THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE FOREST FIRE.

Ever nearer, faster, higher,
Comes the waves of lurid fire!
Roaring, hissing for their prey,
Can it be the Judgment Day.

When the "stars of heaven shall fall,"
And a sulphurous, smoky pall
Hides the sun, and, "like a scroll"
In God's hand, the sky shall roll?

No! but save that day of wrath,
The destroying angels' path
Never left a drearier plath,
Marked with ruin, death and pain.

Where last night the homestead stood,
Ashes now, and blackened wood;
And in place of wife or child,
The scarred corpse, and anguish wild.

All, all is gone; and the bare earth,
Wasted and burned in utter dearth,
In the sad image of their fate,
Bitter, and black, and desolate!

Flash the sad news from sea to sea,
The Nation's gifts flow full and free,
And every northern train rolls past,
With aid and comfort hurrying fast.

The Savior's voice we hear once more,
Again He leaves to us His poor;
And when we help our brother's need
It is "the Christ" we clothe and feed.

And, oh! remember well His word,
These gifts are to our risen Lord:
Let them be such that by His throne
We shall not blush our names to own.
—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

The Habit of Mouth Breathing.

It is certainly remarkable that so little has been written on a subject so important as mouth breathing. It appears, indeed, that Dr. Cassells, of Glasgow, communicated, four years ago, an interesting paper on this topic to the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, but the scope of that essay was confined to the consideration of the habit as a cause of aural troubles. It has been discussed, also, from a general sanitary point of view by Mr. George Catlin, well known as the portrayer of Indian life and customs. But wenow have for the first time an exhaustive treatment of the subject by Dr. Clinton Wagner.

Dr. Wagner begins by pointing out that man is by nature a nose breather, the practice of mouth breathing being acquired through carelessness, ignorance or a local trouble which renders nasal breathing difficult or impossible. The unweaned infant always breathes through its nose; unless it did the act of sucking could not be performed. From observations made by Honsell in the Freiburg clinic, it appears that in healthy infants the mouth is almost always closed during sleep, the tongue lying in contact with the hard palate, and the mouth not acting as an air passage. The relation which the nose bears to the functions of respiration is too often overlooked by persons suffering from bronchial or pulmonary disorders. It can easily be verified by experiment that the air in its passage through the tortuous channels of the nose is raised to the temperature of the body before it reaches the larynx. No matter how low the temperature may be, the sense of cold is never experienced below the border of the soft palate so long as breathing is carried on with closed mouth. Moreover, the air thus inhaled is moistened by the natural secretions which cover the turbinated tones in a condition of health, and the short, bristly hairs at the orifices of the nostrils act as a filter or sieve to arrest dust and other impurities which the air may contain, and which if drawn in by the mouth, may act as an exciting cause in developing laryngeal, bronchial, or pulmonary trouble. It is even asserted that man can inhale through his nose for a certain time mephitic air in the bottom of a well without harm; whereas if he opened his mouth to answer a question or call for help, his lungs are closed, and he expires.

The causes which lead to habitual mouth breathing are to be looked for in the nose, mouth or throat. Until recently the methods of examining the nose were so imperfect that a correct diagnosis was, in many cases, impracticable; but now, with the aid of the rhinoscope and by means of a strong reflected light thrown up through the nostrils, dilated by a proper speculum, it is possible to recognize any obstruction to the passage of air. Some instances of congenital, imperforate nostrils are reported, and the like occlusion may be caused by a cicatrical contraction from scalds or burns. Foreign bodies, too, such as buttons, seeds or stones, may lodge in the inferior meatus, which is the passage chiefly concerned in breathing, and thus produce complete or partial closure. A general thickening or hypertrophy of the mucous membrane, covering the turbinated bones, such as is found in chronic nasal catarrh, would, in some cases, completely shut up one or both passages. Indeed, a slight congestion from an ordinary cold may so nearly close the air channels that breathing through the nose becomes for the time very difficult. The mouth is therefore resorted to, and thus the pernicious habit may be unconsciously acquired. Among the mouth causes which interfere with proper nasal respiration the most common are enlarged tonsils. The glands press the velum upward and backward against the posterior wall of the pharynx, and prevent the passing of air from the nose to the larynx. Irregular, uneven or protruding teeth, by obstructing perfect closure of the mouth, may also give rise to the practice of mouth breathing.

