RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA

POPULAR POETRY. There was a young Louisville rough. The wanted a newspaper pough; But it wasn't the kind That he liked, so he whined,

There's a chap on the Marias des Cyane, Who courted a girl somewhat grygne.
She referred him to dad,
Who treated the lad In a way that was awfully mygne.

A young swell once saw fit to laugh At a gray-haired old man with a staugh, Who stood the young swell On his car for a speil, Which wasn't so funny by baugh.

And this same young swell, with his laughter When his big-fisted pa Made him wish that he never had chaughed'er. -- Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE YEAR OF GRACE 2081. A Forcest of How Affairs Will Be Conducted Two Hundred Years Hence.

A visit to the electrical exhibition in Paris will set unimaginative persons wondering what kind of a world this will be in that twenty-first century to which M. Gambetta alluded the other day. M. Gambetta remarked that if ble political reforms effected at once pliances of science for the destruction there would be nothing left for the twenty-first century to accomplish; but it is probable that in two centuries hence the world will be as different from that of to-day as the latter is from the world of the seventeenth century, and we need not trouble ourselves to leave work for it to do. It would have been thought a pretty conceit in Charles all the harm they can, the people of the 11.'s reign to talk of bringing water into every household by means of leaden piping, and even Lord Worcester, in his "Century of Inventions," never imagined anything so fantastic as the conveying of a combustible gas by such a method; but we have become used now to marvels, and can easily foresee the time when every house will have its electric battery, serving manifold purposes, and when most of the things done for us at present by steam will be performed by electricity. We have no occasion to worry ourselves about the possible exhaustion of the coal mines. Long before the last scuttleful of coals is drawn up from the last shaft, coal

of its present uses. In the house of the future there will that will sound a bell, and then he will gies for the fabrication of mammoth enat home?" Answer, "No." Instead water, metal and fire right into the face of dropping his card Mr. Robinson will of Mars. In return the Martians will say that he leaves his compliments, pelt them with aeroliths weighing three with kind inquiries; and these words passing down the tube into the orifice mountains off the Himalayas and make of a phonograph, will engrave them- a big hole where Mont Blane now exlady of the house comes home she will turn the handle of her phonograph, and hear, in the very voices of her visitors, what they had to say: "I am Mr. Jones, who has called for the third time to know if it is convenient for you to pay that little bill," and so on. Supposing Mrs. Brown to be short of funds. or by the present slow and roundabout telegraphs? Oh, no! Brown, as he forefathers, with our small heads and be called back by his servant saying: so much as remembered among them. "Missis wants to speak to you, sir; there's her bell ringing," and B., returning to his study-let us hope with cheerful alacrity-will see the form of his consort projected into his presence by means of the Pepper and sicians, four years ago, that he would Dirk's apparatus a ting in conjunction not live more than ten years at the with electric wires. Brown will forth- longest, and might die without warning worth project his own presentment into at any moment. He had been edu-Mrs. B's London boudoir, and the con- cated as a physician, and knew very

£20 this instant." "Here it is, my dear," and Brown, taking up his electric stylus, fastened which will be reproduced word for word, contrivances get fairly established in pain which warned him of the danger. the dwellings of the rich, there will be On the 5th of October Dr. Holland "Do you want to see her or only to speak to her?" asks the clerk. The old couple hesitate, for it costs ten shillings more to set the Pepper process in motion; but a wistful look passes over the mother's face, and the father winks to the clerk: "Aye, we must see Holland was dead before the lass," and of the see her or only to speak to her?" asks the clerk. The in good health. This morning at six in good health. This morning at six in good health. This morning at six o'clock he awoke, complaining of slight pain. After talking to his wife for a few moments he became speechless. A doctor was hurriedly sent for, but Dr. Holland was dead before the lass," and of the see her or only to speak to her?" asks the clerk. The ingood health. This morning at six in good health. This morning at six tion, strength; in a myriad ways we must use it perpetually or the machingery of living would come to a stop and doctor was hurriedly sent for, but Dr. Holland was dead before the clerk in at once. Naver.

of the earth-corn, fruit, flowers, vege- to New York in 1872. - New York Spetables-will be cultivated by a happy cial. combination of the sun and electricity acting in concert. When the sun is cov. the batteries, with their systems of colored glasses for intensifying the various A most extraordinary incident ocproperties of the sun's rays, will go to curred early on Thursday morning last, work, and there will be no more talk of when Lord Galway's pack of foxhounds backward potatoes then than there will were engaged in cub-hunting. His backward potatoes then than there will be of backward boys. The sluggish vegetable, startled to its very root by galvanic currents, will have to wake up and take its vivifying bath of warmth streaming through revolving glasses of red, blue and yellow; and it will be a had time for slugs, snails, caterpillars the wood. His lordship fancied he heard a swarm of by is, but took no noand worms, who only exist at present heard a swarm of be is, but took no noto consume what man wastes. Man tice until he was alarmed to find his will waste nothing when he grows to be horse's haunches covered with wasps. more knowing; and, of course, the schools of the future will have their get rid of them, and brushed them away systems for removing the defects of Nawith his hands and whip-stock, but to very little purpose, as the horse was so badly stung, as was shown by scores of swellings, which came up like knots all over it, that it had to be sent home for treatment. His lordship escaped with only oung adults are dying all around so consumption because they cannot ford to go to Madeira. But will it be impossible 200 or 500 years hence to breakfast.—Land and Water.

by the help of the batteries and colored glasses before mentioned? There will ing houses, hotels, theaters and gardens, where the weak and the aged will live and disport themselves. In one the climate will be warm, in another bracing, and the managers will announce that they have arranged to bring the benefits of their unrivaled establishment (please observe the address) within reach of the smallest purses. At the same time means of locomotion will be largely increased, so that it will be possible to reach any

part of the globe within twelve hours. The principle of moving balloons by electricity has already been discovered it only remains to manufacture an apparatus which shall be light enough, as well as strong enough, to be carried up high, and to send a big mass of silk, cordage and car whizzing through the air. When this difficulty has been surmounted, Brown, from Bengal, wishing to spend from Saturday to Monday with his wife in London, will step into an aerial car and be waited hither with his nose in the Messrs. Breathers' "Artificial Respirator" (patented), so that he may not lose his wind in the velocity of his transit.

