THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THE NEW YEAR.

Hark to the bells! There's grief and joy borne on the midnight air.
The hearts bowed down by weight of years a solemn stillness wear;
But those just coming on the field, what glories meet the view!
How glad they bid the Old farewell and hail with smiles the New!

The aged, lost amid the scenes that Memory's wand recalls,
Their steps, in silent sadness, bend through Time's deserted halls.
Their lives are stretched along the plain where moss and ivy grow,
And trembling lips in secret dwell on songs of long-ago.

They kneel again at childhood's shrines—the prayers of old are said;
They feel Love's touch upon the brow—they mourn beside their dead;
But ah! no more shall Hope revive, or Glory fire the breast—
They know but few the morns that rise ere they are laid at rest.

Yet think not they are wholly left to Memory's cheerless vale.
When sounds of Earth grow dull and far, her lights burn dim and pale,
'Tis then they hear the Master's voice, they feel His guiding hand,
And, through the fading views of Time, behold the Promised Land.

But O what throng of happy dreams the youthful vision fills!
The Future's path is robed in flowers—light shines on all her hills;
But passing brief the gaze that turns to Time's receding shore—
The glittering prize forever lies in golden years before.

Hope flings her every banner out to kissing airs on high,
And Fame's emblazoned temple towers far up the nearing sky;
Ambition points to proud renown on coming fields to gain,
And Wealth invites aspiring feet to palaced, broad domain.

And so the Book of Life fills up with pages dark and fair—
Eternity alone can trace the changes written there.
But, if enough shall mortal learn to reach the useful plane,
And live the Brotherhood of Man, the years are not in vain.

Though each succeeding year unfolds new gleams of brighter time,
And Man keeps rising in the light that reaches the Divine,
The world is yet with sorrow filled—no song in many a home—
And myriad erring sons of men in friendless misery roam.

And now, what are our duties here on this auspicious morn?
Have we no hand to aid the poor, the outcast and forlorn?
Know that on Earth's wide labor-field 'tis God's unvaried plan,
They only win life's highest prize who do the most for man.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

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ABOUT PRACTICAL JOKES.

Some Recent Humorous and Heartless Occurrences, and the Law Concerning Them.

Not the least curious thing about the attractive subject of practical joking is that whenever, through the stupidity or brutality of a humorous ruffian, a person is killed or disgured for life, the newspapers chronicle the occurrence under the heading: "A Warning to Practical Jokers." If the wag had been maimed or slain, or if the neighbors had flogged him or lynched him, then there would have been some excuse for the headline. The practical joker's doings take a wide range, and are performed at the expense of all classes of the community.

An industrious New York newspaper man has collated the following quite recent illustrations:

In January last Mr. W. T. Timmons, of South Carolina, having been rejected by his sensible sweetheart, undertook to move her heart by writing a letter to the press in another person's name, announcing that his lifeless body had been found at Adams' Run. The only person seriously affected was his brother, who instantly bought a coffin at Charleston and traveled to the spot to discover the hoax.

At Jefferson City, Mo., a stranger put up at the Monroe House and sold the landlord a pair of new boots for three dollars. The landlord's intimate and waggish friend induced a humorous shoemaker, named Joseph Flick, to go and claim the boots, as having been stolen from him, and the hotel-keeper gave them up, and when subsequently he encountered his guest, had him arrested and summoned Mr. Flick as a witness. Then the joke came out, and Mr. Flick had to pay twelve dollars costs, while the guest has an action pending for damages for false imprisonment.

In Chicago the other day a somewhat similar but less serious comedy was enacted. A merry lawyer gave a saloon-keeper, who prided himself on his exactness in financial affairs, a two-dollar bill, received a one-dollar bill in change, then showed the artist another two-dollar greenback, and went off feigning exultation. All went well till on his next visit he gave the saloon-keeper a five-dollar bill, and the saloon-keeper kept the dollar out of it.

In New York City, on election night, a jovial politician desirous of amusing himself at the expense of a saloon-keeper that claims to rival any bank cashier in the detection of counterfeits, undertook, for the delectation of a party of friends, to "ring in" a bad V on the busy Boniface, and was horrified when, ere the bill had fairly touched the counter, the barkeeper caught it up, saying he "wanted change for a ten," and paid it out to a fourth party. The precise liability in this case offers an interesting theme for discussion.

The late Count Bellavitis, an eminent mathematician of Padua, some time before his death prepared a letter to a friend at Rome, informing this friend that the writer had just died. Count Bellavitis left a space in this strange epistle for the date to be inserted, and had instructions prepared for his executors that when he died the day was to be filled in and the letter sent to its destination. The instructions were faithfully obeyed and the grim joke was completed, and the first intimation the Roman friend had of the death of Count Bellavitis was the receipt of a letter from him stating the fact. The grim pleasantry was not original, as in the last century a Frenchman wrote on his dying-bed a letter to a friend dated a year ahead and describing his experience in Hell, and left it to his executors to be mailed at the expiration of a twelve-month.

August 19, 1880, a number of New Yorkers were hoaxed by a communication to a morning paper announcing the writer's intention of shooting himself at three p. m. on the rock in the lake in Central Park opposite the Mall. Unfortunately he failed to keep faith with the public.

Mr. Fairfax Williamson, whose persecutions of the Rev. Morgan Dix will be remembered, and the unknown man who sent Mr. R. P. Brooks, ticket agent of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in this city, wagon after wagon loaded with meat, fruit and vegetables, C. O. D., were commonplace imitators of Theodore Hook, and much less able than the facetious young lady of Philadelphia who several years ago issued a hundred or more invitations to dinner in the name of one of Mr. Child's near neighbors—skillfully arranging the list of invitations so as to include fifty assorted pairs of mortal enemies—and then kindly ordered a magnificent dinner from a restaurant for the occasion.

A decidedly sensational practical joke was perpetrated in Brazil on the occasion of the introduction of a new safety-brake, Dom Pedro, who was on the train, being an accomplice. At one part of the line, where it passes through a cutting bounded by rocks, a gigantic construction of lath and canvas, painted to represent a mass of fallen rock, was placed on the rails so that the driver would catch sight of it as he rounded a curve. He did, and stopped the train in a hurry, so that both the joke and the trial were successful. But suppose he had jumped off?