Dr. Wagner tells us that habitual mouth breathers can be at once recognized, as the practice stamps itself indelibly on the physiognomy. The retracted lips, open mouth, receding gums, protruding teeth, diminished size of the orifices of the nostrils, the wrinkles of the outer angles of the eyes, and the lines extending from the wings of the nose to the angles of the mouth, gives the persons addicted to this habit a silly, and, sometimes, idiotic expression. The nasal ducts, being vacated, like disused roads that grow up to grass and weeds, become the seat of polypus and other diseases; the sense of smell is greatly weakened or altogether lost; the contour of the nose is changed, and it acquires an undeveloped or atrophic appearance. The sense of hearing may be affected, the injury ranging from slight impairment to total deafness through habitual mouth breathing. According to Cassells the air must pass through the nose, otherwise it can not reach the tympanic cavity. Dry sore throat is one of the most distressing diorders resulting from the habit under discussion. The practice known as "hawking" is a familiar symptom of this trouble. The hawker is always a mouth breather, and the unpleasant sound is made in the effort to dislodge the hard, dry and tenacious mucus from the pharynx and [illegible] wall of the mouth. In all [illegible] habit is caused by nasal [illegible] air or tone w[illegible] though-

should adopt the practice followed by Indian squaws of closing an infant's mouth by gently pressing the lips together. People of mature age also need to be impressed with the necessity of persistence in the practice of nose breathing. For those who are addicted to keeping the mouth open for breathing during sleep only, it is suggested that compulsory closure may be successfully carried out by means of a linen or leather support for the lower jaw, adjusted to the top of the head.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Pernicious Literature for Boys.

The baneful effect of the pink and yellow-backed literature on the susceptible mind of boys is made strikingly apparent in this city from day to day. The number of lads who run away from home to be free from all paternal restraint and seek such adventures as their fancy may suggest, is by no means on the decrease. Bradford has been made an objective point for numbers of these young runaways from all sections of the country. Almost daily during the summer the police have been in receipt of telegrams and letters of inquiry from anxious parents and the authorities in other cities concerning boys who have disappeared from home. In quite a number of instances the lads have been found here and restored to their friends. Their arrest has almost invariably been effected through descriptions of the boys furnished by their friends. Such adepts do the boys become in evading the truth when questioned by the authorities that it is necessary to have further evidence of their identity than the statements which proceed from their youthful lips. A case occurred one day last week that is not without many parallels during the spring and summer months. A man named Mohre, residing in Oil City, apprised the police of his son, aged thirteen, having run away from home. The father thought it probable that the lad had made his way to this city. A description of the boy was furnished, and the officers soon found the lad in company with a squad of other boys in the lower part of the city. The youth at first assumed to be surprised, and claimed that he could not be the boy in question. The police have long since learned to deal with such cases, and the little fellow soon conceded that he was the runaway. He had been wandering about for some time, and finally reached this city by stealing rides from station to station on passing trains. He had in his possession a small sum of money—about thirty cents. This was ample, however, the lad stated, as he had no difficulty in procuring food without money and without price. Some of the boys about the city of his own age purloined articles of food at home and kept him well supplied. In return for this young Mohre permitted the youthful commissariat to peruse a pink-backed book on which high treasure was placed. The title of the book was the "Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris." It contained an extended list of the technical lingo of tramps and thieves "used in the leading cities of the world," with their meaning and application. Also a secret system of enumeration and written communication, with portraits of celebrated criminals and sketches of their lives. There were in the book numerous illustrations of garroting, "cracking a crib" and cuts showing how other criminal acts are performed. A more pernicious book to place in the hands of a boy ranging in age from ten to sixteen years cannot be conceived. After acquiring the arts and language of this work, some of the boys had in contemplation the foundation of a band of venturesome spirits to go forth and lead a vagabond life, and depend on criminal cunning and new recruits in other cities where they might sojourn for subsistence. It was certainly a fortunate thing for some Bradford parents that the youth owning the book and having views on the organization of a school of young thieves, was apprehended and sent safely home to his parents. It would be well, indeed, for the parent of the boy to adopt measures to keep him at home and guard against his procuring literature such as was found in his possession. There are a number of runaway boys who reach Bradford after whom no inquiry is made or anxious parents seek, at least so far as known. Some of these boys remain here for weeks and months. They readily fall in with the newsboys and bootblacks, and manage to gain money enough to buy food. They practice the "lifting art" in trifles merely to gain experience and skill. There is a larger growth of boys from sixteen to twenty, who adopt the guise of bootblacks to quiet the suspicion and carry on their questionable mode of life. The younger boys find them capital preceptors. They have all the characteristics of "hoodlums," and cunning sufficient to escape detection in many of their petty criminal acts. Some of these persons by times fall into the hands of the officers and get their deserts. While the number of boys who run away from home, and are immediately sought after by their parents, is quite large, those after whom no care seems to be taken, or a least no inquiry is made, is, indeed, much greater. In this working-day world there seems to be many parents indifferent to the welfare of their sons. The tendency of these boys is directly to the bad. Sufficient has been shown in this city, from time to time, to make it plain that these boys, or at least nine-tenths of them, drift into the army of tramps and thieves. The police can do little to remedy the evil, because the boys demean themselves to escape arrest and avoid detection. Even should it be known that they are runaways, their parents failing to make demand for them, and their homes being unknown, nothing can be done to restore them.—*Bradford (Pa.) Era.*

Making Newspapers.

