# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.


### THE BLUE-BOTTLE FLY.

Buzzing and gay in the early dawn,
Fresh from a nap on the parlor wall,
Out for a flight over garden and lawn,
Fearing no tumble and dreading no fall,
Came a fly:
A lively, frolicsome, blue-bottle fly:
And his feet
Were as neat,
And his style
As complete
As his brain
Was replete
With the mischief that laughed in his eye!

"What glorious fun I'll have to-day,
When the baby's asleep and the nurse away:
When Rover lies by the kitchen door:
I'll waken them both and make them roar:
Oh, what larks!"
Cried the rollicking, reckless blue-bottle fly;
"What a cry,"
Said the fly,
"There will be
After me,
When I've done
With twice eye!
And be wickedly winked
—once on grandpa's head,
"Then I'll scuffle to brush me away;
Weekie his ear till he'll wish I was dead!
And over the table at dinner I'll play
Back and forth,
And feast on crumbs from a newly-baked pie!
And I'll sip
From the lip
Of each glass
That may pass
All sweet things
Dinner brings!"
Quoth this riotous blue-bottle fly.

But, alas for the plans he had laid!
And alas for the day just begun!
For this fly soon lit in the grateful shade
To escape the betrays of the sun:
And to dream
Of the sights that should soon greet his eye;
When unseen,
From the green
Of a limb
Above him,
On his head,
Fly a thread,
Fell a spider,
Who cooly devoured that blue-bottle fly!
—*Christian Union.*

### WHAT TO DO BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

SEVERE PAINS IN THE CHEST OR ABDOMEN.

There are a few simple remedies which, with proper precaution, can do no harm and may prove of great service in cases of sudden and severe pain in the chest; alike whether the pain be due simply to neuralgia, or rheumatism in the chest wall; or whether it be due to some form of active inflammation, or disease within the chest, such as pleurisy, pneumonia and the like.

Foremost among these remedies is the mustard plaster, which is now kept by most apothecaries ready prepared—a dozen leaves of a size convenient for the relief of localized pain coming in a tin box, and not costing more than fifty cents. It would be well if every family such a box ready for need, as they require only to be moistened with tepid water before being applied.

MUSTARD PASTE.

I shall now tell you how to prepare a mustard paste, though it is one of those things which everybody is supposed to know; and I do this because very faulty directions are given in many popular books on domestic remedies, written by those who should know better.

Mix equal parts of ground mustard and fine flour with sufficient warm water to make an even paste; then spread it thinly on a bit of old linen, cover the face with another bit of old linen, or, better still, old muslin, and apply. Do not use any vinegar, boiling water, or alcohol, all of which destroy the efficacy of the mustard.

A good mustard paste can rarely be tolerated more than twenty minutes, and with person having a delicate skin particular care should be taken that it be not left long enough to blister; a blister caused by mustard being painful and difficult to heal. After the paste is removed, the surface should be very gently washed with warm water to remove the mustard which remains on the skin, and a thin layer of cotton wool can then be applied. This will, perhaps, increase the smarting for a few moments, but will soon subdue it altogether. A mustard paste should never be applied to a young child, unless under express direction from a physician, the skin of children being so very delicate that severe blistering might readily be caused. If the pain is distributed over a larger area than is covered by by the paste, the latter can be shifted about.

THE DRY CUP.

A remedy which has gone far too much out of fashion, and is of especial service where pain is confined to a small spot, is the "dry cup." Any tumbler—preferably a small one—will serve perfectly as a cup, and its application is not only extremely easy, but also unattended with any danger whatever, provided that the following directions are observed:

Make sure that the tumbler can be so applied to the seat of pain that its edge [illegible] whole circumference comes [illegible] with the skin, in very [illegible] it is an essential point. [illegible] of the cup is that of a [illegible] having noted the exact [illegible] you wish to apply the [illegible] bit of paper with a [illegible] paper into the cup [illegible] allow it to burn [illegible] exhaust the air in [illegible]—the paper being [illegible] turning the cup [illegible] desired spot. The [illegible] paper will immediately [illegible] flesh will rise up a [illegible] place in the glass to supply [illegible] of the air which was used up [illegible] burning paper. A cup may be [illegible] to remain from fifteen to [illegible] minutes, and then removed by drawing the skin at one edge of the cup in one direction and at the same time tilting the cup in the opposite direction. A dark discoloration is produced on the skin by a large amount of blood which is [illegible] into the part. The great secret [illegible] successful use of the cup by this [illegible] lies in not using too large a bit [illegible] piece a third the size of a [illegible] is ample. The only possible [illegible] is of setting the patient's [illegible] clothes afire, and this could only happen through the grossest carelessness. Ten minutes' practice on oneself should amply suffice to render any reasonably intelligent person an expert in the use of the dry cup. Lumbago also, or rheumatism in the small of the back, can often thus be wonderfully relieved.