When the steamer Potosi left Plymouth recently for Australia a practical joker cried out: "Man overboard!" A life-boat was lowered, but the falls became entangled and five men were plunged into the water, two being drowned.

At Linthwaite, England, John Diskin, a boy of sixteen, thought it would be great fun to scare his mate, a lad of fifteen, by throwing a rope around his neck and putting the end of it round the machine shaft. The object of the joke was dashed to pieces.

At Sixty-fourth street, in New York City, in August last, Pietro Franchi's mates undertook to wake him from his nap by wheeling a truck with a man on it against him. It struck him on the head and killed him.

At Chicago, Mr. M. B. Gould, a prominent business man, resolved to scare the janitor by overturning things in his room and hiding in the closet. While he was chuckling with a companion over the success of their stratagem, the janitor, having vainly summoned the alleged burglar to surrender, fired through the door and killed him.

There died at the Indiantown (N. B.) Asylum, last winter, Miss Clara Bagnall, a young lady upon whom a waggish caller pounced one evening arrayed "en diable." She fell in a fit and became a raving maniac.

In Robeson County, N. C., recently, little James Phillips' young friends undertook to cure him of being "scary" by visiting the house during his parents' absence, trying the doors, etc. The fright killed him.

At Dennison, O., an American humorist gave a little girl two railroad-torpedoes, telling her they were candy packages, to be opened with a hammer. She lost both eyes in opening them.

At Bombay, in October, a schoolboy came behind a young companion, put his hands over his friend's eyes and bade him "guess who it was." The boy struggled to escape, the joker tightened his grasp, and the victim was fairly "gouged," the crystalline lens being broken.

In Brooklyn, E. D., the favorite joke is stretching a line across the street to catch passers in the evening under the chin. After a girl had been thrown down and had suffered a fracture of the skull the authorities took action and the next offender was fined five dollars.

In St. Louis it costs one dollar to place a split cork on the nose of a sleeper, ornament it with matches and light them.

James Stewart, a saloon-keeper in New York City, kept a galvanic battery which the unwary were encouraged to believe was a lifting-machine. It proved a great attraction until one of the subjects sued for damages and got two hundred dollars, with one hundred and fifty dollars costs.

The Court at West Newbury, Mass., rendered recently a curious decision in the law of practical joking. Isaac Hibbs and sundry of his companions plotted to amuse an old gentleman by heaving a rock through his window. He overheard them, hid in the shrubbery in his undershirt, and pounced on them. All ran away but Hibbs, who knocked the old man down several times. The old man brought action, but Hibbs pleaded that he "thought it was a ghost, and he wasn't going to run from no ghost," and the Court ruled that if he was possessed of the idea that it was a ghost there was no assault.

"I will shoot you, I believe, Ham," said a playful young lady of Matagorda County, Texas, to Mr. Hamilton Rugley, pointing a pistol at him. The ball struck him in the throat and killed him. (P. S.—She did not know it was loaded.)

At Peru, N. J., last month, Mr. John H. Wolfe called on Miss Melinda T. Jacobus, intending to take her out for a walk. While she was preparing he playfully pointed a gun at her and threatened to shoot her. It went off and inflicted a fatal wound. In New Jersey, the careless handling of fire-arms, where it results in death, is an offense subjecting the offender to trial for manslaughter. In the case of the State against Hardie, the defendant was held guilty of manslaughter for killing a woman in attempting to frighten her with a pistol which he supposed to be unloaded.

In Virginia (Daingerfield against Thompson), where some sportive youths pounded at a saloon-door and "gave a salute" with a pistol, when the proprietor opened it, shooting him in the foot, the Court gave $8,000 damages, wilful firing of a pistol in a city street, even without malice, being unlawful. The mulcted defendant was the person who had urged the pistol bearer to "salute."

The cases of Fenton, Powell, Roane, Martin, Waters, Conrahy and others might be quoted, but that of Ewington will suffice, where certain mad wags banked a drunken man up with straw and threw hot coals on it, burning him to death. The verdict was manslaughter, the Court charging that if they really intended any serious injury, though not to kill the deceased, it was murder, but if the intention was only to frighten him in sport, it was manslaughter.

The last "warning to practical jokers" to be quoted is a warning of the right sort. At Aosta a conscript who was going on guard was entertained by a predecessor with a story of the wehr-wolf beast that had appeared to himself. Then the jester put on a blanket and crept up to the post, growling in ominous fashion. The unfortunate conscript was so terrified that he presented his rifle and blew off the humorist's head.

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A Hen that Sang.

A novel case was heard before 'Squire Wilson, of East Nottingham Township, Chester County, Pa., recently. Last spring a farmer of East Nottingham had thirty chickens stolen. Summer wore away, but no traces of the lost fowls. A few days ago the chicken-owner visited a farmer in the same township, and while looking at the fowls on the premises saw a hen which he thought resembled one of the number stolen from him. He inquired how the farmer obtained it, when a conversation followed, and concluded by the poultry-owner saying: "if that chicken comes to me when I call her by name she is mine." This was agreed to. "Annie, Annie," called the owner, and sure enough the hen came to him. "Jump upon my hand." Up jumped Annie. "Now sing for a grain of corn, Annie," called the owner. The pretty little hen immediately began to sing in her fowlish style a solo which fully convinced the two men to whom she rightfully belonged. The thief and pet chicken were brought before the 'Squire, who heard the story and Annie's solo and sentenced the thief.—*Reading* (*Pa.*) *News.*

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—Numerically correct:

The fair Euphemia Brown is 1,
And quickly 2 the church she hies,
Wi 3 son for the hasty act
Be 4 her ardent lover's eyes;
"If 5 to meet your irate pa,
I fear 'twill make me 6," said he,
"Unless this 7 ly plan of ours
Should culmin 8 auspiciously.
Oh, Fate, be but in this b 9,
1 0 nothing more from thee!"