"There is nothing in the paper," said a young friend, dashing it to the floor. "No news at all; it's miserable, stupid." Look again, my dear friend, at the carefully-printed columns, the different headings, foreign, home and domestic news, the wit and humor. Think, for a moment, when you gaze at it, how the editor has tried to please you. There is probably no class of men more overworked than these, no labor more wearing than mental labor. It is so easy to cry out: "Nothing in the paper," for those who know little of the drudgery, the painstaking, the hours of mental weariness, the tedious compositions. It is a common thing for a person, when not exactly suited, to exclaim: "There is nothing in the paper." In a railroad car I once observed two gentlemen purchase copies of the same edition of a paper [illegible] handed his to a neighbor [illegible] "Here, Sam, here [illegible]

General Management of Turkeys, Geese and Ducks.

Fowls that are kept in continued confinement both in and out of season, require extra care to be profitable. For these, a run of an hour or two in the afternoon of the day, I have found to be of great benefit. It is a change, and if they be allowed some fresh earth to scratch amongst, it is all the better. It appears to be a natural thing for fowls to exercise the muscles in this manner; consequently it is for their health. Any lover of poultry should be willing to allow his fowls the short breathing space of a couple of hours in the yard or on the lawn, and watch them that they do no serious damage. They soon learn, where regularity is duly observed, to wait and watch for their time to come, and enjoy it amazingly. Fowls, especially the common sorts, are no better for rambling over so great a territory when fully grown, if they are well taken care of and true regularity observed; chicks are the better for full liberty, although those may be greatly checked.

Turkeys will not submit to this treatment with so good grace. Their very nature leads them to seek the mountains, and hills and open pastures, and they are the better. They are not, neither can they ever be, a yard fowl. For these truly noble and valuable birds, when kept and reared in large numbers, a keeper is necessary to follow them in their wandering, check trespass and fold at night. In this manner large numbers may be raised with little or no expenditure for feed after the first six weeks, and the later fattening. A few may be raised about the door with the common fowls, but they are seldom as large or fine as those that go abroad for their insect food.

Our many breeds of domestic fowls which are so profitable, both for eggs and flesh, may be confined. So may ducks and geese, and not be allowed to intrude on the neighbors.

Poultry requires a steady eye and guard over them continually. That confinement brings on sickness and disease, I am not willing to admit, so long as they are well fed with suitable nourishing food and kept clean. The yard where ducks and geese are confined should be furnished with an ample trough, (if there is no running stream through it) and the water therein freshened every day. The two should never be confined together, however, for the mingling of the fowls is not agreeable or harmonious. Not that the two distinct breeds will mix, but there is discord between them. Geese are homelike and rather quiet in disposition, preferring their own home pasture to the neighbor's, when once thoroughly trained. They are easily managed, much more so than the duck, but the goslings are difficult to raise, especially if not early hatched while the grass is young and tender. Ducks are ubiquitous. They are either a land or water bird entirely, or both, just as they are trained.

The great dependence in the poultry line lies in our common fowl, the great egg and flesh producer. This varies much according to breed, and one may have just what suits the taste or requirements, either for the production of eggs or the making of flesh. One breed that probably is not thoroughly known, which for the combination of flesh and eggs is unsurpassed, is the Dorking; this may be deservedly recommended for general use, and where once known and tended is satisfactory. The bodies are large, equaling the Brahma, and much more shapely and graceful in proportion and movement. While they are classed among the sitters, they at the same time are large egg-producers, laying nearly as well as the thrifty little Leghorn, or Hamburg. Their eggs are white in color, and no larger than the Leghorn, but their bodies are double and triple the size. It is a noticeable fact that many of our smaller birds produce eggs that rival in size some from their competitors.

There is a vast difference in the texture and flavor of the flesh, even when fed and fattened on the same material. Goose flesh is not duck, neither is it turkey, but simply goose meat, and oftentimes poor and strong of flavor at that, especially the oily or fatty portion. The flesh of the Brahma frequently resembles goose more than the fowl. The texture also is coarse and stringy. What is required of fowl meat, since it is rather a dainty and not a stand-by like beef and pork to feed the hearty laborer, is that it must be fine-grained and game-like, with a fine flavor that is not found in all our domestic birds, but confined to the few choice pure breeds. We may not have this at all times, especially if bred with a cross to obtain size. The largest bird is not always to be desired. There are, however, one or two large breeds that unite the several good points, and the Dorking fowl is one of them.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Collecting Fall Waste.

Many persons feel the want of manure, and indeed there are few who have more than they can use. Where it is scarce the first thought is to buy, and often this is the best plan; but in many cases one might make considerably by a little care for articles which usually go to waste.

We know that there are many things recommended that are of little account, things which involve hard labor and yet realize but little in the end. Such are often found in the various schemes for making manure out of tan-bark, sawdust, swamp-muck, and-so-forth, which once in a while and under peculiar circumstances may pay for themselves, but are as a general thing little more than time thrown away.

