THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THE BUTCHER.

Will Carver was a butcher bold,
But would go on a spree,
And then, alas! it must be told,
Quite butcher-full was he.

It was not meet that he should drink,
Although he meat lived Will;
Beef-hitting is all right, I think –
This did beef-hit him ill.

He left his shop—it was not right –
And stead of selling steak,
He would be gambling half the night,
And many a rash stake make.

Oh! better far to be at work,
A-knocking down a steer,
Than forth to steer and leave his clerk
To knock down cash, I fear.

In shop, he yearns to be away,
And weighing sirloin loathes;
He'd rather with his comrades stay
A sirloin of his clothes.

Thus William went from bad to worse,
No cash was in his till;
He sold no chops, drink was his curse,
Chop-fallen quite was Will.

Upon Will's flank the landlord pressed,
And brisket-tached his store;
Will took leg bail, with anguished breast,
And never was seen more.

No need a moral here to add,
To quote some old sage saw;
The drinking man's linked with the bad,
Like sausage, cooked or raw.

—Boston Transcript.

A SPEECH BY "MARK TWAIN."

A banquet recently given to "Mark Twain" (Mr. Clemens) at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, Can., was attended by nearly two hundred citizens of all grades of prominence. Hon. Lucius Seth Huntington occupied the chair, and after the Queen of England and the President of the United States had been toasted, the Chairman proposed "Our Guest." Mr. "Twain," the hero of the hour, was received with much applause, and when it had subsided he said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

That a banquet should be given to me in this ostensibly foreign land and in this great city, and that my ears should be greeted by such complimentary words from such distinguished lips, are eminent surprises to me, and I will not conceal the fact that they are also deeply gratifying. I thank you, one and all, gentlemen, for these marks of favor and friendliness, and, even if I have not really or sufficiently deserved them, I assure you that I do not any the less keenly enjoy and esteem them on that account.

When a stranger appears abruptly in a country without any apparent business there, and at an unusual season of the year, the judicious thing for him to do is to explain. [Laughter.] This seems peculiarly necessary in my case on account of a series of unfortunate happenings here which followed my arrival, and which I suppose the public have felt compelled to connect with that circumstance. I would most gladly explain if I could, but I have nothing for my defense but my bare word; so I simply declare, in all sincerity and with my hand on my heart, that I never heard of that diamond robbery till I saw it in the morning papers [laughter], and I can say with perfect truth that I never saw that boy of dynamite till the police came to inquire if I had any more of it. [Uproarious laughter.] These are mere assertions, I grant you, but they come from the lips of one who was never known to utter an untruth except for practice, and who certainly would not so stultify the traditions of an upright life as to utter one now in a strange land and in such a presence as this, where there is nothing to be gained by it, and he does not need any practice. I brought with me to this city a friend, a Boston publisher, but alas! even this does not sufficiently explain these sinister mysteries. If I had brought a Toronto publisher along the case would have been different. But no, possibly not. The burglar took the diamond studs, but left the shirt. Only a reformed Toronto publisher would have left the shirt. [Loud cheers and laughter.]

To continue my explanation: I did not come to Canada to commit crime this time. I came here to place myself under the protection of Canadian law and secure a copyright. I have complied with the requirements of the law. I have followed the instructions of some of the best legal minds in the city, including my own, and so my errand is accomplished, at least so far as any exertions of mine can aid that accomplishment. This is a rather cumbersome way to fence and fortify one's property against the literary buccaneer, it is true; still, if it is effective it is a great advance upon past conditions, and one to be correspondingly welcomed. It makes one hope and believe that a day will come when in the eye of the law literary property will be as sacred as whisky [laughter], or any other of the necessaries of life. [Renewed laughter.] In this age of ours if you steal another man's label to advertise your own brand of whisky with you will be heavily fined and otherwise punished for violating that trade-mark. [Hear, hear.] If you steal the whisky without the trade-mark you go to jail. [Laughter.] But if you could prove that the whisky was literature you could steal them both, and the law wouldn't say a word. [Applause and laughter.] It grieves me to think how far more profound and reverent respect the law would have for literature if a body could only get drunk on it. Still, the world moves. The interests of literature upon our Continent are improving. Let us be content and wait. We have with us here a fellow-craftsman born on our own side of the Atlantic, who has created an epoch in this Continent's literary history—an author who has earned, and worthily earned, and received the vast distinction of being crowned by the Academy of France. [Loud cheers.] This is honor and achievement enough for the cause and the craft for one decade.