But what about standing armies and the rivalry between Nations under the forthcoming dispensation? Well, it is highly probable that before the people of this earth consent to live at amity they will conscientiously try all the apof one another. There will be awful battles, first at sea with torpedoes, then on land with electrical artillery and dynamite shells, which will hash whole army corps into bits, and finally the aerial navies of this world will smash each other heartily in the clouds. After this, when they have done one another earth may take rest and agree that war is a poor way of killing time; but let Generals and fingoes take heart. By the time Nations have begun to enjoy universal peace some method will have been discovered of putting this globe in communication with our nearest neighbor, the planet Mars, and it is easy to imagine what will follow then. After a brief period passed in the exchange of polite messages it will be unanimously admitted that our globular honor demands that we should declare war against Mars. Possibly it will be found that our Martian foes are more advanced in science than we, and that the variawill have ceased to be applied to most tions in our climate result from some unjustifiable liberties which they have been taking with the sun by focusing be no knocking at doers and summon- all its rays for themselves. We cannot ing up servants every time a visitor expect that our descendants will stand calls. The visitor will touch a button this; so they will unite all their enerspeak through a tube: "Is Mr. Brown gines which will discharge oceans of thousand tons, which will chip whole selves on a roll of tinfoil. When the is:s. It may not be forbidden us to hope for a blessed time in the future. when all the planets will be in communion and plunged in continual wars, to end, of course, in universal peace. Then, doubtless, man will have mastered all that he is to know, and will be ripe for other destinies which we cannot even guess at. Giants will once she may want to communicate with her more inhabit the earth-giants of culthusband in Bengal. How? By letter, ure, no more dressed in skins and wielding clubs-and we, their pigmy goes out to dine with some friends, will hearts and our puny doings, will not be -London Truth.

Dr. Holland's Death.

Dr. Holland was told by his phy-

versation will commence through the well the meaning of occasional sharp pains which affected his heart in mo-"Please, dear, send me a check for ments of excitement. It was partly in preparation for sudden death that he sold out his interest in Scribner's Mayazine, and put his business in such orto a wire, will write on tinfoil a draft der that whatever he possessed would not be involved in business complicaincluding his signature, on a correspond- tions. He was editor-in-chief of the ing piece of metal thousands of miles Century Magazine, but had no proprieoff. The best of this system will be that tary interest in it. Two years ago Dr. | for that." it will enable ladies to administer cur- Holland had to abandon a lecture tour tain lectures at incalculable distances, from ill health. Since then he has defor you must remember that, although voted himself to quiet work, editing the Brown might possibly like to dispense magazine which he founded, re-editing with such fruits of science, there will be a new and complete edition of his books, an electric bell at the head of his bed which Scribner & Co. are about to iswhich will leave him no peace until he sue. He passed a great deal of his time starts up and says meekly, with his ear at his country place, Bonnicastle, on an to the telephone: "Now, my dear, I'm island in the St. Lawrence River. Durlistening." He will gain nothing by ing the last summer he has been so taking himself out of doors either, for much better that he began to lay plans will not his wife be able to speak into for more work. He had designs made his phonograph, so that the first time for building eleven cottages on his eshe sets that instrument spinning her tate for rental to New Yorkers. Nevwords will burst forth in an affectionate ertheless, the heart trouble still made torrent, interspersed with sobs! It is itself manifest at times, and Mr. R. H. pleasant to reflect, however, that Brown | Gilder, Dr. Holland's assistant for will be able to make peace by transmit- many years, said that last summer any ting a kiss through the wires. We, unusual excitement would bring on a to-day, transmit sounds and shocks to sharp pain in his breast. Dr. Holland a great distance; why should not had a yacht, of which he was very our descendants forward pleasant proud, believing it to be the fastest on sensations by electricity? No doubt the river. Whenever a race occurred some time will elapse before every Dr. Holland's excitement was such that house will be fitted up with a perfect in more than one instance he was electrical apparatus; but when these obliged to drop the wheel, owing to the public electrical offices for persons of returned with his family to the city, small means. Cannot we imagine what and went to work in apparently excelsuch an office would be with its vast lent spirits, seeming to be stronger than hall, its rows of batteries in compart- he had been for some years. He came ments like pews, and its crowds of down to the office every day, and was How should they? The eye teaches people streaming in to correspond with engaged there yesterday most of the friends far away? We may picture a day in writing and attending to editorithe lass," and after the delay necessary rived. Mrs. Holland and Mr. Holland's it wrongly, let it come too close, leave where she is milking twelve cows all at death-bed. The action of the heart once by the Messrs. Puller's "Artificial seemed to have stopped suddenly, and Dairymaid" (patented), she will burst he died, apparently without pain, in a into the little box all rosy, smiling and comatose condition. Dr. Holland leaves crying, too, may be, with the halo of the electrical light round her.