But it is always a good thing to keep all parts of one's place in a neat and nice condition, and the material gathered together in this way into the compost heap will generally pay for itself. However careful may be a farmer or gardener to keep things clean, there will often be odd corners that will be left by the pressure of work to grow up to coarse vegetation. If this be cut when leisure time comes it will generally pay in the compost heap. At this season of the year, especially, there is often a great quantity of vegetable refuse of one sort or another lying about. It will pay to collect it; and especially is this true of leaves when they are in any great quantity and not far away.

We have known persons with pretty good judgment to hesitate about taking a second crop from a piece of grassland in not very good condition because they thought it would be running the ground too hard to do so. They say it is best to leave the vegetation on the ground to rot. This is all very well [illegible] not; but little of it does. It [illegible] up, and the best matter is [illegible] better to mow [illegible] or compost [illegible] shape of [illegible] extra la-

Child Culture.

Well, time flies, the summer is almost over, the mackerel have come up the bay and are biting like poison, the ferns are growing old, and the boy is learning to talk so that other people can understand him.

"If you would let me have him about one month," said the pleasant-voiced and pleasant-faced school-mistress who came down here from up river last week, "I could break him of that careless habit of speaking."

Just because the boy had asked his stern, dark-browed father.

"Popputs, whurs is mines fiffin pole you peakin' mama um day?"

Which by interpretation is, as the pleasant-voiced school-mistress would have taught him to say it:

"Father, where is my fishing-rod of which you were speaking to my mother, with reference to purchasing it for me at some time in the indefinite future?"

And her little serene highness shook her head and said no; he was losing his baby talk, and learning to speak English too rapidly as it was. The pleasant face of theschool-mistress wrinkled up into an interrogation point.

"School-mistress," the Jester said, "on all matters of education, your shapely head is not hilly; it is as level as a new-mown lawn. But you don't want to teach the baby grammar, and you don't want him to speak good English. You want him to be a baby and you want to encourage him to indulge in baby talk. In the years to come, when the pudgy little fists will dig great tears out of the blue eyes because the boy can't remember in just what points there should and must be exact harmony between the verb and the subject; when he is confident that he will die before he can remember how many fellows beside "ad, ante, con, in or inter," are followed by the accusative; when he knows the world will stand still for just two hours after school if he can't recall that all terminations in something or other take the what you may call it after some kind of things; when he is so trusting and has so much confidence in Mr. Davies that he is only willing but anxious to accept his statement that the sum of the three angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles, without going to the board to prove his truthfulness by demonstration; along in those days the memory of his baby talk will come back to us like sweet music. He will have trouble enough with the English language, and all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining, by and by. No," he responded, in answer to a silent inquiry of the pleasant-faced school-mistress, "he does not know his alphabet, thank Heaven, and he shall not be bothered with it. Yes, he has alphabet blocks and knows all the pictures on them and many preposterous stories about the pictures. Oh, yes, he can count; hear him now, counting the pebbles he has brought home from the beach: 'one, free, seven, free, seven, ten, free, five, seven, free;' certainly he can count, by a system of his own, too, which is more than most people have. Don't make a prig of the baby, school-mistress. From the day on which they are six years old they must, under the school system of the States, begin to study, and sit up straight, and behave properly and speak correctly, and from that time until the grave hides them, they live and speak and act, verbally speaking, they be, and do, and suffer, under social and educational surveillance. And I claim that at least six years of the life of man and woman should be free; free as the air; free to talk as the brook runs, with untrammeled musical prattle and babble. Why here, a few weeks ago, came a melancholy-looking child, about four years old, and in my presence and hearing, pointed to me, and said to his mother:

"Ma'ma, of whom is that gentleman speaking?"

"Poor little prig! My heart bled for him. That afternoon I took that boy down by the target, and taught him to say: "Ma'ma, what is dat man speakin' you about?" and reconstructed his grammar on the same easy basis, and—look me in the eye—if that boy didn't tan up like a young Indian in two days, and he gained seven pounds in three weeks.

"You see," the Jester concluded, in an apologetic tone, for he had done an unusual amount of preaching that day, "you see, we haven't a very broad experience in training children; we have only one chick to cluck over and scratch for, but we're bound he shan't go to school until he's through being a baby, and we know, school-mistress, that he's the happiest baby that ever mangled grammar.—*Burdette, in the Hawkeye.*

Translated by the Queen.