Assuredly, if one may have the privilege of throwing in a personal impression or two, I may remark that my stay in Montreal and Quebec has been exceedingly pleasant, but the weather has been a good deal of a disappointment. Canada has a reputation for magnificent winter weather, and has a prophet who is bound by every sentiment of honor and duty to furnish it, but the result this time has been a mess of characterless guesses of which all right feeling Canadians are probably ashamed. Still, only the country is to blame. Nobody has a right to blame the prophet, for this wasn't the kind of weather he promised. [Laughter and cheers.] Well, never mind. What you lack in weather you make up in the means of grace. This is the first time I was ever in a city where you couldn't throw a brick without breaking a church window; yet I was told you were going to build one. I said: "The scheme is good, but where are you going to find the room?" They said: "We will build it on top of another church and use an elevator." [Laughter.] This shows that the gift of lying is not dead in the land.

I suppose one must come in the summer to get the advantage of the Canadian scenery. A cabman drove me two miles up a perpendicular hill in a sleigh and showed me an admirable snow-storm from the heights of Quebec. The man was an ass. I could have seen the snow-storm as well from the hotel window and saved my money. Still, I may have been the ass myself. There is no telling. The thing is all mixed up in my mind, but anyway there was an ass in the party, and I do suppose that wherever a mercenary cabman and a gifted literary character are gathered together for business there is bound to be an ass in the combination somewhere. It has always been so in my experience, and I have usually been elected, too. But it is no matter. I had rather be an ass than a cabman any time, except in summer. Then, with my advantages, I could be both. I saw the Plains of Abraham and the spot where the lamented Wolfe stood when he made the memorable remark that he would rather be the author of Gray's Elegy than take Quebec. But why did he say so rash a thing? It was because he supposed there was going to be international copyright. [Laughter.] Otherwise there would be no money in it. I was also shown the spot where Sir William Phipps stood when he said he would rather take a walk than take two Quebecs, and he took the walk. [Applause and laughter.] I have looked with emotion here in your city upon the monument which makes forever memorable the spot where Horatio Nelson did not stand when he fell. I have seen the cab which Champlain employed when he arrived overland at Quebec. [A laugh.] I have seen the horses which Jacques Cartier rode when he discovered Montreal. [Laughter and applause.] I have used them both. I will never do it again. Yes, I have seen all the historical places. The localities have been pointed out to me where the scenery is warehoused for the season. My sojourn has been to my moral and intellectual profit. I have behaved with propriety and discretion. I have meddled none here but in the election, but I am well used to voting, for I live in a town where, if you may judge by the local prints, there are only two conspicuous industries—committing burglaries and holding elections—and I like to keep my hand in, so I voted a good deal here.

Where so many of the guests are French the propriety will be recognized of my making a portion of my speech in that beautiful language, in order that I may be partly understood. I speak French with timidity and not flowingly, except when excited. [Laughter.] When using that language I have often noticed that I have hardly ever been mistaken for a Frenchman, except perhaps by horses, never, I believe, by people. [Laughter.] I had hoped that mere French construction with English words would answer, and this is not the case. I tried it at a gentleman's house in Quebec, and it would not work. The maid-servant asked what would monsieur. I said, "Monsieur So-and-So is he with himself." [Laughter.] She did not understand. I said: "I-it that he is still not returned of his house of merchandise?" [Renewed laughter.] She did not understand that either. I said: "He will desolate himself when he learns that his friends Americain was arrived. He not with himself to shake him at the hand." [Roars of laughter.] She did not even understand that. I don't know why, but she did not, and she lost her temper besides. Somebody in the rear called out: "Qui est donc la," or words to that effect. She said: "C'est un fou," and shut the door on me. [Laughter.] Perhaps she was right, but how did she ever find that out? [laughter]

for she had never seen me before till that moment. But, as I have already intimated, I will close this oration with a few sentiments in the French language. I have not ornamented I have not burdened them with flowers of rhetoric, for, to my mind, that literature is the best and most endering which is characterized by a noble simplicity.

J'ar le belle bouton d'or de mon oncle, mais je n'ai pas celui du charpentier. Si vous avez le fromage du brave mennisier, c'est bon; mais si vous ne l'avez pas, ne se desole pas prenez le chapeau de drap noir de son beau frere malade tout a l'heure, savoir taire qu'est ce que vous dit, pate de fois gras, revenons a nos moutons, pardon, Messieurs, pardonnez moi, essayant a parter la belle langue d'Ollendorff strains me more than you can possibly imagine, but I mean well, and I've done the best I could. [Loud laughter.]

The Great Vice of New England.

Forty thousand dollars' worth of chewing-gum is gathered in the State of Maine every year. In Oxford County is a man who makes it his business to collect spruce gum. Every year he buys from seven to nine tons. The gum is found chiefly in the region about Umbagog Lake and about the Rangeley lakes. A number of men do nothing else in the winter season except collect gum. With snow-shoes, ax and a shebongan, on which is packed the gum, they spend days and nights in the woods. The clear, pure lumps of gum are sold in their native state, the best bringing one dollar per pound. Gum not immediately merchantable is refined by a peculiar process. Sieve-like boxes are covered with spruce boughs, on which is placed the gum. Steam is introduced underneath. The gum is melted, is strained by the boughs, and then passes into warm water, where it is kept from hardening until the packer takes it out, draws it into sticks, and wraps it in tissue paper, when it is ready for market.

