roof, for I left her there when I fastened the scuttle just before it began to rain.

Nothing was done to me until after they had got two men to bring Aunt Eliza down and wring the water out of her, and the doctor had come, and she had been put to bed, and the house was quiet again. By that time father had come home, and when he heard what had happened— But, there! it is over now, and let us say no more about it. Aunt Eliza is as well as ever, but nobody has said a word to me about prompt obedience since the thunder-shower.—"*Jimmy Brown*," *in Harper's Young People.*

—Robert Bonner pays his horse doctor a salary more than double that paid any college professor.

Traveling Brides and Grooms.

"To watch the newly-married couples who travel is one of the compensations of our arduous life," said an old hotel clerk the other day.

"How can you tell whether they are newly married or not?" inquired the *Sun* reporter to whom this remark was addressed.

"Tell them?" ejaculated the clerk: "I can pick them out as easily as if they carried signs, 'We are just married.'"

"Yes; but how?"

"Well, in the first place, they are always most abundant in the fall and winter. I don't know why it is, but such is the fact. One of the signs of a newly-married couple is their spick and span new clothes. Somehow, when people get married they generally get as many new clothes as possible. The bride and groom have new hats and new trunks and new dusters. Then, again, they spend money more freely. When a man is in his honeymoon he generally feels as if he ought to be generous. He has a grateful sort of spirit, and throws his money around as if he wanted to show that the world has used him well. He has put by his money for the occasion, and is not afraid to spend it. He is specially anxious that the bride shall eat and drink of the best. He must have a room with a private parlor, and not up stairs very far, and with a good view. Sometimes he is a little chary of asking for these things, but when we suggest them he always says 'Yes.' Of course it is part of our business to suggest them. We consider that we have the same right to pluck a newly-married couple as an undertaker has to pluck bereaved relatives."

"Do they behave differently from other people?"

"I should—well, yes. The husband does not run off to the bar-room or the billiard-room, as the old married men do. When the old married couple arrive, you may be certain that the first thing the husband does is to take a drink or lounge about the billiard tables, telling his wife that he has some business to attend to."

"Are newly-married people bashful?"

"That depends. The widowers and widows don't mind it, but the young people are a little coy. At Niagara Falls we had most of the new couples late in the season, when the regular boarders had left. I have seen as many as a dozen at a time file into the dining-room, trying to look as if they had not been married yesterday, but casting furtive glances about to see if they were suspected. The men were specially watchful lest somebody should be oging the brides. One day I thought we should have a fight in the dining-room. A strapping big fellow from the West in a new suit of store clothes sat down to the table with his bride, a buxum brown-eyed beauty. She looked so fresh and rosy that she could not but attract attention, and she got it. Every gentleman in the room took more than one look at her, and she knew it. Of course she did not object. But the man began to get angry. He did not like to speak to the bride about it, because she was evidently not displeased. Finally he got up and walked to the nearest gentleman whom he had observed and said:

"'Look here, stranger, I'd like to know what you are staring at my wife for?'

"'Your wife! Allow me to congratulate you, my dear fellow. You have got the finest wife in the city,' said the gentleman addressed. The fact is, I thought she was your sister. Excuse me if I was rude; but if you don't want people to look at your wife, you really must never take her out in public. No offense meant, sir.'

"The bridegroom went back to his place, but he took good care at the next meal to put his wife with her face to the wall."

"Which do you think take to the new conditions most gracefully?"

"Women by all odds. The men are always betraying themselves. They want to talk about it; they are full of the subject. Women are more artful and have more adaptability to new circumstances. But with all their arts, they can't deceive the old hotel clerk, and it is very seldom that we don't turn in a few dollars extra to the house on account of our knowledge."

"Another peculiarity of the newly-married couples who go to hotels," continued the clerk, "is that many of them live in the city. They always come equipped for a long journey. They have left the wedding guests with the announced intention of taking a long journey, conspicuously displaying, perhaps, their railroad tickets, and have been driven by way of the depot to a first-class hotel previously selected. I knew of one case where a bridal couple, to avoid detection, actually boarded a train and started apparently on a journey, but took at the next station a train back to the city, and stopped at a hotel a few blocks from home. Then the wedding guests were permitted to stay at the feast as long as they pleased, without disturbing anybody."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Doctors and Patients.