A good story reaches us from Belgium, the truth of which is guaranteed. A banking house at Verviers recently received a letter from a bank at Buda-Pesth. The recipients knew that it related to a matter of the greatest importance; but, unfortunately, they could not master the contents of the missive, as it was written in the Hungarian language, and there was not a soul at Verviers who understood that tongue. Accordingly, one of the partners took a journey to Brussels, expecting to find everything he wanted at the Capital, but only to be disappointed—nobody at the banks could read Hungarian. There was, however, still the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, whither the banker betook himself, to learn that there was an attache who spoke Hungarian, but he had gone to Biarritz for some sea-bathing. Almost in despair, the hero of the story called upon the Burgomaster, with whom he was acquainted, and related his troubles. After some thought his worship, striking his forehead, exclaimed: "After all, sometimes our most foolish ideas prove the best." With this enigmatical observation he asked for the letter. The next day he returned the original to the gentleman from Verviers, with a translation in French, in a neat, feminine hand. "To what Hungarian fairy do I owe this good fortune?" asked the delighted banker. "This is an affair involving some millions, and I shall be happy to pay a handsome *douceur* to the translator who has enabled me to get at the meaning of the letter in time to conclude the affair." "I take you at your word," replied the Burgomaster. "Give me 10,000f. for the poor of Brussels, for the translator is none other than the Queen. She has experienced lively satisfaction in employing her knowledge of the Hungarian language to oblige one of her subjects." The Queen of the Belgians is a daughter of the Archduke Joseph, whose beneficent rule of Hungary is still remembered by the people, and she was born in the capital city during her father's palatinate.—*Manchester (Eng.) Examiner.*

—On February 3, 1783, the ship Bedford, Captain Moore, of Nantucket, bore the first "flag of the Union" into the British Channel. She was loaded with oil, and was not allowed to enter [illegible] towns until a consultation had [illegible] between the custom-house [illegible] on account of the several [illegible] still in force against [illegible] America." A London [illegible] ford is American [illegible] by American [illegible] be-

He Was Going Out.

"I am going out for a short time," said Mr. Breezy, rising from the supper table and turning toward the hall door.

"My dear," said Mrs. Breezy, pushing her chair back and vigorously folding up her napkin, "I wish to go out myself this evening."

"But, dear," said Mr. Breezy, moving slowly toward the door, "I have an engagement that must be attended to. You know how I'm taking a little interest in politics this fall, and I must be at the club without fail at eight o'clock or"—

"Mr. Breezy, do you know how long it is since you spent an evening at home?" asked Mrs. Breezy, taking a position between her husband and the door.

"But, my dear, you will never understand. This a most important year for our party, and if I am ever to become a power—"

"Of course, Mr. Breezy, I am not a politician, and I hope I never shall be. It is bad enough to have a husband mixed up with ward roughs and barroom loungers. Mr. Breezy, if you really prefer such company to mine I shall not complain, but it shows extremely bad taste. You profess to be a gentleman, Mr. Breezy. When I married you you were a gentleman, or at least I had every reason for believing so, but if you continue to mix with these politicians I am sure you will end by being as bad as they are. How you can get up and talk nonsense to such a mob is beyond me. So you wish to be a power, Mr. Breezy, you are not a William M. Evarts, and you know it. If I thought there was the slightest chance of your ever amounting to anything I might put up with your neglect, but you are humdrum, and you always will be humdrum. I married you because you were humdrum. I hoped I was getting a man who would be satisfied to remain at home after business hours, and not go making a fool of himself in what your recent companions call public affairs. What are public affairs to you, Mr. Breezy, compared to the welfare of your wife and family? Now, you are going out night after night to those miserable clubs and meetings, and what good is it going to do you anyway? Perhaps you think you will be run for Mayor, but you won't. You won't be run for anything. What do you suppose those political vagabonds want of you, anyway? I'll tell you, Mr. Breezy, they want your money. That is what they are after, and you are just stupid enough to give it to them, too, while I have to turn my last year's dresses and deny myself even the common necessaries of life, and the poor children half the time do not look decent enough to attend school. I am sure you profess to work hard enough to get your money without throwing it away on a lot of whisky-drinking loafers. Now, Mr. Breezy, I wish to make a call this evening, and if you are still respectable enough to go among ladies and gentlemen, I should like to have you accompany me."

"My dear," said Mr. Breezy, drawing a long sigh of relief, "do be a little reasonable."

"A little more reasonable?" said Mrs. Breezy, moving close to the door and closing it. "If I were not the most reasonable woman alive, I should like to know where you would be at this moment. On which side of the family do you suppose, Mr. Breezy, lies the common sense? You wouldn't have a dollar to-day or a roof over your head if I hadn't saved you from a thousand blunders and foolish actions. No, Mr. Breezy, it is well that you have a wife who is reasonable and endowed with a grain or two of tact. Why, it was only the other day that you actually wished to bet on a horse-race. You, a respectable married man, with a family to support, betting on horse races. Mr. Breezy, you are not the man you were when I married you, and if you keep on the way you are going now I shall return to my mother—I—. Mr. Breezy, it is just shameful. Go to your horrid club. Ruin yourself, if you like. I'm sure I—I don't care," and Mrs. Breezy pulled out her handkerchief with a jerk and left the room, slamming the door after her.

"Now for it," said Mr. Breezy, seizing his hat and making for the basement stairs.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Poor Traveling Dress.