Springfield, whom he married when Springfield, whom he married when It cannot be doubted that our de- twenty-two years old-two unmarried scendants will shoot electric currents daughters and one son, Theodore Holthrough their chops and steaks and land, who is at present in the senier bring them up fizzing in a minute. The class at Yale, and was sent for this Frenchman's cotellette a la minute will morning. Dr. Holland was a regular then become a reality. All the produce attendant at church since his removal

Attacked by Wasps.

Family.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Spoop-Crystal Palace, and containing dwell- andyke, with a grin that involved his whole head, and an effort at a tip-toe tread that shook the whole house. "And so it's a girl, my dear."

Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled faintly, and Mr. Spoopendyke picked up his "It's the image of you," she said, regarding with some trepidation Mr. Spoopendyke's method of handling the

"I don't see how you make that out," said Mr. Spoopendyke, gravely. "I don't know when my nose looked like the thumb part of a boiled lobsterclaw. Do I understand you that my eves bear any resemblance to the head

of a screw? "I mean the general features," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. "The general features seem to be all retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, examining his acquisition. "If our general features are at all alike, my vis-

Hi! kitchee! kitchee! What makes her fold up her legs like that?" "She can't help it," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They'll straighten out

"No time like the present," quoted Mr. Spoopendyke, and he took his daughter's feet and commenced pulling her limbs. "I don't want any bandylegged feet in this family while I'm at the head of it."

Naturally the baby began to cry and Mr. Spoopendyke essayed to soothe it." "Hi! kitchee! kitchee! kitch-ee-ee! he chirruped. "Great Scott, what a cavern! Hi! kitchee! kitch-e-e! You'll have to get that mouth roofed in before cold weather. What's the matter with

her, anyway?" "Perhaps you hurt her. Let me take her, please," pleaded helpless Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She's doing well enough. Hi! you! Hold up! Haven't you anything to eatch this mouth in? It's spilling all over the neighborhood. Hi! Topsy, Genevieve, Cleopatra, dry up! I'm going to have trouble breaking this oung one's temper. I can see that.

Mr. Spoopendyke tried to straighten his offspring without avail. "Let her come to me, do, please, moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke, and Mr. Spoopendyke was forced to hand her

Here! bend the other way once!" and

"Well, that's quite a baby," said he, nursing his knee and eving the infant. "What are those bumps over its eyes for? What preponderance of intelligence do they represent?" 'You mustn't talk so," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She's the hand-

somest child you ever saw." Well, she's got to stop biting nails before she goes any further with the procession. Here, take your hands out of your mouth, can't you? Why don't you put her hands down?" claimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You

can't stop that." "I'm going to try," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "and I don't want to be interfered with in bringing this child up. Here, you, Maud S. Bonesetter, put your hands in your pockets. Don't let me see any more nail chewing, or you and I'll get mixed up in an argument. She get's that from your family, Mrs.

Spoopendyke." "Say, dear, don't you want to go Spoopendyke. "No," rejoined her husband, "I want to see this youngster. Where's her chin? Do babies always have their upper jaw set right on their shoulders? Kitchee! kitchiee! Her scalp comes

clear to the bridge of her nose. I don't believe she's quite right. Where's her forehead? Great Moses! Her head is all on the back part! Say, that baby's got to be pressed. That's no shape.' "Get away," exclaime I Mrs. Spoopendyke, indignantly. "She's a perfect angel. There's nothing in the world the matter with her." "Of course you know," growled Mr.

Spoopendyke. "You don't want anything more than a fog born and a misspent appropriation to be an orphan asylum. If I had your faith and the colic I'd make a living as a foundling's home! She'li be old enough to spank in a week, won't she?" "No, she won't!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She'll never be old enough

"I'll bet she will," groaned Mr. Spookendyke. "If she isn't, she'll get it before she matures up to that period. That's all. Let me take her. Here, let's have her."

But Mrs. Spoopendyke flatly refused. "Keep your dod-gasted baby, then!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you know more about babies than I do, then keep her. The way you coddle her one would think she was a new paste for the complexion. If you had one more brain and a handle, you'd make a fair rattle-box! Fit you up with a broken sofa and a grease spot and you'd do for a second-hand nursery.

And Mr. Spoopendyke started off to find his friend Specklewottle, who con-gratulated him, and started off with him to assist in the selection of an overcoat and a pair of ear-mufts as precautionary against the approaching winter. -Brooklyn Eagle.

"Burnt Children."

There is no terser summing up of the system or law of natural punishments than in the trite old proverb about "burnt children." They do "dread fire;" and until they have been "burnt" they don't know anything about "fire."

are foolish, by our own fault.

than the old empirical method but it takes much more thought. It requires no little ingenuity to devise and carry out such carefully apportioned discriminated and discriminating punishments. But it can be done; and its doing has this recommendation that are desired in the little ingenuity to devise and carry out such carefully apportioned discriminating punishments.

—The New York Evening Mail

bring the climate of Madeira to London An Accession to the Spoopenlyke thing they desire to see ire and receive from their children, seems to me to be very much on a level with the training above described, and of comparatively

little more worth. There are many simple and natural punishments which it is easy to explain to a child—even to a very young child; and, so doing, to so enforce the natural law on which they are based that he will before long understand it as well as he understands that water will make him wet. For instance, if he is disorderly, and persists in leaving his playthings in great confusion about the house, leaves his knife, slate, pencil, carelessly where they are exposed to being lost, take things so left away from him and hide them. Deprive him of them at first for a short interval of time: if this does not answer, then for a longer one; and if he still persists in the bad habit, warn him that they will be taken away and given to some other child for good and all. This is what happens to grown-up people if they are careless and disorderly. Their things age must remind you of an earthquake. go without them, often at great inconinevitable punishment of disorder-

> If a child is ill-natured, fretful, cross, him up, which at first sight might appear to be the same thing, and mean as ers up her work and says: "Well, dear, any longer. Come, children, come away. Let's go where it is pleasanter." love of companionship, love of approout of ten he will beg them not to go, and become pleasanter on the instant. If she takes him by the arm, under ar-

> likes it. are enough to illustrate the principle, world and will last to the end of it; nay, souls live; it is the key to the record of eternity .- Cor. Christian Union.