The gum meets with a ready sale. There is not a village, town or city in Maine where it is not in demand. One dealer last year sold fourteen hundred dollars' worth. In the large mill cities gum has a free sale. In Biddeford, Lewiston, Lawrence and Lowell the factory girls consume large quantities. It is said that in the lumber camps gum is used as a means of extending hospitality. After meal time the host fills his own black clay pipe and hands it to his guest. Later, clear lumps of spruce gum are placed before the visitor, and he is asked to take a chew. Maine produces forty thousand dollars' worth of gum in a year, some of which finds its way to this market, from which it is distributed to the various outlying factory villages, where, as stated before, it is in good demand. Spruce gum is adulterated, and those who adulterate take the trouble to fashion the pieces of gum to appear like those taken in a pure state from the trees. The ingredient of adulteration is supposed to be the gum of the pine tree. *Providence Journal.*

Death of a Heroine.

Miss Rebecca Cates, who, in connection with her Cousin Abby, were the heroines of the "British scare" at Scituate harbor during the war of 1812, has just died at her residence at Scituate, Mass., where she was born and has always resided, at the age of eighty-eight years. During the war of 1812, a British man-of-war was seen to anchor in the harbor early one morning and a number of boats were launched, it evidently being the intention of the commander to effect a landing in Scituate, as that point probably would not be guarded, and then by an overland route proceed against the Americans, thus avoiding the vigilants stationed in the forts in Boston harbor. As the boats were seen through the mist, the entire village was in a state of the greatest consternation, a majority of the residents supposing that they were at once to be annihilated by the redcoats. While the men were shrinking in terror, Rebecca and her cousin seized an old fife and drum, and, hurrying to the beach, ensconced themselves in a niche where they could not be seen, and immediately began a roll-call. The British, hearing the sound of the drum and fife, naturally supposing that the town was aroused, and that the sound of the drum was a signal for an attack, became terror-stricken, and the Britishers "skipped" from Scituate with all speed possible. Thus the town was saved by the courage and forethought of two brave girls.

Abby, the other heroine, is still living, and is now eighty years old.

"Jimmy" Congratulates Himself.

For once I have done right. I always used to think, that if I stuck to it, and tried to do what was right, I would hit it some day; but at last I pretty nearly gave up all hope, and was beginning to believe that no matter what I did, some of the grown-up folks would tell me that my conduct was such. But I have done a real useful thing that was just what father wanted, and he has said that he would overlook it this time. Perhaps you think that this was not very encouraging to a boy; but if you had been told to come up stairs with me my son as often as I have been, just because you had tried to do right, and hadn't exactly managed to suit people, you would be very glad to hear your father say that for once he would overlook it.

Did you ever play you were a ghost? I don't think much of ghosts, and wouldn't be a bit afraid if I was to see one. There was once a ghost that used to frighten people dreadfully, by hanging himself to a hook in the wall. He was one of those tall white ghosts, and they are the very worst kind there is. This one used to come into the spare bed-room of the house where he lived before he was dead, and after walking round the room, and making as if he was in dreadfully low spirits, he would take a rope out of his pocket, and hang himself to a clothes-hook just opposite the bed, and the person who was in the bed would faint away with fright, and pull the bedclothes over his head, and lie in the most dreadful agony until morning, when he would get up, and people would say: "Why how dreadful you look your hair is all gray and you are whiternany sheet." One time a man came to stay at the house who wasn't afraid of anything, and he said: "I'll fix that ghost of yours: I'm a terror on wooden wheels when any ghosts are around, I am." So he was put to sleep in the room, and before he went to bed he loosened the hook, so that it would come down very easy, and then he sat up in bed and read till twelve o'clock. Just when the clock struck, the ghost came in and walked up and down as usual, and finally got out his rope and hung himself; but as soon as he kicked away the chair he stood on when he hung himself, down came the hook, and the ghost fell all in a heap on the floor, and sprained his ankle, and got up and limped away, dreadfully ashamed, and nobody ever saw him again.

Father has been having the front garden walk fixed with an askfelt pavement. Askfelt is something like molasses, only four times as sticky when it is new. After a while it grows real hard, only ours hasn't grown very hard yet. I watched the men put it down, and father said: "Be careful and don't step on it until it gets hard or you'll stick fast in it and can't ever get out again. I'd like to see half a dozen meddlesome boys stuck in it and serve them right." As soon as I heard dear father mention what he'd like, I determined that he should have his wish, for there is nothing that is more delightful to a good boy than to please his father.

That afternoon I mentioned to two or three boys that I knew were pretty bad boys that our melons were ripe, and that father was going to pick them in a day or two. The melon patch is at the back of the house, and after dark I dressed myself in one of mother's night-gowns, and hid in the wood-shed. About eleven o'clock I heard a noise, and looked out, and there were six boys coming in the back gate, and going for the melon patch. I waited till they were just ready to begin, and then I came out and said, in a hollow and protuberant voice: "Beware."