POULTICES.

When pain in the chest is diffuse and of more moderate intensity a poultice will often be found of great service. Poultices may be made of many different materials, but I shall speak only of those of flaxseed, oatmeal, bread and starch. The ingredients of the three latter are in every house, while flaxseed is kept by grocers and druggists alike. It is not quite so easy a matter to make a *good* poultice as it seems, and as there is a wrong as well as a right way of doing everything, I venture to give short and simple directions in the persuasion that such may be of use.

Cut a piece of linen into the size and shape desired. See that the water *boils*, and collect *everything* which you need beforehand; placing the linen, muslin and cotton-wool, or bandages, if the latter are required, near the fire so that they [illegible] thoroughly warmed. [illegible] poultice to retain its heat [illegible] inch thick, though [illegible] should [illegible] to avoid weight [illegible] be [illegible] cotton-[illegible]. Pour [illegible] quanti-[illegible] quick-[illegible] and [illegible] a knife or spoon in the other hand the mixture is constantly stirred. No time should be lost, or the poultice will be cold when made, and, by stirring the meal gradually into the water, a thorough admixture is ensured. A poultice made by adding water to the meal is apt to be lumpy, and is then less comfortable and soothing to the patient. Next, spread the dough rapidly and evenly on the linen, leaving an edge of linen at least a couple of inches wide all round uncovered, and then turn this edge over the meal in order to prevent its escape and thus protect the bedclothes and dress of the patient. Lastly, cover the face of the poultice with a bit of old muslin—a couple of layers of white mosquito netting will do—or, if this be not at hand, another piece of old linen, for the sake of cleanliness, and apply.

Cut the bread into rather thick slices, put it into a basin, pour *boiling* water over it, and let it *soak by the fire* for five minutes, then pour off the water, and fresh boiling water, and place it on the back of the stove for a few minutes; next drain the bread, beat up with a fork, and spread precisely according to the directions given for a flax-seed poultice. Add enough *cold* water to the starch to blend the two substances, and then add enough *boiling* water to make a poultice of the required consistency; spread in the manner described and apply. A poultice enveloping the whole chest is very useful in severe bronchitis or pneumonia in children. The linen should be cut large enough to go round the whole chest, and tapes should be sewed to it in such a way that they can be tied in front and over each shoulder. Young children are often so restless and toss about so much when sick that an ordinary poultice becomes rucked up, leaves part of the surface which it is intended to cover exposed, and thus involves risk of taking cold, to say nothing of partly defeating its object. A thick flaxseed poultice of this kind is, of course, pretty heavy, and it is for children particularly that an outer layer of cotton wool is applicable. The poultice can then be spread thinner and yet retain its heat well, while its weight will not hamper the breathing.

A poultice should be applied as hot as it can be borne and very frequently renewed—at least once in two hours. The more severe the pain, the oftener should the poultice be changed, but never take off the old until a fresh one is quite ready to replace it.

After poulticing has been stopped, it is often wise to cover the part with flannel, having previously, of course, wiped it dry and clean; this will obviate any risk of taking cold, and also tend to supplement the action of the poultice. Local perspiration may be furthered by covering the flannel with oiled silk or India-rubber paper.

Flaxseed and oatmeal make compact poultices which retain heat and moisture longer than other kinds, and are thus often to be preferred. Some very delicate skins are irritated by flaxseed, which contains a slightly acrid principle, and in such cases oatmeal may be substituted.

Bread poultices are also unirritating, but being more porous do not retain heat and moisture so well; and they are also somewhat liable to break up and make the patient very uncomfortable by falling about his bed and clothes. They are lighter than linseed, and may be rendered more tenacious by using hot milk instead of water in the second soaking.

Starch poultices are very unirritating, and may be used on the most delicate skin, even if there be an eruption on it [illegible] for instance. They also retain heat well, and are lighter than linseed.

The bran poultice may also be mentioned. It is made precisely like that of flaxseed, is lighter but does not retain heat as well.

FOMENTATIONS

Of flannel wrung out of hot water have the same purpose as poultices in affording heat and moisture, but, being far lighter, are more applicable to a part which is very tender or sensitive to pressure. The abdominal organs are not, as are those of the chest, protected from pressure by an unyielding wall of bone, and cartilage, and are consequently less tolerant of anything heavy when inflamed.