The Paris Morgue.

The Morgue is a pleasant, one-storied building, located on the middle of a spector there seemed to have been bridge close to Notre Dame. Every convenience is afforded the public for seeing the show. The entire front of the dead reception-room is of glass. You pass in line in at one door and out at and order some things," asked Mrs. the other, and take the corpses as you file through. Everybody living in this part of town takes in the Morgue on their morning trips to business. Workgirls, laborers, washerwomen, soldiers and citizens, all flock here to see the latest-arrived dead man or woman. There is disappointment and vexation on mornings when the zinc beds on which the dead are exposed, are found empty. The Parisian wants a corpse daily, and he wants a fresh one. It is singular how quickly one here can cultivate this taste for corpses. There is a fascination in their rigidity and immobility, as they lie there quite nude save the cloth over the loins. Through with breathing, through with eating and drinking. No quiver or shiver as the cold jets of spray fall on the naked flesh. No uneasy turnings or shiftings of position. So it stays all day, while without, peering throught the glass, the uneasy living crowd shuffle and stare, and worry and wonder where ir has gone, to and what it is doing, or if there now be any ir to go, or think, or do. It's an awful mystery which that stiff mass of flesh has for them. Yesterday, alive and poking about in the gutter for a crust, while its troublesome stomach gnawed and cried for bread, they would have passed it by with scorn or indifference. To-jay, toes up, and nothing inside to gnaw or fret, or worry or pain, or joy, and it is a grim curiosity. All about are hung coats, pantaloons, hats and neckties, found on the dead. The gaudy colors of some of those ties are faded by soaking in the river. Bonnets, also, with washed-out uncurled feathers and faded artificial flowers and leaves. In the hallway are hung photographs of unrecognized corpses, drowned, murdered or asphyxiated. These, too, are nude to the waist, and the stabs in the breast are well brought out. The pose is the pose of the dead -limp, unstrung, lifeless, unshapely. The arms simply hang. The shoulders droop. The chest to open the door the cat leaped out is concave. The lower jaw down. The eyes closed or filmy. The cheeks sunken. The nostrils pinched. The whole a horrible ruin. Well! Why complain? Isn't this recreation? Does Paris, if properly worked, leave you a heavy hour on your hands? Whereuntonext? Nowhere in particular. Smoke your French cigar. Made of tobacco grown

The least vain of wives desires that to call Betty from her electrical dairy, two daughters were present at the it without check, guard, control, it destroys us and our labors in an hour; as well as actually to do so; and some having once been "burnt," we act of graceful courtesy, some little "dread" it the rest of our lives, and if word or motion, nothing in itself, perwe are burnt twice it is not, unless we haps, but indicative of the tenderness are foolish, by our own fault. And in the training of children all moment of triumph so innocent and effective and truly reformatory punishments must be devised and dealt on this her. A careless word, a little forgetfulplan. It takes much more time than ness, quite pardonable or even unnoticed the empirical method of simply making sure that if a child is naughty he "suffers for it" by means of blows, or other cheap and hasty methods of inflicting two who are bound for life to each short-lived pain. If a child breaks a other. But men are singular creatures. law-either a natural law or a law made Generally, it is at exactly such a moand founded on natural reasons by a ment that a husband chooses to give parent -he should be caused to suffer in her the only sharp word he utters on the precise way which is the natural se- the occasion; or to say something, quite quence of the particular type of offense unconsciously, which would lead any he has committed, and would be always one to accredit them with a multitude found by him to the end of life to be of quarrels and bickerings. He does the natural sequence of that type of not know what he has done, and it does not improve her temper. Yet men gen-This method not only takes more time erally love their wives better than all

> this recommendation, that once done it brands as "discreditable" the "tricks is done once for all. brands as "discreditable" the "tricks and devices" resorted to by "fashion-A child taught on this plan is taught; ables" coming from Europe to evade A child taught on this plan is taught; not trained. With patience and a persistent use of arbitrary rewards and penalties any young animal can be trained to do and not to do a surprisingly large number of things; to obey commands instantaneously and to recognize his master and trainer as master on all occasions. The instant and technical obedience to commands, which recent the government out of duties.
>
> A child taught on this plan is taught; ables" coming from Europe to evade the payment of duties on the articles with bouqueta, kisses and then shown the pingle large number of things; to obey something through the Custom House.
>
> While there are ladies and gentleman who would scorn to swindle any one out of a cent, yet they do not scruple to cheat the Government out of duties. In fact, it is considered quite smart.