What would one think of a mother who provided for her daughter's traveling outfit, over a very long, rough journey, where she was to meet all vicissitudes of climate and weather, only a flimsy ball dress? It might be very beautiful in fabric, and adorned with abundance of the choicest flowers and sparkling gems, but it would be a miserable failure as a traveling dress, and we should almost think the woman deficient in sound sense who should provide it for such a purpose.

But is it any more sensible to send our girls out over the rough journey of life with only a stock of accomplishments to meet the wants of this every-day working world? How many dear girls marry without the slightest preparation in the way of domestic knowledge and self-reliance in managing home affairs. It is fondly hoped that skill will come to them and that they will manage somehow to keep a house in respectability and comfort; but O, that ball-dress traveling suit! How poorly it answers in the wear and tear of the road.

Don't buy everything for the girls. Trust them with the money after giving them as much good advice as you please. Let them learn how to buy by actual experience. If they make some mistakes let them abide by them just as you have to. Said a boy of a brother skater, who had met a tumble: "Let him fall down. That's the way to learn." It is the way we all learn a great many things. If Jenny's pretty blue cambric fades out white, let her bleach it and make the best of it; but learn the lesson also of avoiding that alluring, deceitful shade in the future.

Let her learn to make bread from the beginning to the end of the process, and teach her the most thrifty, excellent short-cuts to perfection in all departments of cookery.

It is not needful to go through the tedious processes our grandmothers used to beating eggs to a froth with a knife, waiting all day for bread to rise, and so on, in a world where egg beaters are to be had, and Vienna yeast-cakes which will answer the purpose of rising in an hour or two.

Let her eschew cream-of-tartar and soda when good baking powder is to be had, and adopt all similar improvements. Life and time are too precious to be needlessly wasted on these old-time crudities. Housekeeping need not and should not be half so hard to the girls at the present time as it was for us, if they only will take hold and fit themselves for the business before actually in the whirl of it. What merchant would send out a ship under a captain who knew nothing of navigation? Would not there be likely to come disaster and distress enough in such a case? Should not the home pilot be equally qualified?—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

—A Kentucky girl was struck by lightning and killed while dr[illegible] her wedding [illegible]

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein" receives a pension of one thousand dollars a year.

—Mrs. Jessie Fremont Ferris, a niece of General John C. Fremont, has made her debut as an actress.

—The clearest-headed and best-informed political writer in France is a woman—"Juliette Lambert."

—Senator Ben Hill has undergone a second operation upon his tongue for the removal of fungoid growth.

—Carl Schurz has agreed to lecture the coming season, under the auspices of the Williams Lecture Bureau.

—A bust of Artemus Ward is wanted by an advertiser in an English newspaper. Artemus Ward was, and still is, a great favorite in England.

—The first printer in the German city of Frankfort was Christian Egenolloff, born in 1502 and died in 1555, and a tablet has just been erected to his memory in the wall of the house where he worked and where he died.

—A spare, handsome man of sixty-four, with fine nose and tense upper lip, is the Rev. Newman Hall. His work "Come to Jesus" has been translated into twenty languages, and has reached a circulation of three millions.

—Grace Greenwood is in London suffering from frequent attacks of acute bronchitis and asthma, but most grieved at her inability to write. Her musical daughter will soon make her debut as a high soprano.

—A work on bibliography, just published in Germany, says that Schiller's "Song of the Bells," has received eighteen French translations, seventeen Latin, fifteen English, four Italian, four Bohemian, four Polish, three Hungarian, two Russian, and one each in Dutch, Norwegian, Danish, Spanish, Hebrew, Lithuanian, Swedish, Slavonic, Low German, Flemish, Wendic and Roumanian; in all, eighty-three translations.

—Says the *Christian Union*: Miss Frances E. Willard is endeavoring to direct public attention to the writers of the South, and is continuing in that way the good work of mediation between two sections whose principal misfortune probably is their ignorance of each other's sentiments and character. Literature in the South is decidedly looking up, and it will be a great gain to the literature of the country when Southern life finds a full and artistic expression in books. Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Cable are in the very front ranks of American novelists, and are showing what rich fields and strong dramatic situations Southern society affords the novelist.

HUMOROUS.

—There is a man in St. Louis who has a wonderful memory. It is thought the city will eventually employ him to remember the Sabbath.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A New York man recently sold his wife to a neighbor for a dollar. Some men seem to take delight in swindling their neighbors.—*Norristown Herald.*

—J. W. Riley has a poem on "The Lost Kiss." He doesn't make it very plain as to how he lost it; but it is presumed her mother came into the room just in time to catch him at it.—*Rochester Express.*

—"Did you get that girl's picture, Brown? You remember you said you were bound to have it." "Well, not exactly," replied Brown; "I asked her for it and she gave me her negative." *Boston Transcript.*

—Good-looking women are generally weaker and less capable of getting along than plain ones. By watching the horse-car conductors, we have observed that a pretty girl requires twice as much assistance to get on a car as does a homely one.—*Boston Post.*

—When a Methodist preacher of any prominence in this State does or says anything worthy of note, half the papers in the commonwealth make a note of it, and say: "Rev. So-and-so, formerly of this city." Such is one beneficent feature of the itinerant system.—*Lowell Courier.*

—The man of prudence employeth the hired hand-maid whose hair matcheth in color that worn by the wife of his bosom, but the fool heedeth not this important point, and, when he weareth a long, blonde hair on the lappel of his coat, his black-haired wife waxeth wroth thereat, and patteth his his head with a club.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—She said he had a flattering tongue,
As to his arms she fondly clonzus,
And love's sweet round-lay he sangue.