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—Here we have a Joke and a Man. The Joke is very Old. It is Bald and Toothless. It must Be about 1,000 years Old. The Man wears a Big Diamond and a Shiny plug Hat. He is a Negro Minstrel. Go and give the Old, Old Joke to him and he will Take care of it very Tenderly. It is his Business. He gets $10 a week for it.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

Scissors.

There is perhaps no one object in nature which brings to woman so much trouble and vexation as her scissors. Five per cent. of married women quarrel with their husbands and thirteen per cent. of all women quarrel with their best female friends over the question: Is the word scissors singular or plural? When the hurried husband, anxious to cut the ragged edges of his wristbands before going to his business, cries out to his wife: "Gimme that scissors," and she calmly replies: "You should say 'those scissors,' my dear," the peace of the household is threatened; and when the wife's most intimate friend says to her: "I notice you always say 'those scissors,' but Charles tells me that you should say 'that scissors,'" the reply cuts asunder the friendship of many years.

The chief trouble caused by scissors is not, however, due to their disputed grammatical rank. It arises from the frequency with which they are lost. There is no domestic article—not even the tack-hammer, the bed-wrench or the cork-screw—which disappears so constantly as does the scissors. Not a day passes in any industrious household without at least one prolonged search for the scissors. Curiously enough, it is always discovered by the one who wants the scissors that some one else has wickedly or carelessly mislaid them. "Mary, you had my scissors last; now where are they?" or, "Susan, you didn't give me back my scissors this morning; what did you do with them?" are remarks which in substance are heard in nine houses out of ten every day in the year. Of the shy and vicious ways of scissors and their proneness to conceal themselves little note is taked by the searcher, and her first and uniform impulse is to assume that her children, her mother, her sister or her visiting friend has wantonly lost the scissors.

It is, nevertheless, well known that scissors lose themselves purposely, either through unconquerable shyness or ineradicable viciousness. Many women, taking pattern by the habit which some men have of labeling their dogs with engraved collars, try to insure the safety of their scissors by attaching to them long red or blue ribbons. The plan is a useless one, even in the case of the dogs. It is assumed that when a dog has wandered from home and forgotten both his master's name and residence, he will twist his head over his shoulders and refresh his memory by reading the inscription on his collar, after which he will gladly seek his home. Even were it possible for a dog to so twist his head as to read what is engraved on his collar—a feat which any anatomist will declare to be impossible—it does not follow that the dog would instantly be smitten with a desire to go home. Facts prove that dogs with engraved collars lose themselves at least as frequently as other dogs, and that the collar is of no sort of use except as an ornament. Equally useless is the custom of tying a piece of ribbon to a pair of scissors. Were the ribbon attached to a ring in the wall, it would, of course, keep the scissors in confinement—that is, if it were strong enough—but as it is, the scissors simply carry the ribbon with them into hiding. Cases have been known of scissors which have concealed themselves in holes, into which they have carefully drawn every inch of their accompanying ribbons, and it is simply wonderful that women should still cling to the delusion that ribbon prevents the loss of scissors in the face of the countless demonstrations that it does nothing of the kind.

It is the belief of the best scientific men that scissors find the light very painful, and bury themselves under beds and behind articles of furniture in order to avoid the light. The justly famous Prof. Nasmythe, of Chicago, asserts that on one occasion he surprised a whole school of scissors in the act of concealing themselves. The scissors in question, of which there were six, belonged to Mrs. Nasmythe, and had been left by her, on retiring to bed, in her work-basket in the back parlor on the first floor of the house. The Professor, on the evening in question, had been attending the meeting of a scientific club, and, returning home late at night, discovered the six scissors stealthily ascending the third-story stairs on their way to the attic. They moved silently on their points and with their handles in the air, and when he caught them and placed them for safe-keeping in his bureau drawer they remained perfectly motionless. They were found in the drawer the next morning, and Mrs. Nasmythe does not yet know how they came there.

Having thus discovered that scissors move by alternately advancing their points, the Professor has invented a variety of scissors which he claims cannot move. The two blades are made precisely alike, each having a double edge, and are put together with a spring clasp. When not in use, the blades are separated, and as neither blade can move by itself—any more than a one-legged man can walk—neither can run away. Three months ago he provided Mrs. Nasmythe with twelve interchangeable blades, not one of which has ever been missed so long as the blades were separated when laid in the workbasket. One pair of blades was, however, carelessly laid down while fastened together, and disappeared in the course of the day so completely that not a trace of either of the blades has ever since been found. The security against loss which the new style of scissors thus gives will necessarily make them very popular, and Prof. Nasmythe, who has patented his invention, will grow rich in money and in the gratitude of countless thankful women.—*N. Y. Times.*

Selling a Watch.

"Yes," said the auctioneer, "standing up here and selling goods hour after hour and day after day as I do, a fellow gets so that he can tell whether a man wants to buy anything, or whether he merely comes in to 'gawp' around the show cases. Now there's a man coming in to whom you couldn't sell silver dollars at fifty cents apiece."

The stranger carried a black leather valise with the glazing worn off at the corners, and, though respectably dressed, there was a shiny appearance to the sleeves of his coat that indicated a long-forgotten tailor. He looked longingly at the yellow watches, but finally, and with evident reluctance, moved along down the show-case, past the hunting-cased silver watches to where the cheap open faced ones were displayed. Here he paused, and commenced scrutinizing them as if computing their probable values, and how much his pocketbook would have to shrink to effect a purchase.

"Hanged if I don't think the snoozer wants a white super!" exclaimed the auctioneer in a low tone as he darted around behind the counter and assumed his professional smile and voice.

"Wish to buy a watch this morning, sir?"

"I would if I could afford it."

"Anybody can afford to buy these watches. It is actually cheaper for a man to buy one of them than to go without. You don't believe it? I'll prove it to you. The other day a fellow who was going out into the country for a few days came in here and bought one of these solid filled hunting-cased, stem-winding and stem-pushing, thirteen-jeweled, Howard movement watches of me for fourteen dollars—"

"Fourteen dollars!" exclaimed the stranger, in a tone of surprise, now regarding the yellow fraud with new interest.