Baron Steuben, the Great Drill-

Sergeant. It was fit and proper that the repre-sentatives of the Steuben family should be invited to participate in the York- Boston. He shall have all our washing town ceremonial. The Baron Steuben - Lowell Courier. was one of the foreign officers who came to the assistance of our Revolutionary fathers, and who remained an American cittren to the end of his life. He was, ideed, a great acquisition. Trained in the martial school of Frederick the Great, he had won his laurels at Prague and Rossbach, and had risen to be an Adjutant-General on the King's staff He came to us at a dark period of the war, and his first services were rendered amid the wintry want of Valley Forge. He drilled our troops as he only could have drilled them. He was a thorough disciplinarian, and his manual for the army was approved by Congress in 1779. He was an accomplished soldier

of great knowledge and experience and sometimes, it is said, the clumsiness of his men sorely tried his temper. His an entrance. - Boston Commercial Bulare destroyed or lost and they have to knowledge of the English language was letin. limited, and the tradition is that he venience. This is the natural, universal, | swore very freely at the troops in German and French. Once, when particuliness, lack of system and care- larly exasperated, he called out to his taking. If it should so happen that a | aid: "Venez, mon ami Walker, sacrez child, persistently disorderly, were to de gaucheri of dese badauds - je n'en some day lose a much desired trip or excursion, and be obliged to stay indoors all day because he could not find | which tried and doomed Major Andre his boots, or cap, or coat, it would be a in 1780, and in the same year had comlesson worth a hundred sermons, and | mand of the troops in Virginia, and did all other sorts of punishments put to- good work in making matters uncomfortable for Benedict Arnold, who was in command of the British forces, Subfew things work so well as leaving him | sequently he was attached to Lafayalone; not carrying him oft, or shutting ette's division, and took part in the siege of Yorktown.

Major Ebenezer Denny, a diarist of much to him. Not at all. That is not | the Revolution, writing at Williamswhat happens to grown people who are | burg September 15, 1781, says: "Baron ill-natured and fretful. We go away Steuben is our great military oracle. from them, we avoid their houses, we let them alone. When a mother gath- an early hour, where the Baron is always found waiting with one or two for drinking at the saloons. "Didn't I'm going into another room! I can't aids on horseback. These men are ex- you used to drink at the saloons when stay in the room with such a cross boy ereised and put through various evolutions and military experiments for two hours-many officers and spectators folly of it and gave it up." "Well, that strikes home instantly to the child's present; excellent school this. At how am I to see the folly of it, so I can length the duty of the parade comes take their posts; wheel by platoons to no appeal .- Texas Siftings. the right; fine corps of music detailed for this duty, which strikes up; the rest, as it were, leads him off and shuts | whole march off, saluting the Baron him up, it assumes instantly the shape and field-officer of the day as they of a penalty inflicted arbitrarily; he is told he is to stay in confinement "till in his element, his vigilant eyes watchhe is good," and the chances are that ing every movement, and his voluble he will immediately feel rebelliousness | tongue execrating in mingled French. in addition to his ill-nature, and will German and English every sign of ig- hundred volumes when completed. often "stuff it out" a good while in his norance, of indolence and of clumsisolitary imprisonment, declaring that he ness. In a separate command he did not win much distinction; indeed, he These are only two instances. They | did not have much chance, for his ophowever, and many more would occur were not very fortunate. Congress, readily to the mind upon a little however, put a high estimate upon his thought. The principle is as old as the services, for in 1790 it voted him a life Bryant have placed a monument on the "You fairly make me shudder. You annuity of \$2,500; and he had a plenty spot in Cummington, Mass., where he mustn't take that to school. Write "Why, all babies do that," ex- farther! it will last as long as human of land also voted him by different was born, bearing this inscription; about something that's happened at acres near Utica. He transferred a

good deal of it to his aids. Some of it he himself improved, and he lived until When Steuben was appointed Insome fear that the undefined duties of his office might give rise to dissatisfaction and occasion embarrassment. Hamilton was apprehensive that "a fondness every man, might lead him to wish for more extensive prerogatives in his department than it would be for the good of the service to grant." Yet Hamilton considered the Baron "a valuable man," and thought that he ought to be | manship. treated "with all the deference which matter was patched up by sending him

to Rhode Island. services of Baron Steuben to French inready for service in any honorable whiskers. cause; but he liked the United States

New York Tribune. A Warm Berth for Pussy.

My next door neighbor last winter was a well-to-do German family. It was the custom for the hired girl to place a basket out at the back door with a plate in it every night, and at an early hour in the morning, generally before any one was up about the place. the baker would leave a dozen steaming-hot rolls in the basket for the morning meal. During that terribly cold weather I was looking out of my window one morning and saw the baker put the rolls in the basket. No sooner had he gotten out of the gate than a cat darted out of a shed, and jumping into the basket, spread itself over the hot rolls and was soon enjoying a nice nap. When the girl arose and started and disappeared from view. After prices. that I of course watched, and for weeks the cat warmed itself over the rolls as regular as the day came. The family were never any the wiser, and I prethem as if pussy hadn't roosted on cife train the other day to a middle-

-The Governor-General of Canada, in the course of the western tour which he lately made, was treated to the spectacle of a buffalo hunt. Arriving at a ravine, the party saw a herd of thirteen buffaloes on a sloping plateau on the oppofrightened, unresisting buffaloes were slaughtered. His Excellency was convinced that there was no danger and not much excitement in the butchery.

-- The ingenuity of mankind in the manufacture of stamps has displayed itself in six thousand different kinds. The Museum at Berlin contains five thousand specimens, half of which have a European origin. Among the many kinds of decorations which have been used on stamps are coats-of-arms, stars, eagles, lions, the effigies of five Emperors, eighteen Kings, three Queens, one Grand-duke, several titled rulers of less rank, and many Presi-

-There is no use disguising the fact that there is great danger of a corner in peanuts. Taking the most sanguine view of the matter possible, the disagreeable fact remains that there is going to be a deficiency of over 1,000,000 bushels of this nutritious and tooth-

-Hazing at Smith College, the Mas-sachusetts institution for girls, is quite sweet and gentle. The newcomers are with bouquets, kiesed affectionstely, and then shown the pictures and statu-

-Cantain Jim and his braves have

HI MOROUS

The young man with his first mustache backs down .- Il hatchail Times. -No Fee runs a Chinese laundry in

-To find a lawyer who charges only a nominal fee certainly is phenominal -Baltimore Every Saturday. -Charite gets very little of the bread

thrown on the water when it helps a man who will not help himself. N. C.