Speculative knowledge is, of course, good in itself, but the line between speculation and practice cannot be drawn absolutely. A Pasha who had lost an eye ordered a glass one, and had it fitted in, showing transports of joy; but when after a month's trial he found he could not see with it, he had the "chyrurgeon" bastinsdoed and banished. Here there was a lack of "speculation" on the part of the Pasha. But the too well-known case of the Indian Prince and the seidlitz powders is doubtful. He first took the whole of the twelve blue powders dissolved in a punch bowl, and then not feeling much refreshed, took the twelve white ones also at one draught. It is a nice question whether speculation or practice was most wanted here, but it is certain that a portion of both is a good thing. It is notorious that the man who gives himself to the study of pathological books is apt to fancy that he has all diseases at once or by turns, so much do "symptoms" resemble each other, or, in other words, so much is practice needed. The most experienced physician, when ill, goes to another physician—that is trite—and the two experts may reasonably "argue" with each other. But the best thing the uninitiated patient can do is to get a good doctor, and then mind him. There are illustrious examples in favor of this principle. Mr. Gladstone, whose health and prospects of a vigorous old age were, in the spring of 1874, made the subject of a cheerful article in the *Lancet*, which gently rebuked him for talking of "my age," has more than justified the rebuke of his medical critic. He has shown not only staying power, but buoyancy. He has been betting ten to one, and praising the Burton ales as nectareous, if not nectar. He has been twice very seriously and once at least less seriously laid by, and has more than pulled through. And we have all heard—some of us with surprise, sensible people without any—that he minds what the doctor says, is a strictly obedient patient. But there is obedience and obedience. Dickens treated unguaranteed prescriptions (of which he used to receive many hundreds) much as Lord Granville does, and he also minded his doctor. But there can be no doubt that he was a fractious patient, whose obedience was often but formal.—*London Spectator.*

—An electric battery concealed in a statue of Justice is a new German invention for the execution of criminals. The criminal is seated in an arm-chair when the stroke comes.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Tennyson has just passed his 72d birthday.

—Longfellow has in his time declined three embassies.

—The portrait of ex-Governor Leland Stanford, of California, which was recently painted by Meissonier, cost 50,000 francs, and measures about ten by thirteen inches.

—Congressman Robert Vance, of North Carolina, has a beautiful home on the French Broad River, near Asheville. Here Mr. Vance every night holds patriarchal service, reading the Bible and leading in family prayer.

—Mrs. Hathaway, of Wisconsin, who read a fine paper on Schopenhauer at the Concord school, is a young German woman, whose husband is a prairie farmer and poet, and has just published a volume of verse entitled "The League of the Iroquois."

—There was a concert at Bergen, Norway, lately in aid of the Ole Bull memorial. A full house, great enthusiasm and Mrs. Ole Bull and family present. Miss Emma Thursby, the star of the occasion. Ten thousand dollars were put in the fund.

—Annie Louise Cary seems to have really left the stage with the intention of never returning to it. When she first said so, it was thought that an increase of pay would change her mind, or that she aimed at some incidental advertising, but she steadfastly refuses to make an engagement for next season on any terms.

—One more story about Dean Stanley. "No one feels up to his work," he said one day. "I have always thought that a dean should have three qualifications, none of which I possess. First, I think a dean should know something about music; I am absolutely ignorant of the subject. Secondly, I think a dean should know something about architecture; I know nothing about it. Thirdly, I think a dean should know something about the management of business; I am always thankful when our audit is over and we have not come to some grievous mishap."

HUMOROUS.