"Yes, fourteen dollars. That's al they cost. He was only gone thre days, during which time he became engaged to marry a girl worth forty thousand dollars, and when he came back he had swapped that watch off for a four-year-old colt that he sold for eighty-five dollars. He came right in here and got three more of the watches, and has gone out into the country to swap them off with an old farmer for a pair of bay mares, six years old, that can trot better than 2:40 in double harness. Expect him back to-day."

"He did very wrong," said the stranger, sententiously.

"Eh! Oh, of course! Certainly. I told him so. Told him he ought to tell the farmers that they could get the watches here of me for fourteen dollars, but he is one of those wild, speculating fellows, and I couldn't control him. Will you have one of them, sir?"

The stranger's right hand started toward his pocket, hesitated a moment, and then drew forth a well-worn but very corpulent wallet. "Yes, I'll take one," said he, hesitatingly. "You see, I am going up into the Lake Superior country to preach among the lumber camps this winter, and a watch will be a good deal of company for me," as he laid down his money on the counter.

"Are you a preacher," inquired the auctioneer, with a look of surprise on his face.

"A very unworthy one," was the meek reply.

"Why in blazes didn't you say so, then! I always sell cheaper to preachers. That watch only cost me $11.25, and you can have it at cost. Yes, confound it! for $10, and here's a chain into the bargain. Now git out!" as the stranger began uttering thanks.

After he was well outside the door, the auctioneer explained: "I'd rather a-given $10 than have that fellow buy that watch. I never cheated a parson before. Confound it! I won't be able to sleep all night. How he did take me in. Who'd a thought he was a parson? Hanged if I didn't think he was either an out-and-out seed or a green policeman playing detective. Well!" with a little nervous laugh, "if he preaches by that watch, he'll be tried for heterodoxy within a month.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fashion Notes.

Bodices grow longer and longer.

Short visites are by no means out of vogue.

Cheviot dresses look best when tailor-made.

Flannel-finished cloths are much in demand.

None but æsthetics wear short waists just now.

Tortoise-shell ornaments are never out of vogue.

The eagles' claw is again a fashionable ornament.

Short waists will remain perdu until next spring.

Curly plush is one of the prettiest trimming materials.

Light-colored heavy wraps are much worn this winter.

Black remains the favorite dress of American women.

Plush basques with moire collars and cuffs are much admired.

The tailor-cut jacket retains its place among fashionable winter wraps.

Large pokes with sugar-loaf crowns take precedence of all other bonnets.

Plush is the prettiest trimming for a cheviot dress when it is trimmed at all.

Satin and plush muffs take the place of fur ones in all but the severest weather.

The fashionable brocades of this winter are very magnificent, but very expensive.

Frog buttons and parallel rows of Titan braid trim cloth dresses very elegantly.

Plush is the favorite material for independent basques, to be worn with a variety of skirts.

For all cloth-finished fabrics self trimmings and machine stitching should be preferred.

Rhine crystal lace pins, combs and bracelets retain their place among fashionable ornaments.

Although great length is the feature of the winter wraps, it is permissible to wear short ones.

Immense felt hats, with plushlike edges to the brim, are worn side by side with small capotes of velvet.

Combination costumes of new stuffs should not be so gay as those where one or the other material is old.

Dark all-wool cheviots of pure wool and good colors sell in large quantities for business and fatigue costumes.

Fancy pearl or silver buttons, not of the largest size, adorn many of the plush and velvet basques now so fashionable.

Dark bronze and olive green are very fashionable, especially when relieved with a dash of bright red, pale blue, or velvet yellow.

Imitation jewel embroideries of white, cream and pale tinted satins appear on the costliest and most elegant evening dresses.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Simon Cameron's First Geography.

Yesterday an old gentleman who knows much of his early history gave me one incident as a specimen of how he began life. "General Cameron's mother," said the old fridnd, "was a great woman. She labored for her children with a zeal and energy of which few beings were capable, and it was her teaching and example, as well as native mental force, which marked the life of her boys with those strong characteristics which have enabled them to make their mark in life." The old store-keeper in Maytown, the little hamlet in Lancaster County where General Cameron was born, said my informant, often told of his struggle for his first book in geography. He was only eight or nine years old when he became far enough advanced in elementary education to study geography, and he approached the teacher with the desire of his heart. The teacher promised if he could get a book to put him in the class, but how to get this book was the question. It cost one dollar, and even pennies were scarce in his home. He consulted his mother, and they together planned for the geography. She entered heartily into her son's ambition.

After three months of effort, enough of the odds and ends of the economy left from the daily demand for bread was saved up. These were carried to the country store by the boy who has since written so strongly upon the pages of his country's history. When they were weighed and counted the merchant shook his head and said: "There is only seventy-three cents' worth, Simon, and the book costs one dollar." As the boy thought of the struggle he had made to accumulate what he had brought, and still the prize was far away, the tears sprang to his eyes. The merchant relented, and, taking him by the shoulders, said: "Simon, you are a good boy; you can have the book, and you can pay me the other twenty-seven cents when you get it." He not only lived long enough, said his friend, to pay the twenty-seven cents, but to do the man who thus served his childish ambition many kindnesses.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—It has come out, in the course of an examination of the county books of Bergen County, N. J., since 1875, that, under the head of "expenses," the board of nine freeholders have consumed, in four years, 172 gallons "applejack," and 4,500 cigars, which they have charged off as supplies for the poor.

—Mother—"There, Mary, do not interrupt me. Please wait till I have got through." Mary—"But you never do get through, mamma."—*Boston Transcript.*

—When is a girl like a music book? When she is full of airs.

NEW YEAR'S ITEMS.

—Swear not at all, but if you must swear, swear off.—*Rochester Herald.*

—There are some sad things about Christmas, but they don't appear until the day after.

—Be wary—Janu-wary—how you make promises for the New Year.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A good first entry for your new diary: Resolved to make this a happy New Year to somebody.