The flannel should be dipped in boiling water, placed in a towel and then well wrung out; the hands are thus protected from the hot water, and, if the flannel is thoroughly wrung, there is no danger of scalding the skin. Apply the flannel as quickly as possible, and cover it over with several thicknesses of warm, dry towel, warm cotton-wool, or—better still—oiled silk, and fasten it in place with a bandage.

The object of covering the flannel is, of course, to enable it to retain its heat and moisture for a longer time. Fomentations must be frequently renewed and, after they are finally removed, the part should be treated in the same way as after a poultice. [illegible] action of a fomentation can be [illegible] ened by sprinkling [illegible] spoonful of [illegible] over its face. Fomentations relax spasms of internal organs more than poultices, and are hence of more use in any kind of colic.

Severe pain in the back like that of lumbago, or down the back of the thigh, like that in sciatica, may often be advantageously treated by *ironing*. Several thicknesses of flannel should be laid over the part and a hot flatiron applied with pressure, just as in ironing clothes. The heat should be as great as can be well borne, and after the ironing is over the flannel should be left on the part and held in place by a bandage or otherwise.—*Frederick C. Shattuck, M. D., in Youth's Companion.*

### Just Like Its Pa.

Mr. Blanket sat looking at the baby trying to think of the usual idiotic, unmeaning and unmeant things that people say about new babies, and at last in a spasm of originality, remarked that "the baby had its father's complexion." Then they all sat and looked at the rich cardinal hues that made the wrinkled countenance of the unconscious infant glow like a mountain sunset, and nobody said anything until a feeble voice from the adjoining room said: "It was a good thing the baby had it naturally, then, as it required about fifteen years steady practice and the co-operation of three scientific clubs and five political campaigns, to acquire it." Then a sad quiet stole over the room again, only broken by the hard breathing of the baby's father, looking at the thermometer to see what time it was, while Mr. Blanket, feeling that he could add nothing to what had already been said, stole down stairs softly whispering to himself about some fool, but the company couldn't catch the name and didn't know who he meant.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

### Going to the Rear.

In one of the fights in the Shenandoah Valley between Sheridan and Lee, a Confederate officer discovered two of his men supporting a third to the rear. Something in their conduct aroused his suspicions, and riding up to them he called out:

"Where are you men going?"

"Taking this man to the rear," was the reply.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Wounded!"

"Where?" thundered the officer, as he drew his sword.

"I duno," answered the man, as he ducked his head for a [illegible] from the Federal lines. "Jim [illegible] as we kin git back yere [illegible] he hill we're bound to find out w[illegible] a shell has busted him all to pi[illegible] scart."—*Detroit F[illegible]*

### Five and Fourteen.

There are two periods in the moral and intellectual development of a girl which cause the profoundest anxiety to a mother. At five years old, or thereabouts, the period of babyhood is past, while the period of girlhood is not yet reached, and, between the two, comes a time of anarchy and chaos. The little soul is now bursting its shackles and trying to readjust itself to new conditions. The child is ceasing to be a mere pet and plaything, and is beginning to live an individual life. Nothing is more common than to see a docile, well-trained child suddenly develop, without any apparent reason, a willfulness and insubordination entirely at variance with its previous habits. The mother, who has been dreaming of a sweet daughter who is to walk beside her all her days, making life fragrant and beautiful to her by sharing with her all her youthful hopes, and trusts, turns heart-sick at the naughtiness of the half-fledged termagant. For it is the good, cherubic little girl who usually manifests the change; a spoiled child is so thoroughly disagreeable all the while that any accession of badness is not noticeable. A great deal of self-condemnation and unhappy foreboding would be spared the mother if she would only recognize that much of what is so very unlovely is not essentially wrong—that it is merely what is good in a state of unripeness. The fragrant blossom has withered and fallen away, leaving in its place the hard and acid embryo fruit. A wise mother will be very careful to distinguish between those qualities which promise evil in their developed form and those which are mere crudities, and her aim will be to foster all the unfolded possibilities in her child's nature, and help to bring them to a beautiful maturity.

Every one knows how tiresome and unattractive a little girl usually is when she has outgrown her infantile sweetness. The little impertinences, the saucy retorts and unflattering personalities which have won for her smiles and caresses, or, at worst, an admiring reproof, all at once become intolerable, and are rebuked with acerbity. The very ways which she has been taught to consider charming become subjects for displeasure when the baby roundness and dimples are gone. Her sense of justice is outraged, and the unwarped sense of justice in a child is often very strong. She becomes a little Ishmael, her hand against every man's, and every man's hand against her. In a certain sense this can scarcely be avoided, but, if the mother's love be unfailing, and her sympathy always ready, she can keep sweet the fountain of love and trust which, without that refuge, might become very bitter. Just when this new life is unfolding, a mother's wise care is most earnestly needed. The soul which has seemed to draw its life from hers is beginning to lead an individual existence. It is to the perfect development of this individuality that the mother should bend all her strength. Each human soul contains within itself the germ of its own life. To make of it all that may be made, the mother should only guide the growth, leaving it free within the limits of moral probity to grow into its fullest possibility. She cannot lop it off here and there, or suppress its growth yonder, without maiming and stultifying the whole nature.