—"What we want now is water," exclaims a Cincinnati editor, thus giving to the world for the first time the news that Cincinnati people sometimes mix their drinks.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—When Methuselah was only 500 years old his father told him that if he didn't stop smoking vile cigarettes he would die in early manhood. He didn't stop, and he only lived a few hundred years after that. But boys will be boys. —*Norristown Herald.*

—Carpenters' mottoes: 1. When you grab a saw, let her rip. 2. Square dealing adze to a man's reputation. 3. You can brace up a bit, without drinking whissy. 4. Nail your loose change for a rainy day. 5. Give your scrutiny to the small gimlet hole. 6. Be plane spoken, and chisel no man.—*N. Y. News.*

—I doted, I'm free to confess, on her hair,
It was wondrously long and so charmingly fair;
And so when one evening we walked on the pier,
I whispered the tenderest words in her ear.

Then a strong wind uprose, and she blushed rosy red—
As it blew all that beautiful hair off her head;
She was bald as an egg, and I blest that hard breeze,
For disclosing the fact by the shimmering seas.

—*Punch.*

—A native of Flint River Township went limping and groaning to the office of the new doctor with the blue and gold sign and the Latin diploma and the new buggy and the chestnut horse with a blaze face. "It s the rheumatiz, doc," groaned the patient, "my whole back is jest gone with it; I'm one broad ache from the back of my neck clean down to the hips. I'm a sufferin' torments unspeakable." "Let me see your tongue," said the new doctor. "Ah, yes, I see; that will do; take this prescription, get it filled and use as directed. Four dollars." "By hokey," said the afflicted one, as he hobbled away, "Ef I aint the luckiest man in Flint River. Four dollars for lookin' at my tongue! An' I was jest on the bare point of askin' him to look at my whole back." And he breathed hard as he thought by what a narrow escape he had saved his farm.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Royal Egyptian Mummies.

The finding at Thebes of thirty-nine mummies of Egyptian royal and priestly personages, which has been hailed in Europe as the greatest archeological discovery since Sir Henry Layard's researches at Nineveh, grows in importance. Two-thirds of the mummies are now identified by means of the inscriptions upon their cases and the manuscripts found. They are, for the most part, Kings and Queens, with their children, ranging through four dynasties, beginning with the seventeenth and ending with the twenty-first, or, stating it roughly, from 2,000 to 1,700 B. C. The mummy of the Pharaoh of Israel is among these, in a perfect state of preservation, and the mummy of Thotmes III., in whose reign the obelisk that stands in Central Park was first erected. The imagination fairly falters in the attempt to realize that these figures have been brought back from the vast and shoreless sea of Egyptian antiquity to our own day, and our very doors. Lotus flowers that look as if they "had been plucked a few months ago," are found lying in the wrappings of Kings who were dead centuries before the Pharaoh of Israel was born, and the passage of nearly 4,000 years has not dimmed the beauty of the colors of the inscriptions and pencilings, "which are as bright and fresh as if the artist had touched them but yesterday." This is a wonderful prize for archeological science, the full meaning of which scholars probably are just beginning to appreciate.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Golden Sea Sand.

On the sea-coast round Cape Commerell, British Columbia, exist deposits of sand which, black in appearance on the surface, are found on examination after digging a few inches to be full of specks of gold. A handful of the sand washed in a saucer displays numerous sparkling grains, which are pure gold, so fine in tiny scales that they are popularly called "float gold." The existence of the gold has long been known, but the difficulty has been to find a means of successfully and economically extracting it. Several machines have been tried, but without success; and after several failures the experiments were abandoned and nothing has been done for some years. A new venture is, however, about to be made with a machine invented by a San Francisco company, which promises to be successful. The machine consists of six drawers or layers of plates, covered with amalgam. Each plate has holes punched through it about a quarter of an inch in diameter. The gold bearing sand is "dumped in" on the top plate, the water being turned on. The action on the water sets the sand in motion, and with the gold it passes through the holes. The sand falls from plate to plate, leaving behind it the loose, free gold, which attaches itself to the amalgam; and by the time the sand has reached the sixth plate it is accompanied by very few grains of gold that have successively escaped attachments to the amalgam on the previous five plates. The process is simple, but it is reported to be successful and to more than pay expenses.