For that, said he, my love, I guess
You cannot, cannot love me bess;
Give me the little hand I pruess!

'Tis thine, she said, with glance oblique,
While blushing roses dyed her chique—
The twain will be made one next wique.
—*Somerville Journal.*

The Sailor Who Could Measure the Minutes Correctly.

A good story, told at the expense of a well-known ex-Judge, is going the rounds of the lawyer's offices, and it is heartily appreciated by those who best know the irascible but good-hearted disposition of the old gentleman. It was an admiralty case, where he is most at home. The deposition of a sailor, who was soon to die, had to be taken at his bed-side in Brooklyn, one day last week. "How long," the ex-Judge snapped out as the first question on cross-examination, "do you think it was after the vessel left the wharf before the collision occurred?"

The sailor was himself something of a character, and not so near death but that he appreciated the vital importance of "getting back on" a cross-examining lawyer.

"Waal," he drawled out, "'bout ten minutes I s'd judge."

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes!" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping up. "Man, how long do you think ten minutes to be?"

"Jest 'bout ten minutes," was the unruffled reply.

"How do you generally measure ten minutes?" persisted the lawyer.

The old sailor turned slowly in bed and eyed his questioner. Then he turned back again and said, indifferently: "Waal, sometimes wid a watch and sometimes wid a claack."

This made the lawyer a little mad. He jerked his watch from his pocket and said, in a querulous, high-pitched voice: "Oh, you do, do you? Well, I'll tell you when to begin, and you tell me when ten minutes are up."

The sailor slyly winked at the lawyer on the other side, and he took in the situation in an instant and made no objection. The ex-Judge stood with his back to a mantel on which a little clock was quietly indicating the time to the sailor, who lay facing it.

"Aye, aye," the sailor said, and remained silent.

After three minutes had passed the ex-Judge became impatient and exclaimed: "See here, are you going to keep us here all day?" But the sailor made no answer. As five and six and seven [illegible] went by the lawyer became [illegible] in his assumed anger at the [illegible] ing them so long beyond [illegible] But not until the [illegible] on the exact [illegible]

Our Young Readers.

US THREE.

Whenever papa takes a walk,
He always calls us three;
He says he couldn't go without
Old Carlo, Jane and me.

We laugh and talk, and lark and play,
And papa enjoys his quiet;
Once he forgot and killed some flowers,
That stood up in our table.

And sometimes Carlo runs and jumps,
And Jane stands by a tree;
Oh dear, what fun my papa has,
With Carlo, Jane and me!

And, just for mischief, Carlo barks
At every one we pass;
And makes the shadow of his tail
Keep wagging on the grass.

When Jane can't walk, I carry her,
And Carlo carries me;
Then papa always stands beside,
And shouts out "Haw" and "Gee!"

I wish he'd come, poor Jane is tired,
With us this time he says;
Carlo don't mind—no more do I,
But Jane was never strong.

Carlo is made of curly hair,
And I am made of me,
But Jane is made of wind and things,
As dollies have to be.

Oh, here he is! Now for our walk;
He's sure to take us three;
For papa couldn't go without
Old Carlo, Jane and me.

—*St. Nicholas.*

DAVE'S SEARCH FOR A CARPET-BAG.

"Dave," said Mrs. Burt, one afternoon when Dave Burt came in from school, "I wish you to go around to Barnes' drug store, and get Miss Polly's carpet-bag that she left there about half an hour ago."

"Miss Polly? The stout country lady with glasses, whose brother's farmhouse we stayed at last summer?"

"Yes, Miss Polly Wainright. She came from the depot in the street cars to Barnes' corner; but there she was perplexed how to get along, having, besides her carpet-bag, her arms full of bundles and packages. Some stranger who left the car at the same time, learning that she had still some distance to walk, advised her to leave her carpet-bag in the drug-store, which was what he proposed doing with his."

Before starting, Dave went out to the dining-room closet to get an apple or two to eat. While thus engaged, he overheard his mother saying in an undertone to Mary, the up-stairs girl, that Miss Polly was commencing to feel rather anxious about her carpet-bag, lest the strange man might have had some design to purposely exchange it for his own.

"Be sure you get the right bag," said Mrs. Burt, as Dave went out. "Miss Polly says hers was placed under the right-hand counter, just opposite to where the stranger had his placed; and to make no mistakes, see Mr. Barnes himself, if possible."