The dangerous quicksands of this period safely past, the mother begins to breathe freely again. She again begins to see visions and to dream dreams, till the second and more serious season of anarchy comes to try her faith. Childhood is over and womanhood is yet far away. The whole being, moral, intellectual and physical, is in a state of ferment. New motives, new principles, new emotions, are battling for predominance, and, until these relative claims are adjusted, no peace can be hoped for. This second chaotic period—which comes at about fourteen years of age—lasts longer and brings a more hopeless and radical overturning of that which had seemed so firmly established. If a mother's care were needed in the earlier change, it is infinitely more needed now. New traits seem to be starting into life, new developments are manifested. Changes not only in purposes and ideas are taking place but changes in temperament, in disposition, in tone, are manifesting themselves. There is need of a wise and which shall guide without galling, a tender heart which shall sustain without compromising with evil. To aid in the conflict and insure victory nothing will help a mother more surely, nor direct her more effectually. This difficult task than the training of this, also, is merely a stage of growth necessary to a full and perfect development of her child's nature, and that to her is intrusted the privilege of fostering the growth while she shall be looking to the end with the prophetic eye of love.—*Century Magazine.*

### "Jimmy" Helps Make Ice-Cream.

After that trouble with Aunt Eliza—the time she stayed up on the roof and was rained on—I had no misfortunes for nearly a week; but it didn't last. Boys are born to fly upward like the sparks that trouble, and yesterday I was "up to mischief again," as Sue said, though I never had the least idea of doing any mischief. How should an innocent boy, who might easily have been an orphan had things happened in that way, know all about cooking and chemistry as much, I should like to know.

It was really Sue's fault. Nothing would do but she must give a party, and of course she must have ice-cream. Now the ice-cream that our cake-shop man makes isn't good enough for her, so she got father to buy an ice-cream freezer, and said she would make the ice-cream herself. I was to help her, and she sent me to the store to order some salt. I asked her what she wanted of salt, and she said that you couldn't freeze ice-cream without plenty of salt, and that it was almost as necessary as ice.

I went to the store and ordered the salt, and then had a game or two of ball with the boys, and didn't get home till late in the afternoon. There was Sue freezing the ice-cream, and suffering dreadfully, so she said. She had to go and dress right away, and told me to keep turning the ice-cream freezer till it froze and don't run off and leave me to do everything again you good-for-nothing boy, I wonder how you can do it.

I turned that freezer for ever so long, but nothing would freeze; so I made up my mind that it wanted more salt. I didn't want to disturb anybody, so I quietly went into the kitchen and got the salt-cellar, and emptied it into the ice-cream. It began to freeze right away; but I tasted it, and it was awfully salt, so I got the jug of golden sirup and poured about a pint into the ice-cream, and when it was done it was a beautiful straw-color.

But there was an awful scene when the party tried to eat that ice-cream. Sue handed it around, and said to everybody: "This is my ice-cream, and you must be sure to like it." The first one she gave it to was Dr. Porter. He is dreadfully fond of ice-cream, and he smiled such a big smile, and said he was sure it was delightful, and took a whole spoonful. Then he jumped up as if something had bit him, and went out of the door in two jumps, and we didn't see him again. Then three more men tasted their ice-cream, and jumped up, and ran after the doctor, and two girls said: "Oh my!" and held their handkerchiefs over their faces, and turned just as pale. And then everybody else put their ice-cream down on the table, and said thank you they guessed they wouldn't take any. The party was regularly spoiled, and when I tasted the ice-cream I didn't wonder. It was worse than the best kind of strong medicine.

Sue was in a dreadful state of mind, and when the party had gone home—all but one man, who lay under the apple-tree all night and groaned like he was dying, only we thought it was cats—she made me tell her all about the salt and golden sirup. She wouldn't believe that I had tried to do my best, and didn't mean any harm. Father took her part, and said I ought to eat some of the ice-cream, since I made it; but I said I'd rather go up stairs with him. So I went.