—A word to the wise—If the swearing off is done at once it will save much headache.—*Elmira Free Press.*

—"This world is hollow," gloomily remarked J. Growler. "Yes, and the hollow-days are coming," gleefully replied Mr. Smiley.

—Our New Year's resolution: We'll have just as much fun, during the coming year, as we possibly can. We shall keep this resolution.—*Boston Post.*

—If you have any intention of swearing off at the new year, swear off now, and let the old year carry your good resolution with it in the better land.

—Poor man! And so you didn't get any thing for your Christmas? Well, never mind; just wait a week, and your bills will come swarming in. You'll get something then.—*Hawkeye.*

—The obtuse caller who said to the old maid aunt: "A happy New Year, and may you live to see as many more as you have seen," then felt suddenly ill and pale from a revulsion of ideas.—*Free Press.*

—Those who will remember New Year's Day: The awkward young man who bumped his head against the chandelier, and carried the chair-tidy off on his back and knocked down a plaster-paris image which ornamented the hall, besides doubling up a new-comer as he bowed his way out. The absent-minded young man who put pepper in his coffee and sugar in his oysters and said: "I wish you a merry Christmas," and left his tailor's card instead of his own, and walked off with a silk umbrella of the hostess instead of his own cane, and was plunged in despair to find he had made all his calls without removing a muffler he wore to protect his throat from neuralgia.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Men and Women's Clothes.

Now, if I am anything, I am a sticker-up for my own sex. No downtrodden woman for me; but justice demands a reply to a quotation in last Sunday's *Tribune*. It's a rather ambiguously headed extract from a "New York letter," and gave the cost of a man's get-up; the whole sum (including a watch, which is a life-time possession), amounts to $500; and this letter-writer thinks it an awful showing up of the extravagance of man. She don't stop to reckon in the fact that one business-suit and one dress-suit and another suit for between occasions, the same old watch, the one ring, the one cane, and a couple of hats make up the poor man's wardrobe. What woman is there running herself on two hats and three suits of clothes, a dozen collars and five or six neckties?

Just as an experiment I asked of my morning callers to give me an inventory of the dry-goods they stood in. The first lady was a neighbor; her husband is a prosperous manufacturer of fringes and trimmings. She had on her "second best." For this winter she has a fur-lined, fur trimmed silk dolman costing $300, and the seal sack she wore cost last fall $300; her hat was a $25 plush beaver with feathers, and she has four others ranging from $15 to $40; her dress cost her $125—just a street costume of plush and cashmere; husband made the fringe and passementerie, or it would have been $60 more; boots (made to order) $9, gloves $2, underclothes $25. She has of course a dozen changes, the $25 lot being among the cheapest. Her earrings were $650, two rings $400, bracelets $50, watch and chain $250, bar pin with eight diamonds $250; she has five times as much at home in the way of jewelry, and she has certainly a dozen dresses, some of them costing as much as $200 and $300.

The next female friend was a nice old lady, sixty years of age, not rich, but well-to-do. She had on a camel's hair shawl that she paid Pa Hilton $600 for; she had an embossed velvet and satin costume that she paid the firm of Moskowitz & Taylor $300 for; she had a sable muff that cost $60; her boots, gloves and underclothes certainly were worth $60 more; her hat she paid Prince $35 for, and her jewelry was cheap at $1,000.

This old lady can go out every day in the week dressed as richly and not wear the same things twice (outside of jewelry)

I began by this time to think the $500 man a very cheap institution, when in dropped a business-woman as a stand-off for the business-man. She came to collect a bill; she keeps a prosperous stationery-shop, and had on the clothes she wears for common. I got out of her a very particular account of her fittings: Hat (made it herself), had two $10 feathers on it; she thought the other materials were about $5. So hat $25; two braids hair, $20 apiece, and a pair of ear-rings she paid $200 for—three small diamonds in each. My stationer's head cost her $265. Her seal sack was $300; her muff, $25; her dress, $50; her watch $100; her other jewelry $100; her gloves, boots, underclothes, $40; a lace tie, $10; her umbrella and a handsome sachel $10 more.

Here were three representative women, and their outfits were none of them the Sunday-go to-meeting best of either one—and the manufacturer's wife cost $2,086, the nice old lady $2,155, and my enterprising young business woman $1,200. Of course there are plenty of women who have not $25 worth of clothing on them, and there are just as many men who, with a $15 suit of clothes and $3 shoes and a $2 hat, think they are dressed to death.

The lady who groaned in a letter from New York about man's expensive belongings took up a well-to-do business-man as her example. I give the wife of one, the mother of one and a business-woman as a reply, assuring my friend that the women of New York are away ahead of the men in extravagance of wardrobe, that matinee tickets, the everlasting lunches, new things for the complexion and the confounded doctors that seem indispensable attachments to nine women out of ten, more than balance the cigars and drinks of the weaker sex.—*M. H. F., in N. Y. Letter to Chicago Tribune.*

A Horse Returns to His Early Home.

A horse raised in Norwich, Vt., but used for family purposes in this city for several years, was recently sold to a party in Orford, N. H. In taking him from the wagon one evening he slipped away from his owner and disappeared, going at a high rate of speed. A diligent search in the morning on all roads for a circuit of several miles failed to reveal any trace of the animal. A dispatch was received during the day by his former master in this city, asking if the horse had made his appearance here, in reply to which the owner was directed to inquire at Norwich. The horse was found there, and the owner was told that the animal made his appearance in the place at three o'clock in the morning, after his escape from Orford, having in six hours crossed the Connecticut River and traveled twenty-seven miles in the darkness over a road he had not seen since he was a three-year-old colt. To make this distance in the time mentioned he must have avoided all cross-roads, and without delay gone by the regular route.—*Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The gossips say that Gilbert and Sullivan are to write an operetta on an American subject.

—The London *Times'* memoir of President Garfield has been reprinted and sells for an English penny.

—Senator Hill, of Georgia, now speaks with a perceptible lisp, but his physicians assure him that it will wear off, and that the cancer on his tongue may be considered cured.