At the drug store, Dave found one of Mr. Barnes' clerks, who was stand ng at the back of the store, between the two rows of counters.

"Yes, there were two bags here, Dave," said the clerk; "but the gentleman described by Mr. Barnes as the owner of one of them has been back and taken his away."

"Well, Miss Polly is always just dreadfully exact, and she says hers was put under the right-hand counter," continued Dave, going to look behind the counter next to the side of the street.

"There's where the man took his bag from," said the clerk, quickly moving to look under the soda-fountain counter. "But here's a bag under this counter."

"He's got Miss Polly's bag!" exclaimed Dave. "Which way did he go?"

"I didn't notice. However, I remember him saying that he had been up to Mr. Joseph Cooper's, five blocks above here, but it was not the gentleman of that name he was looking for. You had better run up there, Dave, and see if he has been there. But first, are you sure that this isn't Miss Polly's bag?"

"Yes, I'm sure, because it wasn't where she said she had left hers; and hers wasn't new and bright like this one. Last summer her nephew Joe and I took her carpet-bag, without asking leave, to carry things to a picnic, and somehow we got ice cream on one side and blackberry pie on the other."

The stranger had been at Mr. Cooper's, and had been directed to inquire in Porter Street, about a mile away, for the man he was looking for. Returning to the drug store, the clerk advised Dave to wait until the man could have time to discover and remedy his mistake. But Dave was so positive it was worse than a mistake, that when a well-known grocer wagon came along, going down town, he asked for a ride to Porter street, to see if the man had really gone there.

"Then take this bag along with you," said the drug-clerk. "In case you find the man, you can exchange bags with him without further trouble."

Dave's repeated ringing at the bell of the house in Porter street finally caused a woman to look out from an upper window.

"Go away, boy," said she. "We never buy anything from peddlers."

"But I've got a carpet-bag here, that isn't—" Dave began to protest.

"You needn't tell me how good it is. I don't want a carpet-bag. There!"

And down went the window-sash.

Dave was about to ring the door-bell again, when a sleepy-looking girl came growling to the basement door. She answered that the stranger with a carpet-bag had called there; but as the gentleman he was looking for had moved, she had sent him to a house six blocks away.

Going to the designated house, Dave set the carpet-bag down on the door-step with a bang, and pulled the door-bell until he could hear it ring again.

A boy of about Dave's age answered the summons, and he was questioned relating to the strange man with the carpet-bag.

"Did Uncle Seth bring a carpet-bag with him?" the boy called to some one within the house.

"Yes. What is wanted?" said a lady, coming to the door.

Then Dave repeated why he wished to make the change.

"This is rather strange," said the lady, eying Dave closely. "You describe the gentleman who came here with his carpet-bag though now he is down-town attending to some business, and will not return until seven o'clock this evening. I'm afraid you will have to come again, when he—"

"Oh, I don't want to see him!" said Dave. "Just give me Miss Polly's bag, and take this one in its place. I'm in a great hurry to get home, and have a long way to go."

"I'm sorry to refuse you, but you will have to come again, when the gentleman is in," said the lady, looking steadily at Dave. "But won't you come in and wait for him? You look very tired."

"No, ma'am, I mustn't wait, and I can't leave this bag unless you give me Miss Polly's."

Dave was beginning to think how his mother would be wondering what had become of him, and Miss Polly would be worrying at a great rate about her bag. He had but two cents more than enough for a single car-fare, which carried him only half-way home; and then, [illegible] the car, he again trudged along [illegible] heavy bag.

[illegible] he hailed an empty lumber- [illegible] came trotting by in the [illegible] nished to go, and the driver [illegible]

[illegible] slippery with [illegible] feet [illegible] painted specially [illegible]

and down he went on his hands and knees.

The bag falling on one side well matched both of Dave's mud-plastered knees. The driver, good-naturedly, held in his horses, and a second trial landed the muddied boy and bag on the wagon.

In view of this last misfortune, Dave decided to enter the house by way of the back gate and kitchen, and thus, when cleaning some of the mud from his clothes, he could privately explain to his mother what had become of Miss Polly's bag.

"Hush! Tell mother I'd like to see her out here a moment," said grinning Dave to the astonished cook, who, with uplifted hands, stood staring at him.

"Merey, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Burt, when she came. "How and where did you get into such a plight?"

When Dave had told his story, Mrs. Burt declared she must repeat it to Miss Polly, who had grown quite nervous over the non arrival of her baggage.

In a moment Miss Polly could be heard coming toward the kitchen, talking excitedly, and she was arranging her bonnet and shawl as she came along.

"There was a brown-silk dress I have not worn these five years," Miss Polly could be heard explaining; "five pieces of new hose, my good pin, with a coral center, my— Bless the dear child!" (here Miss Polly opened the kitchen door and caught sight of mud-coated Dave). "Are any of your bones broken, David? Are you s