Some of these days people will begin to understand that they are just wasting and throwing away a boy who always tries to do his best, and perhaps they'll be sorry when it is to late.—"*Jimmy Brown,*" *in Harper's Young People.*

### Origin of Some Social Customs.

In primitive States, the conquered man surrenders himself, his weapons and whatever of his clothing is worth having; hence, stripping becomes a mark of submission. Cook, for instance, relates of some Tahitians, "they took off a great part of their clothes, and put them on us." In another tribe this ceremony is abridged to the presentation of the girdle only. In Abyssinia inferiors strip to the girdle before superiors. A further abridgment is found among the natives of the Gold Coast, who salute Europeans by slightly removing their robe from the left shoulder; but even there special respect is shown by completely uncovering the shoulder. In other tribes they also doff the cap. Hence, it seems that "the removal of the hat among European peoples, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of unclothing himself by which in early times the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had."

Not less interesting is the explanation of the origin of shaking hands. From kissing, as a natural sign of affection, to kissing the hand as a compliment, the transition is easy, and requires no further explanation; for a simulation of affection, no less than submission, is an essential part of propitiatory ceremony. "If, of two persons, each wishes to make an obeisance to the other by kissing his hand, and each out of compliment refuses to have his own hand kissed, what will happen? Just as when leaving a room each of two persons, proposing to give the other precedence, will refuse to go first, and there will result at the doorway some conflict of movements preventing either from advancing; so, if each of two tries to kiss the other's hand and refuses to have his own kissed, there will result a raising of the hand of each by the other toward his own lips; and by the other, a drawing of it down again; and so on alternately. Clearly, the difference between the simple squeeze, to which this salute is now often abridged, and the old-fashioned hearty shake exceeds the difference between the hearty shake and the movement that would result from the effort of each to kiss the hand of the other."

Kissing, we have said, is a natural expression of affection; and it is curious to note the analogous manifestations among animals and some of the lower tribes of men. A dog displays his affection for his master by licking his hand. A ewe distinguishes her lamb by the olfactory sense, and apparently derives pleasure from its exercise. The same sense is used among men not only to distinguish, as in the case of Jacob and Isaac, but also as a mark of affection. Among the Mongols, for instance, it is found as "a mark of paternal affection, instead of embracing;" while the Burmese "do not kiss each other in the western fashion, but apply the lip and nose to the cheek and make a strong inhalation."—*Chambers' Journal.*

### Indian Names.

Nomenclature among the Indians is apt to be exceedingly bewildering both to themselves and everybody else, from the fact that one name, whether of a person or a thing, never has the slightest distinct relation to another. The uncivilized have evidently never met with the necessity of permanently identifying members of the same family; and in permitting the young man, just warrior-grown, to choose a name for himself, or compelling him by persistency either to keep the one he received before he knew it, or to accept the cognomen chosen for him by his associates, they are certainly carrying their ideas of native freedom to the utmost limit. To one unacquainted with the customs which dictate these names, ridiculous and and often apparently meaningless titles seem absurd freaks of fancy. This they often are, to be sure, but as frequently they have a significance which honors the man, if it does not designate his family. Ordinarily, however, the appellation he receives is obtained at random, and is likely to be changed any time either by the wearer or his friends. In fact, it is quite the thing for a warrior to change his name after each exploit, always adopting some descriptive and complimentary title; or perhaps—unfortunately for him—in case of failure in an expedition, cowardice or some evidence of weakness, he has it changed for him by his friends. All Indians, even great chiefs, seems to possess a very remarkable fondness for nick-naming; and while the leading man in the tribe may insist on being called by his own choice title, nothing prevents his being known and designated by a very different, and perhaps uncomplimentary, name. As deformities, peculiarities of character, or accidents to limb or feature often suggests fit names, it is sometimes impossible to know by the appellation whether the warrior is in contempt or honor amongst his associates. Strangely enough, too, however far from flattering the title of a warrior, he is sure to accept it sooner or later. There is a single approach to general custom in the naming of sons by their fathers and daughters by their mothers. Daughters' names are never altered, and as married women do not take their husbands' names there is nothing in the appellation to indicate whether an Indian woman is married or single.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

### No Frills About Him.

At Grand Island the other day a passenger found three flies in his tea at the eating-house. He called the waiter to him and said: "You are in error about me. You evidently think I am traveling in a special car and putting on a great deal of dog. I'm riding second-class, without baggage, and am only entitled to one fly. Give this cup to that big fat man at the corner table. He is a director of the road and is entitled to three flies in his tea and a dead cockroach between the pancakes. I cannot travel second-class and usurp the rights of first-class passengers. Please pass the entomological mustard before you go and set the adamantine prunes where I can reach them. I may want to throw one at the head waiter occasionally to attract his attention."—*Bill Nye.*

—The latest "rush" in Idaho is to the North Fork, about fifteen miles above Ketchum, where a ledge two and a half feet wide of milling ore that assays up in the thousands was discovered not long ago. The discovery was purely accidental. A prospector slipped from a ledge of overhanging rock into the water. In crawling on the bank he saw native silver and copper stains protruding from a crevice. A few minutes' work proved the existence of a ledge.