—Mr. Oscar Wilde will arrive in this country next month, and will immediately begin to give lectures on art subjects. Before leaving London he will bring out an original play.

—Mrs. Garfield has been elected the first honorary member of the New Shakespeare Society of London, "as a slight tribute of admiration for the loving devotion shown by her during the long and painful illness of the late President.

—Mr. A. B. Alcott is said to seldom pass a day without composing a sonnet or stanza. He is eighty-two years old. His daughter Louisa is forty-nine. Miss Alcott is about to bring out a new and altered edition of her first novel, "Moods."

—The quarrel between Anna Dickinson and Fanny Davenport has resulted in a suit brought in Philadelphia by the former to compel a return by the latter of the manuscript of "An American Girl," the play whose failure caused the disagreement. The author says that the actress ruined the piece by making inartistic interpolations, and the actress replies that she did so in order to arouse the audiences to some faint interest in the performance.

—The late eccentric English writer, George Borrow, suffered from what he called "the horrors," which was nothing more than nervousness which accompanies an over wrought mind brought on by too much metaphysics, that led him into the origin of nature and of his own being, but when he found himself approaching the vanishing point of reason his remedy was at hand. "What do you think I do," he said, when I get bewildered after this fashion? I go out to the sty and listen to the grunting of the pigs till I get back to myself."

HUMOROUS.

—A book with a loose leaf should be bound over to keep the piece.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—People who inhabit sky parlors and climb four or five flights of stairs, are apt to be troubled with room-attic pains. —*Detroit Free Press.*

—The rubber slings used by the little boys are getting to be as dangerous as the gin sling handled by their daddies. —*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

—An old poker-player out in North Park rides a blind mule as a matter of choice. He says it is a pleasure to straddle the blind.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—Although there are scattered throughout the land many persons, I am sorry to say, unable to pay for a newspaper, I have never yet heard of anybody unable to edit one.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

—"Why were you not at church last Sunday, Clara?" asked Amelia. Clara—"I couldn't; didn't have anything to wear. I shall go next Sunday if my new sack is done." Amelia—"Oh, you sack-religious thing!"—*Boston Post.*

—Willie has Found some Horse Radish. It is in a Jar labeled Jam. He has just Taken a Big Mouthful of the Horse Radish. There are Tears in his Eyes. Perhaps he is Crying because he Loves in Vain.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—A man got into one of the Main street cars this morning, having a large square of glass done up in brown paper under his arm. When he laid it carefully upon a seat, went to the box and deposited his fare and then went back and sat down upon it, smashing it to pieces, the other passengers laughed.—*Hartford Post.*

—Sam Johnsing felt very much aggrieved because an Austin Justice of the Peace fined him five dollars for disturbing the peace. "Mr. Johnsing," said the Justice, "you can take an appeal, you have a legal remedy." "I knows all about dem remedies, sah, dey am werry much like dem udder remedies you gets at de drug store. De more ob em yer takes, de sicker yer gits."

—It happened on a railroad train which was going—well, it wasn't exactly a lightning express. The engineer whistled "down brakes." "What's the trouble, conductor?" excitedly asked a passenger. "Cow on the track," coolly responded the conductor. The man was satisfied. Shortly afterward "down brakes" was again whistled. "What's the trouble now!" cried the same passenger. "Cow on the track," was the reply. "Great Heavens!" cried the man, "haven't we caught up with that cow yet?"—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Deserted Babe Finds a Willing Protector.

Mr. George Gotham, of Gotham & Graham, Philadelphia, has just been convinced that old tricks have become new, even though new tricks may not have become old. Mr. Gotham arrived in this city yesterday, in possession of a boy about eight months old. Mr. Gotham came down from Fort Smith. At Gold Creek, Faulkner County, a woman, carrying in her arms a child, boarded the train. Shortly afterwards she approached Mr. Gotham, and said:

"Will you please hold my child for a moment?"

"Gotham took the child, held it for a moment, as requested, and then began to look around for the woman. Just about this time the train stopped at Palarm, and the woman, unobserved by the man who held her child, got off. After the train passed this point, Gotham's search became more extensive, and when he found that the woman had, by desertion, made him the protector of the child, he recognized himself as its lawful guardian. When asked in this city yesterday, what he intended to do with his charge, he replied:

"I am going to take him to Philadelphia, where I have a wife who will be more than willing to be his mother, and in my opinion, a better mother than he would have had with the actual author of his being. I was confused at first, but now I am more than satisfied, in fact highly pleased."

"I suppose then," said a bystander, "that you would not have objected if she had left two children instead of one?"

"No, one will answer. One, you know, is much of a good thing, but another would be too much of a good thing."—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

A Sorrowful Picture.

The well-known correspondent, Edward King, writing from Paris tells of the recent visit to that gay capital of the ex-Empress Eugenie. It is a sorrowful picture, and the contrasts it suggests have a touching pathos. He says: "The white-haired old lady, wrinkled and worn, whom the passers in the Rue Vivienne stared at the other day, was the ex-Empress Eugenie. Most Parisians who saw her thought there was something familiar in her appearance, but could not remember who she was. She visited a shop in which a great number of valuable objects of art which once graced the imperial palaces were stored; she went through the garden of the Tuileries, and out to Fontainebleau, where she delighted to live with her son. Those who conversed with her say that she is completely broken in spirit, and that her life seems a burden to her."

Our Young Readers.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS—A DIALOGUE.

HARRY.

Loud from the north the wild wind blows,
It sweeps the blue sky clear,
And parts, amid the drifting snows,
The path of the New Year;
The glad New Year that always brings
So many bright, delightful things,
Gay holidays and merry plays,
And loving wishes from our friends.
A "Happy New Year" let us make,
And keep it "happy" till it ends
By trying every day to see
What good, good children we can be.

KATE.

Last year, when anything went wrong,
I used to fret the whole day long,
And sometimes sob and cry aloud,
Dark-looking as a thunder-cloud;
But, even in a gloomy place,
I now must keep a sunny face;
For, all this year, I mean to see
How bright and cheerful I can be.

MARY.