—The song writers' painful working of the mother theme would seem to have culminated in the latest production, judging by the title, "An Old-Fashioned Photograph of Mother."

Our Young Folks.

OUR LITTLE BUSYBODY.

Oh, but she is such a dear little mite!
Never at rest, even now, as I write,
Going out shopping, or making a call,
Talking to chairs, rocking dolly so small.

Never a leaf on the sunshiny tree,
When the wind blows, is as tireless as she.
Ask for a kiss, she will quietly say,
"Haven't got time: I'm too busy to-day."

Are the birds weary when down goes the sun?
Or the wee lambkins when homeward they run?
Or the bright butterflies folding their wings?
Grasshoppers, crickets and all merry things?
Then must this dear busybody of ours
Long for her rest with the close of the flowers.

Oh the sweet lips that so lovingly say,
"Good-night—so tired—I've been busy to-day!"

—*George Cooper, in Nursery.*

HOW TROTTY LEFT HOME.

"Trotty!" called mamma from her window.

Trotty, who was in the back yard playing Robinson Crusoe with Joe Potter, suddenly disappeared round the corner, while Joe dropped down behind the lilac-bush.

"Trot-ty!" called mamma again.

And Trotty, concluding from a certain decidedness about her voice that it would be best for him to put in his appearance, emerged from his hiding-place.

"Did you call me?" he very innocently inquired.

"I want you to go down to the store and get a spool of silk for me," replied mamma.

Trotty's face fell; it usually did. I am sorry to say, when he was requested to do anything.

"I've got company," he said, a bright smile of relief lighting up his countenance; "and it wouldn't be perlite, you know, for me to go away."

"As you have been playing with Joe all day long I think he will excuse you for a few minutes," said mamma; "so come and wash your face and hands, for I'm in a hurry."

"I think it's awful mean I have to do so many errands," grumbled Trotty, as he reluctantly wended his way into the house. "I don't b'leeve other mothers make their little boys do so many."

"Trotty," said his mother, gravely and tenderly, "mamma is working very hard to finish your new suit for the picnic, and she wants this spool of silk. Are you not willing to do as much as that for me?"

Trotty surveyed his copper toes, grew red in the face, and wished mamma wouldn't ask such uncomfortable questions.

"Aren't you willing, Trotty?" she asked again.

"It's—dreful hot— and I 'most know for sure Joe's mother wouldn't send him.

Now Trotty was just the sweetest and most lovable little boy in all the world—when everything went to please him—but he was getting to be very selfish; he was never willing to do anything for any body. And mamma wanted to break him of this sad habit. "Very well," she said, getting up, "if you know of any place where you can be better treated than you are here, I think you had better go there and live.

Trotty's blue eyes opened to their widest extent.

"I mean just what I say," repeated mamma. You are always telling about some one who would treat you more kindly than we do, so I think you had better leave us, and go and live with them. You can take any of your things you want, and we will send the rest to you."

Trotty went up-stairs to his room in a very dazed frame of mind. Could it be that mamma was sending him away?

He choked back a sob, and brushed away a tear or two that would come in spite of him. But he would not cry. Oh, no! mamma had not, neither would he.

What should he take with him? His toy pistol that papa gave him the Fourth, his "Illustrated History," and his tip-cart; that was all, he guessed.

He was going off without even a good-by, but mamma stopped him.

"Have you all you want?" she asked. Trotty nodded assent; there was such a big lump in his throat he could not speak. "Very well, if you think of anything you want you can send for it. We have tried to be good to you, Trotty, I'm sorry you have not been happy, but if ever you need friends you can come back to us. Good-by, dear." Mamma put out her hand. Trotty grasped it with his little brown chubby one for an instant, and then, pulling his hat down over his eyes, he went off out of the yard, down the street.

Where should he go? He had not the remotest idea; he went and went a long time before he even thought of it. Then he began to look around him, and wonder where he was. He was out of the town, and on a road he did not remember of being on before. The houses were growing less. There was one at the top of the hill, however, he would stop there. But they