They dropped the melons, and started to run, but they couldn't get to the back gate without passing close to me, and I knew they wouldn't try that. So they started to run round the house to the front gate, and I ran after them. When they reached the new front walk, they seemed to stop all of a sudden, and two or three of them fell down. I didn't wait to hear what they had to say, but went quietly back and got into the house through the kitchen window, and went up stairs to my room. I could hear them whispering, and now and then one or two of them would cry a little; but I thought it wouldn't be honorable to listen to them, so I went to sleep.

In the morning there were five boys stuck in the askfelt, and frightened 'most to death. I got up early, and called father, and told him that there seemed to be something the matter with his new walk. When he came out and saw five boys caught in the pavement, and an extra pair of shoes that belonged to another boy who had wriggled out of them and gone away and left them, he was the most astonished man you ever saw. I told him how I had caught the boys stealing melons, and had played I was a ghost and frightened them away, and he said that if I'd help the coachman pry the boys out, he would overlook it. So he sat upon the piazza and overlooked the coachman and me while we pried the boys out, and they came out awfully hard, and the askfelt is full of pieces of trousers and things. I don't believe it will ever be a handsome walk; but whenever father looks at it he will think what a good boy I have been, which will give him more pleasure than a hundred new askfelt walks.—"*Jimmy Brown," in Harper's Young People.*

Longevity Among the Rich and the Poor.

Baron Kolb, of Germany, has recently given some interesting statistics concerning the comparative vitality of children under various methods of feeding. Of 100 children nursed by their mothers only 18.2 died during the first year; of those nursed by wet nurses, 29.53 died; of those artificially fed, 60 died; of those brought up in institutions, 80 died to the 100. Taking 1,000 well-to-do persons and 1,000 poor persons there remained of the prosperous after five years, 943, while of the poor but 655 remained alive. After fifty years there remained of the prosperous 557 and of the poor only 283. At seventy years of age there remained 235 of the prosperous, while the number of the poor yet living was 65. The average length of life among the well-to-do was found to be fifty years and of the poor thirty-two years.

These figures are greatly at variance with received opinions upon the subject. It has long been supposed that the children of the poor are, as a rule, longer lived than those of the wealthy. Baron Kolb's facts show that the reverse is true. The author gives some reasons for this marked difference in point of vitality between the two classes. The chief of these is among the poor "the anxiety of providing for bare subsistence, and the lack of proper sanitary conditions and of such food and clothing as are needed to sustain the body properly wears upon the system, and not only lays it open to the attacks of disease, but makes it less capable of resistance to its incursions."

—The richest person to-day upon the Sandwich Islands is Claus Spreckles, of Honolulu. A few years ago he was laughed at when he purchased 10,000 acres of land for ten cents an acre, as the tract was at the foot of an extinct volcano, and covered with a crust on the surface like a flagstone walk. He broke up this crust, mixed the dust with a small quantity of vegetable mould, thoroughly irrigated the soil thus formed, and planted sugar cane. To-day he is a millionaire.

—All the precious stones, except opal, can be quite successfully imitated.

Winter Management of Farm Horses.

It is of great importance that farm horses shall be at all seasons kept in a proper state for the work they have to do. If we are to judge by the appearance of a large proportion of the farmers' horses which we meet with in many places, it would seem that neither in style nor condition are they suited for the work of the farmer, provided it is done as it should be. Light, shambling nags are not exactly the kind to turn up a good, broad-shoulder furrow to the action of the winter's frost, nor is their unkempt appearance a proof that their owners take much pride in the way they are turned out for the road. And when we come to examine the stuffy holes in which farm horses are kept, in but too many instances, it is not surprising that they are frequently attacked in the wind, and suffer from other complaints clearly attributed to unhealthy stables. The same laws affect alike the health of the horse and his master, and that of farm horses, as well as of farm laborers, would often be much worse than it is were it not for the large proportion of time spent by each in the open air. Although the days are comparatively short during winter, yet the work which falls to be performed by the horses of the farm is, by no means, of a light description, and, as the days lengthen out, the work, as a matter of course, becomes heavier, because it is of longer continuance. It is essential, therefore, that the horses be kept in a condition rather over than under their work; and we must bear in mind that once horses have been "eaten down" in condition, it is difficult to bring them up to the mark again.