Last year, the flitting butterfly
Was not so idle as was I.
I liked my sports and frolic well,
But would not learn to read and spell;
Now I must change my ways at once,
Or I shall surely be a dunce.
This glad New Year that has begun
Must leave me wiser when 'tis done.

JAMES.

Last year my temper was so quick,
My angry words came fast and thick,
And brother Tom I'd scold and strike
When he did what I did not like.
I am so sorry! Loving words
Are sweeter than the song of birds;
And, all this year, I mean to see
If I a gentle child can be.

ALL. (Four or more.)

The past is past; the year is new;
We will be patient, brave and true;
When we are bidden, quick to mind;
Unselfish, courteous and kind;
And try in every place to see
What good, good children we can be.
—*Marian Douglass.*

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY.

It was three weeks before Christmas, but the Widow Bertram's little cottage on the edge of a lonely forest, in the northern part of Maine, was fragrant with the spicy odor of pine, holly and hemlock, great branches of which were heaped upon the floor of the small kitchen, while Milly's little fingers were tired enough of breaking off the prickly twigs, and making them into bunches for her mother and brother Jim, who deftly twined them into graceful garlands, wreathes and festoons; for soon there would be a call from the great cities for Christmas greens, with which to deck their homes and churches; and the Bertrams hoped, by supplying this need, to earn enough money to keep them comfortable through the long, cold winter, for they were very poor, and sometimes had hard work to drive the wolf from the door; and Jack Frost comes early and stays late in that far Northern State. So seven-year-old Milly had to help all she could, and her hands were very skillful, and her bright eyes very quick in picking out just the right spray, or bunch of berries, and she worked away steadily, only stopping occasionally to hug Miss Araminta Cleopatra Fitz-James—a curious little specimen of a doll, made of a corn-cob, and dressed in a bit of faded calico, to which Milly had given so high-sounding a name as some compensation for other deficiencies, and which she loved with all her affectionate little heart.

"There, mother, isn't that a beauty?" said Jim, holding up a wreath he had just finished of rich, heavy evergreens, dotted with the bright scarlet holly berries.

"The prettiest one of all," said Milly. "I wonder who will buy it?"

"It don't matter, so long as we get the money," said Mrs. Bertram, sighing. "I had hoped to give you children a little taste of Christmas this year, but it has been such a bad season, I am afraid there won't be anything for toys or candy, even if we can pay the rent."

"Oh, never mind us, mother," said Jim, cheerily. "Perhaps good luck will come with the New Year; and anyway, we've all we want, only I wish Milly could have a real nice doll instead of that scare-crow yonder."

"Don't call my dearest, sweetest Araminta Cleopatra names," cried Milly, catching up the corn-cob, and showering kisses upon its rather scrubby head.

"You ought just to see the dolls I saw in the toy store at T——," continued Jim, "with real hair, and cried when they were pinched as natural as Mrs. Rattle's baby. I tell you, they'd make you open your eyes! You'd never look at Araminta Cleopatra Fitz James again."

"Yes, I should," said Milly, loyally, "though I would like to have a real dolly.; but I've never even seen one."

Mrs. Bertram sighed again, and softly wiped away a tear; but Jim exclaimed: "I've thought of a splendid plan!"

"Oh! what?" asked Milly.

"You see this stunner of a wreath I've just made?"

"Yes."

"Well! I think I deserve something for the extra pains I've taken, so I'll write a note, telling whoever buys it about you, and asking them to send you a doll; and we'll tie it in among the greens, and who knows but some kind-hearted person may find it and do as we ask. Wouldn't it be jolly if they should?"

"Too lovely for anything!" exclaimed Milly, and she capered round the room, at the very idea, ending her impromptu dance by embracing Araminta Cleopatra, and declaring she should never love her any less even if she had a hundred china babies that cried just like Mrs. Rattle's Tommy.

So that evening, when the pine knots that served both for fuel and lights were blazing merrily in the open fireplace, Jim hunted up an old inkstand and pen, that had not seen the light for many a day, earned a sheet of paper from a neighbor by bringing her a pail of water, and together he and Milly composed the letter, badly written and poorly spelled, but filled with a sort of pathos that must find its way to any heart at the holy Christmas-tide:

"Wil the one who gets this reeth please send a dol to my sister milly. she never saw one 'cept araminter kleopatrer fitz james who is nothin' but a corn-cob. we are orful poor and make up greens to sel. milly Bunches and mother and i tie. We has not had a krismas or New Yeer's present since a tree fell on father and killed him. please be so kind as to send the dol it woode mak us so glad. milly is seven and I am ten.

Yours truly, JIM BERTHAM.
THE CORNERS, B—— Country, Maine.

This epistle Jim read aloud with a great deal of pride, and then he and Milly tied it securely in among the graceful hemlock branches; while the mother laughed at their foolishness, even though she hoped and prayed that they might not be disappointed; and two days later the "postman wreath," as the children called it, was packed with hundreds of others and shipped to New York, where it was bought by an uptown dealer and sold to an old gentleman who carried it home to his daughter, and she, pronouncing it "exquisite," gave it the most conspicuous place on the parlor wall, without, however, discovering the little missive so snugly hidden away.

It was Christmas night, and Mr. Langdon's spacious house was brilliant with fire and gas-light, that shone resplendent and lit up the garlands and wreaths that bordered the costly paintings and decked the frescoed walls; while music sounded through the apartments, and in carol, dance and game children and grand-children joined to celebrate the happy festal day. But in a low chair by the fire sat the youngest darling and pet of the household, Gracie Langdon, a fairy-like little creature, with soft blue eyes and golden curls clasping tightly in her tiny arms an immense waxen doll—a present that very day from good old Santa Claus.

She sat very still, and slowly her blue eyes traveled around the room until they were finally raised to a picture of the Madonna and Child above the mantel, over which hung the "postman" wreath made by the little children so far away in their lonely home.

"Oh, grandpa, come here!" called Gracie, suddenly. "What is it, Pussy?" asked Mr. Langdon, approaching the tiny rocking-chair.