### Death of the Old Wife.

She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily-labored breath; but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner who was sitting motionless by the bed-side; he bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

"Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered, softly. "It is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she queried: are they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he answer her; the children who had slept for long years in the old church-yard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and, growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown, be ore the old father and mother had finished their sojourn!

"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them, Janet, think of yourself; does the way seem dark?"

"My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark, than walk alone in the light.

"I'd rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

"John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him! The old man patted her cold hands, hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and callousel with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them, and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every trial of life! Why, what a woman she had been! What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now, she was about to cross the dark river alone.

And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong resolute hand; of wedding feasts and death-bed triumphs, and when at midnight she heard the bridegroom's voice, and the old man, bending over her, cried pitifully, and the young granddaughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the name of her children one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad morning sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest, while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck, and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:

"Oh, may I in His courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green."

But what strange transformation was there? The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips and said, softly:

"You've found Heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon! It's our first parting in over seventy years, but it won't be for long—it won't be for long."

And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and there is another grave, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are, there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Trunks of Delinquent Guests.

Nearly one hundred old trunks of all sorts and sizes and covered with labels, moldy valises in all degrees of corpulence or collapse, odd tin boxes tied with stout cords, hampers and brown paper parcels were carried from the store room of the Continental Hotel the other day and piled on the floor of the auction rooms of Van Tassel & Kearney in East Thirteenth Street. They represented part of a year's accumulation of unpaid hotel bills. A large tin trunk-shaped box was plainly of foreign make, and indicated that its owner had come to America on a venture, and before the end of his first New York hotel experience had found his purse empty. He had gone to humbler quarters and left his trunk "until called for." Some of the trunks were strongly made and heavily packed. One or two were of sole leather, and apparently of high respectability. Some of the satchels looked as if they held no more than a "dickey" or collar. Others bulged.

When the auctioneer mounted a large trunk a little crowd of speculators gathered close about him. As the number of a trunk was called some would-be purchaser would lift one end to take its weight and judge of its probable value. The bids were extremely good, ranging from one dollar to fifteen dollars for a trunk, according to its size, style and weight. The valises and paper parcels were knocked down three or four at a time, and the buyers, among whom were several shrewd women, were obliged to take them away after the sale without opening them. The sidewalk had somewhat the appearance of the neighborhood of Castle Garden upon the arrival of a ship load of immigrants. Men and women, nearly all Germans or Irish, lugged off three or four satchels or a heavy trunk apiece, eager to reach a place where the unexamined purchases might be inspected.

"I never knew anything valuable to come out of one of these sales of unclaimed goods," said an auctioneer who stood by. "When a man leaves a trunk for a hotel bill it doesn't contain contain anything but old clothes as a rule. Of course, a man may leave a well-filled trunk, intending to redeem it, and may find himself unable to do so later. That isn't the rule, however. At one of these sales down town I bid as high as fourteen dollars on a little box because it was so neatly done up with cards and sealing wax. I was sure it contained a box of jewelry. Another man got it for fourteen dollars and a-half, and found a bottle of medicine in it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mr Howell Cherry, father-in-law of John Hollis, of Marion, sp[illegible] the Americus (Ga.) *Recorder*, resided in Monroe County. A number of years before the war he made known to Mr. Hollis, but to no other, the fact that he had buried a quantity of gold beneath a certain hearth in his dwelling. Some eight months ago Mr. Cherry died. About six months thereafter Mr. Hollis visited the house, dug down into the hearth, and there found a tin box containing the precious metal—$2,500, all in $20 gold pieces. Additional interest is given to the incident from the fact that during his raid into Georgia General Wilson occupied this house for a season as his headquarters.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Ju[illegible] Stephen J. Field is collecting data for a history of California.

—Mr. Julia Ward Howe will lecture during the winter on social topics.

—Mr. [illegible] Stone looks after the follies of the day through old-fashioned eye-glasses.

—The late Dr. J. G. Holland's most remunerative work was his "Life of Lincoln," which he made $20,000.

—Father Ryan, the poet-priest, has, at his request, been transferred from Mobile, Ala., to Biloxi, Miss.

—Mr. Secretary Hunt is picturesquely described as a stately Juno, fair and imposing in manner that is the perfection of courtesy.

—Ernesto Rossi, the Italian actor, and the Norwegian poet, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, are said to be strikingly alike, mentally and physically.