Programas "Six Girls" is the title of the latest novel. It is expected that a sequel entitled "Our Broken Gate" will be issued

soon - Chicago Tribune. -Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century. Ball playing came into vogue about the

same time. - Philadelphia News. -"Why don't you have some stile about you?" said the man who had looked along a mile of barbed fence for

-The art of whistling is an art, no mistake. You can pucker up your mouth, distend your cheeks and blow until you are red in the face, but if you havn't the art the whistle won't come. If you have the art-let us hope, in the name of all that is quiet that you haven't. There is no need of making a locomotive of yourself. - New Haven

It was in a breach-of-promise case. Said the defendant: "I merely asked very promising young man, that's s faces. fact," said his honor; "but as you "Guess I'll write a story, too," he raised this young woman's expecta- remarked tions, we shall expect you to raise \$10,-000 also. Call the next case." - Boston Transcript.

-An Austin father rebuked his son you were of my age?" asked the promising young man. "Yes, but I saw the give it up, unless I go there?" Verdiet

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-A new story by Mrs. H. B. Stows is announced. -The official history of the army during the late war, published by the Government, will make more than two

-President Arthur has a brother, of July." was married at Governor's Island a few his evening's work. days ago to Miss Laura Bouvier.

-The relatives of William Cullen States. New York gave him 16,000 "Birthplace of Bryant, Nov. 3, 1794." home. Write a description of your ride The -Senator Edmunds, during all the

years he has been in the Senate, has never, it is said, revised a single speech awful hard work. I tell you! Why don't for publication. He never uses notes, you like it? It's a nice story. and knows exactly what he means to say before he rises from his chair. -The chair which the Liberals at

Greenwich have presented to Mr. Gladstone is carved out of brown oak, and for power and importance, natural to has a buff morocco covering edged with blue and silvered nails. A plaque of up and are married, do you?" silver bears a complimentary inscription; the chair runs on silver castors, and accompanying it is a footstool of the same materials and style of work-

-Anna E. Dickinson is to begin her good policy might warrant." At times | theatrical tour on January 2 as Hamlet, Steuben was very much discontented, following that with Claude Melnotte and almost resolved to quit the service. and Macbeth. She savs there will be He was particularly hampered by Lee | no backing out this time, as all the arand Millin, or he thought so; but the rangements are complete and satisfactory. Her first appearance will probably be in Hartford. In the first two The Republic undoubtedly owed the characters named she will wear her rather short hair about as usual, and fluences. He came to this country her face will not be disguised, so that partly through the persuasions of St. she will look familiar, except in dress. Germain. Perhaps, as a soldier, he was As Macbeth she will wear a wig and

-A few days ago two beautiful books well enough to remain in them the rest arrived at Mentor, Ohio, with an inof his life. He gave us the benefit of scription in each saving that they were his great knowledge and military ex- for "the President of the United States. perience; and it is paying to his mem- with the kind regards and sympathy of ory no doubtful compliment to say that the authoress. Jean Ingelow." A note he was precisely the man wanted at the | from the publishers stated that a month moment when he lent us his sword. - | ago Jean Ingelow had written them to prepare two volumes of her selected works as best they knew how, and send them to President Garfield. The command could not be carried out until the

Elbridge T. Gerry, of this (New York) city. Its volumes are numbered by thousands, and it embraces the rarest treasures of legal literature. Its money value is four or five times greater than that of Judge Clifford's, and it embraces many works not to be found in any other collection in this country, and not now purchasable even at fabulous

Lord Lorne's Costly Magazine.

"Would you like to buy that magazine?" asked the soft-voiced and timid sume the rolls tasted just as good to peanutter on the east-bound Union Paaged passenger who was looking over the October Harper, and reading Judge Goodwin's article on the Mormon situ-

> "No," said the middle-aged party, "it is my own magazine, and therefore I do not care to buy it." have the magazine back again. sir, you would not rob me of

goods." "No." said the stern stranger, "I do net wish to rob you of your book, my boy; but I bought this on the Utah Northern Road and paid for it. When I went into the eating-house for breakfast the train butcher took it out of my seat and sold it to me again in the aft-

"I was in the middle of an article when we got to the dinner station, so I turned down the leaf and left it again in my seat. I had to buy it once more. Now, the magazine has cost me two dollars, and you want me to give it to you so that you can sell it through Ne-braska, no doubt. No, my poor little orphan lad, you may go and soak your head for an hour or two, and bathe your tear-bedimmed eyes, but I cannot give up my two-dollar magazine.

"Peddle out your bead moccasins made by the hostile Indians of Chicasome article of commerce. Just what go. Sell out your little stock of nice effect this will have upon the boys and eating apples at \$27 per barrel, with the rural circus-goers time alone can two prize worms in each and every aptell. At all events, there'll be a rise in ple, but do not disturb my expensive

make all the money you can, but give me a chance to peruse this article without the regular assessment."
The hurt and aggrieved orphan

went to the sleeping-car conductor and asked who that surcastic old cuss over yender might be, and the conductor said it was the Marquis of Lorne. And it was too .- Nye's Boomer

Our Young Readers.