"There is something white sticking out from that pretty wreath," said Gracie, pointing with her wee forefinger.

"So there is. Here, Fred, come and see what this dainty lady has discovered."

At the summons a stalwart young fellow left the group around the piano and approached. It was but the work of an instant for him to take down the garland, dislodge the paper from its hiding place, and hand it, with a low bow, to his little cousin.

"Why, it's a letter!" she exclaimed. "You read it, grandpa."

The whole company had now gathered round, and, putting on his eye-glasses, grandpa read aloud Jim's note, and, as he finished, exclamations of wonder and pity sounded on all sides. "What a strange letter-box! Poor children! something ought to be done for them," while little Gracie, with her big eyes filled with tears, ran to her grandfather, sobbing: "Oh, grandpa, I am so sorry for Milly! Here, take my new dolly and send it to her for a New Year's gift."

"To be sure I will," said Mr. Langdon, catching the generous little maiden in his arms and giving her what she called a "bear's hug," while for some reason his glasses did not seem as clear as usual.

It was the first day of January, clear, crisp and cold; but it was hardly a happy New Year in the Bertram household, for the greens had not brought as much as they expected, and after the rent of the small house and farm had been paid, there was little left for food and clothes, and the mother's heart was heavier than ever, and Jim had to whistle to keep up his spirits as he chopped away at the pile of wood in the yard.

Milly, too, was feeling rather disconsolate as she stood by the window making "peep-holes" with a hot penny in the thick frost which completely covered the panes, while Araminta Cleopatra looked more forlorn than ever, perched on the sill by her side.

With her eyes at one of the "peep-holes," Milly saw a wagon come lumbering slowly up the road and stop at the gate, and a man's voice was heard without inquiring if "Miss Milly Bertram lived there;" and immediately after the door was burst open and in rushed Jim, breathless with excitement, closely followed by a neighboring farmer bearing a large box.

"There, Miss Milly," he said, "I found that down at the 'Corners' for you, so I thought I'd bring it along. Guess somebody's been sending you a New Year's. But I can't stay to see, for my horses won't stand this snapping weather; so good morning', and many happy returns of the day."

"The same to you," cried Milly, "and thank you so much for bringing this up. Oh, Jim, do hurry and open the box!"

But her brother was already at work with his hatchet, and the cover was quickly removed, and revealed the beautiful wax image, the loveliest thing Milly had ever beheld.

"Oh! is it alive?" she asked in an awe-struck tone, clasping her hands; and it was some time before she ventured to touch the dainty doll, dressed in satin and lace, who had such bright eyes that opened and shut, curls of real glossy hair, and when a spring was touched cried "Pa-pa, ma-ma" in such a life-like manner. Indeed, she could hardly be persuaded that it was not a real living child.

Pinned to her skirts was a paper on which was written, "A New Year's gift for Milly Bertram, from her new friend, little Gracie Langdon. Her name is Blanche Lillian White."

"Oh, the dear, darling little girl!" cried Milly. "But look! there are more things in the box."

And, indeed, there were. And as package after package was drawn forth, and disclosed dresses and shawls for both Milly and her mother, clothes, and an elegant pair of club skates labeled for "James Bertram, who thought only of his little sister," and, lastly, a purse well filled with gold and silver, the joy and ecstacies of the children knew no bounds, while the mother wept from very gladness.

That was, indeed, a happy New Year's Day; and when in the evening they sat before the fire of pine knots, the mother wrapped in her new shawl, and with the old care-worn look quite banished from her face, Jim polishing his new skates, on which he had enjoyed a fine race in the afternoon, and Milly with Blanche Lillian White and Araminta Cleopatra Fitz-James side by side in her lap, Jim remarked: "It must be nice to make other people happy, and next Christmas Gracie Langdon shall have the very handsomest box of evergreens that goes into New York City, in return for Milly's New Year's gift."—*Christian Union.*

Gould's Southwestern System.

Discussions have often taken place between railroad men as to how many miles of road are under the management of what is known as the Gould Southwestern System. A St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter called on Mr. G. C. Smith, private secretary to the senior Vice-President of the system, and was furnished with the following list:

CONSTRUCTED.	Miles.
Missouri Pacific	[illegible]
Central Branch (Union Pacific)	[illegible]
Missouri, Kansas & Texas	[illegible]
Iron Mountain	[illegible]
Texas & Pacific	[illegible]
International & Great Northern	[illegible]
Dallas & Wichita	[illegible]
East Line & Red River	[illegible]
New Orleans Pacific	[illegible]
	[illegible]

UNDER CONSTRUCTION.	
Missouri Pacific	[illegible]
Central Branch	[illegible]
Missouri, Kansas & Texas	[illegible]
Iron Mountain	[illegible]
International & Great Northern	[illegible]
East Line & Red River	[illegible]
	[illegible]
The constructed lines foot up	[illegible]
And the projected lines	[illegible]
Making a grand total of	[illegible]

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—In the suit for breach of promise brought by Miss Ullman, of New York, against Mr. Meyer, of Richmond, the defendant told how he "popped the question" in Central Park. "We became interested in ourselves," said the witness. "She had a diamond ring which she had taken from her finger. I put the ring back on her finger. I made a wish, and asked her not to take the ring from her finger until we met again. She said: 'Harry, I want you to tell me that wish.' I replied, 'I put the ring on your finger because I love you and hope my love will be reciprocated.'" In his ride through the park she first leaned her head against his shoulder. She said: "Harry, let's reverse, and you rest on my shoulder." He popped the question to her in low tones. Subsequently being informed that she kissed gentlemen promiscuously, he withdrew and she sued.

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—Finding last month, in England, the name "Michael Sir Shepherd" on a registry of voters, the reviser asked if that was correct. "Yes; when the man was christened the clergyman said 'Name this child.' The sponsor answered 'Michael, sir,' and 'Michael Sir' it was." This recalls the lisping sponsor, who replied to the same demand about a little girl, "Luthy, thur." Whereupon the horrified parson, in ignorance of the baby's sex, roared out "Lucifer! Horrible! John I baptize thee," etc., and baptized John she was.