—Dr. Holland is succeeded by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder as editor of the *Century* magazine, and Mr. Robert U. Johnson becomes associate editor.

—When Senator Burnside had a speech to prepare, he used to sit with a pot of ale beside him, and a music-box jingling its little tunes not far away.

—Mr. Erasmus A. Darwin, whose personal estate exceeded $750,000, has left three-fifths of it and all his real estate to his brother, Mr. Charles Robert Darwin, the eminent naturalist.

—M. Grevy, President of the French Republic, has been letting his beard grow, and has become almost unrecognizable, entailing a great loss to the photographers with large stocks of his former portraits on hand.

—The publishing house of Harper is quite a family affair, and in the establishment there are fathers, sons and grandsons. None of the family can be admitted to the firm unless they have become practical printers, and each one has his specialty in the office work. The Harpers are all blondes and all look alike.

—Judge Lagee, of Louisiana, a local Confederate leader and member of the Confederate Senate, was the brother of Oscar Wilde's mother, who was famous for her beauty when she was Jane Francesca Elgee in Dublin, and for her pretty talent when she wrote and published under the pseudonym of "Speranza."

## HUMOROUS.

—"The weight of the transgressor is hard" to find out.—*Newton Republican.*

—Longfellow's horses, "taking them as they run," are very valuable.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A good deal of detail to it—A boy's kite.—*Yazoo Strauss.* Rather prefer licks—The boy's father.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The farmer that "run rapidly through his property" wore a red shirt and had his bridle bull behind him.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

—Fair umpire at lawn tennis—"Only keep your head, Mr. Jones, and you are sure to have a soft thing."—*Columbia Spectator.*

—Never measure a man's intellect by his size. Good wine is served up in small glasses and slop beer parades in schooners in this country.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

—Some persons make trouble, others give trouble and others still simply borrow trouble. They are all disagreeable, and it is hard to say which is the most disagreeable.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Butter is now made out of cotton-seed oil. The manufacture of artificial milk has become quite an industry, and an Eastern firm is making an excellent article of leather out of paper. Now, if some one would invent artificial beef, the cow might as well resign.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"What the blazes do you want the nomination for? You're sure to be defeated at the polls." So said Ragbag to young Symonds. "Yes," said Symonds, "I know it, but I must have the nomination. You see I'm engaged to be married, and I want to get out of it, and if I run for office, the opposition papers will give me such a horrid bad character that the girl won't have me anyway. Do you catch the idea?"—*Boston Post.*

—It requires no stretch of science to explain why we have had such a vast excess of weather—such extremes of heat and cold, wet and dryness—this year as compared with previous years. Formerly a large part of the appropriation for the Weather Bureau was embezzled; now it is all expended for weather. Hence the superfluity.—*Washington Post.*

### A Bicycle Trip Through Europe.

Dr. Arthur Edwards, who took his bicycle abroad with him, reached home Sunday morning, and a *Tribune* reporter asked him yesterday what kind of a time he had.

"Splendid," he replied. "I don't think four months of outdoor exercise ever tried a man as it has me. My appetite and sleep are perfect, and I was never in better health in my life. And my friend Lobbert, who accompanied me, is the happiest and healthiest boy in Chicago."

"How many miles did you cover?"

"About 1,200."

"What was the shortest day's journey?"

"Eighteen miles—the day we started from Edenbor[illegible]."

"And the longest?"

"Fifty-nine miles—from south of Evreux through Pasey-sur-Eure to Paris."

"Tell me briefly your route?"

"We started from Glasgow and went north into the Southern Highlands, visiting the lakes, and then worked eastward from Callender and Sterling to Edenburg, then south through midland Scotland to the border; thence through Cumberland northwest into Cumberland County to the lake region, skirting the lakes, and then southward through Penrith and Lancaster to Manchester, and so on through Staffordshire to Coventry; thence to Kenilworth and Warwick Castles and Stratford-on-Avon, and then a general trip eastward through Oxford to London, where we remained two weeks. Crossing the Channel we went through Brittany to Dieppe and up through Rouen to Paris. We intended to go south to Lake Geneva and work southward to the Rhine, but it rained in Paris incessantly for a week, and the detention was so great that we didn't have time, so we returned by the way of Granville and the Isle of Jersey to Southampton, reaching London on September 29. We went to Holland and Belgium by rail and up and down the Rhine on a steamer. We found very good roads, and were sorry that information led us not to take the wheel along."

"And now as to expenses?"

"Our joint expenses when actually riding was $2.[illegible] a day."

"Any breakdowns?"

"Our wheels traveled 2,400 miles and the repairs cost sixty cents."