WHY HE LOVES HIS MANNA

"Totally, my boy, whom do you keep!

Now give to answer bros.

Ny lottle boy looks up and says:

Why, mannon, I have you?" And one you tell me why, my pet?"

Well then, for what For glagerants. For county, note, or pore.

> Or for your Itsin drooms, draft; the for your trees, you know! le for my kines. No. ma am. 1 den 1 dete so."

Well, them, for what? I dille to his? Your reason. Tell me tron. The bine eyes langued at mine. You, making those I do -M. D. Brins in N. F. Subspendent

----JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION.

Johnny didn't like to write compositions. There was a roaring wood fire in the fire-place, and Johnny had brought up from the cellar a basketful of pipe comes, and it was such jolly fun to toss them into the flames, one by one. Who wouldn't rather do this than write compositions?

"I hate 'em" said Johnny By and by jumping up so sudden't that Malta the cat curied up on the mat, opened her great eyes in wonder he began to search for his slate and pepel

"Seen my slate and things, Minnie?" he said to his sister. But Minnie was reading and did not reply. Johany drew near and looked

her if she would marry me, and she over her shoulder at the picture of a said yes; but I didn't make any prom- pretty girl and a young gentleman ise to her." "You don't seem to be a gazing most intently into each other's

It was easy enough to begin. "Once upon a time," wrote Johnny, there was a girl named-named (here he paused to think a minute) "named Maud Mudford. Her father he wanted her to go to the post office one afternoon; so she got on her horse, and off she went a-flying'. Pretty soon she came to the woods, and, just as she was ridin' by, a robber grabbed her of her horse, and she was screechin' fearful bation, sense of shame. In nine cases on. The guards are told off; officers for the junior member of the firm and when a young gentleman, who was by the neck and stabbed him dead with his penknife. Then the girl she fell in love with this young man, and he married her. But they were so dreadful poor that he got tired sup-

> hung at Rockaway Beach on the Fourth William Arthur, who is a Major and "That's a tip-top story," said John-Faymaster in the army. Major Arthur ny to himself, feeling quite proud of ble Romans is the advice of the wise

portin' their seven children, so he

strung his wife and all of 'em up on the

clothes line like beads, in the dead of

night, and they caught him, and he was

Why, Johnny Miller, what a horrible story" exclaimed his sister Minnie.

"Think I'm goin' to write another one?" said indignant Johnny. "It's "But it isn't natural enough, John-

Because people don't do such ridiculous things in real life. You don't intend to kill your wife when you grow 'Ain't goin' to get married," said

'round me." "Well, go and write your composition now," said Minnie, laughing. So Johnny seated himself again on the mat in front of the fire, crossed his little fat legs and began to think. She said I'd better write a scription | Child's Gem. of my ride to the Falls," he said to him-

"'Spose I've got to tell something 'bout it so it'll be natural." "Last Tuesday morain'," he began, mamma and Minnie and me and Jim Merril, a feller that comes to see Minnie most every night, we all went over to the Falls. I sat on the front scat three o'clock when we got there. We and when I hollered to 'em to hurry up mamma told me to be still. When we got home Minnie told Jim she had had success, and she deserves a share of a charmin' ride, and I ate four biscuits for supper. The Falls was tip-top." -A Boston journal speaks of the law Just here Johnny's mother called

library of the late Justice Clifford as him to go to bed, and he forgot to ask one of the finest in the country, and Minnie if this was natural enough, but insured for \$20,000. This is hardly the went off to school the next morning case, says Harper's Weekly. Unques- with his composition safe in the leaves tionably the largest and most valuable of Colburn's mental arithmetic. The private law library in the United States, schoolmaster was a young man, and he if not in the world, is that of Mr. smiled so often as he read Johnny's production that the young writer said to himself, complacently:

"Guess he likes it first rate." Golden Days.

Two P'ess'ne Pictures.

Some one has beautifully said: "Kindness is stowed away in the beart like rose leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around." A little girl of about nine years old was walking along bear on his work, and that, if he would a muddy street in Chicago; her father held her hand, and seemed very tender in his care of her. The quality and style of their garments hinted strongly of wealth, while the strong, good face of the father, and the loving, sweet one of his child, told of something better than wealth-even of depth of hearts. Just as they reached a crossing, where the mud was thicker and the wind blew great. stronger, and vehicles of all descriptions passed each other in tiresome conloes on a sloping plateau on the opposite side. Several Indians mounted on ponies and armed with rifles were just dashing upon the beasts. The travelers joined in the sport, and five of the prightened purpositions buffa'oes were prightened purpositions by the property of the property o whirling carts, and deprecatingly at the shall accompany me." passers-by. No one seemed to heed er as the well-dressed throng hurried

along. "Come, Edith," said the father. "this is a dangerous crossing; paps man belped to lift him to this pinnacle will carry you across." of fame. He put out his arms, as he spoke low-

ingly. But the child only whispered:
"Papa. I have rubbers; I'm not afraid of the mud. Papa, see the poor old woman—she seems afraid of something, see how she trembles. Couldn't

several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the rooms there was a look which shamed the

countenaness of the others. "Anntie," said the boy to the lady healds him. "I'm going to carry my backet of fruit and this box of sand-

wiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course." He spoke eagerly, but she answered lion't be foulsh dear; you may send them rourself, and perhaps the worththe is an imposition.