In the matter of feeding, we have always recommended "little and often;" that is, as often as the arrangement of the work would allow, and we have done so, because we consider it highly dangerous to allow a horse to eat a large quantity of grain greedily, which it he will certainly do if kept long at work without feeding. Long fasts, followed by heavy feeds, is a sure way to bring on colic and inflammation of the bowels, which may be entirely prevented by an opposite system of management. Some disapprove of giving cooked or steamed food to farm horses; but our experience has long since convinced us that it is not only a useful auxiliary to the dietary of the stable, but even an indispensable article. During summer and autumn, horses are chiefly fed on green food, and a sudden change to dry is not advisable. Not only the working horses, but the young colts, should be well cared for. Starve a colt in his first year, and he is spoilt forever. No subsequent treatment, however judicious, can redeem the neglect of his early youth. The sinking loin, the worn look, the spindle shanks, too surely attest the treatment he received in infancy, whatever his original caliber may have been. It is the worst policy in the world to let farm stock get too low in flesh. Not only will it cost double the money and trouble to bring them up again that it would have done to keep them so (an animal in good condition costs comparatively little to keep on so). They should be kept in a thriving state, steadily, from their birth. Even horses, though not meant to be eaten, should not be stinted in food. They should, besides, be housed in comfortable, well-ventilated stables. Certain it is, that many first-rate farmers keep their horses in an open yard, with sheds around. They will tell us that consequently their horses never suffer from cold. Still it is a question whether it be not cheaper in the end to have them properly housed during the winter, as there is not then the same exhaustion of animal heat, which requires an additional amount of nutrition to maintain. *—Prairie Farmer.*

Do Your Own Repairing.

We think that almost every farmer will agree with us that every farm should have its own workshop, and every cultivator of the land should understand how to use it. He may not do so when he first enters upon farming on coming of age; but after a year or two of what we should call apprenticeship, when he finds that to "know how to do things" is absolutely indispensable, he will rapidly learn to attend to most of his own repairing of the ordinary implements and machines upon his premises, instead of incurring delay, expense and uncertainty by depending upon professionals at a distance. Rather than to be without a workshop and the necessary tools, one should be erected expressly for the purpose, in a convenient spot and daily warmed in winter so as to be ready at all times for use, in which many odd jobs can be done also not immediately connected with the farm.

All ordinary wooden repairing ought to be done by the farmer and his hands during rainy days and in winter, when there is plenty of time on hand for that purpose. Every part of a wheelbarrow, except the wheel, ought to be made on the premises; new forks and handles of iron rakes, repairing even some portions of the farm machinery, building of garden and yard fences, repairing roofs, building of corn-cribs, hog-pens, wagon and cart shelvings, making of the frames of hotbeds, and all the many jobs constantly requiring to be done about a well-conducted place too numerous to mention. A person becomes very handy in the use of good tools after a short experience, and saves many a dollar without consuming any time necessary for the usual demands of the farm.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Stains.

The following extract from Youmans' Handbook of Household Science is given in response to several inquiries as to how stains may be removed: "Fruit stains, wine stains and those made by colored vegetable juices are often nearly indelible, and require various treatment. Thorough rubbing with soap and soft water, repeated dipping in sour buttermilk and drying in the sun, rubbing on a thick mixture of starch and cold water and exposing long to sun and air are among the expedients resorted to. Sulphurous acid is often employed to bleach out colors. It may be generated at the moment of using by burning a small piece of sulphur in the air under the wide end of a small paper funnel, whose upper orifice is applied near the cloth. Coffee and chocolate stains require careful soaking and washing with water at 120 degrees, followed by sulphuration. If discoloration has been produced by acids, water of ammonia should be applied; if spots have been made by alkaline substances, moderately strong vinegar may be applied; if upon a delicate article, the vinegar should be decolorized by filtering through powdered charcoal. For iron-mold or ink stains, lemon juice or salt of sorrel (oxalate of potash) may be used. If the stains are of long standing, it may be necessary to use oxalic acid, which is much more powerful. It may be applied in powder upon the spot, previously moistened with water, well rubbed in, and then washed off with pure water. It should be effectually washed out, for it is highly corrosive to textile fibers. The staining principle of common indelible ink is nitrate of silver. It may be removed by first soaking in a solution of common salt, which produces chloride of silver, and afterward washing with ammonia, which dissolves the chloride."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Wintering bees in cellars appear to be an improvement over wintering them outside. The bees consume less honey, have less loss and are healthier in the end.

The Tornadoes of 1881.

The present year has been remarkable for those destructive storms called cyclones or tornadoes. They have occurred with unusual frequency in our own country; and in England also, where they are rarely experienced, as many as four seriously destructive whirlwinds visited different parts of the kingdom during August last.

One of these English tornadoes carried a pile of timber into an adjoining field, lifted a carpenter's shop bodily over a haystack and deposited it on the other side, and completely unroofed a foundry. A tornado also carried off the roof of one of the large railway stations at Vienna, and very likely it was a whirlwind of two or three hundred feet in breadth which caused the downfall of the Tay Bridge, one of the most extensive and strongest bridges in the world.

Among the tornadoes in this country during the year, that at New Ulm, Minn., was the most disastrous. It occurred on the 12th of last June, and in a few minutes wrecked one thousand buildings and killed thirty persons. The buildings destroyed, moreover, were not flimsy structures of wood. Indeed, the wooden buildings, especially those of what is known as the balloon frame, outlasted the gale, while brick edifices, of which the town was largely composed, were demolished as if they had been of paste-board. Whole business blocks were destroyed, and every metal roof in the city was blown off.

On the 25th of September, during two minutes, a hurricane, preceded by an earthquake, did great damage in Elmira, in this State. The score of a church was blown across the street, about two tons of brick were deposited in the organ of another church, and several brick buildings had holes blown clear through them. On the following day a tornado, lasting only five minutes, laid waste the village of Camden, Ill., all the horses except two being more or less injured, and two churches completely demolished. Trees were torn up, and corn was blown out of the husk and scattered far and wide. Two days later, Stanton in Nebraska was nearly destroyed by one of these cyclones; and on the next day another completely devastated a space eighty rods wide and five or six miles long in the neighborhood of Wautoma in Wisconsin. At the same time a terrific tornado caused wide-spread damage in the country about Omaha in Nebraska. On the 11th of this month two passenger cars of the Colorado Central Railway were blown from the track near Georgetown in that State.

This is a list of only a few of the disastrous tornadoes which have occurred in the United States during the present year, a year memorable for its storms, its floods and its droughts. They are instanced by the *Chicago Architect*, which, after the whirlwind at Ulm, addressed inquiries to scientific men and architects in different parts of the country, with a view to finding out the characteristics of these storms and to obtaining practical suggestions as to methods of construction which would enable buildings to withstand their fury. To its inquiries it has received many answers, which present interesting facts regarding tornadoes or cyclones; but so far as concerns the main purpose of the investigation, the devising of means to make buildings proof against such storms, they are very unsatisfactory. In truth, the general opinion expressed in the letters published by it seems to be that no structure can be devised strong enough to withstand a tornado or cyclone when once the wind is blowing in full fury. As one of the writers from Storm Lake, in Iowa, says: "Out here in this country of tornadoes, we think a hole in the ground about the safest place to retreat to when we hear one approaching." A Kansas architect replies that he tells his clients that he "will not attempt to build against a cyclone, but only against steady, heavy winds from any one direction." "The cyclone proper," he says further, "has a whirling motion, and sometimes goes bounding and skipping over the surface of the earth."

In the report of the Signal Service Office, the time during which an object is exposed to these destructive winds is put at between six and sixty seconds, the average of a large number of cases being sixteen seconds. "A building exposed to these winds experiences but one stroke, like the blow of a hammer, and the destruction is done." The duration of the violent southwest and northwest winds prevailing over the area of moderate destruction, the signal officer says, rarely exceeds two minutes. During the tornadoes, wind velocities of 80 miles per hour have been recorded; and inasmuch as velocities of 180 miles an hour have been observed in hurricanes, it is reasonable to suppose that the wind may be equally furious in tornadoes. From the destruction of brick buildings, wind pressures of from 58 to 84 pounds per square foot have been demonstrated; and from the lifting up and transportation of loose objects, such as a barrel of tar, a locomotive, a stove, cattle and the like, wind pressures of from 52 to 112 pounds per square foot may be calculated.

The path of the tornado is usually very narrow. The destruction wrought is visible over a space many miles long, but only a few hundred yards wide. And the greatest violence of the storm is felt in an even more restricted space. It may be only an area of from ten to one hundred feet square. In that center the winds blow from different and perhaps opposite directions, so that trees are found twisted off, and buildings are generally lifted up and turned around immediately before being blown to pieces! An engineer, describing one of these storms near Fort Ridgely, speaks of a boy who "was carried into the air and cast to the ground lifeless. When found, the only article of dress he had on was his shirt collar. Ducks, prairie chickens and all kinds of birds were found skinned as for a pot-pie. The wind tore the harness off the horses into shreds."

More thorough study should be made of these storms, for they are of yearly occurrence, and the damage done by them is always enormous. The general subject of wind pressures also requires more careful investigation, with a view to determining the strength which bridges and like structures should have. At the meeting of the British Association last summer, however, Sir F. Bramwell declared that if bridges must be built to resist hurricanes, their construction will not only be too costly, but an impossibility even.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Naming the Baby.

"I hold heah in my hand," said Brother Gardner, as he raised it aloft, "a letter from a coll'd pusson at Montreal informin' me dat he has named his las' baby arter me. Dat better am only one outer fifty which has come to han' in de las' three months, and de time has arrove when I feel like axin de coll'd people to go slow in dis bizness of namin' deir offshoots. Our race has been George Washingtoned, and Henry Clayed, and General Jacksoned to death. If Sam or Jack or William am too plain, doan' put a ring in de child's nose by callin' him Fitzwilliam, De Forest or Alfonso. I believe in old family names, like Giveadam, Waydown, Whalebone, Sunset, Spiceback, Articulate, Hammerfelt, an' so on. If anybody names a child arter me dey mus' not only run all de risks of my bein' hung for murder, but I want it understood dat I shan't forward any cats or dogs or colts or red wagons as presents."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Edward S. Stokes, the slayer of Jim Fisk, having met with great pecuniary success in California, is living in a very extravagant manner in New York.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Jessie Benton Fremont is writing a play for John McCullough.

—Herr Bodenstedt, the German poet who visited this country several months ago, is bringing out a new volume, in which are to appear poems suggested by the New World.

—Mr. Longfellow has been forced by illness to issue a printed circular excusing himself from answering the many letters received by him. The autograph villain pursues him remorselessly.

—Mr. Longfellow writes to a friend: "I see the story of my having a cancer in the cheek has been revived again. You can contradict the report whenever you hear it. I have not, nor ever had, a cancer in the cheek or anywhere else."

—Miss Frances E. Willard, who has taken so prominent a part in the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, is about fifty years of age. She was born in the East, but has lived for the most of her life in the Western States.

—The distinguished artist, Mr. William M. Chase, has now completed the full-length portrait of President Hayes, which is to be among the historic pictures of Memorial Hall, Cambridge. The picture will soon be on exhibition in Boston.

—John J. Piatt, the poet, prepared himself for Kenyon College while working at the printer's case. He began to write poetry for the Louisville *Courier-Journal* in 1867, and his work so pleased George D. Prentice that he was given a position on that newspaper.

—Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was given the world because of the sorrow that came into his life upon losing his cherished friend, Arthur Hallam, the historian's son, and betrothed of his sister. Swinburne in his poem of "Maud" occupied three whole days in their construction.

—At the recent London sale of the Duke of Marlborough's Sunderland Library, a Latin Bible, being the first Bible printed with the date of 1462, sold for the enormous sum of £3,600. Various polyglot and other Bibles were sold at very moderate prices. The total sum realized by the day's sale was £5,729.

—Paul H. Hayne was wealthy before the war, but he is now very poor, and too ill to work. His residence is little more than a hut, standing alone in a jump of scrub oak on a sandy knoll, twenty miles from Atlanta, Ga. The common necessities of life are all that he can procure; but he goes on rhyming, in a room papered with pictures cut from illustrated newspapers, and on a desk made out of an old workbench left on the premises by a carpenter.

HUMOROUS.

—"Another lost tart," as the boy said lightly remarked when the pastry slipped from his hand into the gutter.—*Boston Gazette.*

How happy the Man looks. He is going to have his Picture taken to send to his Girl. Poor girl! how sad her Christmas will be.—*Chicago Tribune Primer.*

"Going up to the pond," shouted a boy to his most intimate. "They say it's good skating up there." "Huh! You can't come any pond on me. I was there this morning. 'Twas pretty good swimming, only the water was cold.—*New Haven Register.*

—A man in Omaha blew on a lung-tester, and broke it all to smithereens. And the owner of the machine gazed at him sadly and said: "If I'd known you were a Chicago drummer, I'd have seen you in Hades before I'd have let you at that machine!"—*Boston Post.*

"Papa," remarked the *enfant terrible*, who was mounted on the back of the old gentleman's chair engaged in making crayon sketches on his bald head, "it wouldn't do for you to fall a-deep in the desert, would it?" "Why not, my darling?" "Oh, the ostriches might sit down on your head and hatch it out.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Girl is at the Gate. A young Man is coming down the Lane. The Girl's papa is Sitting on the Front Porch. He is very Old. He has Raised a Family of Eleven children. What is the Poor old Man Thinking about, and why Does he Gaze so Intently at his Right Boot? Maybe he is Thinking about Raising the Young Man who is Coming down the Lane.—*Dengler Tribune Primer.*

A New York correspondent says Jay Gould, the millionaire, leads a hard life; has "no leisure, no society, no reading, no recreation." It is a sad case. And we don't suppose it would do any good if a few newspaper men were to chip in a few thousand dollars apiece and present the money to Mr. Gould to enable him to take a few months' holiday. Put yourself in his place.—*Norristown Herald.*

When an Austin schoolmaster entered his temple of learning a few mornings ago, he read on the blackboard the touching legend: "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayer as usual.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Deadwood women must have an exceedingly keen sense of humor. Last week a claim jumper, who failed to leave town when notified by a vigilance committee, was officially shot at twenty-six times by that body. After he had been hit by nineteen of the bullets, he hid behind a hog-head of sugar, which the crowd amused itself by shoving over his prostrate form. When the deceased was rolled up and sent home, his wife almost died laughing. She said the remains looked like three yards of porous plaster.—*San Francisco Post.*

He Paid, as Usual.

The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house while in Tennessee approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said:

"Are you going on this train?"

"I am."

"Have you any baggage?"

"No."

"Well, my friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've two passing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll euchre them. See?"

"Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket."

"But I thought you said you were going on this train?"

"So I am. I'm the conductor."

"Oh!"

He paid extra, as usual.

A Missing Man Heard From.

Thirty-one years ago William W. W. Chambers left his young wife in Syracuse, N. Y., suddenly and without notice, and it was supposed went to California, having manifested symptoms of the gold fever. Nothing was ever heard from him directly. Upon the affirmation that a man answering his description died of ship fever crossing the Isthmus of Panama in 1864, Mr. Gage, of New York, his brother-in-law, sued the British Commercial Life Insurance Company to recover on a policy of $10,000 which he held on Chambers' life. The jury were not satisfied with the proof of death and found for defendant. Mrs. Chambers married Mr. Travis, of Detroit, some years ago. Mayor Hendricks, of Syracuse, has just received a letter from Bairndale, Australia, announcing the death of Chambers, and that he has left an estate to be disposed of.

Our Young Readers.

DISCONTENT.

"A fellow can't have any fun,"
Says Harry, at the pane
"I wish the trees one day were dense—
I hate the horrid rain.
That boy looks jolly over there,
His clothes are new and fit.
I'm sure his mother doesn't care
How often he takes cold."

"Some fellows do have lots of fun,"
Sighs Jimmy, in the street,
"Up at the window there is one
Who has enough to eat.
And books to read, and clothes to wear,
And pictures and things to see;
I don't believe that boy would care
To change places with me."

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Harper's Young People.*

ESTHER'S BRAVERY.

It all happened years and years ago, so it is of no use to feel sorry about it now, but I can't help pitying that poor little Esther, just as if it had been you, Dora, and I cried when Aunt Margaret told me about it.

It was when Grandmamma Ellis was a little girl—just think of it, Dora, a real little girl, and used to wear aprons—pinafores, they called them and sometimes was scolded for tearing her clothes.

She was a regular romp, so Aunt Margaret said, though I don't see how she knows, and I almost could not believe it, and this little Esther was her cousin. Grandmamma—she wasn't called grandmamma then, of course, because nobody had even thought about her getting old and having spectacles, but they just called her Delight, and sometimes only Dilly, and I'm going to say Dilly in this story, just for fun, though it most scares me to say it.

Well, Dilly and Esther had perfectly lovely times together, hunting for flowers and berries, and making a playhouse in the woods with great rocks, all covered with moss, for houses, and a real cave that you could gamble. Some times they used to take their dinners and stay all day in the woods, and then went barefooted too, Dora, and had all sorts of fun. The part I'm going to tell you wasn't fun, though, and I guess you'll think so, too.

Dilly's father had to go to court to be a witness or something. It wasn't anything bad about him, because he wasn't the one that did it; but, anyhow, he had to go, and Dilly's mother said she would go, too, and leave some shoes for Dilly. They went on horseback, and only had one horse. The father rode on the saddle and the mother rode behind him on a kind of cushion they called a pillion. Dilly was in school at a little log school-house, and they rode to the door and called her out. Her mother said:

"Delight, I am going to town with your father, and shall stay until to-morrow with your Aunt Eunice. You may go home with your cousin Esther and stay over night."

Then her father said: "Be a good child, my daughter, and make no trouble," and then they rode away.

Dilly was so tickled she was ready to jump out of her skin, at least, I should have been, and I guess little girls were just the same inside in those days. But she thought she'd have it for a secret, and so she only laughed and shook her head, and pretended to be studying when Esther made signs to tell her what it was.

Of course she couldn't tell until recess, and then Esther pretended she didn't want to hear, and said: "Oh, never mind, miss. I guess I've got a secret myself, and so they kept on pretending till they both got mad.

Getting mad does seem the silliest when other people do it, and I suppose they thought so, too, when they came to think about it, for when school was dismissed Esther ran up to Dilly, and said: "I'll tell you my secret, Dilly. Our folks have all gone to town, and I'm going home to stay all night with you."

"Why" said Dilly, "that's my secret, too. Our folks have gone to town, and I'm going to stay all night with *you*."

Then they both said: "Oh!" and looked at each other, and didn't know what to do; but at last they concluded to go to Esther's house, because Esther's cat had some new kittens, and they wanted to name them. They stopped awhile at the play-house in the woods, and then they went home, and went to see the kittens. The kittens were up on the hay-mow, and were just perfectly lovely, and they named them two or three different times. Then there were ever so many things to talk about—the school, and the girls, and the holidays. By and by they heard some one down in the barn.

"What's that?" said Dilly.

"That's Jonas feeding the cattle," whispered Esther. "I wouldn't have him know about these kittens for anything in the world."

So they kept very still, and presently Jonas went out and shut the door. He locked it, too, but they didn't know it, not till it grew so dark they couldn't tell which kitten was Rosabel and which was Annabel. Then they concluded to go into the house, and, oh dear me! Dora, how do you suppose they felt when they found they were locked in with just old Prince and the oxen? They pounded on the door and screamed, but it didn't do any good, because Jonas had gone home when he had locked the barn