The Doctor said the people everywhere were very kind and accommodating, and he may many things which he travelled by coach misses. As a whole, the trip was a very enjoyable and interesting one, and of great advantage to him physically and mentally.—*Chicago Times.*

—Louis [illegible], who has been figuring in the street processions of a circus as the [illegible] of America, having been awarded, it is asserted, a prize of $10,000 for injured lately in an accident on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and is now suing for $5,000. She alleges that her neck is permanently disfigured. Miss Montague was formerly a singer in a Bowery variety shows

## Our Young Readers.

### AN ANSWER TO A PUZZLE.

Dear little girl, chiding the morning long,
With pouting lip and eyes all wet and blue,
Counting it as a hard slip and a wrong
That other children are more loved than you.

"'Tis so unjust," you say, "and so unkind,"
Bending the while a puzzled angry brow.
"How can you help it?—If you will not mind,
Nor think me cruel, I will tell you how.

Sweet things from sweet, and fair from fair must be;
Hearts have their wages, reckonings strict are made;
We scold, rebel, but other people are
The, soon or late, we are exactly paid.

The willing love which counts not any cost,
But daily lavishes its first and best,
Although to careless eyes its pains seem lost,
Reaps in the end a ten-fold interest.

While selfish souls, who keep a strict account
And tally, like a huckster in his stall,
Of all they give and feel, and the amount,
Get back their dues, indeed, but that is all.

Love is not free to take, like sun and air;
Nor given away for naught to any one;
It is no common right for men to share—
Like all things precious, it is sought and won.

So if another is more loved than you,
Say not: "It is unjust," but say: "If she
Has earned more love than I, it is her due;
When I deserve more, it will come to me."

But if your longing be for love, indeed,
I'll teach you how to win it—a sure way
Love one he lovely; that is all you need,
And what you wish for will be yours some day.

—Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.

### ALL-HALLOW EVE.

As the world grows old and wise it ceases to believe in many of its superstitions. But, although they are no longer believed in, the customs connected with them do not always die out; they often linger on through centuries, and, from having once been serious religious rites, or something real in the life of people, they become at last mere children's plays or empty usages, often most zealously enjoyed by those who do not understand their meaning.

Still other customs have been parts of a heathen religion, and when that religion was supplanted by Christianity, the people held on to the old customs, although they had lost their first significance.

For instance, when a party of boys and girls are out in a sail-boat, and the wind dies down, some one says: "Whistle for the wind." A boy whistles, and they all laugh, for it seems a good joke to think of raising the wind by a whistle. But it was a serious thing to the sailors of old time, for to them the whistle was an imitation of the sound of the winds, and their intention in making it was that the gods might hear, and make the real winds blow. But a better illustration of all this is our All-hallow Eve festival. Its history is that of a custom which has passed from the worship of heathen gods into the festivities of the Christian church, and has sunk at last into a mere sport.

All-hallow Eve is now, in our country towns, a time of careless frolic, and of great bonfires, which, I hear, are still kindled on the hill-tops in some places. We also find these fires in England, Scotland and Ireland, and from their history we learn the meaning of our celebration. Some of you may know that the early inhabitants of Great Britain, Ireland and parts of France were known as Celts, and that their religion was directed by strange priests called Druids. Twice times in the year, on the first of May, for the sowing; at the solstice, June 21, for the ripening and turn of the year; and on the eve of November 1, for the harvesting, those mysterious priests of the Celts, the Druids, built fires on the hill-tops in France, Britain and Ireland, in honor of the sun. At this last festival the Druids of all the region gathered in their white robes around the stone altar or cairn on the hill-top. Here stood an emblem of the sun, and on the cairn was the sacred fire, which had been kept burning through the year. The Druids formed about the fire, and, at a signal, quenched it, while deep silence rested on the mountains and valleys. Then the new fire gleamed on the cairn, the people in the valley raised a joyous shout, and from hill-top to hill-top other fires answered the sacred flame. On this night, all hearth-fires in the region had been put out, and they were rekindled with brands from the sacred fire, which was believed to guard the household through the year.

But the Druids disappeared from their sacred places, the cairns on the hill-tops became the monuments of a dead religion, and Christianity spread to the barbarous inhabitants of France and the British Islands. Yet the people still clung to their old customs, and felt much of the old awe for them. Still they built their fires on the first of May—at the solstice in June—and on the eve of November 1st. The church found that it could not all at once separate the people from their old ways, so it gradually turned these ways to its own use, and the harvest festival of the Druids became in the Catholic Calendar the Eve of All Saints, for that is the meaning of the name "All-hallow Eve." In the seventh century