"No. I'll not need them," he so sweepd, decidedly, but in a very less tons "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and I don't need a lenut. The woman looks hungry, auntie, and so tired too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, austic. I know musther wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the 'least of these' when I meet

The worldly sent brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said, audbly, "Just like his mother." About five minutes later as a lady passed the mother and the three children, she saw a pretty sight the famile feasting as perhaps they never had before. The dainty sandwiches were engeriv caten, the tempting fruit basket stood open.

The oldest child, with her mouth filled with broad and butter, said Was the pretty boy an angel, mam-No," snawered the mother, as a

grateful-look brightened her faded eves, "not now; but he will be on the other side, bless his dear heart" And we too said " Bless his heart?" S. S. Times.

A Word to the Hoys.

Ashamed of work, boyst good, hard, honest work? Then I am ashamed of you - sahamed that you know so little about great men.

Open your old Roman history now and read of Cincinnatus. On the day when they wanted to make him dictator, where did they find him? In the field plowing.

What about Marcus Curius, who drove Pyrrhus out of Italy? Look him up; you will find him busy on his little The great Cato; you have surely heard

of him how he rose to all the honors of the Roman State yet be was often seen at work in his field with the slaves. Scipio Africanus, who conquered Haunibal and won Carthage for Home, was not ashamed to labor on his farm. Lucretia, one of the noblest of Roman matrons, might have been seen many a

day spinning among her maidens. Better even than the example of no "Whatsoever the hand to do, do it with thy might." Better than this, even, are the beautiful New Testament words: "Not slothful in

business, fervent in spirit, serving the There! after this you will feel ashamed not to work. - Funter.

"I Den't Care." I would not say "I don't eare." so much, if I were you. Just think how many times you say it, and you generally say it when you are angry and do not think what you are saying. When " your mamma says: "I am sorry my little one is so naughty," you did care, but you were angry, and so you said Johnny, stoutly. "What would I care" unless you are very sure that you spend my money on a strange woman don't. After you have thought a little for? Guess I've got mamma and Aunt while, instead of not earing you will Susie. I don't want a strange woman want to say: "I will try not to be naughty any more, mamma." If the scholars laugh when you make mistakowin your lesson don't get angry and say: "I don't care." That would not be exactly true. If you really did not care, you would not get angry .-

A Wife Who Helped, John Flaxman (who began to be famous nearly a hundred years ago) was the one English sculptor of whom his country has reason to be proud-and his statues and exquisite designs in the mamma, and Jim kept lookin' 'round ga'lery in London called "Flaxman at her all the time. He was fearful polite to mamma, too, but he wouldn't choicest collections of art in the kingtalk to me much. It was pretty near dom. His designs and outline drawings are the best known, and scholars will walked round the woods a while and never cease to admire his "Shield of Minnie and Jim kept laggin' behind, Homer. Flaxman had a good wife. who rather helped than hindered his

At twenty-seven years of age, when he had already begun to give great promise as an artist, John Flaxman married Ann Denman, a cheerful, noble woman. A friend of Flaxman and an old bachelor, who, of course, was expected to have no better views of mar-

ringe, said: "So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist." Going home. Flaxman, taking a seat by his wife, with her hand in his, said

"Ann, I am ruined for an artist." "How so, John? How has it happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," he replied, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it. " He went on to tell her what his friend had said, how that if an artist would excel, he must bring all his powers to become a great artist, he should visit Rome and Florence, and study the great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo and others. "And I." sald Flaxman, "would be a great artist." "And a great artist you shall be." said his wife; "and visit Rome, too, if

that be really necessary to make you "But how" asked Flavman. "Work and economize," was the re-

rather than his harm, and you, Ann, They worked, they economized, they went to Rome. John Flaxman studied the great authors, and returned to London a great artist; and Ann Den-

Distinguishing Names.

The different kinds of criminals in

New Mexico and Arizona are given disthing, see how she trembles. Couldn't you help her, papa, while I run shead?"

For answer, the gentleman approached the old woman, saying, in a low voice:

"This is a tiresome crossing, madam, let me lead you across; give me the backet oleans."

"Rustlers' are there who steal cattle on the United States side of the line, run them into Mexico, sell them there, and then load themselves with Mexican plunder for the return trip. "Cowboys" are those who earn an honest living by herding, and behave well appared when at well. tinguishing names. "Rustlers" are thieves who steal cattle on the United basket, please."

Could you have seen the rested, thankful look on that weary old face, as the woman found herself safe on the other side, I think you would have echoed her fervent cry: "God bless that man, and the blessed child, too!"

Of course there were sneering smiles of course there were sneering smiles are men who wantonly take human life, apparently with the sole object of gaining two prize worms in each and every apple. but do not disturb my expensive periodicals.

"I will not bother you while you sell your fancy mixed candies that have been running back and forth over the road since '69. I will not interfere with you while you sell your Indian curiosities made in Connecticut. Go shead and make all the money was can but airs.

Of course there were sneering smiles on some countenances which witnessed the quiet act of helpfulness, but it mattered not as long as one knew that around the great White Throne there were sneering smiles on some countenances which witnessed the quiet act of helpfulness, but it mattered not as long as one knew that around the great White Throne there were sneering smiles on some countenances which witnessed the quiet act of helpfulness, but it mattered not as long as one knew that around the great White Throne there were sneering smiles on some countenances which witnessed the quiet act of helpfulness, but it mattered not as long as one knew that around the great White Throne there were sneering smiles on some countenances which witnessed the quiet act of helpfulness, but it mattered not as long as one knew that around the great White Throne there were sneering smiles on some countenances which witnessed the quiet act of helpfulness, but it mattered not as long as one knew that around the great White Throne there were sneering smiles. Into a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman with three little children, one a babe in arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs. But it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots."